

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expressed
In thirty severall Tragicall Histories, (digested into six Bookes) which containe great variety
of memorable Accidents, Historicall, Morall, and Divine.

Booke VI.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.



LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and
are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe
of the Turkes Head, nere the Mitre Tavern, 1639.

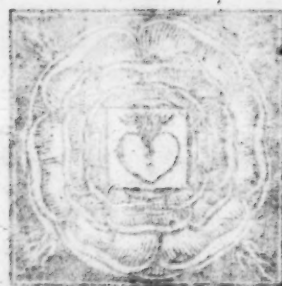
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TO MY SACRED
SOVERAIGNE,
CHARLES,
KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN, FRANCE,
AND IRELAND,
Defender of the Faith, &c.

SIR,



S Rivers though in their passing they fall into many neighbour Currents, yet finally empty themselves into the Sea, so let these my poore Labours (though formerly Dedicated to divers Illustrious Peeres of this your Realme) be suffered at last to terminate in the Ocean of your Princely Greatnesse and Goodnesse, whereinto all vertuous indeavours (as so many lines in their Centre) desire to be united.

What private respects might challenge of me towards their Honours, the same towards your Maiestie, will claime the Publike Bond of common Allegiance, whereby I am more eminently, and more universally obliged. I am not so overweening of my weake Endeavours as to thinke them worthy of your Majesties view, much lesse able to adde any thing to your Royall Vertues; Rivers adde nothing to the Main, yet thither they naturally send the Tribute of their Streames

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

and if my loyalty teach me to doe the like, it will not (I hope) bee conceived as done out of an opinion of Merit, but only out of a desire to discharge the duty of a Subject to your Maiestie.

And I am the rather imboldened to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like, when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdome, I (about eleven yeares since) presented a Translation of a Worke of Monsieur de Refuges, intituled A Treatise of the Court; the Gracious and Undeserved Acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with farther courage, to present You (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater Increase of mine owne labour, your Maiestie will not (I hope) condemne me of groundlesse Presumption.

The former three Bookes had the Honour and Happinesse to be perused by the Iudicious Eye of King James, your renowned Father, (of happy Memory) In whose incomparable Iudgement they failed not of Approbation, though dedicated to Inferiour Names; the more am I now encouraged to Inscrib and Intitle the whole Sixe to your Sacred Maiesty as being no lesse Heire of His Vertues, then of His Crowne and Dignity.

And one thing more (arising from the Consideration of the Subject it selfe) made me thinke it a Present not altogether unworthy of your Regall Estate, for the Contents of it being the Execution of Iustice, upon the unnaturall Sinne of Murther, where can it bee more fitly addressed, then to the Great Patron of Iustice among us (God's immediate Vice-gerent) by whose Sword (as the Minister of Heaven) such odious Crimes are to be chastised, and Innocent Bloud justly expiated with Guilty.

And it may more fitly sute with your Maiesty, who as you excell in the carefull administration of Iustice upon all Offenders, so especially upon those (most hainous of all others) the violaters of Gods sacred Image, in the perpetration of wilfull Murther, towards whom Clemency even changes her nature, and becomes Cruelty to the Weal-publicke. Never had any Land lesse cause to complain of too much Indulgence this way, then ours, as may well appeare, both by
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The Epistle Dedicatory.

the rarenesse of such Occurrences in your Kingdome, and the severe vindication of them, whensoever they happen, or by whom, or howsoever performed.

These Histories therefore, which may serve as a Looking-glasse to all Nations, shall to these of Yours be a speciall Ornament and Mirror of their felicity, and set forth and publish Your Praise, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whose Climate (seldom or never) affords such Tragedies; nor will doe, whiles Your Christian resolution shall continue to prevent them in the Spring, and to punish the lighter degrees of Bloudinesse with due retaliation. The great Author of Iustice (who is Goodnesse and Iustice it selfe) long preserve your Majesty to Vs, and the Happinesse Wee enjoy in your Sacred Person, so neere resembling Him whose Authority and Image You beare. So prayeth

Your Majesties most humbly devoted

in all Dutifull Allegiance

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IOHN REYNOLDS.




image for peace. To provide

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

some 100,000, the highest the war

JOHN LEYBOLD



THE AUTHOR HIS PREFACE TO THE READER.



Christian Reader, we cannot sufficiently bewaile the Iniquity of these last and worst dayes of the world, in which the crying and scarlet sin of Murther makes so ample, and so bloody a progression: for we can now scarce turne our eare or eye any where, but wee shall be enforced, either to heare with pittie the mournfull effects, or to see with griefe the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now so much degenerated from our selves, or our hearts from our soules, to thinke that *Christ were no longer our Shepheard: or we the sheepe of his Pasture:* or as if we were become such wretched and execrable Atheists, to beleeve *There were no Heaven, to reward the Righteous: or Hell, to punish the ungodly.* But if we will divert our hearts from Earth to Heaven, and raise and erect our soules from Satan to God, we shall then not onely see what engendereth this Diabolicall passion in us, but also find the meanes to detest and roote it out from amongst us.

To which end it is requisite, we first consider, that our enemies, who oppose our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither so few in number, nor so weake in power, that wee should thinke our selves able to vanquish, ere wee fight with them, for wee have to encounter with the bewitching World, the alluring Flesh, and the inticing Devill: not with three simple Souldiers or poore Pigmies, but with three valiant and puissant Chief-taines, subtile to incampe, dangerous to assaile, and powerful to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch us to its will, assailes us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Preferments, Sumptuous houses, perfumed Beds, Vessels of gold and silver, pompous Apparell, Delicious fare, variety of sweet Musick, Dancing, Maskes and Stage-playes, delicate Horses, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thousand other inticements and allurements.

The Flesh presents us with Youth, Beauty, The *lust of the eye, and the pride of life, with inordinate affection and lascivious desires,* with a piercing eye, a vermillion cheek, golden haire, and a slender waste: and although it discover us not all these perfections of nature in one personage: yet, he shewes us, most of them in divers, and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, wee shall heare them marry their Syren voices, to their owne Lutes and Vialls, or their dancing feete to those of others: or if this will not suffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Crisping, Painting, Amorous kisses, Sweet smiles, Sugered speeches, Wanton embracings, and Lascivious dalliance, will undertake to play a World in love. On the other side, Strength, Nimblenesse, Agility of body, Sloth,

The Preface

Luxurie, Gluttony, Intemperancie, Drunkenesse, Voluptuousnesse and Sensuality will cast us out so faire (I meane so treacherous) a lure, as if we stoope thereto, we shall buy our pleasure with repentance, and our delight therein, will prove our ruine and destruction.

And now, if neither the World, nor the flesh can intangle, or insnare our hearts, *Then comes the Devill¹ that roaring Lyon, who walks about, seeking whom he may devour, that mortal enemy, and² Arch-traytor to our soules, that³ Prince of darkenesse*, whose subtilty is the more dangerous, and malice the more fatall, *in that he transformes himselfe into an⁴ Angel of light, thereby to make us heires and slaves of his obscure kingdome*: yea, he will proffer us more, then either our tongues can demand, or our hearts desire: for all the pompe treasure and pleasures of the World, yea all that is in the World, and⁵ the world it selfe, hee will prostrate and give us, if we will consent to obey him, and promise to fall downe and adore him; and for a pledge of his infernall bounty and liberality, he will puffe us up with Pride, Arrogancie, Ambition, vaine-glory, Ostentation, Disdain, Covetousnesse, Singularitie, Affectation, Confidence, Security; and if all these allurements will not prevaile to subdue us, he hath yet reserved Troopes and Forces, and another string to his Bow: for then exchanging his smiles into frownes, and his calmes to storms, he will give us Pensivenesse, Griefe of minde and body, Affliction, Sorrow, Discontent, Choler, Envie, Indignation, Despaire, Revenge, and the like.

Yea, he will watch us at every turne, and waite on us at every occasion: for are we bent to revenge, hee will blow the coales to our choler: are we given to sorrow and discontent, hee will thrust and hale us on to Despaire: are wee inclined to wantonnesse, and Lasciviousnesse, he will fit us with meanes and opportunity to accomplish our carnall desires: or are wee addicted to covetousnesse and honours, hee will either cause us to breake our hearts, or our necks, to obtaine it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we enlarge and fill up the empty roomes of his vast and infernall kingdome.

Thus wee see how powerfull our three capitall enemies are, yea, what a cloud, nay, what a world of subordinate meanes and instruments they have, not onely to insnare, but to destroy us: yea, not onely to conquer our hearts, but which is worse, to make ship-wracke of our soules? And from hence comes our misery: yea, from these three fatall trees we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But against all these temptations and dangers, against all these our professed enemies in generall, and each of them in particular: We may swimme in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terrour or distraction, if we will consider, and in considering remember that *God is our Creator, Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Ghost our Sanctifier and Comforter*: that wee are honoured with the resemblance of God, whose stampe and character we beare, and enriched with immortall and living soules: which sacred priviledges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellencie⁶ above the rest of all his creatures, whom hee hath made for our service, and⁷ we onely to serve and glorifie him: That he hath made the world for a thorowfare, and us as Passengers, that⁸ we have no abiding Citie here, but must seek one in the World to come: That the world is ours but for a season, and Heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever: That the pompe and pleasures thereof are but transitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof passeth away as dust or⁹ smoake before the wind, whereas those of Heaven are both immortall and eternall: That¹⁰ our flesh is but like flowers that fade, and grasse that withereth, but a masse of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of dust and ashes: that the best of its beauty is but¹¹ vanity and deformity, and the end of its Bravery, but rotnennesse and putrefaction: If I say, wee spurne at the vanity of the world, contemne the pleasures of the flesh, and scoffe at the temptations of Sathan, using the first, as if we used it not, making the second *the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and not the members of a harlot*, and that we are so farre from fearing, as we desie the third, *Setting our affections on things that are above,*

and

¹ 1 Pet. 5. 8.

² Revel. 12. 9.

³ Ioh. 12. 31.

⁴ Ephes. 6. 12.

⁵ 2 Cor. 11. 14.

⁶ Luk. 4. 6. 7.

⁷ Gen. 1. 27.

⁸ Psal. 11. 5. 6.

⁹ Ioh. 10. 21.

¹⁰ 1. 25.

¹¹ Gen. 1. 27.

¹² Gen. 1. 28.

¹³ 1 say. 43. 21.

¹⁴ Heb. 13. 14.

¹⁵ Psal. 102. 3.

¹⁶ 1 say. 40. 7.

¹⁷ Psal. 39. 5.

¹⁸ 1 Cor. 6. 15.

¹⁹ Coloss. 3. 2.

to the Christian Reader.

and not on things of the earth: for if we will be heires of the Church triumphant, wee must bee first souldiers of the Militant, and so following the advice and direction of the Apostle, stand against all these our enemies, ¹ Having the whole spirituall Armour girt about us, as the girdle of Truth, the Brest-plate of Righteousnesse, the Shield of Faith, the Hel- ² Ephes. 6.
met of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit, not to catch at these allurements, or to be caught by them; not to strike sayle, or stoop to these afflictions, or to hang downe our heads, as if wee gave way to them, or were contented that our weakenesse should yeeld to their strength, or our joyes to their afflictions: rather to stand up couragiously, and to expell and resist manfully, considering that wee are not onely heires, but co-heires with Iesus Christ, in the participation and felicity of that heavenly Hierusalem, whose joyes are infinite, and glory eternall.

I deny not but afflictions, and temptations may befall us, yea, I acknowledge they are subject and incident to the best and dearest of Gods children, whom hee will try in the fire, to see whether they will prove silver, or drosse: yea, hee will come with his Fan and winnow them, to see whether they are Wheat or Chaffe, Corne or Darnell: But the Children of God should ³ rejoyce in tribulation, and ⁴ account it exceeding joy, ⁵ Rom. 5. 3. ⁶ James 1. 2.
when they are tempted: yea, they must consider ⁷ that God tempteth no man with evil: but it ⁸ d Lam. 2. 13. 14.
is our owne concupiscence that drawes and inticeth us to it. In which respect, wee may justly say, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a misery and madnesse to follow and embrace it.

For why should discontent cast us into despaire, except wee will resemble the foolish Saylor, who abandoneth the Helme in a storme, when he hath most neede to use it? or the simple fish, that leapes from the pan to the fire; Or those ignorant fooles, who, to shelter themselves from the raine, run into the river? For are we tempted? ⁹ The Lord ¹⁰ Psal. 73. 25.
will hold us up by his right hand, yea, ¹¹ hee will not faile those that seeke him: For he is ¹² our ¹³ Psal. 9. 10.
Rocke and our fortresse, our shield and our refuge, yea, ¹⁴ although hee hath wounded us, he will ¹⁵ Psal. 18. 2.
bind up our wounds. And that we may yet see a farther benefit, that accrue to those that are tempted, let us read with joy, and retaine with comfort, that ¹⁶ Blessed is the man that ¹⁷ James 1. 12.
endureth temptation, hee shall receive the Crowne of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that love him: yea ¹⁸ they that trust in the Lord, shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be remo- ¹⁹ k Psal. 135. 1.
ved, but abideth for ever.

When therefore (amongst other temptations) choller so farre prevaieth with us, (or rather the Devill with our choller) that wee imagine mischief in our hearts, or lift up our hands against our Christian brother; let us then consider what the Apostle tels us from God: ²⁰ Hee that hateth his brother, walketh in darkenesse, and knoweth not whither ²¹ 1. 1. Ioh. 3. 17.
he goeth: yea, ²² He that loves not his brother, is not of God. Hath any one therefore offen- ²³ m 1. Ioh. 4. 10
ded thee? Why, consider hee is a man, and no Angell, and as subject to infirmities as thy selfe; as also, that he is thy brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that he beares the same Image and Resemblance of God, as thy selfe dost: in which regard thou art counselled, ²⁴ Not to let the Sunne goe downe on thy wrath: ²⁵ That ²⁶ Ephes. 4. 26.
thou seeke after Peace and follow it: ²⁷ That we forbear and forgive one another, as Christ for- ²⁸ 1. 1. Pet. 3. 9.
gives us, and ²⁹ that if we live in Peace, the God of Peace will be with us. ³⁰ Coloss. 3. 13.

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so ³¹ hardned in their hearts and ³² Psal. 74. 9.
sinnes, and so resolute in their wilfulnesse, as in stead of rellishing, they distaste, and in stead of embracing, reject and disdain this Christian advice and counsell, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Flood-
hatches to let in all impiety to their soules, they give way to the treacherous baites of the World, to the alluring pleasures of the Fleh, and to the dangerous and fatall temptations of the Devill, and so cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian brethrens; and although the murders of ³³ Abel by Cain out of Envie, of ³⁴ Uriah ³⁵ Gen. 4. 8.
by David for Adultery, of ³⁶ Abner by Ioab for Ambition, of ³⁷ Naboth by Iezabel for ma- ³⁸ 2. Sam. 11. 17.
lice, and of ³⁹ Iehu his Sonnes by Athaliah for Revenge (with their severall punishments ⁴⁰ 2. Sam. 3. 27.
which God inflicted on them for these their hainous and horrible crimes) are prefi- ⁴¹ 1. Kin. 21. 13.
dents ⁴² 2. Kin. 21. 1.

The Preface.

dents enough fearefull and bloody, to make any Christian heart dissolve into pittie, and regenerate soule melt into teares, yet sith new examples ingender and produce fresh effects of sorrow and compassion, and as it were, leave and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and understandings, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty severall Tragickall Histories, which for thy more ease, and perfecter memory, I have digested into sixe severall Bookes; that observing, and seeing herein, as in a Christall mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of sinne, wherewith these weake Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to bee carried away and seduced: Considering, I say, the foulness of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian brethren, some through blood, others through poyson, as also Gods miraculous detection and severe punishment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death; yea, many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many, that the consideration of these bloody and mournfull Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terour thereof may hereafter retaine and keepe us within the lists of Charity towards men, and the bonds of filiall and religious obedience towards God, who

Psalm. 7. 14. 15 tells us by his Royall Prophet, that *Whoever makes a pit for others, shall fall into it himselfe: for his mischief will returne upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we shall see verified in these, who seduced partly by sinne, but chiefly by Sathan, who

James 5. 13.
Psalm. 61. 8.
Exod. 15. 15. is the Author thereof, forgot the counsell of the Apostle, *If any one be afflicted, let him pray: and grieved, to powre forth their hearts before God:* not considering *the efficacie thereof, nor how Moses made the bitter waters of Marah sweet thereby:* yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promises, on Christ and his Church, on his Gospell and his Sacrament, but spurned at all these Divine comforts, and spirituall blessings: yea, and trampled that sweet-smelling Sacrifice of prayer under their feete, which is the Antidote and preservative of the soule against sin, and the Bulwarke to expell all the the fiery and bloody darts of Sathans temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both aspirations and ejaculations of our soules, mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies descend unto us: and this, and only this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it selfe: the which I present unto the view, not only of thine eyes, but of thy heart and soule, because it is a Vertue in us to look on other mens Vices with hatred and detestation, imitating herein the wise and skilfull Pilot, who mournes to see the Rockes, whereon his neighbours have suffered shipwracke: and yet againe rejoyceth, that by the sight thereof he may avoid his owne: which indeed is the true way, both to secure our safety, and to prevent our destruction, as well of the Temporall life of our bodies in this World, as the Spirituall of our soules in that to come.

I must farther advertise thee, that I have purposely fetched these Tragickall Histories from forraine parts: because it grieves me to report and relate those that are too frequently committed in our owne Country, in respect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or scandalize their living friends; who rather want matter of new consolation, then cause of reviving old sorrowes, or because the iniquity of the times is such, that it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase one true friend: In which respect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures, have beene so cautious to disguise and maske their Actors, under the vailles of other names; and sometimes beene inforced to lay their Scenes in strange and unknowne Countries.

For mine owne part, I have illustrated and polished these Histories, yet not framed them according to the modell of mine owne fancies, but of their passions, who have repesented and personated them; and therefore if in some places they seeme too amorous, or in other too bloody, I must justly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy selfe on mee: sith I only represent what they have acted, and give that to the publike, which they obscurely perpetrated in private.

To the Christian Reader.

My intent, desire, and prayer is, that if thou art strong in Christ, the perusing and reading of these Histories may confirme thy faith, and thy defiance of all sinnes in generall, and of Murther in particular, or if thou art but weak in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may incourage and arme thee against the allurements of the World and the Flesh; but especially against the snares and enticements of the Devill, which may stirre thee up either to Wrath, Despaire, Revenge, or Murther: that by the contemplation thereof, thou mayst resemble the Bee, and not the Spider, and so draw honey from all flowers, but poison from none.

It shall bee the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the sight of these Histories, thou reape any Spirituall comfort or incouragement in this *Christian Warfare* against the world, the flesh and the Divell, our three professed and fatall enemies: or if thou wilt be so wilfully negligent of thine owne good, as to ride poast by other mens sinnes and vices, yet with leisure take a curious and exact survey of thine owne, and in seeing them, not onely endeavour, but strive to reforme them.

If this first Booke of my Tragicall histories worke any good effect in thee, in causing thee to assume and take on a resolution to hate these sinnes in thy selfe, and to detest them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my promise, and the frontispice to thee, shall not bee kept backe, or with-held thee, but in due time succeed this their elder sister: having purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serve for all sixe bookes, at least, if the rest be so happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the World may see them. In the meane time, hoping that thy courtesie and charity will winke at some defects and imperfections, which may herein have slipt either from my Pen, or the Presse, and whereof the malice of some, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuse themselves, by condemning me; I recommend these my labours, from their passion, to thy friendship; from their censure, to thy judgment: *Deut. 30.* and us all to the protection of God, *Who is our life, and the strength of our dayes.* *1 To 30.* *2 Psal. 104.* *31.*
whome be glory for evermore.

Thy Christian Friend,

JOHN REYNOLDS.



THE AVTHOR HIS READVERTISEMENT TO THE IVDICIOUS CHRISTIAN READER.

THat my Promise owed six of these Bookes of Gods Revenge against Murther to the World, the Title, and my Epistle (to the Reader) of the first Booke doth apparantly testifie; It is now some tenne yeares since that I published the third thereof, since when, my time and leisure hath bene still so interrupted, and (as it were) cut a sunder by many different interuening Accidents, that I a long time both doubted and feared that the three last Bookes would have absolutely dyed upon the Designe: But I praise and blesse God (He hath bene so favourable to my desires, and so propitious to my intentions and resolutions) that I have cleered that doubt, and secured this feare; for now (by His sacred Assistance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finished them, and doe here present all Sixe Bookes to thee in one intire Volume. I am not so vaine or presumptuous, to thinke that they deserve to be seene and read of the more Iudicious; for my thoughts aspire to nothing unproportionable to my meane abilities. I knew it was a singular great and excellent point of wisdom in Socrates, who (by the Oracle of Apollo) was doomed the wisest of Men, to confesse and acknowledge to the World, That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.

But here, before I proceed farther, I must let the World know, that I understand there are a generation of people, who have bene so strangely ignorant, as to give out
that

The Readvertisement

that these my Histories are not Originals, but Translations, either from Italian or French; all which (with equall Truth and Modesty) I firmly contradict and deny, whether they regard Matter, Manner, or Method, or Phrase, Place, or Persons; for contraywise I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and (at mine owne desire) composed and penned them, according to the rule of my weake Fancie and Capacity, they being so farre from Translations, that as I have hitherto refused to imitate any therein, but my selfe, so had I beene so ambitious or vaine glorious to have given way, or consent to it, some Friends of mine in Paris, had so long since done the three first Bookes into French, from my first Originall thereof: But knowing Humility to bee the fairest Ornament of a Writer, and Modesty best to become Vertuous Mindes, I have hitherto prevented it, and doe still resolve so to doe.

Now because as Idlenesse makes some too curious, and Curiosity makes others too idle, so it hath likewise pleased some (not so discreet as forward) to condemne and taxe some of my Histories for being too long, and others for being too short, as if I were bound to observe and please their Fancie, more then the Truth, or mine owne Judgement, or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my selfe. No, no, as long as I know Men are as different in their Opinions and Censures, as in their Countenances and Complexions, I shall rather connive, and not regard their (worthy to be pittied) Ignorance, and resolve and content my selfe to contemne and passe by, rather then to esteeme or grieve at it. They will first I hope reade, before they understand, and let me then request them also, that they will first understand, before they either censure, or taxe any part of what they reade, and so I doubt not, but they will both see, and finde, that (in the penning and publishing of these Histories) if I am not worthy of their Love, yet (at least) their unjust Envie and Detraction is every way unworthy of me; and that although many Bookes of these our Times are not particularly approved and liked of for the present, yet it is not impossible for the future both to respect and honour them; and so I leave these uncharitable Zoylists to sleepe standing in the simplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warning. And I will now divert my Pen to the wise and religious Christian Readers, who well know what singular good effects it worketh in their Hearts, first to reade with understanding, and then to apply with Charity and Prudence, for whose sakes solely I have now added these my three last Bookes of Gods Revenge against the Crying Sinne of wilfull Murder to the three former; For I send them to the publike good, whereunto all our Endeavours should tend, to the Propagation of Christian Love and Charity among Men, whereat all our Enterprises should ayme, and to the flourishing Advancement of Gods Honour and Glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Soules should chiefly aspire and levell.

And

To the Christian Reader.

And because Scaliger affirms, That nothing so soone allures or drawes a Reader to peruse and reade, as a strange Theame and Argument; Therefore this Path being seldom (if ever) troden or beaten by any other, I am so far from despairing as I am confident, at least, of thy Acceptance, if not of thy Approbation of these my Labours, and the sooner, because as thou hast heretofore disburthened my Stationer of the three first of these Books, so he (in contemplation thereof) hath now drawne the three last of them from me to the Presse, with a more then common and usuall Importunity; and I shall beare this content to my Grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all, I shall leave no pernicious Heire behinde me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdnesse and Vanity; which as it is the shame of this our Age, so it ought to be the care of every good Man, to shunne that which so many of our lewd and lascivious Pamphlets do not. In writing hereof, I have consecrated my Pen rather to Instruction then Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curiosity, and have made in my chiefeest Care, Ambition, and Conscience, to profit thy Soule, rather then to please thine Eare, and to savour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I will affirme (with equall Truth and Boldnesse) that I have written it with so innocent a Pen, that the purest and most unstained Virgin shall not need to make her beautifull Cheeks guilty of the least Blush in perusing it all over.

It is with no small Cost and Labour, that I first procured, then penned these Histories, and have now polished and prepared them to the Presse, as well for the extirpating of that Execrable sinne of Murther (which cries so loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as also to shew thee Gods sacred Justice, and righteous Iudgements in the Vindication of the inhumane Authors thereof; to the end, that (by the knowledge and reading of them) thou mayest become more Charitable, and more hate Cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable Examples, having herein endeavoured (as much as in me lyes) to make my Reader a Spectator, first of these their foule and bloody Crimes, and then of their condigne and exemplary Punishments, which (as a dismall Storme and terrible Tempest from Heaven) fell on them on Earth, when they least dreamt or thought thereof.

And here to conclude this my Readvertisement to thee, I religiously from my Heart intreat thee to respect the Matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Consequence, more then the Dressing of these Thirty severall Tragicall Histories, whiles, I will account and esteeme it a far greater Happinesse for my selfe to learne true Charity, and the true Feare of God in writing them, then to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may justly and truly say with Lipsius, That my Aime and Desire in publishing of them, Is not that I might bee made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by mee.

What Spirituall Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapest by their Knowledge and
a Contemplation,

To the Christian Reader.

Contemplation, I exhorte thee, in stead of giving me any Thanks, to reserve and give them wholly to God, who is the Giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercy, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee, desiring thee to assist me with thy favourable Opinion, and daily prayers to His Throne of Grace, as I shall ever be ready to require thee with mine.

Thy Christian Friend,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE, Lord Marquis
of Buckingham, &c.

Right Honourable,



About some two yeares since, I (from beyond the Seas) presumed to send your Honour two severall pregnant testimonies, as well of my affection to your service, as of my zeale to your prosperity; not that I performed those then, or remember them now, in regard of your fortunes, but of your vertues; for I know, that to flatter, is to betray Greatnesse: a vice most ignoble in it selfe, and therefore most improper for your Honours receipt, or acceptance, sith your actions still make it apparent to our *Sacred Sovereigne*, and his most *Excellent Majesty* to all the World, that you are truly Honourable, truly Noble: and now to second my two former acknowledgements of zeale and duty to your Honour, with this third, I though in a lesse serious, yet more publick manner) presume to make you the Worthy and Noble Patron of the first Book of my *Tragicall Histories*, (some of the meane observations and collections of my slender Travels,) wherein *The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against the crying & execrable sin of Murther*, are so eminent and conspicuous, that (except my hopes betray my judgement) they are made obvious to the sight, and consequently profitable to the soule of a Christian; and not to prophane either your Honours cares, or my pen, with the least spark or shadow of an untruth; my presumption had not beene so ambitious, to have committed these Histories to the Presse, except with a desire, that in some sort they might thereby repress that hellish sin, 'gainst which they solely contest and fight, and which in these our dayes (with as much pity as grieve) makes so

a 2

bloody

The Epistle Dedicatory.

bloodie and so lamentable a progression, thereby to serve as stops and preventions, in our *England*, in imitation of the Cataracts of *Nylus*, which keepe *Egypt* from being submerg'd with her Inundation: nor had I aspired to shelter them under the wings of your Honours Patronage and protection, but that thereby they might finde the surer passage, in conversing with the different Opinions, and the safer, in meeting with the selfe-pleasing Censures of the World; and if your Honour please select some few houres from your more serious and weighty Affaires, and vouchsafe employ them on the different Accidents these Histories report and relate, I (with as much humilitie as confidence) presume, that you will esteeme them, if not profitably lent, yet not prodigally, nor viciously cast away, in the perusall and contemplation thereof. Howsoever, they proceed from his Pen, whose Heart not only admires and honours your Vertues, but rejoyceth in the Reward thereof, your Fortunes; for I live not, if in the sincerity and candour of my Soule, I wish not that your Honour may still remaine firme to these, and these eternally fixed and constant to You; and from your Honour, successively to your *Posterity*, transcendently to your *Name*.

Your Honours

in all duty and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

A T A B L E

Of all the Letters (and Challenges) contained
in these whole Six Books; With the Pages
where to finde them.

Book I.	Page.		Page.
M Ermanda to Betanford.	6	Castelnovo to Perina.	142
ib. Betanford to Mermanda.	ib.	Perina to Castelnovo.	143
Grand Pre to Betanford. <i>A Challenge.</i>	7	Castelnovo to Perina.	144
De Malleray to Grand Pre. <i>A Challenge.</i>	11	Castelnovo to his Son Castelnovo.	145
Christeneta to Pisani.	18	Brellati to Bertolini. <i>A Challenge.</i>	154
Pisani to Christeneta.	ib.	Sturio to Paulina.	158
Christeneta to Pisani.	ib.	Paulina to Sturio.	ib.
Pisani to Christeneta.	19	Sturio to Bertolini. <i>A Challenge.</i>	160
Gasparino to Pisani. <i>A Challenge.</i>	22		
Joffelina to Mortaigne.	32	Book III.	Page.
Joffelina to Calintha.	33	Vaumartin to De Salez. <i>A Challenge.</i>	197
Calintha to Joffelina.	34	De Salez to Vaumartin.	197
Alfemero to Beatrice-Joana.	46	Vaumartin to De Salez.	198
Beatrice-Joana to Alfemero.	ib.	Argentier to De Salez.	200
Alfemero to Beatrice-Joana.	47	Baretano to Clara.	217
Beatrice-Joana to Alfemero.	ib.	Clara to Baretano.	218
Tomaso to Alonso Piracquo.	49	Baretano to Clara.	ib.
Tomaso Piracquo to Alfemero. <i>A Chal.</i>	54	Clara to Baretano.	219
		Leonarda to Albemare.	225
		La Vasselay to De Bremay.	244
		De Bremay to La Vasselay.	ib.
Book II.	Page.	La Vasselay to De Merson.	246
Sypontus to Victoryna.	82	De Merson to La Vasselay.	247
Sypontus to Victoryna.	84	La Vasselay to De Merson.	ib.
Victoryna to Sypontus.	85	De Merson to La Vasselay.	ib.
Sypontus to Victoryna.	ib.	Fidelia and Celestina to Alcafero.	255
Antonio to Berinthia.	ib.	Carpi to Fidelia.	260
Berinthia to Antonio.	100	Fidelia to Carpi.	261
Antonio to Berinthia.	103	Carpi to Fidelia.	263
Berinthia to Antonio.	104	Alcafero to Carpi. <i>A Challenge.</i>	265
Vilarezo to Sebastiano.	107		
Sebastiano to Antonio. <i>A Challenge.</i>	108	Book IV.	Page.
Poligny to Laurieta.	119	Don Juan to Idiaques.	247
Laurieta to Poligny.	120	Don Juan to Marfillia.	248
Bellvile to Poligny. <i>A Challenge.</i>	121	Idiaques to Don Juan.	ib.
La Palaisiere to Poligny.	123	Marfillia to Don Juan.	249
Poligny to La Palaisiere.	124	Don Juan to Marfillia.	250
Bellvile to Laurieta.	126	De Perez to Don Juan. <i>A Challenge.</i>	251
Laurieta to Bellvile.	127		
Perina to Castelnovo.	141		

The Table of the Letters.

Don Juan to De Perez.	252	Sophia to Cassino.	385
La Precoverte to Harcourt.	271	Sophia to Cassino.	386
La Precoverte to Masserina.	ib.	Cassino to Sophia	387
Harcourt to La Precoverte.	272	Cassino to Sophia.	ib.
Masserina to La Precoverte.	273	Sophia to Cassino	388
Borlary to Planeze.	<i>A Challenge</i> 290	Cassino to Sophia.	389
Planeze to Borlary	291	La Pratiere to Valfontaine.	402
Borlary to Felisanna.	295	Valfontaine to La Pratiere.	ib.
Felisanna to Borlary.	ib.	La Pratiere to Valfontaine.	403
Borlary to Felisanna.	296	Valfontaine to La Pratiere.	ib.
Planeze to Borlary.	<i>A Challenge.</i> 298	Quatbrisson to Valfontaine.	404
Castruchio to Borlary.	304	Salyna to Vasti.	516
Blancheville to Beaumarais.	311	Vasti to Salyna.	520
Champigny to Beaumarais.	<i>A Challenge.</i> 313	Salyna to Vasti.	ibid.
Beaumarais to Champigny.	ib.		
Fermia to Moron	293		
Fermia to Moron	333		
Moron to Fermia.	ib.		
Fermia to Moron.	336		
Moron to Fermia.	ibid.		

	Book VI.	Page.
Imperia to Morofini.		450
Morofini to Imperia.		451

	Book. V.	Page.
Babristyna and Amarantha <i>to</i> Streni		343
Babristyna and Amarantha <i>to</i> Jaquinta		ib.
Streni <i>to</i> Babristyna and Amarantha.		344
Jaquinta <i>to</i> Babristyna and Amarantha.		345
Amarantha <i>to</i> Streni.		349
Amarantha <i>to</i> Babystina.		ib.
Catharina <i>to</i> Delrio.		367
Martino <i>to</i> Delrio.		ib.
Delrio <i>to</i> Catharina.		368
Delrio <i>to</i> Martino.		369
Delrio <i>to</i> Cecilliana.		ib.
Cecilliana <i>to</i> Delrio.		376
Father Thomas <i>to</i> Cecilliana.		386
Casino <i>to</i> Sophia.		387

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A TABLE OF THE CONTENTS OF ALL the HISTORIES Contained in the whole six BOOKS.

The Contents of the First Book.

HISTORY I.

Hautefelia causeth La Fresnay an Apothecary to poison her Brother Grand Pre and his Wife Mermanda, and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills de Malleray her own Husband in a Duell. La Fresnay condemned to be hanged for a Rape, as the Ladder confesseth his two former Murders, and says that Hautefelia seduced and lured him to perforce them. Hautefelia is likewise apprehended. And so for these cruell murders they are both put to severe and cruell Deaths. Page 1.

HIST. II.

Pisani betrayeth Gasparino of his Mistress Christeneta. Gasparino challengeth Pisani for this Disgrace, and kills him in the field; He after continueth his suite to Christeneta. She dissembles her malice for Pisani his Death. She appoints Gasparino to meet her in a Garden; and there causeth Bianco and Brindoli to murder him. They are all three taken and executed for the same. pag. 15

HIST. III.

Mortaigne, under the promise of Marriage, gets Josselina with child, and after converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey La Verdure and La Palma to murder both her and her young sonne. The jealousy of Isabella to her Husband La Palma is the cause of the Discovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the same. pag. 29

HIST. IV.

Beatrice-Joana, to marry Alfemero, causeth de Flores to murder Alonso Piracquo, who was a suter to her. Alfemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in Adultery, kills them both. Tomaso Piracquo challengeth Alfemero for his Brothers death. Alfemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body throwne into the Sea: At his execution he confesseth, that his wife and de Flores murdered Alonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes throwne into the ayre. pag. 41

History

The Contents.

HIST. V.

Alibius murdereth his Wife Merilla: he is discovered, first, by Bernardo, then by Emelia his own Daughter: so he is apprehended and hanged for the fact.

pag. 57

The Contents of the Second Book:

HIST. VI.

Victoryna causeth Syponius to stab and murder her first Husband Souranza, and she her selfe poisoneth Fassino her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of thefe their cruell murders, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.

pag. 77

HIST. VII.

Catalina causeth her waiting-maide Ansilva, two severall times to attempt to poison her own Sister Berinthia: wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick, termed Sarmiata, poison her said maide Ansilva: Catalina is killed with a Thunder bolt, and Sarmiata hanged for poisoning Ansilva. Antonib steales Berinthia away by her own consent: whereupon her Brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duell: Berinthia, in revenge hereof, afterwards murdereth her brother Sebastiano: she is adjudged to be immured twixt two wals, and there languisheth and dies.

pag. 95

HIST. VIII.

Bellville treacherously murdereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta, Poligny's Mystris, betrayeth Bellville to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her waiting-maide Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Poniard, and so murder him. Lucilla flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken and hanged, and burnt for the same.

pag. 115

HIST. IX.

Jacomo de Castelnovo, lustfully falls in love with his daughter in Law Perina, his own sonne Francisco de Castelnovo's Wife: whom to enjoy, he causeth Jerantha first to poison his owne Lady Fidelia, and then his said sonne Francisco de Castelnovo; in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murdereth him in his bed. Jerantha ready to dye in travell of childe, confesseth her two murders, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dies.

pag. 133

HIST. X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio, and not himselfe: he prayes her Brother Brellati his deare friend, to sollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile: whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour and his reputation: for which Brellati challengeth the field of him, where Bertolini kills him, and he flies for the same. Sturio seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent therunto, and conveys him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio findes out Bertolini, and sends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronell in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murder, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.

pag. 151

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI.

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duell. La Hay causeth Michaëlle to poison La Frange: De Salez loves La Hay, and because his Father Argenticer will not consent that he marry her, stifeth

him

The Contents.

him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife; she turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himselfe for murdering his Father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt; La Hay confesseth this murder, and likewise that she caused Michaelle, to poison La Frange: she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive; Michaelle is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River. pag. 175

HIST. XII.

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murder Baretano, and he after marrieth Clara, whom Baretano first sought to marry: He causeth his man Valerio to poison Pedro in prison, and by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceiveth that her Husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murder her first Love Baretano: which Letter she reveales to the Judge; so he is hang'd, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo for these their bloody crimes. pag. 211

HIST. XIII.

La Vasselay poisoneth her waiting maide Graciana, because she is jealous that her husband De Merfon is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her; in revenge whereof she causeth his Man La Villere to murder him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The said La Villere a yeare after riding thorow the same wood, his Horse falls with him, and almost kills him; when he confesseth the murder of his Master De Merfon, and accuseth his Wife La Vasselay to be the cause thereof: so for these their bloody crimes, he is hang'd, and she burnt alive. pag. 233

HIST. XIV.

Fidelia and Caelestina cause Carpi and Monteleone, with their two Lackies, Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murder their father Captaine Benevente, which they performe. Monteleone and his Lackie Anselmo are drowned. Fidelia hangs her selfe, Lorenzo is hang'd for a robbery, and on the Gallows confesseth the murdering of Benevente; Carpi hath his right hand, then his head cut off; Caelestina is beheaded and her body burnt. pag. 353

HIST. XV.

Maurice like a bloody villaine, and damnable sonne, throwes his Mother Christina into a Well, and drownes her: the same hand and arme of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being disgraced of his wits in prison, he there confesseth this fault and inhumane murder, for the which he is hang'd. pag. 269

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XVI.

Idiaques causeth his sonne Don Ivan to marry Marfillia, and then commits Adultery and Incest with her; She makes her Father in Law Idiaques to poison his old wife Honoria, and likewise makes her own Brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maide Mathurina; Don Ivan afterwards kills De Perez, in a Duell; Marfillia hath her braines dasht out by a horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt; Idiaques is beheaded, his body consumed to ashes, and throwne into the aire. pag. 241

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt steals away his Brother Vimorves wife, Masserina, and keeps her in Adultery; She hires Tivoly (an Italian Mountebanke) to poison La Precoverte, who was Harcourts Wife; Harcourt kills his brother Vimory, and then marries his Widow Masserina; Tivoly is hang'd for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth Masserina for hiring him to poison La Precoverte, for the which she is likewise hang'd; Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master for killing of his Brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the same. pag. 261

Hist.

The Contents.

HIST. XVIII.

Romeo (the *Laguy* of Borlary) *kills* Radeconda, the *Chamber-maide* of the Lady Felifanna in the street, and is hanged for the same; Borlary afterwards *hireth* Castruchio (an *Apothecary*) to *posson* her Husband Seignior Planeze, for the which Castruchio is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and Borlary is beheaded, and then burnt. pag. 287

HIST. XIX.

Beaumarays, and his Brother Montaigne, *kill* Champigny, and Marin (his second) in a Duell; Blancheville (the *Widow* of Champigny) in revenge thereof *hireth* Le Valley (who was servant to Beaumarays) to *murder* his said Master with a Pistoll, the which he doth, for the which Le Valley is broken on a Wheele, and Blancheville hanged for the same. pag. 309

HIST. XX.

Lorenzo *murdereth* his Wife Fermis; He some twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) *rob- beth* his (and her) sonne Thomafo, who likewise (not knowing Lorenzo to be his Father) doth accuse him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged. pag. 325

The Contents of the Fifth Book:

HIST. XXI.

Babstifyna and Amarantha *posson* their Eldest Sister Jaquinta, after which Amarantha *causeth* her servants, Bernardo and Pierya to *stifle* her elder Sister Babstifyna in her Bed, Bernardo *flying* away, *breakes* his neck with a fall off his Horse, Pierya is hanged for the same, so likewise is Amarantha, and her body after burnt; Bernardo being buried, his body is againe taken up, and hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt and his ashes throwne into the River. pag. 339

HIST. XXII.

Martino *possoneth* his Brother Pedro, and *murdereth* Monfredo in the street; He afterwards *growes* mad, and in his confession reveals both these murders to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying reveals it by his Letter to Cecilliana, who was *Widow* to Monfredo, and Sister to Pedro and Martino. Martino hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same. pag. 369

HIST. XXIII.

Alphonso *possoneth* his own Mother Sophia, and after shoots and *kills* Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short Musket (or Carabine from a Window. He is beheaded for those two murders, then burnt, and his ashes throwne into the River. pag. 393

HIST. XXIV.

Pont Chaufey *kills* La Roche in a Duell. Quatbriffon *causeth* Moncallier (an *Apothecary* to *posson* his own Brother Valfontaine, Moncallier after *fals*, and *breaks* his neck from a paire of stairs. Quatbriffon likewise *causeth* his Fathers Miller Pierot to *murder*, and strangle Marieta in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a wheele, and Quatbriffon first beheaded; then burnt for the same. pag. 397

HIST. XXV.

Vast first *murdereth* his Sonne George, and next *possoneth* his own wife Hester, and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth these his two murders, for the which he is first hanged and then burnt. pag. 421

The

The Contents.

The Contents of the sixth Book.

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia for the love shee beares to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts, Astonicus and Donato) to stife to death her old husband Palmerius in his bed; Morosini misfortunately letting fall his gloves in Palmerius his chamber that night which he did it; They are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knowes them to bee Morosinies, and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt Imperia, for the Murther of his Uncle, So they together with their accessaries Astonicus and Donato, are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the same.

pag. 443

HIST. XXVII.

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inne keeper, poison De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up, and devoures a great part of his body; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they flye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

pag. 471

HIST. XXVIII.

Hippolito murdereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chamber-maide Denisa poisoneth her Husband Roderigo; Denisa afterwards strangleteth her own new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged; on the Ladder she confessed that she was accessory, with her Lady Dominica in the poisoning of her Husband Roderigo; for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

pag. 489

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with childe, and then afterwards very ingratfully and treacherously rejecteth her, and marries Bertranna: Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace disguiseth her selfe in a Friers habit, and with a case of Pistols kils Sanctifiore as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.

pag. 503

HIST. XXX.

De Mora treacherously kils Palura in a Duell with two Pistols: His Lady Bellinda with the aide of her Gentleman Viber Ferallo, poisoneth her Husband De Mora; and afterwards shee marrieth and murdereth her said Husband Ferallo in his bed; so she is burat alive for this her last murder, and her ashes throwne into the aire for the first.

pag. 527



THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE I.

Hautefelia causeth La Fresnay an Apothecary, to poyson her brother Grand Pre and his wife Mermanda, and is likewise the cau^e that her said brother kils de Malleray her owne husband in a Duell: La Fresnay condemned to be hanged for a rape on the Ladder confesseth his two former Murthers, and sayes that Hautefelia seduced and hired him to performe them: Hautefelia is likewise apprehended: and so for the cruell Murthers, they are both put to severe and cruell deaths.



Four contemplation dive into elder times, and our curiosity turne over the variety of ancient and moderne Histories (as well Divine as Humane) wee shall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever proved fatal crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which so eclipse our judgements, and darken our understandings, as we shall not onely see with griefe, but finde with repentance, that they will bring us shame for glory, affliction for content, and misery for felicity: Now as they are powerfull in men, so they are (sometimes) implacable in women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in these sinnes: as if that could adde grace to their bodies, that deforme their soules, or lustre & prosperity to their daies, that makes shipwracke both of their fortunes and lives. It is with griefe and pittie (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gentlewoman, who was borne to honour, and not to shame, had not these three foresaid vices (like so many infernall furies) laine her glory in the dust, and dragged her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It is a History that hath many sorrowfull dependances, and which produceth variety of disastrous and mournfull accidents: wherein (by the just judgement of God) we shall see Ambition bitterly scourged, Revenge sharply rewarded, and Murther severely punished; by whose example, if all that professe Religion, become lesse impious, and more truly religious, we shall then leade the whole course of our lives in such peacefull and happy tranquility, as (arming our selves with resolution to live and die in the favour of Heaven) we neede not feare either what earth, or hell can doe unto us. The History is thus.

Neeere Auxonne (a strong and antient Towne upon the frontiers of Burgundy, and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly descended, and of very faire demaynes)

demaynes) named *Monsieur de Grandmont*, who had to his wife a vertuous Lady, termed *Madamoyelle de Carnye*, the onely daughter of *Monsieur de Buserat*, a worthy Gentleman of the City of *Dole*: this married couple for a long time lived in the greatest height of content, that either Earth could afford, or their hearts desire, for as one way they grew opulent in lands and wealth, so another way they were indued with three hopefull Sonnes, *Grand Pre*, *Vilenense*, and *Masseron*, and with two daughters, *Madamoyelles de Haute felia*, and *de Cressye*: a fayre posterity: they blest in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themselves blest in them: so as (to the eye of the world) this one family promised to make many, (especially sith the youngest of the five had already attained its tenth yeare) but God in his providence ordayned the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the first and chiefeft pillar of the house) craves leave of his Father that he might serve his apprenticeship in the warres, under the command of that incomparable Captaine, *Grave Maurice*, then Earle of *Nassau*, since prince of *Orenge*, *Vilenense* delighting in bookes, his Father thought fit to send to *Pont-au Mousson*, and thinking to retaine *Masseron* with him; he for his beauty was begg'd a Page by that valorous Marshall of *France* who so wilfully and unfortunately lost his head in the *Bastile* of *Paris*.

As for their two daughters, *Haute felia* lived with her parents; and *de Cressye* they presented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long since the most afflicted and sorrowfull Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Sonne, who were both slaine by that generous and brave *Lorayne* Prince, the Knight of *Guyse*.

But behold the inconstancy of fortune, or rather the power and pleasure of heaven, which can soone metamorphose our mirth into mourning, our joyes into teares, and our hopes into despaire: for within the compasse of one whole yeare, we shall see three of these five Children laid in their graves, and of three severall deaths, for *Vilenense* was drowned at *Pont-au Mousson* as he bathed himselfe in the River: *Masseron* was killed in a Duel at *Fontaine bleau* by *Rossat* a *Gascon*, being page to the Duke of *Espenon*: and *Haute felia* dyed at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents; a triple losse, which doth not onely afflict their hearts and soules, but also seemes to drowne their eies with a deluge of mournefull and sorrowfull teares.

Grandmont and *de Carny* his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their children, they resolve to call home their other two, to bee comforts and props to their old age, but their hopes may deceive them. First, from the Baronesse of *Lux* comes *de Cressye*, who succeeding her sister, we must now terme by the name (or rather by the title) of *Haute felia*; who hath a great and bloudy part to act upon the Theater of this History: and after her very shortly comes *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers services) hee left many honourable and memorable marks of his prowess and valour behinde him.

Vpon his arrivall to his Fathers house, the flowre of all the nobility and gentry of the Country, come to condole with him, for the death of his brothers and sister, as also to congratulate his happy returne (an office and complement which expresseth much affection and civility) they find *Grand Pre* a brave compleate Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generosity and vertue, not in the vanity of fashions and apparell, but in the perfections and endowments of his mind and body: he is wholly addicted to the exercise of warre, and not to the art of courting of Ladies, his delights are in the campe of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*, well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other shame and repentance; his pastimes are not crisping and powdering of his haire, quarrelling with his taylor for the fashion of his cloathes, dancing in velvet pumps, and tracing the street in a neate perfumed Boote with jangling Spurres; yea, hee resembleth not young spruce Courtiers, who thinke no heaven to brave Apparell, nor Paradise to that of their Mistresse beauty: for he onely practiseth riding of great horses, Tilting, running at Ring, displaying the Colours, tossing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Ranke and File, thereby to make himselfe capable to conduct and embattaile an Army, and to environ, fortific,

tise, or besiege a City or Castle, or the like; yea, hee spurnes at the Lute and Viall, and vowes there is no musicke to the ratling of the Drumme and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Canon, but this warlike and Marshall humour of his shall not last long: Wherein we may observe the vanity of our thoughts, the inconstancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our resolutions; for now we shall shortly see *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we shall see him so plunge and drowne himselfe in the beauty of a faire and sweet Gentlewoman, as he shall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, Warre, for peace, Armes for Love, and Enemies for a Mistris: but time must worke this alteration and Metamorphosis.

The old Gentleman his father, seeing *Grand Pre's* martiall disposition, feares lest this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to seeke warres abroad, sith he findes none at home; and therefore, desirous of his company and presence, in that it will sweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he proffers him the choice of many a rich & faire young Gentlewoman for his wife, of the best and most ancient families in and neare *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deafe to these requests and motions, and thinkes it a disparagement and blemish to his valour, if he should any way listen, or give care thereto, the which his father perceiving and understanding, hee be- thinks himselfe of a further invention, and so resolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to reside in the City of *Diion*, (famous for the ancient seate of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and for the present Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongst the multitude of sweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his sonne *Grand Pre* might at last espye some Paragon of Nature, whose beauty might have power to subdue and captivate his affections, and indeed (as the sequell will shew) the event answereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the royall Chappell to heare Father *Iustinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he opposite to him espies a most delicate and beautifull young Lady, slender of body, tall of stature, faire of taint and complexion, having a quicke and gratiouse eye, with pure and delicate haire of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparell, yet farre richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfit beauty, in a word, she was so amiable and so lovely, so sweet, and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very first sight *Grand Pre* could not refraine from blushing, as being ravished with the sweetnesse of so faire an object, so as his heart panted and beate within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with such beauties, or with such sudden passions and alterations.

Now by this time this young gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceive with what earnestnesse and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, shee could not refraine from dying her Lilly cheekes with a Vermilian blush, which gave such grace to her beauty, and so inflamed our poore *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer resist the influence of such amorous assaults; and now it is that his thoughts strike fayle to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, so as he revokes his former opinion conceived against the power and dignity of Love, which hee now holds erroneous, and in his heart vowes that there is no such felicity in the world, as to enjoy the Lady of his desires, whom his eies and soule chiefly honour and adore: But if he be insnared and imprisoned in the fetters of her beauty, no lesse is she in those of his personage, only she is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereof: for as he cannot keepe his eyes from gazing on her; so shee seemes but to looke on him by stealth, or if she transgresse that Decorum, she immediately, in outward appearance, checkes her eyes from ranging beyond the lists of modesty and discretion.

But by this time, to the grieve of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, so their eies with much discontent and unwillingnesse, for that time take leave each of other: and here *Grand Pre* making a turne or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, first with grieve, that he is deprived of his Mistris sight, and then

with sorrow, that he neither knowes her, nor her name: But as Love refines our wits; and gives an edge to our intentions, so he shewes her to his Page, and sends him to make secret enquiry what she is. His page speedily returns, and informes him, that she is *Mademoiselle Mermanda*, eldest daughter to *Monsieur de Cressonville*, one of the chiefeest Presidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extreemely rejoyceth to know what she was, and farrre the more, in respect he sees it no disparagement either to himselfe or his house to marry her: and therefore omitting all other designs and resolutions (and bidding farwell to the Warres) he resolves to seeke her in marriage; to which end, the next day, hee of set purpose, with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, insinuates himselfe into her Fathers house, who being absent, whiles they entertaine the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, because he sees the excellency of her minde is answerable to that of her person, and now she comming likewise to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thousand sweet contents, which so work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinks himselfe happy in seeking such a Mistresse, she esteemes her selfe blest in finding such a servant.

Grand Pre findes his first entertainment from *Mermanda* to bee respective and pleasing: and so authorized by her curtesie and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old President her Father, and bewrayes him his affection to his daughter, and the desire he hath to obtaine her for his wife: so having begunne his suit, he leaves his father *Grandmont* to finish it, and continually frequents the companion of his beautifull Mistresse *Mermanda*.

Her father *Cressonville* dislikes not this match, but deemes it both agreeable and honourable; onely he knowes that *Grandmont* hath likewise one onely daughter, and himselfe one onely sonne: so he infinitely desires to make this a double match, thereby to contract a more firme and stricter league betwixt their two houses; this is proposed and debated, as well betweene the young folkes, as the old Parents, and at last it takes effect; so as purposely omitting, first the conference, then the letters sent from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Cressonvilles* sonne) to *Haute felia*, and from *Haute felia* to *De Malleray*; because the inserting thereof would make this brieft History swell into an ample volumne. These marryages, to the joy of the parents, and the sweet content of their sonnes and daughters, are pompeously solemnized in *Diion*, with all variety of feasting, dancing, and masking, answerable to their degrees and dignities. But these Marriages shall not prove so fortunate as is hoped, and expected, neither was *Hymeneus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refused to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewise save her labour, because she knowes that neither of these two young married Gentlewomen shall live to make use of her assistance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wish the event of this History could give the lye to this ensuing position, that there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reason to feare then hope to beleive the contrary: for no sooner have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their desires, but wee shall see the sunne-shine of their joy overtaken with a dismall storme of griefe, sorrow and misfortune; whereby we may observe and learne, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this world, yea, the World it selfe is subject to revolution and change.

The manner is thus:

Haute felia envies her sister in Law *Mermanda's* advancement; and contemnes her owne, she likes not to give the hand to her, whom she knowes is by descent her inferiour, and to speake truth, preferres a Scarlet Cloake before a Blacke, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from hell, will breed bad bloud and produce mournfull effects; yea, peradventure strangle her, who imbraceth and cherisheth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and milde nature, *Haute felia* of an imperious and revengefull: never any married couple live more contented, nor past more pleasant dayes, then

then did *Grand Pre* and his faire *Mermenda* for the space of one whole yeare; wherein she bore her selfe so loving and courteous towards him, and he so kind and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage, and honourable and vertuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hauteselia* onely excepted) highly praised and applauded. But *Hauteselia* envying *Mermenda's* prosperity and glory, because she could neither pallel the one, nor equall the other, and seeing with no other eyes then those of ambition and envy, bethinks herselfe she might act her disgrace, and eclipse the splendor of her vertues and glory. When remembering that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not farre from *Auxone*) sometimes visited her brother *Grand Pre*, as also that he very lately had done her two unkind offices; the one, by buying a Jewell from her; which she was in price with, of a Gold-smith at *Diion* Faies; and the other, for retaining a little fine white *Frizeland* dog, which his Page had stole from her: she thinkes to give two strokes with one stone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her sister in Law *Mermenda*.

Judge Christian Reader, what simple reasons and triviall motives this inconsiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but she is resolute therein, and as she hath layd the foundation, so she will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge: which to effect, she sends a servant of hers purposely neere *Auxone*, to her brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for she hath a secret of importance to reveale him, which she holds not fit to commit to penne, and withall advieth him to frame some excuse towards her husband for his sudden comming.

Grand Pre arrives at *Diion*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sister, but hee discovers her to be more sorrowfull then accustomed; hee is ignorant what these clouds of her discontent import, or from whence they arise: but he shall know too soone, and his curiosity shall pay deare to understand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walke in the garden, and so he is conducted to his Chamber, where his brother in Law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his sister *Hauteselia* with teares in her eyes informs him, that she knowes for certaine, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his wife *Mermenda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honesty, the which she must needs reveale him, because his honour is hers, which, as she is bound by nature, she will cherish and preserve as her owne life.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange and unlooked for newes, is like one lunaticke, or rather starke mad, he stamps with his foot, throwes away his hat, now casting himselfe on the bed, then on the floore; yea, and had not his sister prevented him, he had killed himselfe with his owne sword: these are the wretched passions of jealousy, which transport our selves beyond our selves, and our reasons beyond the limits of reason: and now this vile and malicious sister of his, (more out of policy then charity) useth many prayers and perswasions, brings him againe to himselfe, and they conclude to keepe it secret from all the world, but withall *Grand Pre* vowes sharply to be revengd both of his wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hauteselia having thus broached her inveterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gipsie) betakes herselfe to her rest, leaving her brother not to sleep, but to drive out the night in watchfulnesse and jealousy: who the next morne (sooner then his accustomed houre) riseth, takes his leave of his Brother and Sister, and so very penfive and sorrowfull rides home.

Mermenda findes her husband sad, and enquires the cause thereof: shee prays him, that if any griefe or misfortune have befallne him, she may participate and beare the one halfe thereof, as she doth of his joy and prosperity: and as she was wont to doe, proffereth to kisse him; but he sleights her, and with much unkindnesse and disdain puts her off; whereat shee is amazed, as not acquainted with such discourtesie. After Supper (jealousie being his chiefest dish; and griefe, hers) hee makes three or foure solitary turnes in the Court, and then sends his Page for his wife, who betwixt comfort and griefe, hope and despaire, presently comes to him: Hee demands of her whether shee will walke with him; she answereth, that his pleasure shall ever be hers: and that shee will

will most joyfully and willingly waite on him where he pleaseth : he brings her to a solitary Grove, and there having choller in his lookes, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of dishonesty with the Baron of Betanford.

Poore *Merminda*, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunderbolt of this newes, falls to the ground in a fainting swoone: yea, *Grand Pre* her husband hath much adoe to recover her, when, comming againe to her selfe, she with many volleys of sighes, and rivolets of teares, purgeth her selfe of that imputation and scandall; she blames his credulity and jealousy, termes her accusers devils and witches, invokes heaven and earth to beare witness of her innocency; and withall clears the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and protesting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the least shadow of so unchaste a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and seeing her bitter and sorrowfull teares, believes his Wife, and so frees both her selfe and the Baron, prayes her to pardon him, and vows that he will love her dearer then before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetuall oblivion and forgetfulnesse.

But his wife *Merminda*, notwithstanding this submission and reconciliation of her husband, is still vexed in minde, as finding it easie to admit griefe, but difficult to expell it : she knowes not what to doe, nor of whom to take advice how she should beare her selfe in this streight and perplexity; for well she knowes, that if the Baron of *Betanford* should come to visit her husband, as formerly he was accustomed to doe, it would revive and confirme his jealousy, although they were both as innocent as innocency it selfe. Now she resolves to write the Baron a Letter to refraine her house : but then she thinkes it too much indiscretion and presumption to attempt it, or that the letter might be intercepted, or her husband have newes thereof; but againe fearing his comming, and encouraged through her innocency, shee resolves to write unto him : which she doth to this effect.

I*T is not with blushes, but teares, that I presume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves mee to publish my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceale: neither had I attempted it, but that griefe and necessity throwes me on this exigent: for so it is, that my unspotted chastity is not capable to defend him from jealousy, which makes me as much triumph in mine owne loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frensie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cause thereof: but as your innocency can justly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency from the least shadow of that crime: so that we may both indeavour, rather to quench then enflame this his irregular passion: I most humbly beseech you to refraine our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with him, and so peradventure, time may weare away from his thoughts, that which at present, truth and reason cannot: your relucient Vertues and true generosity assure me of this curtesie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your daies may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.*

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this letter, prayseth *Merminda's* discretion, and laughes at *Grand Pre's* folly, extollet her innocency, and condemnes his jealousy: he will be carefull to preserve a Ladies honour, especially one so truely chaste and honourable as *Merminda*: he before had a purpose to see *Paris*, so now this occasion doth both crowne and confirme his resolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and so takes Coach forthat great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdome; but before his departure, he returnes *Merminda* this Answer.

Y*our vertues and my conscience, make us as unworthy of your husbands jealousy, as bee of so chaste a wife as Merminda, and so true a friend as Betanford: but as your affection to him hath still shined in your loyalty, so it must now in your patience; sith he in this base-passion of his*
seeking

seeking his owne shame, will at last assuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my pen to a sword, and with the hazard of my life, and losse of my dearest blood, made knowne as well to him as to the whole World, the truth, both of your chastity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: in the meane time I will both imbrace and obey your request, and will mannage it with such observance to your Husband, such respect to your vertues, and such regard to mine owne reputation, as I hope hee shall rest satisfied of your chastity towards himselfe, and of mine to you; otherwise I prize Ladies of your perfections at so high a rate, and set Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at so low an esteeme, that I well know how to answer his choller with contempt, and to requite your discretion both with admiration and praise.

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects, contrary to her hopes; for Grand Pre understanding of the Baron of Betanfords sudden departure for Paris (as jealousy is full of eyes) hee feares a plot betwixt him and his wife, and so confirms his former suspicion of her disloyalty: he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to shew the fruits and effects of his jealousy) refuseth her his bed, then which, to a chaste and vertuous wife nothing can be more distastefull.

At this ingrateful discourtesie, poore Mermanda teares her haire, sigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in such pittifull sort, that it seemes nothing in the world is capable to comfort her, but she conceales her griefe as secretly as shee may: onely her pale cheekes and discontented lookes, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, doe silently discover and bewray it.

Her husbands father and mother, Grandmont and de Carnye, all this while know nothing of this discontent betweene Grand Pre and Mermanda; but their malicious and wretched daughter Haute felia (whose malice never sleepes) hath spies in every corner of her fathers house, who advertise her thereof: whereat she infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers shall bee but as breath on Steele, or as smoke before the winde.

Grand Pre this meane time boyles with inveterate rage, and his jealousy carries him to such extreames; as he vowes to be revenged, first of Betanford, then of his wife, to which effect he pretends busines to Chaalons (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choice Horse, a Page and two lackeyes with him, he passeth a contrary way, and comes first to Troy, then to Brie-count Robert a dayes journey from Paris) where being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his page, delivers it him, and commands him, at breake of day to poast with all expedition for Paris; where being arrived, to goe to the Crown of France in S. Honories street, and secretly to deliver it to the Baron of Betanford, to take his answer, and to returne the same night.

The Page to obey his Masters command; seemes rather to flie, then poast; he fitly findes out the Barron, and very fairely delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the seale, therein findes these wordes:

GRAND PRE, to the Baron of BETANFORD.

YOn neede no other witnesse then your selfe to informe you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparent, as I had rather dye then live to digest it: for not to dissemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, then pardon this: therefore finde it not strange that I request you to meete me, on thursday morning next, at five or sixe, either with your sword, or rapier on Horse-backe, or a foot at Carency, halfe a league from Brie-count Robert, where the Bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you safely to a faire Medow, where without seconds I will

will attend you. It is impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.

GRAND PRE.

At the reading hereof, the Baron is so farre from the least shew or apprehension of feare, as he is pleasant and jocound; yea, he causeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aside, and speakes to him thus: *Tell thy Master, that I will not faile to meete him on Horse-backe without a second, at the houre and place appointed.* The next morne he dispeeds away a choyse horse, which his Lackey leades, and about ten of the clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency* where he lodgeth.

The next morning being Thursday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*; pretending to goe to the Church, sends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and so only with his Chirurgion hies himselfe to the field; which he first entred, and immediately (before he had fully made foure turnes) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having onely his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page and Lackey a furlong off, with command not to stirre, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (in stead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) dispose themselves according to the order and ceremonies of Duels) to search the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the like: but they might have eased themselves of this labour and curiosity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this base poynt of cowardize, or treachery; yea, in meere contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their Dublets behinde them. And now begins a Combate, as memorable as bloudy, yea performed with such valour, dexterity, and resolution, that as these times infinitely admire it, so succeeding ages will very difficultly beleive it.

They come into the Field with a soft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being neere six score paces distant, they give spurres to their horses, and part like two flashes of lightning. At their first meeting, *Grand Pre* runnes *Betanford* thorow the left shoulder, and *Betanford* onely wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheek, close under the eye; and being excellent Horse men, they turne short, and so againe fall to it with bravery and courage: in which incounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawne of his right arme, and *Grand Pre* another thorow his left side, which undoubtedly had proved mortall, and so ended the Combate with his life, had not his sword glanced on a ribbe, and so ranne outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, resolving to advance with more fury: they part againe, *Betanford* runnes *Grand Pre* thorow the necke, and he *Betanford* thorow the small of the arme, where meeting with the sinewes and arteries, it causeth the sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extremely perplexed and amased.

Here perchance some base fellow (who had never beene trained up in the Schoole of Honour, and therefore not deserved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and desired no better advantage to dispatch his Adversary: But *Grand Pre*, whose generosity in this I commend, as much as I detest his jealousie, doth highly disdaine to staine his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts *Betanford* out of his apprehension and feare with these words; Baron, be courageous and cheerefull, for I will rather dye, then disgrace my selfe so much, to fight with an unarmed man, and so commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his sword againe. *Betanford* is thankfull to him for this courtesie, and vows he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds, doe rather ingraine then imbroder their shirts with blood yet their youth is so vigorous, there courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will rest satisfied: in a word they mannage their horses bravely, and act wonders with their swords; for by this time they having runne foure severall Careres: *Betanford* hath received seven wounds, and given

Grand

Grand Pre ten: but the losse of all this bloud, (which now issued from their bodies rather by spowts then drops) is not capable to coole their courages: and so although with dust, sweat, bloud and wounds, they rather looke like Furies then men, yet they will not re-fraine fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pittying to see them, as it were drowned in their bloud, and well knowing that they had performed more then they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their hats in their hands, humbly pray them to desist and rest satisfied, by shewing them that their swords and courages had already acted wonders beyond belife, and that it was pity that parents, Prince, and Country should be deprived of such resolute and valorous Cavaliers, then whom, the world (upon so unfortunate an accident) hath seldome seene braver: but they speak to the winde, and receive no other thanks, but this checke from them both, that they are base fellowes; and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and so raring and commanding them away, they once more divide themselves, and with fresh resolution and courage, againe sets spurres to their horses; but this incounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thrust to *Betanford*, which mist and past under his right arme, without doing any other harme then piercing and cutting thorow his shirt, *Betanford* (withall the courage and dexterity he had) runne *Grand Pre* thorow the belly into the reynes, with which unfortunate wound, as also with a false pace, his horse then mad, he fell from the saddle to the ground speechlesse, sprawling and strugling, as if hee were upon the point to take his last farewell of the world: but he was not so happy, for he shall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter dye of a more mournfull and lamentable end.

Betanford, seeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortall, and so alights: whereat his Chirurgeon with a loud voyce, cryed out. *Dispatch him, Dispatch him*: but he calls him villaine for his labour, when remembering the former courtesie he had received of *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his sword, hee like a true noble Gentleman vowes now to requite it, and so throwing it and his Hat away, he with out-spreed armes ran to imbrace and assist him; yea, he preferres *Grand Pre's* life before his owne, and with all possible speed commands his Chirurgion to bring and hast thither his Coach, and to his best power doth assist *Grand Pre*, in setting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds, his Coach being come, he causeth him to be layd in softly, and so he in one Boote, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeyes attending them, they drive away to the very next country house, where they hush themselves up privately, and here *Betanford* resembling himselfe, conjureth both the Chirurgions to use their best art and chiefest skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before hee would have his owne wounds looked unto, he causeth his to be opened, they doe it, and both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortall, he sees them dresse him, and vowes he will not forsake him in this extremity, but will bee more carefull of him then of himselfe. Reciprocall and singular demonstrations of courtesie and honour in these two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to posterity.

Betanford seeing *Grand Pre* committed to sleep, causeth his owne wounds to be speedily searched and dressed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the house, that *Grand Pre* be furnished with all things necessary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, hee ordereth matters so, that all things might bee done with great secrecie and silence, not permitting any of his owne, or *Grand Pre's* servants to be seene forth the house, to the end that the newes of these their accidents might not bee bruted or vented.

About noone, *Grand Pre's* speech by little and little comes to him, and likewise his memory, when *Betanford* absenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand came to his bed side, and having curteously saluted and comforted him, prayes and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) first sweare to me on thine honour, thou wilt deliver

ver me the truth of a question I will demand of thee, and then I will shew thee. By my honour and fidelitie, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth hee) diddest thou never wrong me and mine honour, in being too familiar with my wife *Mermenda*? The Baron with many solemne protestations and religious oathes, cleares both himselfe and *Mermenda*, and vowes, that his heart never thought it, much lesse his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuse and pardon him, sith hee understood and beleevd the contrary, which was the onely cause of his discontent and challenge: adding withall, that hee will, till death, esteeme him as his most honorable friend, and, as long as he lives, will affect and love his wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happinesse to repaire and reforme errors, as a misery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* stayes very secretly ten dayes with *Grand Pre* at the Countrey house, when seeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they resolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courtesies hee hath received of him, and hee as courteously doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his sword wherewith he preserved his owne, and so like honorable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other. the Baron taking horse for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to returne to *Auxone*. Thus wee see courtesie alwaies returneth with interest.

Grand Pre at his comming home, kisseth & fawneth on his wife *Mermenda*, acquaints her with the occasion and event of the combat, condemneth his owne folly, and extol- leth her chastitie, prayes her to forgive him againe this once for all, and vowes, that there lives not a braver Noble man in the world then the Baron of *Betanford*: and to speake truth, she deserves this submission and reconciliation, and he that prayse.

At the knowledg hereof, I know not whether *Mermenda* (like a gracious and courteous wife) doe more grieve at her husbands wounds, then rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and detelling his former errour, renews his love, affection, and friendship to her, the which hee confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetuall and indissoluble Gordion knot: neverthelesse the variety of her afflictions, and the excesse of her griefe and discontent, breeds her much weakenesse and sickenesse, which withereth the Roses and Lillies of her beauty.

But come wee from *Mermenda's* heavenly vertues to *Hauteselia's* devillish Vices, which cannot be paralleld or compared, except by *Antithesis*: for as *Mermenda* reposeth her selfe under the shadow of her owne innocencie, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, so her wretched Sister in law *Hauteselia*, seeing her hopes and purposes prevented, will not sleepe in her malice, but sets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hooks, to finde out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermenda*, who (in her wicked conceit) shee thought was enemy to her content, and an eye-sore to her ambition and greatenesse.

We no sooner fly from God, but the divel followes us; & it proves alwaies a miserable folly to be wise in wickednesse and sin: *Hauteselia* is resolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not see heaven for hel, she bethinks her selfe of another invention to send *Mermenda* into another world, and so strikes a bargain with *La Fresnay* an Apothecary for two hundred crowns to poyson her, who like a limbe of the devil doth undertake and promise it, the which (Ah griefe to think thereon) he in lesse then two months performeth, and so this vertuous and harmles young Gentlewoman is most unnaturally and treacherously bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournfull and lamentable end. Which inhumane murder, we shall see, God in his due time will miraculously detect, and severely revenge and punish.

Her Hus and *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewailes her death, as also all her parents and friends; yea, so infinite were her Vertues, and so sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermenda* lamented her decease, yet no way suspecting or knowing the violent and extraordinary cause thereof.

Now

Now, whiles others inourne, *Hantefelia* exceedingly triumphs and reioyces hereat; but this bloody victory shall cost her deare. In the meane time, *Mermenda's* single death can neither quench her revenge, nor satisfy her Ambition; for as shee liked not the Sister, so shee (as before we have partly understood) never loved the Brother, her owne husband *de Malleray*; whom she hath observed, very bitterly wept & greived at his sister *Mermenda's* death; she therefore, resolute to adde sinne to sinne, resolves to cast the apple of discord betwixt *Grand Pre* her brother, and *de Malleray* her husband, knowing that if the first were slaine, shee were sole heire to her father, if the second, shee would have a noble Husband; a policie, whose invention is as diabolicall, as the execution thereof dangerous.

To which effect she informes her husband, that her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermenda* with his Jealousy, that he held her to bee the Baron of *Betanford's* strumpet, with whom for the same cause he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poysoned her, the which she once thought for ever to have concealed, but that she knew her husband was, and ought to be neerer to her then her brother. Good God, how far will the malice of this wretched woman extend, or to what a monstrous height will it grow?

De Malleray greived to the heart for this heart-killing newes because hee ever loved his Sister as dearly as his owne life, without considering and weighing whether his wifes words were drosse or gold, believes her; and so resolves very secretly to acquaint the President his father herewith, thereby thinking and presuming that hee would by order of Law call *Grand Pre* in question for the fact.

But old *Cressonville* (having as well his head in eyes, as his eyes in his head:) seeing that this suspition and accusation had no firme grounds, that it was an intricate businesse to finde out, that it would breed a scandall to his family, and especially to his deceased daughters reputation, sith it is the nature of calummie to ayme at the most vertuous persons, as *Cantharides* doe at the fairest flowers; that it would take up the dust of her tombe, and withall breed him an infinite number of potent and powerfull enemies: Therefore grounding his judgment upon these reasons, and his resolutions upon this his judgment, he holds it best to smother it in silence, and so to brooke his daughters death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray seeing his father so cold in this businesse, began to bee all in fire himselfe, vowing that he would maintaine the honour, and revenge the death of his onely Sister *Mermenda*; and his wife *Hantefelia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blowes the coales, and sets an edge to this his resolution: when that very instant understanding his brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, he (consulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, sends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY TO GRAND PRE.

I should degenerate both from my honour and bloud, if I were not sensible of those wrongs & disgraces you have offered your Wife and my Sister; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deserve more pittie, or your jealousie contempt and revenge: her death and your conscience make me as justly challenge you, as you have unjustly done the Baron of *Betanford*: Therefore to morrow at five of the clocke after dinner, at the foot of *Talon-fort*, in the meadow ranked with Walnut trees, bring either a single Rapier, or Rapier & Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds, the equity of my cause, and the injustice of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you lost your bloud neere *Brie-count Robert*, you shall now leave your life in the fight of *Dijon*; Judge how earnestly I desire to trie the temper of your heart and sword, sith already I not onely count houres, by minutes.

DE MALLERAY.

Grand

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extreame wonder to see *De Malleray* so passionate and resolute; he makes choice of single Rapier, and so they meet, where, without any other ceremony they throw off their dublets, and gave them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to stay without the next hedge, and not stirre from thence, till the death of the one proclaime the other victor.

The Sunne that great and glorious lampe of heaven) swiftly poasts away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpose not to see, or bee accessary to this bloody Tragedie, when our Champions unsheath their swords, and dispose themselves to fight both with judgment and resolution; *De Malleray* comes up fairely, proffers the first thrust, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the necke, which he aymed fully at the brest, but that hee bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at first gives backe, but seeing *de Malleray* insult and presse on him, he resolutely advanceth, and runnes him through the side: but the wound was so favourable, as though it caused much blood, yet it brought no danger. They make a stand and take breath, and so they very resolutely to it againe: *de Malleray* having hitherto the worst, doth now resolve to manage his busines with lesse violence and more judgment; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, hee wardes bravely, and taking time at advantage, thrusts him in the left shoulder with a wide and deepe wound, but himselve is hurt in the left arme with a wound, which ranne from his wrest to his elbow.

By this time their shirts are deeply besprinkled and gored with their blood: but this will not appease their courages, they will try againe; for they never thinke enough as long as they can stand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatall for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deepe wound under his left pap, which carries his life and soule from this world to another; so as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre seeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and so mounts on horse-backe, and with his Chirurgion poasts towards *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County, belonging now to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray's* Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Master, or at least to convey his dead body to *Diion*, for President *Cressonville* his father to performe that office.

Who is no sooner advertised of his sonnes death, but with teares he gives the Parliament to understand thereof, and craves justice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but hee is not desirous to lose his head on a Scaffold: for by this time he hath recovered *Dole*, where having stayed some three moneths his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true noble Gallant, *Monsieur le Grand*, his Majesties Lievetenant of the Province of *Burgundy*) procured and sent him his pardon.

But in this meane time come we to his sister *Hauteslia* (the disgrace of her sexe, and and the fire-brand of Hell) who no sooner understood the death of her husband, and the flight of her brother, shee having hardly the patience to see him laid in his grave, and resolving rather to breake her necke with malice, then her heart with sorrow, being sure of her Dowry, packes up her Jewels, Plate, and chiefeest Baggage, and so leaves *Diion*, and goes home to her father neere *Auxone*, where during the age of her father and mother, and the absence of her brother, she most imperiously swayes and commands all.

But this her authority lasteth not long; for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whose returne she findes matters altered, and her greatnesse and power diminished, and to her grieve sees that she cannot so absolutely domineere as before; and which was farre worse, her brother in his absence at *Dole*, having smelt, and understood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to *Mermenda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her husband, and likewise to himselve (though nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poysoning

soning humour) he is so farre from acknowledging or respecting her for his sister; as he will neither indure her company or sight; which she making no shew to perceiue, but like a Fury of hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and revenge, she is still constant, and preserves in her humour of blood and murther, and hath againe recourse to her execrable Apothecary *La Fresnay*, and to the devill her Doctor likewise, to make away her brother *Grand Pre* with poyson, as he had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred crownes to effect it. This damnable Apothecary, loving money well, and (as it seemes) the Devill better, doth ingage himselfe speedily to performe it, and wretched villaine as he is, within two moneths he accomplisheth and finisheth it: and so as *Mermanda* ranne equall fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death: for one deadly Drug, one bloody Sister, and one devillish Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood thirsty sister *Hauteselia* (the author of these cruel Murthers and Tragœdies) thinking her selfe freed of all her enemies, and of all those who stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, she (neither thinking either of her conscience or soule, of heaven or hell) domineeres farre more then before; yea, builds castles in the aire, and flatters herselfe with this false ambition, that she now must be a Dutchesse, or at least a Countesse: But she reckons without God.

We have seene, nay we have here glutted our eyes with severall Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hauteselia* to bee the horrible and cruell author, and this execrable *La Fresnay* to be the bloody actor: these crimes of theirs and the smoke of these their impious and displeasing sacrifices, have pierced the clouds, and ascended the presence of God, to sue and draw downe vengeance and confusion on their heads: for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and discover it; for he will make inquisition for blood, and will severely and sharply revenge the death of his children.

But Gods providence and justice in the discovery thereof, is as different as miraculous: for sometimes hee protracts and defers it of purpose, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as seems best to his inscrutable wil, and divine pleasure; or as may chiefly serve and tend to his glory: yea, somtimes he makes the Murtherer himselfe as well an instrument to discover, as he hath beene an actor to commit murther: yea, and many times he punisheth one sinne by and in another, and when the Murtherer sits most secure, and thinkes least of it, then he heapes coales of fire on his head, and suddenly cuts him off with the revenging sword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and soveraigne Iudge of the world, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his foot stoole, will no longer permit *Hauteselia* and *La Fresnay* to goe unpunished for these their execrable Murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermanda* and her husband *Grand Pre* out of their Graves cry to him for revenge, which, like an impetuous storme, or a terrible Thunder-clap, doth in this manner suddenly befall and overtake them.

Some fixe weekes after *Grand Pre*'s funerals were solemnized, whereat his sister *Hauteselia* (the better to cloake her villany) wept bitterly, and was observed to be the chiefest Mourner, this hellish Apothecary *La Fresnay*, hauing gotten his mony so easily, thought to spend it as prodigally; and so on a time, being in his cups at a Taverne at *Dion*, and his braines swelling and swimming with strong Wine (as Drunkenesse is the Bawd and Vsher to other sinnes) he stealing from the rest of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a girle of twelve yeares old, being the Vintners daughter of the Taverne wherein he sate tippling.

This young girle, with millions of teares throwes herselfe to the feet of her Parents, and accuseth *La Fresnay* for the fact, who doe the like to those famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: so he is apprehended; and being examined, with many vehement and bitter asseverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Racke, and at the second torment confesseth it, and so is condemned to be hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Fryers prepare him for his end: they exhort him not to charge and burthen his soule with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveale and repent them in earth, God will remit them in heaven: these exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a devill, he will now dye like a Christian: and so with many teares revealeth, that at the instigation of *Hantefelia*, and for the lucre of five hundred crownes (which at two severall times she gave him) he had poysoned *Mermada* and her husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their first Sentence, and so for his triple villanies condemne *La Fresnay* to be broken alive upon the Wheele, and there to languish and dye without being strangled; which in *Diion* is accordingly executed to the full satisfaction of Iustice.

A Provost likewise is forthwith dispatched from *Diion* to *Grandmonts* house to apprehend his daughter *Hantefelia*, and God would have it that shee was ignorant of *La Fresnay's* apprehension, and more, of his death. The Provost findes her dancing in her fathers garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies: he sets hands on her, and so exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her songs into teares: she is brought to *Diion*, and examined by a President, and two Counsellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murders; saith *La Fresnay* is her mortall and professed enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the devill, who hath so long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather now cannot save her with this poore evasion: she is adjudged to the Racke, and at the first torment confesseth it.

The Criminall Iudges of this great and illustrious Parliament, in detestation of these her execrable and bloody crimes of Murther, pronounce sentence on her: so, after she had repented her sinnes, and prepared her selfe to dye, her paps are seared, and torne off with red hot Pincers, then she is hanged, her body burnt, and her ashes throwne into the aire.

Now to gather some profit by reading this History, or indeed, rather by the memory of the History it selfe, let us observe, may let us imprint in our hearts and soules how busie the Devill was by ambition, covetousnesse, malice and revenge, to seduce and perswade *Hantefelia* and *La Fresnay* to commit these Murthers; and also how iust God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the feare of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the other: to the end, that as they lived in sinne, and dyed in shame; so we may live in righteousnesse, and dye in peace, thereby to live in eternall felicity and glory.

GODS



GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE II.

Pisani betrayeth Gasparino of his Mistresse Christeneta. Gasparino challengeth Pisani for this disgrace, and kils him in the field: he after continueth his suite to Christeneta: she dissembles her malice for Pisani his death: she appoints Gasparino to meet her in a Garden, and there causeth Bianco and Brindoli to murther him: they are all three taken and executed for the same.

WHere affection hath reason for guide, and Vertue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven: but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the lists of Religion, Men pitty it, Angels lament it, and God himselfe contemnes it: for if wee are crossed in our love, why should discontent make us desperate? or to what end should we flie Reason to follow Rage, except wee desire to ride poast to Hell, and to end our dayes on a shamefull and infamous Scaffold here on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatall misery to runne from Vice to Vice: Love and Charity are alwayes the true markes of a Christian, und Malice and Revenge, those of an Infidell, or rather of a Devill: but to imbrue our hands in innocent blood, and to seeke the death of others, is to deprive our selves of our owne life, as the sequell of this History will declare, which I relate with pitty and compassion, sith I see the Stage whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not onely sprinkled, but goared with great variety and effusion of blood.

In *Pavia* (the second City of the Dutchy of *Millan*) the very last yeare that *Count Fuentes* (under the King of *Spain*) was Viceroy of that State, *Signior Thomaso Vituri*, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one onely child, a daughter of the age of fifteene yeares, named *Dona Christeneta*, who was exceeding faire and beautifull, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requisite in a Gentlewoman of her ranke: she was sought in marriage by many Gallants of the City: but a Cavalier of *Cremona* must beare her away, or at least her affection: The History is thus.

Signieur Emanuel Gasperino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Vituri* his wealth, and of his daughter *Christeneta's* Beauty and Vertues (the Adamants and Load-stones to draw mens affections) resolveth with himselfe to seeke her for his wife: he acquaints none herewith, but an intimate deare friend of his, a young Gentleman of the same City, named *Signior Ludovicus Pisani*, by descent a *Venetian*, whom he prayes to assist and accompany him to *Pavia*, in seeking and courting the faire *Christeneta* his Mistresse. *Pisani* wearmes himselfe much honoured and obliged to *Gasparino*, and very willingly grants his request; and so they prepare for their journey.

They come to *Pavia*: *Vituri* bides *Gasparino* welcome, and entertaines him respectfully and courteously, as also *Pisani*; he thanks *Gasparino* for the honour he doth him in seeking his daughter, and like a carefull father takes time to consult hereon: but for *Christeneta*, she lookes not so pleasing nor pleasantly on him as he expecteth; she is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections, but he findes her cold in her discourse and answers, and very malancholy and pensive: he courts her often (and after the *Italian* fashion, with variety of Musicke, Ditties, and ayres) but still he findes her averse, and contrary to his desires, as if her thoughts were otherwise fixed. *Gasparino* knowes not how to winne her affection, nor how to beare himselfe herein; he consults with *Pisani*, and prayes him to conferre with *Christeneta*, and to sound her affection: But it proves often dangerous, still indiscretion, to trust a freind in this case.

Pisani promifeth to performe the office of a friend, and to conferre effectually with *Christeneta*; he seekes opportunity and place, and finds both; he sets out to her *Gasparino*'s merits, and paints forth his praises, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which hee thinkes may any way advance his friends content and affection: but hee findes *Christeneta*'s minde perplexed and troubled; for shee often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red againe: yet hee observes that her eyes are still stedfastly fixed on him: hee prayes her that she will returne a pleasing answer for him to carry to his friend, and her lover *Gasparino*.

Christeneta would willingly speake, but cannot, for her heart and paps beat and paint, and her sighes very confusedly interrupt her words; but at last, dying her Lilly cheekes with a Vermillion blush, shee tells him that she is not ignorant of *Gasparino*'s merits, who deserves farre her better, but that shee cannot consent to love him, in respect shee hath fixed, but not ingaged her affection on another. *Pisani* still extolleth his friend *Gasparino* to the skie, and for all honorable parts preferres him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy*; and withall, with much industry and insinuation, endeavours to request and draw *Christeneta* to name him her servant, which she once thought to have done, had not Modesty (the sweetest and most precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time with-held her, when after two or three deepe sighes (the outward Heraldes of her inward passions) she told him thus.

Pisani, it is a deare and neare friend of yours who is the first that I have, and the last that I will affect; but I will not at present name him, onely if you please to meet me secretly to morrow, at eight of the clocke in the morne, in the Nunnes garden at Saint *Clare*, I will there informe you who it is: but in the meane time, and ever, forbear to sollicite me any more for *Gasparino*, sith he shall not be my servant, nor will I be his Mistressse: and so for that time they part, and he confidently promifeth to meet her.

Gasparino demands *Pisani* how hee findes his Mistressse *Christeneta*: Hee answeres faithfully according as she told him; but conceales their appoynted meeting in the Nunnes garden: and now because hee seeth it labour lost to research *Christeneta*, hee will not bee obstinate in his suit, but will give a law to his passions and affections, rather then they shall prescribe any to him, and so resolves to take leave of her, because as well by her selfe, as by her father and mother, and now cheifely by *Pisani*, hee sees shee is otherwise bent and affected, to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returnes to *Cremona*. Leave we therefore *Gasparino* to his thoughts, and come we to those of *Pisani* and *Christeneta*, to see, what their garden conference will bring forth.

Pisani cannot imagine what friend of his it should be that *Christeneta* loveth, but she knowes enough for them both; and it may be, too much for her selfe: she knowes it at least an immodest, if not abold part for her to court *Pisani*, who ought rather to court her: but shee thinkes it both wisdom and duty to give way to that which she cannot avoyd and prevent, and so preferres the zeale of her affection before the respect of her modesty, but that which makes her so resolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to see that *Gasparino* hath found *Pisani* to sollicite for him to her, and shee can finde none but her selfe to sollicite for her selfe to *Pisani*: therefore bold in this her
reso-

resolution, she beares so deepe and so deare an affection to *Pisani*, that she thinkes every moment an houre, and every houre an age, before she see *Pisani*, that one person of the World, whom she loves more deare then all the world. Thus wishing night day, her house the Nunnery, and her chamber the garden : shee with much impatient patience aways the houre of eight, which she knowes will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her misery, her life or her death.

The clock strikes eight: *Christeneta* takes her Prayer-booke, and her Wayting-maid, and so trips away to the Nunnery; but she doth now dispense with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in seeing and injoying the desired company of *Pisani*, whom she esteemes the life of her content, and the content of her life, and so forlakes the Church, to goe to the Garden : *Pisani*, who never failed of his houre and promise to men, doth now disdain to misse thereof to a Lady: for *Christeneta* hath scarce made three paces in the walkes of the Garden, but ere the fourth be finished, she sees *Pisani* enter, she blushes at his sight, and he growes pale at her blushes; he findes her in a bower of Sycamors, Cypresses, and Vines, decked within with Roses, Lillyes, and Gilly-flowers, hee gives her the good-morrow and the salute, the which, with a modest and sweet courtesie, she receives and returns; he tels her he is come to performe his promise, and if it please her, to receive hers : she would faine answer him, but her cheekes give blushes, where her tongue should words; but at last, darting a sweet looke on him (which was the Embassadour and Herald of her heart) she discovereth her selfe to him thus.

The person (*Pisani*) on whom I have fixed and settled my affection, doth exceedingly resemble you, is of your owne blood, and of your nearest and dearest acquaintance. *Pisani* presseth her to know his name; when after many glances, sighes, and blushes, shee tels him, his name is *Pisani*, and himselfe the man, prayes him to pardon her boldnesse, and to give an honourable interpretation and construction to her affection, adding withall, that when she first saw him, she loved him; and now prayes him to be pleased, that *Christeneta* may be a solicitor for herselfe to *Pisani*, and not *Pisani* to *Christeneta* for *Gasparino*; yea, she confirms her words with many sighes, and againe her sighs with many teares, which trickle downe her beautifull cheekes, like pearled drops of dew upon blushing damaske Roses.

Pisani wonders at this unexpected newes, and knowes not how to beare himselfe in a businesse of this nature; he sees that her beauty deserves love, and her descent and vertues respect: but withall, he is not so dishonourable to betray his friend; he wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that she deserves a more noble husband then himselfe, but seeing her languish for an answer, he returns her this: *Although I acknowledge my selfe infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you please to honor me, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection, so Christeneta must excuse Pisani, siub he cannot be a servant to her, but he must be a traytor to Gasparino; and that respect excepted, in requitall of your favour, I will esteeme my selfe happy if I may lose my life for your service.*

Yet he is not so unkinde, but gives her a kisse or two at farewell, which as much delights *Christeneta*, as his refusall doth afflict her : so they part. The rest, time must bring forth.

Now although *Gasparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forsake his affection to *Christeneta*, but cherisheth her memory, and in heart adoreth her *Idæa*; yea he loves her deeply and dearly, and indeed her perfections and beauty deserve love : but such is *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as she can take no truce of her thoughts: but despight of discretion and modesty (which perswade and counsell her to the contrary) she within tenne dayes after purposely sends a confident Messenger to him, to *Cremona* with this Letter :

CHRISTINETA TO PISANI.

Finde it not strange, that I second my last speech with this my first Letter, and thinke, that were not my affection intire and constant, I should not thus attempt to reveale it to you in lines, which blush not, as my cheekes doe, when I write them. I should offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth, if I tell you not that it is impossible for Christeneta to love any but Pisani, whom I no sooner saw, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now sith my zeale to you is begunne in vertue, and shall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my selfe with hope, that you will not enforce me to despaire: for if I am not so happy to be your's, I must be so unfortunate never to be mine owne. Iudge what your absence is to me, sith your presence is my chiefest felicity: which makes me both desire and wish, that you were either in Pavia or I in Cremona. I can prefixe and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her who loves you dearly, otherwise, whatsoever you thinke, I know, your unkindnesse to me will be meere cruelty.

CHRISTINETA.

Pisani receiveth this Letter: he wonders at her affection, and now consults betwixt Christineta's love to him, and his respect to Gasparino: he at first holds it incivility not to answer her Letter, and yet is very unwilling, in doing her right to wrong his friend: but at last perusing her Letter, againe he findes it so kinde, as he deemes it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to returne her an answer: and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus.

PISANI TO CHRISTINETA.

You discover me as much affection as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that consideration, which must tend as well to mine owne honour, as to your content, I would not sticke to say, that Pisani loves Christineta, because she deserves to be beloved; onely give me leave to informe you, that as you are too farre to be refused, so I am too honest to betray my friend, especially such a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I assured of his. Could time reconcile these difficulties with my reputation, my heart would instantly command my penne to signifie you, that I desire to give you hope, and take away your despaire; and withall, that Pavia, is more pleasing to me then Cremona, sith Christeneta lives in it, and Pisani in her. I was never heretofore cruell to any, neither doe I resolve to be unkind to you: for how can I, sith I as truly vow to honour you, as you professe to love me? live you in this assurance, and I will dye in the same.

PISANI.

Time with a swift foot vanissheth and passeth away; but Christeneta's affection to Pisani cannot: she in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope breake forth thorow the obscure clouds of her despaire; but feare doth as soone eclipse and strangle, as propagate and produce it; onely, despite all apprehension and opposition, her thoughts doe still gaze and look on Pisani, as the Needle of the compasse doth to the North; so as she can rest in no true tranquillity of mind, before she writes to him againe; the which, some fiftene dayes after, she doth to this effect.

CHRISTENETA TO PISANI.

IMay passe the bounds of discretion, but will not exceed those of honour. I have ever learn'd to retaine this Maxime, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live, I must breath the aire of your love, as well as this of my life, sith it is the prime and sole cause thereof, as the Sunne is of the light. Your Letter I finde so full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore

wherefore to hope, or why not to despaire : could you dive as deeply into my heart, as I have into your merits, if nature doe not, pitty would informe you, that you ought to preferre the love of a Lady before the respect of a Gentleman, especially sith he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you : and how can your absence either rejoyce or comfort mee, sith your presence will not? Thinke what you please, either of me, or of your selfe; onely give me leave to tell you, that I finde doubt a step, and degree to despaire, as despaire is to death : I write rather with teares then Inke. If you will not live my Saint, I must dye your Martyr.

CHRISTENETA.

At the receipt of this second Letter (which was so sweetly pleasing, and pleasingly sweet to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarkes and defences of his respect to *Gasparino* razed and beaten downe, and a faire breach made and layd open for *Christeneta* to enter and take possession of the Castle of his heart ; so now at one instant he performes two severall attempts: for the farther he flies from his friend *Gasparino*, the nearer he approacheth to his Mistresse *Christeneta* ; and therefore now wholly imparadising his thoughts in the garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefeft light of his content and felicity from the relucient lustre of her eyes, hee thinkes it high time, no longer to beare out his Flag of defiance, but to strike faile, and doe homage to the soveraigne of his thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purposely sends her in answer of hers by his Page.

PISANI TO CHRISTENETA.

Your vertue and beauty is enough powerfull to prevaile with me : but your affection, which addes grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my respect to *Gasparino*, to remember my love to *Christeneta* : but that which gives life to this my resolution, is, that it is impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me ; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you shall not be my Martyr, but my Mistris, and I will be both your Saint and your servant : for as you desire to live in my favour, so my chiefeft ambition and zeale is to dye in your affection : that which heaven makes me affirme, earth shall not enforce me deny. I will shortly follow, and second this my Letter ; till when, you can never so much lament my absence, as I desire your presence. Let this be your true consolation, sith it is my sole delight and chiefeft felicity.

PISANI.

If *Pisani* his first Letter overthrew *Christeneta's* despaire, this his second revives and confirms her hopes ; so that whereas heretofore shee condemned her presumption in writing to *Pisani*, she now not onely applauds her resolution therein, but also blesteth the houre that she attempted it ; yea, she buildeth such castles of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her soule, to thinke that she should be his Wife, and he her Husband, that she anticipateth the houres, and blames the dayes for not presenting her with the sight and presence of her sweet *Pisani*, whom, above all earthly contents, she chiefly desireth.

Now if *Christeneta* were thus perplexed with the absence of her *Pisani*, no lesse is he with that of his *Christeneta* : for remembering the freshnesse of her youth, and the sweetness of her beauty, he in concept hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved, and now loveth *Pavia*, which before he hated : it is as great a griefe to him to be with his other affaires without her, as it would rejoyce him to be with her without them: yea, she runnes so deeply in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodesty) he either wisbeth himselfe impaled in her armes, or she incloystered in his. And now to performe as much as his Letter hath promised, he, without thinking or respecting of his old friend *Gasparino*, prepares all things ready to goe see his new Mistresse *Christeneta*.

He comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or foure of his neereft and dearest friends, visiteth

visiteth *Christeneta*, whom he saluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable and amorous complements: She is joyfull, yea ravished with his arrivall: hee doth assure her of his perpetuall affection, and reciprocally himselfe of hers; yea, she so infinitely delights in his presence, and he so extreamely in hers, that she now freely gives her selfe to *Pisani*, and he in exchange, as absolutely takes himselfe from *Gasparino*, to give himselfe to *Christeneta*: so as shee rejoycing in her purchase, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordayned of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Pisani* to be possessed of *Christeneta's* favour: for he must likewise obtaine that of her parents, before either hee can enjoy his wishes, or she her desires, and so he goes honourably and secretly to worke with them: but he findes them not so tractable as *Christeneta* hoped, or himselfe desired: for old *Vituri* her father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, dislikes this motion, alledging that *Pisani's* father dyed exceedingly in debt, that his chiefeest Landes were ingaged and morgaged; that hee had many great Legacies to pay to his sisters, but which was worst of all, that *Pisani* himselfe loved the Court better then the Country, and that in his expences and apparell hee was extreamely prodigall, and frugall in neither: which considerations so swayed the Judgment and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better match for his daughter, hee gives *Pisani* to understand, that as yet hee hath no intent to marry his daughter, alledging her few yeares, and the like triviall reasons and excuses, whereby *Pisani* might plainly perceive, that hee had no intent, to give him his daughter.

This refusall of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Pisani*, and afflict *Christeneta* so as they see their hopes nipt in their blossomes, and their desires not in the way to receive such effects as they expected. *Pisani* distrusting his owne power, sets his parents and chiefeest friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto reason: but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his Judgement, and not his passion, suggesteth him: they have diverse conferences, but every day, instead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and despair; and now that *Pisani* may see that his sute and research is displeasing to *Vituri*, he lookes not on him with so courteous an eye as accustomed: and which is worse, *Christeneta* is forbidden his company, and he her fathers house.

This goes to the hearts of our two lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the meane while, as fire suppressed doth often flame forth with more violence, so, sith they cannot personally visite one the other, they entertaine their affections by their Letters, who are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppress then divulge them. Thus whiles *Pisani* comforts himselfe, that there are no roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefly relying upon the affection and constancie of his Mistresse: hee will not staine his valour with this poynt of cowardize, to be put off with the first repulse of *Vituri*, but resolveth to continue as constant in his affection, as he doth in his refusall; and so after he had stayed a month or two in *Cremona*, he bethinkes himselfe of an invention whereby it is not impossible for him to obtaine his Mistresse of her father.

Pisani being enriched with the treasure of *Christeneta's* favour and affection, writes to her, that if shee can obtaine her mothers consent, she peradventure may easily procure that of her husband; who hearkening and relishing this advice with much zeale, puts it a foote; and as in few dayes she gained her Mother, so a moneth was not fully past, before shee had likewise drawne her husband to approve and consent to this Match: So now our Lovers are againe revived and comforted; for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed, and the parents of both sides fully satisfied, all things now seeme in so faire a forwardnesse and preparation, as if our two Lovers were shortly to enjoy each other in marriage, or to enjoy the fruits of marriage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and desired.

To which end, that their nuptials might bee solemnized with the greater pompe and glory, they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous Apparell, the day is appoynted, and all the nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their kindsfolkes as others) are invited to the Wedding: but their Parents shall come short of their desires, and these our two Lovers of their hopes: for this Mariage being not begunne in heaven, shall never be finished nor consummated in earth.

Wee have here so much spoken of *Pisani*, that it seemes wee have quite forgotten *Gasparino*, as if hee had no farther part to act in this History; but hee is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of *Pisani* to *Christeneta* is not so secretly managed, but hee hath newes thereof, who knowing there can bee no greater treason, after that of a subiect to his Soverainge, then for a friend to betray his friend, he grieves, and is extremely incensed at *Pisani*, to see hee hath betrayed him of his Mistresse; the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that he vowes hee will make him repent it. Jealousie and Revenge are alwaies bad Counsellors, and therefore can never prove good Judges: But such is his love to *Christeneta*, and so deeply is her beauty imprinted and ingraven in his heart, as shutting his judgement to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is resolved, at what price soever, to call *Pisani* to a strict account for this affront and disgrace, and is resolved rather to dy, then live to see himself thus abused, by one whom God and nature hath made his inferior. Were we as apt to doe good as evil, we should bee Angels, not men; but resembling our selves (or rather harkening too much to the Prince of darknesse) wee fly reason to follow rage, and many times procure our owne destruction, in seeking that of others.

Gasparino having thus his eyes and senses ore clouded and vailed with the mist of revenge, is transported with such bloudy passions and resolutions, as he is sometimes resolved to pistoll *Pisani*, either in the streete, or in his bed, and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murder him the next time hee rides into the Country: but at last casting his eyes from hell to heaven, and from Satan to God, hee trampleth those execrable resolutions under his feete, and banisheh them from his heart and thoughts, esteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the world, if he should commit them: and so for that time enters in a resolution with himselfe: no more to thinke on *Christeneta*, and lesse to bee revenged of *Pisani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gasparino* continued in this peaceable and Christian-like mind, hee had not exposed himselfe to so many dangers and misfortunes, nor given himselfe as a prey to feede the malice and revenge of his bloody enemies: but now understanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* pratled and laughed at his disgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by *Pisani*, hee thinks that not onely himselfe, but his honour is disparaged, and wronged herein, and that he shall be extremely condemned of cowardize, if in a Duell he call not *Pisani* to right him, and give him satisfaction: yea the onely consideration of this poynt of honour (which many times is bought and sold at so deare a price, as the perill and losse both of body and soule) did so violently perswade and prevaile with him, that as revenge admits of no opposition, nor hearkens to any advice, so enquiring for *Pisani*, and understanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more incouraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a resolute and confident Gentleman, and one onely Lackey, sets spurs to his Horse, and so hies thither, resolving with himselfe to gaine his Honour in the same City, where hee had received his disgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is assured that *Pisani* is in the City, and inquiring more curiously after him, hee understands, that, that very instant hee is with his Mistresse *Christeneta*, which so galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as hee was once resolved that very instant to send him a Challenge, and the sooner, because *Christeneta* might be an eye-witnesse of the delivery thereof: but to speake truth, Passion could not finde a better opportunity, nor Iudgement a worse, for him to draw his malicious

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contemplation into bloudy and impious action; and therefore respecting *Christeneta*, although shee had refused to respect him, and fearing if shee had the least notice or inkling thereof, she loved her *Pisani* so dearely, as she would hinder and prevent him from running into so imminent a danger, hee all that day hush'd himselfe up privately in his Inne, deferring the sending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his cousin *Sebastiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) hee prayes him instantly to finde out *Pisani*, and to deliver it to him as secretly and as fairely as he could.

Sebastiano being no novice in these occasions and accidents, repaires to *Pisani* his Lodging, and finds him as he was issuing forth his Chamber, whom hee salutes, and delivers *Gasparino's* Challenge fast sealed. *Pisani* with a constant carriage, and firme countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seales, steps aside and reads these Lines:

GASPARINO TO PISANI.

You have given the first breach to our friendship: for sith you have treacherously bereaved me of my Mistris, you must now both in honour and justice, either take my life, or yeeld me yours in requitall: If you consider your owne ingratitude, you cannot taxe, muchlesse condemne this my resolution: the Place, the West end of the Parke; the Houre, foure or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you please, two single Rapiers, whereof bring you one and I the other, and I will be content to take the refusall, to give you the choyce. If your courage answer your infidelity, you will not refuse to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Pisani having received and perused this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerefully, without any motion or shew of alteration, either in his speeches or countenance, turnes to *Sebastiano*, and speakes to him thus, Sir, I pray tell *Gasparino* from me, that my selfe and Second will with single Rapiers meet him and his, at the houre and place appoynted.

Sebastiano returnes: and *Pisani* having accepted the Challenge, beares it so secretly, as *Christeneta* (the other halfe of his heart) understanes not hereof: he findes out his deare and intimate friend *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman, issued of a very noble Family of *Millan*, who accompanied him from *Cremona*, to whom hee relates the whole effect of this businesse, shewing him *Gasparino's* Challenge, and requesting him to honour him so much as to second him in this quarrell. *Sfondrato* very cheerefully and freely offereth, and ingageth himselfe; and so about noone *Sebastiano* and himselfe, like honorable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers: but bare it so secretly and discreetly, as none whatsoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their resolutions. The hower approaching, they all take horse, and that day *Pisani*, because hee would bee no way prevented and hindred, doth purposely refraine to visit his Mistrisse *Christeneta*. They poast to the Parke as to a Wedding, being the place of *Rendez-vous* of their meeting (so famous for the defeat of the French, and taking Prisoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth.)

Gasparino and *Sebastiano* are first in the Field: but *Pisani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after: so they all tie up their Horses to the hedge, pull off their Spurres, and cut away the timber-heeles of their Bootes, that they might not trip, but stand firme in their play: But ere they beginne the Seconds search the principalls, and they the Seconds, so they throw off their Dublets, and appeare all in their shirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were resolved to make death feare them.

By this time *Gasparino* and *Pisani* draw: they make their approaches, and as the first encounter *Pisani* is hurt in the out-side of the left arme, and *Gasparino* in the right flank,

flanke, the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hose: they againe separate themselves, and now trye their fortunes afresh; here *Pisani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs the other in the brawne of his right arme, and *Gasparino* one deepe one in his left shoulder; but these slight hurt; they onely esteeme as scarres not as wounds, and therefore seeing their shirts but sprinkled, not dyed with their blouds, they couragiously come on againe; but this bout proves favourable to them both; for *Gasparino* wards *Pisani's* thrusts from him, and onely runnes *Pisani* thorow the hose, without doing him any other harme: and so they close, which *Pisani* doth purposely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sunne in his backe, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their stations, neither can they yet imagine to whose side fortune will incline, they being well-neare as equall in wounds as courages; and now *Pisani* and *Gasparino* dressing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, beginne againe to make tryall of whom Victory is resolved to smile; but they alter the manner of the fight; for now *Gasparino* fights with judgement, and not with fury, and *Pisani* with fury, and not with judgement, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverse their grounds; *Pisani* is so violent, as hee hath almost put himselfe out of breath, but *Gasparino* is so wary and cautelous, as hee contents himselfe to breake his thrusts, and resolves not to make any but to the purpose, and upon manifest advantage; the issue answereth his hopes and expectation: for at the very next incounter, as *Pisani* runnes *Gasparino* in the necke, he runnes *Pisani* thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his sword meeting with *Cava-Vena* (which leades directly to the heart) makes a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and his soule, and so hee falls starke dead to the ground. *Gasparino* knowing him dispatched, sheathes up his rapier. But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion runne to his assistance, but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vaine: for *Pisani* his life had forsaken his body, and his soule was already fled from this world to another.

Whiles *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were stretching out the dead body of *Pisani*, and covering it up with their Cloake, *Sebastiano* runnes to *Gasparino* and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the skie: But *Gasparino* tells him, that these prayes appertaine not to him, but to a higher providence, and withall prays him to be carefull, and to manage his life both with courage and discretion; and for himselfe, finding his wounds, no way desperate nor dangerous, hee is resolved not to suffer his Chirurgion to binde them up, till hee see the issue of the Combate betwixt his faithfull friend *Sebastiano* and *Sfondrato*,

By this time *Sfondrato* thinkes it high time to beginne: and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Pisani*, but rather encouraged and resolved to sell it dearly on the life of *Sebastiano*; hee drawes, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebastiano* meetes him halfe way with a very fresh and cheerefull countenance, and so they approach one to the other: at their first incounter, *Sebastiano* gives *Sfondrato* a large and wide wound on his right side, but receives another from him thorow the left arme, a little above the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* powred forth more blood; and to brieve, they both give and take divers wounds, and performe the parts of valorous Gentlemen.

But in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one side, but will make both parties losers, to shew that he is displeased with these their bloody actions, and uncharitable resolutions, which though Honour seeme to excuse, yet religion cannot; after they had three severall times taken breath, *Sebastiano* advancing a faire thrust to *Sfondrato's* brest, which onely pierced his shirt, and ravelled his skinne: *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournfull interest, for hee ranne him thorow at the small of the belly, and so nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our foure Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gasparino* would have exchanged a thrust or two with him: the which

certainly hee had performed: But *Gasparino* finding that the losse of so much bloud made him then weak, and that it was now more then time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent transporting of their dead frinds, that night to *Pavia*: they, without speaking word one to the other, commit themselves to their Chirurgions, and so their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and, to save themselves from the danger of the Law, they take horse, and poast away, *Gasparino* to *Parma* and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, from whence they resolve not to stirre, before their frinds have procured and sent them their pardons.

Leave we them there: and to follow the streame of this History, come we to *Cremona* and *Pavia*, which rings with the newes of the issues of these lamentable and tragicall combates; *Pisani* and *Sebastiano* are infinitely bewailed of their parents, and lamented of their frinds, yea of their very enemies themselves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all these teares are nothing, in comparison of those which our faire *Christeneta* sheds for the death of her sweet *Pisani*: For her griefes are so infinitely bitter, as shee teares her haire, disfigureth her face, weepes, mournes, howles, and cries so extremely that sorrow her selfe would grieve to see her sorrow; yea, she forsakes and abandoneth all company, throwes off all her rich and glittering garments, and takes on mournfull and sad apparrell: so as all the perswasions of the world are not capable to give her the least shadow of consolation: for as shee affirms, shee neither will, nor can be comforted; onely amidst her teares, if shee admit, or permit any passion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choller and revenge against *Gasparino*, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her deare and sweet *Pisani*, whom shee loved a thousand times more deare and tenderly then her selfe, and of him she vowes to be revenged in the highest degree: Whereby wee may here in *Christeneta* see the old phrase made good, and veriefied; That there is no affection nor hatred to that of a Woman: for where they love, they love dearely; and where they hate, hate deadly: But leave we her to her sorrowes, and come we againe to *Gasparino*, who in short time, having obtained his pardon, returnes from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where hee is joyfully received of his parents and friends.

He is no sooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Christeneta's* beauty doth flourish and revive in his heart; for although she had loved another, yet he could affect none but her selfe: when letting passe some sixe or eight moneths, and hoping that time, (which is subject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her teares, and blow away her sighes for the death of *Pisani*; hee resolves to renew his old suit to her, to which end he visits her first by frinds, next by letters, and then in person. *Christeneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) dissembles her love to *Pisani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and taketh a pride to see how discreetly and closely she beares her malice: But our wisdom in sinne proves meere folly in the eyes of God, which though shee will not now acknowledge, yet shee shall hereafter bee enforced to doe it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being resolute in her inveterate indignation, her malice doth so out-brave her charity, and her revenge her religion, as shee cannot finde any rest in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her minde, before shee see the death of *Gasparino* make amends and satisfaction for that of *Pisani*.

Gasparino having the eyes of his judgment hood-winked, and not foreseeing how dangerous it is to repose and rely on the favour of an incensed enemy (as our judgments are never clearest when we approach our ruine) is very importunate with *Christeneta*, that he may meet and conferre privately with her, which indeed is the onely opportunity that in heart shee hath so long desired: and now it is that she conspires his ruine, and plots his destruction, wherein (perchance) seeking his death, she may procure her owne.

Dissembling Wretch as she is, she seemes to be vanquished with his importunity; and therefore to shew her selfe courteous and kinde to him, she appoynts him to meet her in the Nunnes Garden at sixe of the clocke in the morning. But what courtesie, what

what kindnesse is this, to have honey in the tongue, and poyson in the heart? For she presently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duc-kets to murder him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her soule and her God, becomes the Author of so execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gasparino, drowning his senses and understanding in the contemplation of the content he should receive in injoying his Mistresse *Christeneta's* company, thinkes the night long ere the day appeare, and although the evening were faire and cleare, yet in the morne, *Aurora* had no sooner leapt from the watty bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-cast and vayled with obscure clouds, which imprison the Sunne and his golden beames, purposely not to behold so bloody a Tragedie, as was then to be acted.

Christeneta (who could not sleepe for revenge) is stirring in the morne betimes, and so is *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nunnes Garden, she walking in the Alleyes, and they hiding themselves out of sight: At last the Clocke strikes sixe, and immediately in comes *Gasparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his side; he courts and salutes *Christeneta* with many amorous speeches, and sweet Complements; she prepares to receive him: but in stead of curteous entertainment, gives him a bloody welcome: Her words (or rather her watch-words) are these: *Gasparino* (quoth shee) *this Garden is the place where I had my first conference with Pisani, and where I purpose to have my last with you*: At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* rush forth of a Bowre, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet; but he had first the leisure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himselfe, giving each of them severall wounds. *Christeneta* seeing *Gasparino* felled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, she runnes to him, thrusts her Handkercher into his mouth, and to shew herselfe more like a Tygre then a Woman, and a Devill then a Christian, she with a small Ponyard, or Stiletto, stabs him many times thorow the body, and spurning him with her feet, utters this revengefull and bloody speech: *This Isacrifice to the memory of my deare Love Pisani*. And so *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murdered body of *Gasparino*, and tying a great stone to it, threw it into the Well of the Garden; and the better to conceale this damnable act, they flye by a Posterne doore: and *Christeneta* thinking to cover and shrowd her sinne, under the cloake of Piety and devotion, forsakes the Garden; and so, unseene of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nunnes Church, where shee falls on her knees; but with so prophane a devotion, as she did no way repent, but rather triumph at this Murther: But this her hypocrisy shall cost her deare.

Wee have here seene this horrible and cruell Murther committed and acted, and the Murtherers themselves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes: Yea, *Christeneta* gloryeth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money; so as they now thinke themselves free, and past all danger: but they shall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine providence hath decreed otherwise. And here we come to the detection and punishment of this Murther; wherein Gods mercy and justice, his providence and his glory, doe most miraculously shine and appeare.

The Nunnes being in their Cells at their Oraisons, heare the slynking of swords, and so they advertise their Abbess or Governesse thereof, who gives the Alarm in the house. They descend to the Garden, to see what this rumour might be: they finde the Posterne open, and the Alleyes very much sprinkled and gored with blood; they suspect Murther, but neither finde nor see any, either living or dead: they send to acquaint the Prefect and Provost of the City herewith, who repaire to the Garden, and (as before) finde much blood, but see no body: they make strict inquiry and search in the Ditches, hedges, thicketts, and vaults of the Garden, but finde nothing, only they forget to search the Well: Then, to finde what those Fighters were, they thinke of a Policie, as worthy of them, as they of their office, they give a secret charge to all the

chirurgions of the city to reveale them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be cured; whereupon *Rhanutio*, one of the chiefeſt Chirurgions, informes them, that he, about an houre ſince, had dreſſed *Bianco* & *Brindoli* (two ſouldiers of the city) of nine ſeverall wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provost advertiſed hereof, cauſe them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had conſulted. They enquire who wounded them: They answer, they had a Quarrell betwixt themſelves, and ſo they fought it out. Being demanded againe, where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Chriſteneta* was ſafe at home, & *Gasparino* cloſe in the well, they inſtantly replied, it was in the Nunnes Garden at *Saint Clayre*, and at fixe of the clocke in the morning, which agreeing to the Nunnes relation, gave end to this buſineſſe, for that time eſpecially. But though they delude and blinde the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor ſhall not thoſe of God: And now, although theſe murtherers have thus eſcaped, yet they prepare to forſake and leave *Pavia*, for feare to be afterwards diſcovered. But they ſhall be prevented in their ſubleties, for the hand of God will ſpeedily arreſt them.

Now wee muſt obſerve, that *Gasparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his Lodging, and his Lackey gathering no newes of him at *Vituri's* houſe, where he uſually frequented to viſite and court his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*, he informes the Hoſt of the houſe hereof; and he like an honeſt man, doubting the worſt (after the cuſtome of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Provost thereof, who, like judicious and wiſe Magiſtrates, examined *Gasparino's* Lackey when he laſt ſaw his Maſter, and where. The Lackey answeres, He parted from his Chamber yeſterday morning betwixt five and fixe, with his Prayer-booke in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and ſince (hee ſaith) hee ſaw him not. And now, by the providence of God, the Lackeyes relation gives a little glimpe and glimmering light to the diſcovery of this Murther: for the Magiſtrates ſee, that the houre of *Gasparino's* departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli's* fighting doe agree, as alſo his Booke and the Nunnes Church beare ſome ſhew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) reſolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to impriſon both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who the very next day had thought to have ſlipt downe the River to *Ferara*, and ſo to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gasparino*: they vow hee is a Gentleman they have neither knowne nor ſeene. The Magiſtrates hold it fit they ſhould be put to the Rack, which is as ſpeedily performed: but theſe ſtout Villaines firmly and conſtantly maintaine their firſt ſpeech; and although they make ſute to be freed and releaſed, yet the Prefect holds it neceſſary to continue them in priſon; and withall, to make a more narrow and exacter ſearch in the Nunnes Garden.

Chriſteneta, being at the firſt advertiſed that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat aſtoniſhed and amazed, and ſo reſolves to flye, but being advertiſed they had already ſuffered torment, & revealed nothing, ſhe againe reſolves to ſtay, which indeed ſhe doth: but it is the Juſtice and mercy of God that keepes this bloody bird within her neſt.

The Prefect and Provost (as being inſpired from heaven) continue conſtant in their reſolutions, to make a ſecond ſearch in the Garden for Murther; which they doe, and very curiouſly, leaving no place unſearched: at laſt it pleaſed the Lord to put into the Provosts minde to ſearch the Well, which the day before they had omitted. Hee acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and ſo cauſing it to be ſearched, they at laſt in their hooles bring up ſome pieces of wrought blacke Taffeta: which by the Lackey was affirmed, and knowne to be the ſame his Maſter *Gasparino*, wore the laſt time he ſaw him: wherat they were more eagerly encouraged to ſearch againe moſt exactly: which they doe, and at laſt bring

bring up the dead body of *Gasparino*, when stripping off his cloths, they finde his body pierced with thirteene severall wounds: at the mournfull sight whereof, the whole assembly, but especially his Lackey, cannot refraine from teares, and yet all glorify God for finding of his body, as also for the discovery of the Murtherers, who now they confidently believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But see the farther mercies of God: for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this Murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magistrates being sure of them, doe now resolve to hie to Prison, and to give them double torment, thereby to discover out of what Quiver the first arrow of this Murther came. But behold the mercy and justice of God! they are eased of this labour, and the name of the malefactor brought them by a most miraculous and unheard of accident: for when the Magistrates and whole companie had often visited *Gasparino's* naked body, and seene nothing but wounds, a little boy standing by (of some ten yeares of age) espyed a linnen choth in his mouth, which hee shewed the company, which the Perfect causing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambricke Handkercher, and withall, a name in red silke Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of *Christeneta*.

See, see the goodnesse, O let vs stand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to see what meanes and instruments hee ordaineth for the discovery of Murthers.

The Prefect and provost send away speedily to apprehend her: shee is taken in the midst of her pleasures and pastimes, yea, from the arme of her Mother, and feete of her father, to whom shee fled for safety, but in vaine; for shee is instantly committed close Prisoner, from whence wee shall not see her come forth, till she come to her condigne punishment, on a shamefull Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And now the Prefect and Provost goe themselves to the Prison, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are: they accuse them peremptorily for the Murther of *Gasparino*, whose body, they informe them, they have taken up out of the Well: but they againe deny it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveale this their Murther; but they are so strong of courage, or rather the devill is so strong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuse themselves, nor any other.

The Prefect and Provost, although they saw all circumstances concur, that undoubtedly *Christeneta* had a deepe hand in this Murther, yet they examine her fairely, and promise her much favour, and their best friendship and assistance, if shee will reveale it: but she, as her two confederates, denyes all. They adjudge her to the Racke, whereunto she very patiently permits her selfe to be fastened; but her dainty body and delicate limbes cannot indure the cruelty of this torment: and so shee confesseth all, that in revenge of *Pisani's* death, shee had caused *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther him in the Nunnes Garden, as we have formerly understood.

And now comes Gods sentence from heaven, pronounced against these Murtherers, by the mouth of his Magistrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of Murther, committed on *Gasparino*, adjudge *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to bee hanged, and their bodies throwne into the River *Po*: And *Christeneta* (notwithstanding all the solicitation which her father and friends made for her) to bee first hanged, then burned, and her ashes throwne into the ayre: Which to the full satisfaction of Iustice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who assisted at their mournfull ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refraine from teares, but as much approved and applauded *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as they detested and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Gasparino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteously, so they dyed desperately, and could not be drawn to repent themselves of this their bloudy fact: But as I have understood, *Christeneta* was extreamely sorrowfull for her sinnes, but especially for this murther, whereof at her last breath she infinitely and exceedingly repented her selfe: yea I have beene informed, that she delivered a godly and religious speech upon the Ladder, but I was not so fortunate to recover it.

May all true Christians reade this History with profit, and profit in reading it, that so God may receive the glory: and their soules the eternall comfort and consolation. Amen.

GODS





GODS. REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE III.

Mortaigne under promise of marriage gets Ioffelina with childe, and after, converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey La Verdure, and La Palma to murther both her and her young sonne: the jealousie of Isabella to her husband La Palma is the cause of the discovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the same.



IT is a just reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errors of our youth, that we buy pleasure with repentance, and the sweetnesse of sin with the bitternesse of affliction: but if we violate the lawes of Christianity, and abandon our selves to lust and fornication, then we shall see with shame, that men will not pittie us, and finde with griefe, that God will punish us. It is an excellent vertue in Maidens, not to listen to the lewd temptations of men; and in men not to hearken to the sugred charmes of the de-

vill: for commonly that folly gives the one shame, & this madnesse brings the other destruction: but if we first forget our selves, and then our God, by adding and heaping sin upon sinne, as first, to perpetrate fornication, and after Murther, then assuredly our estate is so miserably wretched, and so wretchedly miserable, as wee have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worfe. And because Ex ample is both pleasing to our memory, and profitable to our judgement, this mournfull ensuing History shall make good, and confirme it to us: therefore let us shut the doore of our thoughts against the power of sinne, and that of our hearts against the malice of Hell: and we shall not onely make our fortunes immoveable in this World, but our felicity eternall in that to come.

In the South-east part of *France*: within a dayes journey of the famous City of *Lyon*, at the foote of the Mountaine of *Tarara*, upon the border and bosome of that sweet river *Lignon*, so famous by the Minion of honour, and the darling of the Muses, the Marquesse of *Vrse*, in his beautifull and divine *Astrea*: neere *Durency* (a certaine small Village) there dwelt a poore Country Farmer, named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late burying his Wife, had one onely child left him by her, being a very faire young girle, about the age of twelve yeares old, named *Ioffelina*, whom hee hoped should prove the staffe and prop of his age, and resolved when she grew up in yeares, and came to womans estate, to marry her to some of his neighbours sonnes, and at his death, to give her all that litle which either his parents, or his owne labour and industry had left or procured him.

Two or three yeares sliding away, in which time *Mollard* increaseth in wealth, and his Daughter in yeares, shee was, and was justly reported to bee the fairest Nymph of those parts, and by all the rusticke Swaynes tearmed, the faire *Ioffelina*, esteeming themselves happy, if they might see her, much more, if they might enjoy her presence.

Now within a litle League of *Mollards* house, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Mounseigneur de Coucie*, who had many children: but among the rest, his eldest sonne, tearmed *Mounseigneur de Mortaigne*, was a very hopefull and brave Gentleman, who was first a Page to that generous Nobleman *Mounseigneur de la Guiche*, sometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and since his death a chiefe Gentleman to *Mounseigneur de Saint Terrant*, now a Marshall of *France*.

This *Mortaigne* having lived some yeares in *Paris* with his Lord the Marshall, where hee followed all honourable exercises, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby hee purchased himselfe the honourable title of a most perfect and accomplished Gentleman) was at last desirous to see his father, partly, because he understood he was weake and sickly; but especially to be at the Nuptials of a sister of his, tearmed *Madamoyelle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Avergne*, tearmed *Mounseigneur de Cassalis*.

This Marriage being solemnized, *Mortaigne* having conducted his sister into *Avergne*, and now seeing his father strong and lusty, hee begins to dislike the Countrey, and to wish himselfe againe in *Paris*, where the rattling of Coaches, and the infinity of faire Ladies did better delight and please him: hee craves leave of his father and mother to returne, which (because hee is the chiefe stay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and so he prepares for his returne to *Paris*. But an unlooked for accident shall stop his journey for the present, and another, but farre more fatall, seconding and succeeding that, shall stop and hinder him from ever seeing it.

For the night before hee was to depart, the morning *de Coucie* his father is most dangerously taken with a burning Feaver, and so neither he nor his mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Countrey, and few Gentlemen dwelling neere his fathers house, hee gives himselfe to Hunting and Hawking, Pastimes and exercises, which though before he loved not, yet now hee exceedingly delights in: Now amongst other times, hee one day hunting in his fathers Woods (hollawing for his Dogge which hee had lost in a Thicket) by chance sprung a Pheasant, who flying to the next Woods, hee sends for his Hawke, with an intent to flye at him; and so being not so happy as againe to set sight of him, hee ranged so farre, and withall so fast, that hee was very thirsty, but saw no house neere him, that hee might call for wine; till at last hee happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom wee have formerly made mention. *Mortaigne*, seeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the house, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine, alledging that he was very thirsty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the Modell of his face, presumed to demand him if hee were not one of *Mounseigneur de Coucie's* sonnes: Hee answered yes, and that his name was *Mortaigne*. *Mollard* presently calling to minde that hee was his fathers heire, very courteously (in his fashion) prayes him to enter his house, and so being set downe, hee sends his daughter *Ioffelina* for wine, which shee fetched, and they both drinke: where honest *Mollard* thinking his house blessed with so great (and as hee thought, so good) a Gentleman, very cheerfully proffers him peares, Grapes, Walnuts, and such homely dainties as his poore cottage could afford. But wee shall see *Mortaigne* requite this courtesie of *Mollard*, with an extreame ingratitude.

Mortaigne, whose eye was seldome on *Mollard*, and never from his daughter, admires to see so sweet a beauty in so obscure a place: he cannot refraine from blushing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though she were poore in cloathes, yet hee saw her rich in beauty, which made not onely his eyes, but his heart conclude, that shee was wonderfull faire; sith it is ever the signe of a true and perfect beauty, where

where the face graceth the apparrell, and not the apparrell the face. And now comparing *Ioffelina's* taynt to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, hee finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falshood of their Art: for thorow the Alabaster of her Front, Necke and Papes, hee might perceive the azure of her veines, which like the windings of *Meanders* streames, swiftly range, and sweetly presents it selfe to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and stars of her face, their splendor was so cleare, and their influence so piercing, as they not onely captivate his thoughts with love, but wound his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaigne* gaze on the freshnesse and sweetnesse of *Ioffelina's* beauty, no lesse doth shee on the propernesse and perfection of his youth, onely his eyes tilt at hers with more liberty, and hers on him with modesty, respect and secrecy: which *Mortaigne* well espying, hee vowes to obtaine her favour, or to lose his life in research thereof: but the end of such lascivious resolutions seldome prosper.

But see how all things favour *Mortaignes* affection, or rather his lust to *Ioffelina*: for *Mollard* tells him, hee holds a small tenement neere adjoyning to his father, who hath now put him in sute of Law for two herriots, and therefore beseecheth him for his good word, and favour to his father in his behalfe. *Mortaigne* glad of this occasion to serve for a pretext and cloake for him, to have access to his house and daughter, promiseth him to deale effectually with his father for him, and the next time he passeth that way, to acquaint him what hee hath done therein: and so stealing a kisse or two from *Ioffelina*, as her father went into the Court, and withall swearing to her, that hee loved her dearly, and would come often to see her; hee thanking *Mollard* for his good cheere, for that time departed.

But the further hee goes from *Mollards* house, the neerer his heart approacheth his daughter *Ioffelina*. So his thoughts being stedfastly and continually fixed on her, hee begins to distaste his fathers house, yea, forsakes all company, and many times pretending to walke in the Parke and Woods, hee steales away privately to see his new Mistrisse. Hee visits her often, but especially when her father is at market, and gives her Gloves, Lawne, and silke girdles, yea hee never comes to her, but brings her some gift and present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtaine his desire: but as yet hee is still deceived: for although shee be humble and simple, yet she is chaste, and will not hearken to his allurements and inticements. Had *Ioffelina* continued constant in this resolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death lesse mournfull.

Mortaigne perceiving *Ioffelina's* coyneesse and obstinacy, is thereat no way the les, but rather far the more inflamed and inflamed with her beauty, and now perceiving, that all his Visits, Gifts, Speeches and prayers worke no desired effect, he hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtil invention, wherby so many silly maids are abused and deceived; hee vowes, that if shee will permit him to enjoy his desire, hee will marry her, notwithstanding that their birth and qualitie were so unequall and different: and this, and onely this battery and allurement, was that which vanquished *Ioffelina's* Chastitie, who, poore girle, caught with this snare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, shooke hands with her maiden-head, which shee should have prized and esteemed farre more precious then her life: but shee shall pay deare for this her folly; for shee shall live *Mortaigne's* strumpet and never dye his wife.

Mortaigne hath now his desire of *Ioffelina*; and for the fruit of this their unchaste pleasure, in short time her belly swells: *Mollard* her father discovers the Pad in the straw: hee grieves hereat, teares his white hayres, and vowes, his daughters infamy will shorten his dayes: he torments her with reprochings and threatnings, so as shee can find no rest, or tranquillity in his house: shee advertiseth *Mortaigne* hereof, and requests his assistance, in this her affliction: *Mortaigne* by night steales her away, and sends her ten leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poore Kinsmans house of his, where shee is delivered of a young Sonne: But shee shall shortly see (with repentance) what it is to have a child e're a husband. In the meane time shee feedes her selfe with hope, that *Mortaigne* will shortly marry her, but he resolves nothing lesse: for the

Gallants of these times (who build their triumphs upon the shipwracke and ruines of maidens honour) will promise any thing, ere they enjoy their desire, but performe nothing, when they have obtained it, but rather spurne at those pleasures, as at Nofegaies which they delight in in the morne, and throw away ere night.

Calantha, (*Mortaigne's Mother*) all this while knowes nothing of these occurrences betwixt her sonne and *Iosselina*, and desires to see him married, that shee might have the felicity to see her selfe a Grandmother : to which end, she resolves to seeke a wife for him ; and makes amotion to *Monsieur de Vassy*, the *Seneschall* of *la Palisse*, to match her sonne with *Madamoysele la Varina* his onely daughter. *De Vassy* disliketh not this motion, the young folkes see and love : so as in all humane sence and outward appearance, it seemes a short time will finish and conclude this match : But it was otherwise determined in heaven.

This newes doth amaze and terrifie *Iosselina*: but as misfortune seldome comes alone, shee likewise that very instant understands that *Mollard* her father (for very griefe of her foule fact) is dead, and hath dis-inherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her shame, for her portion and dowry, and onely repentance to comfort her : And this indeed is the forerunner of her future misery ; Wherefore now if ever, it is for her to looke to her selfe and well fare, to which end shee resolves to write *Mortaigne* a Letter, to put him in minde of his promise, and to take compassion of her poverty, being already reduced to this misery, that she hath not wherewithall to maintaine her selfe and child : her said Letter (word for word) I thought good to insert here, because the substance and perusall thereof deserves both pitty and compassion.

IOSSSELINA TO MORTAIGNE.

YOU have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I had as much grace as vanity) I should have esteemed farre dearer and precious then my life. Your promise to make me your wife, was the onely lure, which drew me to consent to that error and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so farre from performing it, as you hate me, instead of loving me : let the sweetnesse of my youth, and the freshnesse of my beauty (which with many oathes you protested you both admired and adored) judge whether I have deserved this discourtesie of you : but it is a just punishment for my sinne, and now I finde too late, though formerly would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those Pils that seeme sweet to the Pallat, but prove poyson to the stomacke : and may all maydens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seeke not to make shipwracke of my life, as you have done of my chastity: you know, my father is dead, and with him all the meanes which in this World I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my selfe, as of your sonne, except from your selfe, the which with millions of sighes and teares, I beg and beseech you afford us, and if not for love to me, at least for pitty to him : if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your selfe, yet in nature, you cannot deny but your little sonne is not onely your picture, but your image : therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least doe him for mine, and thinke, that as it will be an extreame ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a sonne, so it will be extreame cruelty, not to allow that poore babe wherewithall to live: sith he hath received both his being and life of you: but I hope you will prove more naturall to him, and more charitable to my selfe : otherwise rest assured, that such disrespect and unkindnesse will never goe long, either unpittied of men, or unpunished of God.

IOSSSELINA.

Iosselina having penned this Letter to *Mortaigne*, she desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinkes it fit likewise to write another to *Calantha* his Mother, to the same effect: the which she doth, and sends it by a confident messenger, with expresse charge to deliver them severally : the tenor thereof is thus:

IOSSSELINA

IOSSELINA TO CALINTHA.

I know not in what tearmes either to relate you my misfortune, or reveale you my misery: especially sith mine owne folly and undiscretion gave life to the first, as your sonne Mortaigne's ingratitude doth to the second, had I beene as wise as now sorrowfull, or as chaste, as now repentant, or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not blush as I doe, to write to you, that his promise to make me his wife, hath made me the unfortunate mother of a young sonne whereof he is the unkind father: I may well tearme my selfe unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine honour, but my Father, who, for his displeasure of my shame and folly, gave all his meanes from me, which before right and nature had promised me: and I may justly terme your sonne Mortaigne unkinde, sith he not onely refuseth to marry me, but also to allow maintenance, either for my selfe or his child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of all other meanes, friends and hopes, that with many blushes and teares, I presume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richnesse of my misery, the which I humbly request you both to pittie and relieve: at least if you will not, that your sonne may, who is the cause thereof: my love to him hath not deserved your hatred to me: and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather if you please, my youth, I hope you will be so charitable to the poore ba'e my sonne, that I shall not want for his sake, nor he for his fathers: or if you will frowne, and not smile on me, but rather triumph to see me languish and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchsafe to excuse his innocency, though you condemne mine error: and so, if I must dye miserably, at least let me carry this one content to my grave, that I may be sure he shall live happy. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that cruelty.

IOSSELINA.

Whiles *Ioffelina* flatters herselfe with hope, that these Letters will procure her her desire and comfort, *Mortaigne* and *Calintha* his mother receive them. As for *Mortaigne* hee like a base Gentleman (whose curtesy was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his owne sinne, as rejoyceth in *Ioffelina's* foolish ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him to thinke, that he hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chastity: and therefore hee now respecteth her so little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory; her misery his happinesse; and her affliction, his content; yea he no more thinkes of her, but with disdain and envy: for the beauty *Varina* hath quite defaced and blotted out that of *Ioffelina*, neither doth this cruelty of *Mortaigne* end in her, but it beginnes in the pretty babe his sonne: for he so farre degenerateth from the lawes and principles of Nature, as hee not onely hates the Mother for the childe sake, but the child for his mothers sake: yea hee is so farre from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as hee scornes the Mother, and will no way either owne or relieve the child: and so burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratfully and cruelly resolves to answer it with silence, and this is the best comfort which *Ioffelina* and the poore young babe her sonne receive from *Mortaigne*. But I feare the worst is to come.

If *Ioffelina* and her babe receive such dis-respect, and inhumanity from *Mortaigne*, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother *Calintha*, who no sooner received and read her letter, but full of wrath and indignation, shee in disdain throwes it away from her: yea, her discontent and malice is so inflamed against *Ioffelina* and her child, as fearing it may prove a blurre and blocke to *Mortaigne's* marriage with *Varina*: shee not onely refuseth to relieve them, but is so cruell and inhumane, as shee wisheth them both in another World, as unworthy to live in this; but her choller is too passionate, and her Passions too unnaturall and cruell: for if she would not relieve *Ioffelina* whom her sonne *Mortaigne* had abused, yet in pittie, yea in nature, shee should have taken order, for the maintenance of the child whom her
sonne

sonne had begotten : for if the Mother had deserved her hatred, yet this poore babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compassion then her envy : or at least, if there had beene any sparke of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if she would not have beene seene courteous and harberours to them herselfe ; yet she might dispence with her sonne, and winke if he had performed it. But nothing lesse ; for her malice is so great and her rage so outrageous and unreasonable, as she refuseth it herselfe, and commands him to the contrary : so as being once resolute, not to cast away so much time to returne *Iosselina* an answer, she at last in a humour, wherein disdaine triumphed over pittie, and inhumanity over charity, calls for pen and paper, and returns her this bitter and cruell answer.

CALINTHA TO IOSSSELINA.

HAVING beene so gracelesse to abuse my sonne, I wonder how thou darest be so impudent, as to offend me with thy Letter, the which I had once thought rather to have burnt then read: but I finde it not strange, that being defective of thy body, thou art so of thy judgement to thinke, that sith thine owne father gave all from thee, that I, who am a weere stranger to thee (as I wish thou hadst beene to my sonne) should afford or give thee any thing; neither doth this resolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity; for as thou art a woman, I pittie thee, but as a strumpet, hold it no pittie to relieve thee. Now then, despairing of any hope for thy selfe, thou pleadest for thy brat: but sith he is the object of thy shame, as thou art that of my son, and withall the cause, why should I looke on the childe with compassion, sith I neither can, nor will see the mother but with disdaine and envy? Thou complaineest of thy misfortune and misery, without considering that the Starres and Horoscope of thy base birth never pointed thee out for so high an estate, as of a clownes daughter, to become a Gentlemans wife: but thou must adde ambition to thy dishonesty, as if one of these two Vices were not enough powerfull to make thee miserable. Thou doest likewise taxe my sonne of unkindnesse towards thee, without considering that his love to thee, hath beene cruelty to himselfe: for as thou art like to buy his familiarity with teares, so for ought I know, may he thine with repentance: if thou expect any comfort, thou must hope for no other then this, that as my sonne disdaines to marry thee, so do I, that either my selfe or he releive thee: looke then on thy selfe with shame, on thy childe with repentance, whiles my sonne and I wil remember ye both with contempt, but neither with pittie.

CALINTHA.

Poore *Iosselina* having received and peruled *Calintha's* Letter, and seeing withall *Mortaigne* so inhumane, as he disdaines to write to her, for meere grieve, and sorrow, she, with her babe at her brest, falls to the ground in a swoone, and had not the noyse thereof advertised those in the next roome to come to her assistance, she had then and there ended her misery with her life, and not afterwards lived to see and indure so many sharpe afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas, alas! she hath now no power to speake, but to weepe : yea, if her teares are not words, I am sure her words are sighes ; for being abandoned of *Mortaigne*, and hated of his mother, she is so pierced to the heart with the consideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this disdaine, as she teares her haire, repents herselfe of her former folly, and curseth the houre that *Mortaigne* first saw her fathers house, or shee him : but this is but one part of her sorrowes and afflictions. Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turne her discontent into despaire, her despaire into rage and her rage, into madness.

For by thistime *Calintha* understanding by her sonne, where *Iosselina* resided and sojourned, she so ordered the matter, as when *Iosselina* least thought thereof, she and her Babe in a darke and cold night is most inhumanely turned out of the house where she was; yea, with so great barbarisme and cruelty, as shee was not suffered to rest, either in the Hayloft, Barne or Stable, or any other place within doore; but inforced

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ced to lye in the open field, where the bare ground was her bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold ayre her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtaines and Canopie. And now it is, and never before, that her eyes gush forth many volleys of deepe-fetched sighes; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starres of heaven to light her, shee lookes on her poore Babe for comfort, whose sight, God knowes, doth but redouble her sorrowes and afflictions, because it lyes crying at her brest for want of Milke, which (poore woman) she had not to give it; when, being in this miserable case, and accompanied with none but with the Beasts of the Field, and the Birds of the ayre, who yet were farre happier then her selfe, because they were gone to their rest, and she could receive none, she after many bitter sighes, groanes, and teares, uttered these speeches to her selfe.

Alas, alas, poore *Ioffelina*! It is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this misery: for hadst thou had grace to use, and not to abuse thy beauty, thou mightst have seene thy selfe as happy, as now thou art wretched and miserable: but see what a double losse thou receivest for thy single pleasure, for the losse of thy chastity to *Mortaigne*, was that of thy father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou doe, or whither canst thou flye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the misery; for as thy losse is double, so is thy griefe: for now thou must as well sorrow for thy child, as for thy selfe; yea *Ioffelina*, forget to grieve for thy selfe, and remember to doe it for thy Babe, sith thou hast brought it into the world, and hast not wherewith to maintaine it. And then not able to proceed farther, she takes it up and kisses it, and raines teares on its cheekes, though she cannot streame milke in its mouth, when againe recovering her speech, she continues thus:

Ay me, *Ioffelina*, thou art both the Author and the cause of thine owne misery, and therefore thou must not blame heaven, but thanke thy selfe for it: for thy afflictions are so great, as wheresoever thou turnest thy thoughts or eyes, thou findest nothing but griefe, nothing but sorrow: for if thou thinke on *Mortaigne*, he lookes on thee with disdain, if on his mother *Calintha*, she with envie; yea, thou canst not behold the world without shame, thy poore infant without sorrow, nor thy selfe without repentance: nay, consider further with thy selfe, what thou hast gotten by casting (or rather by casting away) thy affection on *Mortaigne*: he found thee a Mayd, and hath left thee a strumpet; thou hast a child, and yet no husband: then thou wert so happy as to have a father, and now thy sonne is so miserable, as he can finde none: yea, then thou wert a friend to many, but now thou findest not one that wil be so to thee: and which is worse, thou hast not wherewithall to be so to thy selfe. Alas, alas, thou hast no house to goe to, no friend to trust to, no meat for thy selfe, nor milke for thy child: therefore poore *Ioffelina* (quoth she) how happy should we both be, if thou wert buried, and he unborne.

She would have finished her speech, but that teares interrupted her words, and sighs cut her teares in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls asleepe, but her griefes are so great, and her sorrowes so infinite, as she cannot close her eyes, nor yet be so much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death* to doe it for her; which perceiving, as also that the Moone was enveloped in a cloud, and that the Starres beginne to deny her the comfort and lustre of their sight, she fearing to be overtaken with raine, and perceiving a thicke Wood a pretty way off from her, she takes her Babe, and as fast as her weake and wearied legs could performe (bitterly weeping and sighing) hies thither for shelter; but heaven proves more kinde to her then earth: for loe, both the Moone and Starres assist and comfort her in this her sorrowfull journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off then shee thought) she beganne to bee weary, and there making a bed of leaves (which at that season of the yeare fell abundantly from the Trees) shee thereon for a while rested her selfe; but sleepe shee could not: and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to see that her infant slept prettily, though not soundly: but here if her eyes craved rest, so her stomacke

make craved meat: for it was now mid-night, and shee had eaten nothing since noone: so pulling off her upper coate, shee wraps and covers her child as hot as shee could, who being fast asleepe, and laying it on the bed of leaves, shee goes from tree to hedge, and gathers Blacke-berries, Slowes, and wilde Chessnuts, wherewith in stead of better Viands, shee satisfied her hunger, and now she sees her selfe on the top of a Hill, at whose foot shee perceived a River, and a great stony Bridge over it, the which shee knew, as also that there was a little Village neere about a mile beyond it, which indeede in the midst of her miseries afforded her some comfort. So backe shee hies to her childe, which shee findes out by its crying, it wanting not onely his nipple but his Nurse, and so with many kisses takes it up in her armes, and hies towards the bridge, and from thence to the Village, which shee now remembers is termed *Villepont*, where shee arrives at five of the clocke in the morning, and lodged her selfe in a very poore Inne, being extremely glad, and infinitely joyfull that she had recovered so good a harbour.

But money she hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Innes upon credit, is to bee ill attended, and worfe look'd on: so shee is inforced, yea, faine to sell away her Quaiues, her bands, and her upper coate, to discharge her present occasions. Poore *Ioffelina*, how happy hadst thou beene, if thou hadst had as much wit and chastity, as beauty, or rather more chastity, and lesse beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it, though never to repent it.

Ioffelina knowing *Villepont* to be but seven leagues from *Durency* (the parish where she was borne) is irresolute whether to stay here, or to goe thither. Want of meanes perswades her to the first: but knowing that *Mortaigne's* love was turned to hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be neere his incensed mother, shee resolves to stay in *Villepont*, and to write to her kinsfolkes and friends to assist her in this her misery and necessity. In the meane time shee is inforced to content her selfe with a poore little out-chamber, where there is neither chimney nor window, but onely a small loope whereinto the Sunne scarce ever entred, and yet shee is extremely well contented and glad hereof.

But wealth findes many friends, and poverty none: and yet, sith diversity of fortunes is the true touchstone of friendship, we may therefore more properly and truly terme those our friends, who assist us in our necessity, and not who seeme to pleasure us in our prosperity: for those are reall friends, but these verball: those will performe more then they promise, and these promise much, and performe nothing.

But *Ioffelina* is so wretched and unfortunate, as shee findes neither the one nor the other to assist her in this her misery: yea so farre shee is to receive either meanes or promises, as nothing is sent her, nor none will see her; so as miserable necessity inforceth her to report and divulge the misfortune of her fortune, and to complain to all the world of *Mortaigne's* treachery, and of his Mother *Calantha's* cruelty; yea she threatens to send him his sonne, sith he will not afford her wherewith to maintaine it.

This is not so secretly carryed in *Villepont*, but *De Vassje* and *Varina* his daughter have newes hereof in *La Palisse*, which occasioneth her to grow cold in her affection, and hee in his respect to *Mortaigne*, so as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this match shall goe forward. *Mortaigne* is too clere-sighted, to be blind herein, yea he presently knowes, from what point of the compasse this wind commeth, and is fully possessed, that *Ioffelina* is the cause of these alterations and stormes: hee is exceedingly enraged and inflamed hereat, and gives such way to his passion and choller, as these obstacles must be removed, and he vows to destroy both *Ioffelina* and her sonne. A bloody resolution, not becomming either a Christian, or a Gentleman: for was it not enough for him to rob *Ioffelina* of her honour, and to put a rape on her Chastity and vertue, but hee must likewise bereave her of her life, and so adde Murther to his Lust? Alas, what a base Gentleman is this? yea, how farre degenerates hee from true Gentility, to bee so cruell to her that hath beene so kinde to him? But the Devill

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suggesteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is faire, and that there is no way nor hope left to obtaine her, before *Ioffelina* and her brat bee dispatched. Now if grace could not perswade him from being so cruell to *Ioffelina*: (yet me thinkes) nature should have with-held him from being so inhumane to his owne sonne: but his faith is so weake towards God, and the devill is so strong with him, that hee cannot be removed or withdrawne from his bloody resolution, onely hee altereth the manner thereof: for whereas he resolved first to destroy the Mother, then the child, now he will first dispatch the childe, then the Mother. O Heavens, why should earth produce so bloody and prodigious a monster!

Now the better to dissemble his malice, he thinkes to reclaime and pacifie *Ioffelina*, and so gives order that she and her child be lodged in a better Inne in the same village of *Villepont*, and signifies her that he hath gotten a Nurse, and hath provided maintenance for his sonne, and that shortly he will send his Lackey for him, but withall, that she must keepe this very secret, because he will not have his mother *Calintha* acquainted therewith. *Ioffelina* rejoyceth, and seemes to be revived at this pleasing newes; yea, she begins to forget her former miserie, and flatters herselfe with this hope, that fortune will againe smile on her. So within three daies, *Mortaigne* sends his Lackey *La Verdure*, to her for the babe: the which with many kisses and teares she delivereth him, hoping that *Mortaigne* his father would be carefull of his maintenance, and not so much as once dreaming, or conceiving that he had any intent to murder it. But shee shall finde the contrary; for henceforth she shall never see her babe, nor her babe her.

La Verdure (the Lackey) following his Masters command, is not foure Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable miscreant, he strangle it, and wrapping it in a Linnen cloth (which he had purposely brought with him) throwes it into the River *Lignon*; but he shall pay deare for Murthering of this sweet and innocent babe.

But it is not enough: for *Mortaigne's* devillish malice and revenge will not be quenched or satisfied, till he see the Mother follow the fortune of the sonne: to which end he agrees with her Oist *La Palma*, and his afore said Lackey *La Verdure*, to stifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred franckes they performe, and bury her in his garden; she being soundly sleeping, and poore soule, not so much as once dreaming of this her mournfull and lamentable end. What Tigers or monsters of nature are these; to commit so damnable a Murther, as if there were no God in heaven to detect them, nor earth nor hell to punish them?

But we shall see the contrary: yea, we shall see both the Murther, and the Muthe-
rers revealed and discovered by an extraordinary meanes; wherein Gods providence and glory will most miraculously resplend and shine.

As soone as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had Murthered our harmeleffe *Ioffelina*, they both poast away to *Durency*, aswell to acquaint *Mortaigne* herewith, as also to receive their money (whereof the one halfe was payd them, and the other due.) This newes is so pleasing to him, as he cheerefully layes downe his promise: and so they both frolicke it in the village, *La Verdure* making no hast home to his Master *Mortaigne*, nor *La Palma* to his old wife *Isabella*.

In the meane time (a month being past away) *Mortaigne*, hoping the way cleere and all the rubs removed; that hindred him from obtaining his faire mistres *Varina*; he procures his father *De Concy*, and other of his friends to ride to *La Palisse*; hoping to finish the match betwixt *La Varina* and himselfe: But he and they are enforced to see themselves deceived of their hopes. For *De Vassy* and his daughter having heard that *Ioffelina* and her sonne were conveyed away, and could no more be heard of, they (suspecting, and fearing that which indeed was false out) in plaine tearmes, give *Mortaigne* the refusall, who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang downe his head, and see his former bloody errours and crimes; but it is too late, for the Lord hath bent his bow, and his Arrow is ready to Revenge them.

La Palma understanding of *Mortaigne's* arrivall from *La Palisse*, thinkes it high time

for him to leave *Durency*, and to returne home to *Villepont* to his wife *Isabella*, who being an old woman, and he a young man; was not onely impatient, but jealous of his long stay (which was well neere five weekes) and the rather for that he departed, as she thought, in company of *Ioffelina*: who because she was young and faire, she vehemently suspected, he had since entertained and stayed with. But this jelousie of hers, God makes his instrument to discover this execrable Murther.

For *La Palma* comming home, his wife *Isabella* (as wee have heard) being incensed with anger, and inflamed with jealousy, gives him this bitter entertainment and welcome: *La Palma* (quoth shee) *you were very unkind, so soone to forsake your Whore Ioffelina*. *La Palma* being pierced to the quicke with this bitter speech of his wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her first the lye, and then tearmed her whore in speaking it. She hath fire in her lookes, and he thunder in his speeches. So after many bitter and scandalous injuries banded one to the other, shee addes rage to her words, and hee a boxe on the eare to his choller, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the servants, and all that beheld it, cry out amaine, as if her soule had already taken her last farewell of her body. At this tumult the neighbours assemble, and deeming *Isabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her husband, and carry him before the Procurer *Fiscall* of *La Palisse*, who was then in their Village of *Villepont*, who without further examination commits him to prison, and so goes in person to visit *Isabella*, who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death: She relates him all that had past betwixt her husband and her selfe: as also of his departure with *Ioffelina*, and of his long stay in *Durency*; adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now she hopes, that this blow will not goe unpunished: yea, her rage, or rather Gods providence carries her so far, as she constantly averres to the Magistrate, that if *Ioffelina* be not her husbands trumpet, she constantly beleives hee is her Murtherer: and to conclude, saith that her servant-mayd *Iaqueta* can say more.

Iaqueta examined, saith, that the night before her Masters departure for *Durency*, he was at mid-night in *Ioffelina's* Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lackey, and that since *Ioffelina* was neither seene nor heard of; and being farther demanded if she knew whose Lackey *La Verdure* was, she answered, he was *Monsieur Mortaignes* Lackey, who was sonne to *Monsieur de Coucy*. The Procurer *Fiscall*, considering their severall depositions, doth shrewdly suspect there was more in the winde then is yet discovered, he leaves *Isabella*, and goes to her husband in prison, and after he had sharply checked him for beating his wife, he inquires and chargeth him with these two poynts: First, why he and *La Verdure* were in *Ioffelina's* Chamber at mid-night? and secondly, what was become of her, sith since that time she hath neither beene seene nor heard of.

La Palma is terrified and amazed with these demands (and farre the more, because he least expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the mind and heart. He answereth not punctually to those poynts demanded of him: but runnes on with many bitter invectives against the rage and jealousy of his wife: and then being by the Procurer bid answer to those two poynts he formerly demanded of him: he, after many frivolous and extravagant speeches, denies that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Ioffelina's* Chamber, and that he neither saw her departure, nor knew what was become of her, and withal prayes the Procurer *Fiscall* to free and release him of his imprisonment: but he shall not escape at so cheape a rate.

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Monsieur de Vassie* his Colleague and fellow-Iudge of *La Palisse*, remembered that he had formerly heard him speake of this *Monsieur Mortaigne*, who lately fought his daughter *La Varina* in marriage; as also of his entertaining and rejecting this *Ioffelina*, a Farmers daughter of *Durency*, by whom he had a base sonne: and now considering that at such an unreasonable houre his Lackey *La Verdure* should be in her Chamber in *La Palma's* house, and *La Palma* himselfe

himselfe in his company, and shee never since seene or heard of, he thinks ther is some fire hid and covered in these embers, and that there is some deeper mystery in this businesse, which as yet was not revealed.

Wherefore, like a wise Magistrate, he holds it fit, the same night to send *La Palma* privatly to *La Palisse*, as also his wife *Isabella* and *Iaqueta* for witnesses, and rides thither himselfe, to sit upon his proceffe, with whom the Lievtenant of that jurisdiction joyned; but for *Monsieur de Vasse* the Seneschall, he (for the regard hee bore to *Mortaigne*, because hee vehemently suspected he had a deep and chiefe hand in this businesse) would not be present, but purposely absented himselfe at a house of his in the Countrey: the next morne *La Palma* is examined, as also the two witnesses, and *Iaqueta* is confronted with him, who stands firme to her former disposition: But he flatly denyes all. The Procurer and the Lievtenant adjudge him to the Racke. Hee endureth the first torment, but at the second he confesseth that hee and *La Verdure* had stifled, and murdered *Ioffelina* in her bed, in his owne house, and had buried her in his Garden, and that they were set a worke and hyred to doe it by *Monsieur Mortaigne*, who gave them two hundred Frankes to effect it.

Loe here by the mercy and providence of God, *La Palma's* malice to his wife *Isabella*, and her jealousy to him, hath discovered and brought to light this cruell and bloody Murther, which was so secretly contrived and so cunningly and devilishly acted upon the body of *Ioffelina*: But hers being discovered, let us likewise see how that of her harmlesse and innocent Babe is likewise brought to light. The two Iudges themselves ride al night to *Villepont*, they search the Garden, and finde the dead body of *Ioffelina*, having no other Winding-sheet but her owne smocke. They send away the Provost to apprehend *Mortaigne* and his Lackey for this Murther, who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and seizes *Mortaigne* in his bed.

They are severally brought to *La Palisse*, and first *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*, who denyes all: but they present his feet to the fire, and then hee confesseth not onely the Murther of *Ioffelina*, but likewise that of her infant sonne, whom he first strangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*: and this, said he, he did at the request of his Master *Mortaigne*, of whom for his part and labour, he received one hundred Frankes.

Wee have here found two of these Murtherers: and now what resteth there, but that the third, who is the Authour, and as it were the capitall great wheele of these bloody Tragedies, be produced and brought to this Arraignment? The Procurer and Lievtenant repaire againe to the Prison, and charge *Mortaigne* with these two bloody Murthers: he knowes it is in vaine to deny it, sith he is sure his two execrable agents have already revealed it: therefore he ashamed at the remembrance of his cruel and unnatural crimes, doth with many teares very sorrowfully and penitently confesse all.

It is a happinesse for him to repent these Murthers; but it had beene a farre greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Iudges are amazed to heare the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it, and both send their prayes and thankfulnessse to God, that he hath thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now comes the Catastrophe of their owne Tragedies, wherein every one of these Malefactors receives condigne punishment for their severall offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt: *La Verdure* to be broken on the Wheele, and his body to be throwne into the River *Lignon*: and *Mortaigne*, though the last in ranke, yet the first in offence, to be broken on the Wheele, his body burnt, and his ashes throwne into the ayre: which Sentence, in the sight of a great multitude of spectators, was on a market day accordingly executed & performed in *La Palis*.

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaigne*, and his two hellish instruments, for murdering innocent *Ioffelina*, and her silly and tender infant: May all Maydens learne by her example to preserve their chastities: and men, by *La Verdure's* and *La Palma's*,

not to be drawne to shed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money ; and by *Mortaignes*, to be lesse lascivious, inhumane, and bloody : thereby to prevent so execrable a life, and so infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit : *La Palma* on the Ladder extreamly cursed the malice of his wife *Isabella*, who (he said) was the author of his death : and no lesse did *La Verdure* on the Wheele by his Master *Mortaigne* ; but both of them were so desperately irreligious, as neither of them considered that it was their former sinnes, and the malice of the Devill, to whom they gave too much eare, that was the cause thereof.

And for *Mortaigne*, after he had informed the world, that he extreamly grieved, that his Judges had not given him the death of a Gentleman, which was to have beene beheaded, hee with many teares bewayled his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturallnesse, both towards *Ioffelina*, as also his and her young sonne : yet he prayed the world in generall to pray that God would forgive it him ; and likewise requested the Executioner to dispatch him quickly out of this life ; because he confessed hee was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a strict inquiry for blood, and a curious and miraculous inquiry for Murther : yea, let us both feare him with love, and love him with feare, sith he is as impartiall in his justice, as in distributing his mercies.

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THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE IV.

Beatrice-Ioana, to marry Alsemero causeth de Flores to murther Alonso Piracquo, who was a suter to her. Alsemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Thomaso Piracquo Challengeeth Alsemero for his Brothers death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea : At his execution he confesseth, that his wife and de Flores Murthered Alonso Piracquo : their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes throwne into the ayre.



So in the day of Iudgement we shall answer at Gods great Tribunall, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle word our tongues utter, how then shall we dare appeare (much lesse thinke to scape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of adultery, and taint our soules with the innocent blood of our Christian brethren ? when, I say, with beastly lust and adultery, we unsanctifie our sanctified bodies, who are the receptacles and Temples of the holy Ghost, and with high and presumptuous hands, stabbe at the Majesty of God, by murthering of man, who is his Image ? This is not the ladder to scale heavn, but the shortest way to ride poast to hell : for how can we give our selves to God, when in the heat of lust and fume of Revenge, we sell our hearts to the Divell ? But did we ever love God for his Mercy, or feare him for his Justice, we would then not onely hate these sinnes in our selves, but detest them in others : for these are crying and capitall offences, seene in heaven, and by the Sword of his Magistrates brought forth and punished here on earth. A lamentable and mournfull exaxmple, whereof, I here produce to your view, but not to your imitation : may we all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comfort of our soules, and to the eternall glory of that most Sacred and Individuall Trinity.

IN Valentia (an ancient and famous City of Spaine) there dwelt one Don Pedro de Alsemero, a Noble young Cavalker, whose father (Don Iuan Alsemero) being slaine by the Hollanders in the Sea fight at Gibralter, he resolved to addict himselfe to Navall and sea actions, thereby to make himselfe capable to revenge his fathers death : a brave resolution, worthy the affection of a sonne, and the Generosity of a Gentleman !

To which end he makes two voyages to the West-Indies, from whence he returns flourishing and rich, which so spread the sayles of his Ambition, and hysted his fame from top to top gallant, that his courage growing with his yeares, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable, nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchased by danger. In the actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, he shewed many noble proofes and testimonies of his valour and prowesse, the which he confirmed and made good by the receipt of eleven severall wounds, which as markes and Trophées of Honour made him famous in *Castile*. Boyling thus in the heate of his youthfull bloud, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he resolves to goe to *Validolyd*, and to imply some Grando either to the King or to the Duke of *Lerma*, his great favorite, to procure him a Captaines place, and a company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloody warres against the Netherlanders, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he beganne this sute, a generall truce of both sides laid aside Armes, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the daughter: Which was concluded at the *Hage* by his Excellency of *Nassaw* and *Marquis Spinola*, being chiefe commissioners of either party. *Alfemero* seeing his hopes frustrated, that the keyes of peace had now shut up the Temple of Warre, and that Muskets, Pikes, and corslets, that were wont to grace the fields, where now rusting by the walls, he is irresolute what course to take, resembling those fishes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but die in those that are still and quiet: For he spurnes at the pleasures of the Court, and refuseth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And so not affecting, but rather disdainning the pompe, bravery and vanity of Countries, hee withdrawes himselfe from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to seeke warres abroad, sith he could find none at home, where being arrived, although he were often invited into the companies of the most noble and honourable Ladies both of the City and Country: Yet his thoughts ranne still on the warres, in which Heroike and illustrious profession, he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity: and so taking order for his lands and affaires, he resolves to see *Malta* that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of Christendome, and the terrour of Turkey, to see if he could gaine any place of command and honour either in that Iland, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Transylvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to enrich his judgement and experience, by remarking the strength of their Castles and Cities, their orders and discipline in warre, the Potency of their Princes, the nature of their Lawes and customes, and all other matters worthy the observation both of a Travellour and a Souldier: and so building many castles in the ayre, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to finde passage there for *Naples*, and from thence to ship himselfe upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing so vaine as our thoughts, nor so uncertaine as our hopes: for commonly they deceive us, or rather we our selves in relying on them, not that God is any way unjust: (for to thinke so, were impiety) but that our hopes take false objects, and have no true foundation, and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alfemero* finds true: for here the winde doth oppose him, his thoughts fight and vanquish themselves, yea the providence of God doth crosse him in his intended purposes, and gives way to that he least intendeth.

For comming one morning to our Ladies Church at *Masse*, and being on his knees in his devotion, he espies a young Gentlewoman likewise on hers next to him who being young, tender and faire, he thorow her thinne vaile discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet beauty, she espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh cheekes; and tilting with the invisible lances of his eyes, to hers, he is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this Angelicall countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of love.

This Gentlewoman (whose name as yet wee know not) is young and faire, and cannot

cannot refrain from blushing, admiring to see him admire and blush at her. *Alfemero* dies in conceit with impatience, that hee cannot enjoy the happinesse and meanes to speake with her, but hee sees it in vaine to attempt it, because shee is engaged in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers: But Masse being ended, he enquires of a good fellow Priest, who walked by, what shee was and whether she frequented that Church, and at what houre. The Priest informes him, that she is *Don Diego de Vermandero's* daughter: he being Captaine of the Castle of that Citie, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Ioana*, and that she is every morning in that Church and Place, and neere about the same houre.

Alfemero hath the sweetnesse of her beauty so deeply ingraven in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that he vowes *Beatrice-Ioana* is his Mistresse, and he her servant: yea, here his warlike resolutions have end, and strike sayle. And now he leaves *Bellona* to adore *Venus*, and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, so fervent is his flame, and so violent is his passion, as he can neither give nor take truce of his thoughts, till he be againe made happy with her sight, and blessed with her presence.

The next morne (as Lovers love not much rest) *Alfemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to finde his Mistresse: no other Church will please him but our Ladies, nor place, but where he first and last saw her: but she is more zealous then himselfe; For shee is first in the Church, and on her knees to her devotion, whom *Alfemero* gladly espying, he kneeles next to her: and having hardly the patience to let passe one poore quarter of an houre (he resolving as yet to conceale his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements and Courting his Mistris, he boards her thus:

Faire Lady, it seemes, that these two mornings my devotions have beene more powerfull and acceptable then heretofore, sith I have had the felicitie to be placed next so faire and so sweet a Nymph as your selfe, whose excellent beauty hath so sodainely captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of love; and therefore having ended my devotion I beseech you excuse me, if I beginne to pray you to take pittie of mee: sith my flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I must live yours, or not dye mine owne.

Beatrice-Ioana could not refrain from blushing under her vaile, to see an unknowne Cavalier board her in these tearmes in the Church: and as she gave attentive eare to his speech, so shee could not for a while refrain from glancing her eye upon the sprucenesse of his person, and the sumptuousnesse of his apparell: but at last, accusing her owne silence, because shee would give him no cause to condemne it, shee with a modest grace, and a gracefull modesty, returns him this answer:

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soule, if in this place you account it a felicity to enjoy the sight of so meane a Gentlewoman as my selfe, so I cannot repute it to affection but flattery, that this poore beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich prayses) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your selfe. Such victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equall, as I your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeale to them, if they find your affection such as you profess to me, no doubt regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alfemero (though a novice in the art of Love) was not so ignorant and cowardly to be put off with her first repluse and refusal, but rather seeing that the perfections of her minde corresponded with those of her beauty, he resolves now to make a triall of his wit and tongue, as heretofore he had done of his courage and sword: and so joynes with her thus:

It is a pretty Ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seeme the fairer; as the Sunne, who appears brighter by reason of the nights obscurity: and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: but

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I cannot commend, and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your disrespect, to slight and poast me over from your selfe, whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know nor desire, which in effect is to give me a cloud for *Junno*. No, no, it is onely to you and to no other that I present and dedicate my service : and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtesie: sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Alsemero*, *Beatrice-Ioana* returns this reply:

It is not for poore Gentlewomen of my ranke and complexion, either to bee ambitious, or politike, except it be to keepe themselves from the snares of such Cavaliers as your selfe, who (for the most part) under colour of affection, aime to erect the trophees of your desires upon the tombs of our dishonours : onely I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to mee a stranger, charity and common courtesie commands me to thanke you for the proffer of your service : the which I can no way either deserve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God, for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As shee had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Masse; when *Alsemero* arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his hat in his hand (sequestering her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speakes to her to this effect :

Faire Ladie, as I know you to be the Ladie *Beatrice-Ioana*, daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermanderos*, Captaine of the Castle of this Citie : so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntary an injurie to your judgement and my intents as to pervert my affection and speeches to a contrary sense : but my innocencie hath this consolation, that my heart is pledge for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my words reall. In the meane time, sith you will give me no place in your heart, I beseech you to lend me one in your Coach, and be at least so courteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your fathers Castle.

Beatrice-Ioana, calling to minde the freeneesse of her speeches, and the sharpnesse of his answer, not blushing for joy, but now looking pale for sorrow, repents her selfe of her error, the which she salves up the best she could in this Reply :

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your speeches, I shall then not onely repent, but recant mine error, in judging your selfe by others; in the meane time, if I have any way wronged your merits and vertues; to give you some part of satisfaction, if you please to grace me with your companie to the Castle, (although it be not the Custome of *Alicant*) I do most kindly and thankfully accept thereof : when *Alsemero* giving her many thanks, and kissing his hand, he takes her by the arme, and so conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grieve and a scandall to any true Christians heart, that the Church ordained for thanksgiving and prayer unto God, should be made a Stewes, or at least, a place for men to meet and Court Ladies : but in all parts of the Christian world, where the Romane religion reigaeth, this sinfull custome is frequently practised, especially in *Italy* and *Spaine*, where, for the most part, men love their Courtizans better then their God : and it were a happinesse for *France*, if her popish Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But againe to our History.

Wee will purposely omit the conference which *Alsemero* and *Beatrice-Ioana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Castle : where first her selfe, then the Captaine her father, thanke him for his honour and courtesie : in requitall whereof, he shewed him the rarities and strength of his Castle, and after some speeches and complements betweene them, he was so happy as to kisse *Beatrice-Ioana*, but had not the felicity to entertaine her : and so he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet to the counter-scarfe. So home he rides to his lodging, where, whiles the winde holds contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to resolve in what sort he might contrive his sute for the obtaining of his new and faire

faire M^{rs} Beatrice-Ioana, and likewise her selfe, to muse upon the speeches and extraordinary courtesies, which this unknowne Cavallier afforded her, and begin to speake of Don Alonso Piracquo, a rich Cavallier of the Citie, who unknowne to Alfemero, was his rivall and competitor, in likewise seeking and courting Beatrice-Ioana for his Mistrisse and wife.

This Piracquo being rich both in lands and money, and descended of one of the chiefe and noblest Families of Alicant, by Profession a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavallier indued with many brave qualities and perfections, was so highly beloved, respected and esteemed in that Citie, as the very fairest and noblest young Ladies were, with much respect and affection, proffered him in marriage by their parents: but there was none either so precious or pleasing to his eye, as was our Beatrice-Ioana, whom he observed for beauty to excell others, and for Majestie and grace to surpass her selfe, and indeed he could not refrain from loving her, nor be perswaded or drawne to affect any other: so as he setled his resolution either to have her to his wife, or not to be the husband of any. Yea, he is so earnest in his sute, as scarce any one day passeth, but he is at the Castle.

Vermindero thinks himselfe much honoured of him, in seeking his daughter, yea, he receives him lovingly, and entertaines him courteously; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement: and so gives Piracquo many testimonies of his favour, and many hopes that he shall prevaile and obtaine his Mistrisse. But Beatrice-Ioana stands not so affected to him, rather she receives him coldly; and when he beginnes his sute to her, she turnes the deafe eare, and never answereth him, but in generall tearmes: onely not peremptorily to disobey her parents, shee seemes to be pleased with his company, and yet secretly in her heart wisheth him father from her.

But Piracquo flattering himselfe in his hope, and as much doating on Beatrice-Ioana's beauty, as he relies on her fathers constant affection to him, he is so farre from giving over his sute to her, as he continueth it with more earnestnesse and importunity, and vows that he will forsake his life ere his Mistrisse: but sometimes we speake true, when we thinke we jest: yet he findes her one and the same: for although she were not yet acquainted with Alfemero, yet she made it the thirteenth Article of her Creed, that the supreme power had ordained her another husband, and not Piracquo: yea, at that very instant the remembrance of Alfemero quite defaced that of Piracquo, so that she wholly refus'd her heart to the last, of purpose to reserve and give it to the first: as the sequall will shew.

Now by this time Vermindero had notice, and was secretly informed of Alfemeros affection to his daughter, and withall, that she liked him farre better then Piracquo: which newes was indeed very distastefull and displeasing to him, because he perfectly knew that Piracquo's meanes far exceed that of Alfemero. Whereupon considering that he had given his consent, and in a manner ingaged his promise to Piracquo: he, to prevent the hopes, and to frustrate the attempts of Alfemero, leaves his Castle to the command of Don Hugo de Valmarino his son, and taking his daughter Beatrice-Ioana with him, he in his Coach very sodainely and secretly goes to Briamata: a faire house of his ten leagues from Alicant: where he meanes to sojourne, untill hee had concluded and solemnized the match betwixt them: But he shall never be so happy, as to see it effected.

At the newes of Beatrice-Ioana's departure, Alfemero is extremely perplexed and sorrowfull, knowing not whether it proceed from her selfe, her father, or both: yea, this his griefe is augmented, when he thinks on the suddennesse thereof, which hee feares may be performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her, makes that he cannot condemne her of unkindnesse: yet sith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, hee againe hath no reason to hope, much lesse to assure himselfe of her affection towards him: he knowes not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to thinke or doe in a

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matter of this nature and importance : for thus he reasoneth with himselfe ; if hee ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the father, if he stay at *Alicant*, displease the daughter : and although he be rather willing to runne the hazzard of his envy, then of her affection, yet he holds it safer to be authorized by her pleasure, and to steere his course by the compasse of her commands : Hee therefore bethinkes himselfe of a meanes to avoyd these extreames, and so findes out a Channell to passe free betwixt that *Sylla* and this *Carybdis* ; which is, to visit her by Letters : he sees more reason to embrace, then to reject this invention, and so providing himselfe of a confident messenger his heart commands his pen to signifie her these few lines :

ALSEMERO TO BEATRICE-IOANA.

AS long as you were in *Alicant*, I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for *Malta* a thousand times blessed that contrary winde which kept me from embarking and saying from you : yea, so sweetly did I affect, and so dearly honour your beauty, as I entered into a resolution with my self, to end my voyage ere I beganne it, and to beginne another, which I feare will end me. If you demand, or desire to know what this second voyage is, know, faire Mistress, that my thoughts are so honourable, and my affection so religious, that it is the seeking of your favour, and the obtaining of your selfe to my wife, whereon not onely my fortunes, but my life depend. But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my selfe with the obtaining of so great a felicity, when I see you have not onely left mee, but which is worse, as I understand, the City for my sake ? Faire Beatrice-Ioana, if your cruelty will make me thus miserable, I have no other consolation left me to sweeten the bitterness of my grieve and misfortune, but a confident hope, that death will as speedily deprive me of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.

ALSEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Ioana* to leave *Alicant*, without taking her leave of *Alsemero*, then shee doth now rejoyce to receive this his Letter : for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of discontent, so this raiseth them to the heaven of joy : and as then she had cause to doubt of his affection, so now she hath not onely reason to flatter, but to assure her selfe thereof : and therefore, though she wil not seeme at first to grant him his desire, yet she is resolved to returne him an answer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praise to her modestie. Her Letter is thus :

BEATRICE-IOANA TO ALSEMERO.

AS I have many reasons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to beleve, that so poore a beauty of mine, should have power to stope so brave a Cavalier (as your selfe) from ending so honourable a Voyage as your first, or to perswade you to one so simple as your second ; so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seeke me for your Wife, when in your heart, I presume, you least desire it : and whereas you alledge your life and fortunes depend on my favour ; I thinke you write it purposely, either to make tryall of your owne wit, or of my indiscretion, by ende avoring to see whether I beleve that which exceeds all beliefe ; now as it is true, that I have left *Alicant*, so it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my father : for this I pray beleve, that although I cannot be kinde, yet I will never be cruell to you : Live therefore your owne friend, and I will never dye your enemy.

BEATRICE-IOANA

This Letter of *Beatrice-Ioana*, gives *Alsemero* much despaire, and little hope : yet though hee have reason to censure her unkindnesse, he cannot but approve her modestie and discretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him : To his thought

thoughts are irresolute, and withall so variable, as hee knowes not whether hee should advance his hand, or withdraw his penne againe, to write to his Mistresse. But at last, knowing that the excellencie of her Beautie, and the dignitie of her Vertues deserve a second Letter: he hoping it may obtaine and effect that which his first could not, calls for paper, and thereon traceth these few lines:

ALSEMERO TO BEATRICE-IOANA.

You have as much reason to assure your selfe of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letters, Teares and Vowes, are not capable to make you beleieve the sinceritie of my zeale, and the honour of my affection: what resteth, but that I wish you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beautie, to the end you might be both Witnesse and Iudge, if under heaven I desire any thing so much on earth as to be crowned with the felicitie to see Beatrice-Ioana my wife, and Alsemero her husband? But why should I strive to perswade that, which you resolve not to beleieve, or flatter my selfe with any hope, sith I see I must be so unfortunate to despair? I will therefore henceforth cease to write, but never to love: and sith it is impossible for me to live, I will prepare my selfe to die, that the World may know, I have lost a most faire Mistresse in you, and you a most faithfull and constant Servant in mee.

ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Ioana seeing Alsemero's constant affection, holds it now rather discretion, then immodestie to accept both his service and selfe, yea, her heart so delights in the greebleness of his person, and triumphs in the contemplation of his vertues, that she either wisheth her selfe in Alicant with him, or hee in Briamata with her: but considering her affection to Alsemero by her Fathers hatred, and her hatred to Piracquo, by his affection; she thinkes it high time to informe Alsemero with what impatiencie they both indeavour to obtaine her favour and consent, hoping that his discretion will interpose and finde meanes to stop the progresse of these their importunities, and to withdraw her fathers inclination from Piracquo, to bestow it on himselfe: but all this while she thinkes her silence is an injury to Alsemero, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is so kinde to her, she very secretly conveyes him this Letter:

BEATRICE-IOANA TO ALSEMERO.

As it is not for Earth to resist Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, so I cannot denie, but now acknowledge, that if ever I affected any man, it is your selfe: for your Letters, protestations, and vowes, but chiefly your merits, and the hope, or rather the assurance of your fidelitie, hath wonne my heart; from my selfe to give it you: but there are some important considerations and reasons, that inforce me to crave your secrecie herein, and to request you, as soone as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me: for I shall never give content to my thoughts, nor satisfaction to my minde, till I am made joyfull with your sight, and happy with your presence. In the meane time manage this affection of mine with care and discretion, and whiles you resolve to make Alicant your Malta, I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatiencie. To Briamata.

BEATRICE-IOANA.

It is for no others but Lovers to judge how welcome this Letter was to Alsemero, who a thousand times kissed it, and as often blest the hand that wrote it: he had, as we have formerly understood, beene twice in the Indies; but now, in his conceipt, he hath found a farre richer treasure in Spaine, I meane his Beatrice-Ioana, whom he esteemes the joy of his life, and the life of his joy: but she will not prove so. Hee is

so enamoured of her beauty, and so desirous to have the felicitie of her presence, as the Winde comming good, the Ship sets sayle for Malta, and hee (to give a colour for his stay) feignes himselfe sicke, fetcheth backe his Trunkes, and remaineth in *Alicant*: and so burning with desire to see his sweetly deare and dearly sweet Mistrisse, he dispatched away his confident Messenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to advertise her that he will not faile to be with her that night at eleven of the clocke.

Beatrice-Ioana is ravished with the joy of this newes, and so provides for his coming. *Alsemero* takes the benefit of the night, and she gives him the advantage of a Posterne doore, which answers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Wayting-gentlewoman attends his arrivall. He comes: she conducts him secretly thorow a Private Gallery into *Beatrice-Ioana's* Chamber; where (richly apparelled) she very courteously and respectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kisses; which they second with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein she relates him *Piracquo's* importunate sute to her, and her fathers earnestnes, yea, in a manner, his constraint, to see the Match concluded betwixt them; hee being for that purpose there, in her fathers house: Again, after she hath alledged and showne him the intirenesse of her affection to himselfe, with whom she is resolved to live and dye, she lets fall some darke and ambiguous speeches, tending to this effect, that before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alsemero* to injoy her for his wife in this. Lo here the first plot and designe of a lamentable and execrable murther: which wee shall shortly see acted and committed.

There needs but halfe a word to a sharpe and quick understanding. *Alsemero* knowes it is the violence of her affection to him, that leads her to this disrespect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and because her content is his, yea, rather it is for his sake, that she will forsake *Piracquo*, to live and die with him; Passion and affection blinding his judgement, and beautie triumphing and giving a law to his Conscience: he freely proffereth himselfe to his Mistris, vowing, that he will shortly send him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had he a thousand lives, as he hath but one, hee is ready, if she please, to expose and sacrifice them all at her command and service. *Beatrice-Ioana* thanks him kindly for his affection and zeale, the which she saith shee holds redoubled by the freeness of his proffer: but being loath that he should hazard his owne life, in seeking that of another, shee conjures him by all the love hee beares her, neither directly nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo*: but that hee repose and build upon her affection and constancie: not doubting, but shee will so prevaile with her father, that he shall shortly change his opinion, and no more perswade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom she resolutely affirms, neither life nor death shall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although she affirms, his presence is dearer to her then her life; yet the better and sooner to compasse their desires, shee prayes him to leave *Alicant*, and for a while, to returne to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may worke that, which perchance haste, or importunitie may never. Thus passing over their kisses, & the rest of their amorous conference, he assured of her love, and the of his affection, he returnes for *Alicant*, packes up his baggage, which he sends before, and within lesse then foure dayes, takes his journey for *Valentia*: where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences: which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compasse of this Historie.

This meeting, and part of *Alsemero's* and *Beatrice-Ioana's* conference at her fathers house of *Briamata*, was not so secretly carried and concealed, but some curious or treacherous person neere him, or her, over-heare & reveale it. which makes her father *Vermandero* fume and bite the lip; but he conceales it from *Piracquo*: and they still continue their intelligence and familiaritie: *Vermandero* telling him plainly, that a little more time shall worke and finish his desire; and that sith his request cannot prevaile with his daughter, his commands shall. But he shall misse of his ayme.

There is not so great distance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but some of the noblest of the

the city are advertised thereof: and one among the rest, in great zeale and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly acquaints *Don Thomaso Piracquo* his younger brother therewith being then in the citie of *Alicant*: who hearing of this newes, whereof he imagined his brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persever in his present error, and to prevent his future disgrace, he like a faithfull and honest brother, takes occasion from *Alicant* to write him this ensuing letter to *Briamata*:

THOMASO TO ALONSO PIRACQVO:

Being more jealous of your prosperitie, then of mine owne; and knowing it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the clearenesse and soliditie of their judgement, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mistresses beauties: I desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my selfe bound to signifie you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches beare their persuasions with them, that your suite to *Beatrice-Ioana* is in vaine, and shee unworthy of your affection, because she hath already contracted her selfe to *Alsemero* your Rivall: I am as sorry to bee the Herald of this newes, as glad and confident, that as shee hath matched your inferiour, so you are reserved for her better: Wherefore Sir, recall your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider that the shortest errors are best; and though you love her well, yet thinke that at your pleasure you may finde varietie of Beauties, whereunto hers deserves not the honour to doe homage: I could give no truce to my thought, til I had advertised you hereof, and I hope either the name of a brother, or your owne generositie, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.

THOMASO PIRACQVO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brothers Letter of counsell and advice, is so farre from retyring in his sute, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeale: and as many mens judgements are dazled and obscured a little before their danger and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and cleare: so hee is not capable to bee dissuaded from re-searching his Mistresse, but rather resembleth those Saylor, who are resolute to endure a storme, in hope of faire weather: but he had found more security and lesse danger, if he had imbraced and followed the counsell that his brother gave him. For *Beatrice-Ioana* seeing she could not obtaine her desire in marrying *Alsemero* ere *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirme that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now, after she had ruminated, and runne over many bloodie designs: the devill, who never flies from those that follow him: proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Gentleman, of the Garison of the Castle, who followes her father, that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearly affect her: yea, she knowes, that at her request he will not stick to murder *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flores*: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soone as *Vermandero* understands of *Alsemero*'s departure to *Valentia*, he with his daughter and *Piracquo* returns from *Briamata* to *Alicant*: where, within three dayes of their arrivall, *Beatrice-Ioana*, boyling stil in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the ayre of the Country nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindnesse and courtesies, if he will performe it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Ioana*, is exceeding glad of this newes, yea feeding his hopes with the ayre of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promises to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forth-with we shall see performed: to which end, *de Flores* insinuates himselfe fairely into *Piracquo*'s company and familiaritie as he comes to the castle; where watching his hellish opportunitie, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickenesse and strength of the Walls, told

him that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walles, but in the *Casemates* that were stored with good Ordnance to scoure the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteously prayes *de Flores* to be a meanes that he may goe downe and see the *Casemates*. *De Flores* like a bloody Faukner, seeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the bell upon ringing: but if he please, he himselfe will after dinner accompany him, and shew him all the strength and rarities of the Castle. Hee thanks *de Flores* for this courtesie, and accepts hereof, with promise to goe. So he hies in to dinner, and *de Flores* pretending some businesse, walkes in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *de Flores* is providing him of a bloody banquet in the East *Casemate*, where, of purpose he goes, and hides a naked sword and Ponyard behinde the doore. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* findes out *de Flores*, and summons him of his promise: who tells him he is ready to wayt on him: so away they goe from the Walles to the Ravellins, Sconces and Bulwarkes, and from thence by a Posterne to the Ditches: and so in againe to the *Casemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater, whereon we shall presently see acted a mornefull and bloody Tragedy. At the descent hereof *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him, treacherously informing *Piracquo* that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the policie and villany of this devillish and treacherous miscreant.

Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any treason, followes his example, and so casts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leades the way, and he followes him; but, alas poore Gentleman, he shall never returne with his life: they enter the Vault of the *Casemate*; *De Flores* opens the doore, and throwes it backe, thereby to hid his sword and Ponyard. Hee stopes and lookes thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that that Peece doth thorowly scowre the Ditch. *Piracquo* stoopes likewise downe to view it, when (O grieve to thinke thereon!) *De Flores* steps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard stabs him thorow the backe, and swifely redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feete, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruines of an old wall, whereof that *Casemate* was built. Loe here the first part of this mournfull and bloody Tragedie.

De Flores (like a gracelesse villaine) having dispatched this sorrowfull businesse, speedily acquaints *Beatrice-Ioana* herewith, who (miserable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thanks him with many kisses; and the better to conceale this their vild and bloody Murther, as also to cast a mist before peoples conceit and judgements, she bids him, by some secret meanes to cause reports to be spread: first, that *Piracquo* was scene gone forth the Castle gate; then, that in the City he was scene take boate, and went (as it was thought) to take the ayre of the sea. But this wit of theirs shall prove folly: for though men as yet see not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and punish it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Castle; so these afore-said reports runne for currant, all tongues prattle hereof; *Vermandero* knowes not what to say, nor *Piracquo's* brother and friends what to doe herein: they every houre and munite expect newes of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort; and amongst the rest, our devillish *Beatrice-Ioana* seemes exceedingly to grieve and mourne hereat. *Don Thomas* *Piracquo* with the rest of his friends, search every corner of the City, and send scouts, both by land and sea, to have newes of him. *Vermandero* the Captaine of the Castle doth the like, and vowes, that next his owne sonne, he loved *Piracquo* before any man of the world: yea, not onely his friends, but generally all those who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewaile the absence and losse of this Cavalier: for they thinke he is drowned in the sea.

Now in the midst of this sorrow, and of these teares, *Beatrice-Ioana* doth secretly advertise her Lover *Alfemero* hereof, but in such palliating tearmes that thereby she may delude and carry away his judgement from imagining that she had the least shaddow or finger herein: and withall prayes him to make no longer stay in *Valencia*,

lencia, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alfemero* wonders at this newes, and to please his faire Mistresse, believes part thereof, but will never believe all; but he is so inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*; when letting passe a little time, he makes his preparation for *Alicant*: but first he sends the chiefest of his parents to *Vermandero*, to demand his daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* in marriage for him, and then comes himselfe in person, and indiscreete and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes shew to seeke her publikely.

In fine, after many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alfemero* hath heretofore wonne the affection of *Beatrice-Ioana*, so now at last hee obtains likewise the favour and consent of *Vermandero* her father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of marriage, of two persons made one, their Nuptials being solemnized in the Castle of *Alicant* with much Pompe, State, and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that past betwixt *Alfemero* and *Beatrice-Ioana* in the Church; having likewise seene the amorous Letters that past betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; and now considering the pompe and glory of their Nuptials, who would imagine that any adverse accident could alter the sweetnesse and tranquillity of their affections, or that the Sun-shine of their joyes should so soone be eclipsed, and overtaken with a storme? But God is as just as secret in his decrees.

For this married couple had scarce lived three moneths in the pleasures of Wedlocke (which if vertuously observed is the sweetest earthly joy) but *Alfemero*, like a fond husband, becomes jealous of his wife; so as he curbes and restraines her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to conferre or converse with, yea, sisters, to see any man: but this is not the way to teach a woman chastity: for if faire words, good examples and sweete admonitions cannot prevaile, threatnings and imprisoning in a chamber wil never, yea, the experience therof is daily seen, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the Women use (but not abuse) their liberty and freedom, granted them by their husbands, with much civility, affection, and respect.

Beatrice-Ioana bites the lip at this her husbands discourtesy: she vovves she is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealousy, and that there is as unworthy of his suspicion, as he of her affection; he watcheth her every where, and sets Spyes over her in every corner: yea, his jealousy is become so violent, as he deemes her unchast with many, yet knowes not with whom: but this tree of Jealousie never brings forth good fruit. She complains hereof to her father, and prays him to be a meane to appease and calme this tempest, which threatens the Shipwracke, not onely of her content, but (it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* beares himselfe discreetly herein; but he may as soone place another Sunne in the Firmament, as roote out this fearefull frenzie out of *Alfemero's* head: for this his paternall admonition is so farre from drawing him to hearken to reason, as it produceth contrary effects; for now *Alfemero*, to prevent his shame, and secure his feare, suddenly provides a Coach, and so carries home his wife from *Alicant* to *Valentia*. This suddaine departure grieves *Vermandero* and galls *Beatrice-Ioana* to the heart, who now lookes no longer on her husband with affection, but with disdain and envie. Many dayes are not past, but her father resolves to send to *Valentia*, to know how matters stand betwixt his daughter and her husband: he makes choyce of *De Flores* to ride thither, & sends letters to them both.

De Flores is extreame joyfull of this occasion, to see his old Mistresse *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom he loves dearer then his life: he comes to *Valentia*, and finding *Alfemero* abroad, and shee at home, delivers her her fathers Letter, and salutes and kisseth her, with many amorous imbracings and dalliances (which modesty holds unworthy of relation) she acquaints him with her husbands ingratitude; he rather rejoyces then grieves hereat, and now revives his old sute, and redoubleth his new kisses: shee considering what hee hath done for her service, and joyning therewith her husbands jealousy, not onely in-

gageth her selfe to him for the time present, but for the future, and bids him visite her often. But they both shall pay deare for this familiarity and pleasure.

Alfemero comes home, receives his fathers Letter, sets a pleasing face on his discontented heart, and bids him welcome: And so the next day writes backe to his father *Vermandero*, and dispatcheth *De Flores*; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returnes for *Alicant*.

He is no sooner departed, but *Alfemero* is by one of his Spies, a Wayting-gentlewoman of his Wifes, whom he had corrupted with money, advertised that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances betweene her Mistresse and *De Flores*: yea, she reveales all that ever she saw or heard: for she past not to be false to her Lady, so she were true to her Lord and Master. And indeed this Wayting-gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alfemero* to her Ladies chamber at *Briamata*. *Alfemero* is all fire at this newes, he consults not with judgement, but with passion; and so rather like a devill then a man, flies to his Wifes chamber, wherein furiously rushing, he with his sword drawne in his hand, to her great terrour and amazment, delivers her these words.

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tell me what familiarity there hath now past betwixt *De Flores* and thy selfe: whereat she, fetching many sighes, and shedding many teares, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, speeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bonds of honour and chastity towards him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any courtesy, but such as a brother may shew to his owne naturall sister. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat she growes pale, and withall silent. Which her husband espying, Dispatch, quoth he, and tell me the truth, or else this sword of mine shall instantly finde a passage to thy heart. When loe, the providence of God so ordayned it, that shee is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as she must be a witnesse against her selfe, and in seeking to conceale her whoredome, must discover her Murther; the which she doth in these words:

Know *Alfemero*, that sith thou wilt inforce mee to shew thee the true cause of my chaste familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy selfe more: for he it was, that at my request, dispatched *Piracquo*, without the which (as thou well knowest) I could never have enjoyed thee for my husband, nor thou me for thy wife: And so he reveales him the whole circumstance of that cruell Murther, as wee have formerly understood; the which she conjures and prays him to conceale, sith no lesse then *De Flores* and her owne life depended thereon, and that she will dye a thousand deaths, before consent to defile his bed, or to violate her oath and promise given him in marriage.

Alfemero both wondering and grieving at this lamentable newes, sayes little, but thinkes the more; and although he had reason and apparance to believe, that she who commits Murther, will not sticke to commit Adultery, yet upon his Wifes solemne oathes & protestations, he forgets what is past; only he strictly chargeth her, no more to see, or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vowes he will so sharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example to all posterity.

But *Beatrice-Ioana*, notwithstanding her husbands speeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*; yea, her husband no sooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valentia* with her; and they are become so impudent, as what they did before secretly, they now in a manner doe publikely, or at least, with Chamber-doores open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great scandall, as well to her Masters honour, as house, againe informes him thereof; who vowes to take a most sharpe revenge of this their infamy and indignity, as indeed he doth: for he bethinkes himselfe (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealousy, as of their first crime of Murther, and of their second of Adultery: he injoyneth *Diaphanta* to lay wayt for the very houre that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, which she doth; when instantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Countrey, he very secretly and li-

lently

lently having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a case of Pistols ready charged in his pocket (seeming to take Horse) husheth himselfe up privately in his studie, which was next adjoyning, and within his bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Ioana, thinking her husband two or three Leagues off, sends away for *De Flores*, who comes instantly to her: they fall to their kisses and imbracings, she rejoycing extreemely for his arrivall, and he for her husband *Alfemero's* departure: she relates him the cruelty and indignitie her husband hath shewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* understands with much contempt and choller, as also with many threats. *Alfemero* heares all, but doth neither speake, cough, neeze, nor spit. So from words they fall to their beastly pleasures, when *Alfemero* no longer able to containe himselfe, much lesse to be accessary to this his shame, and their villany, throwes off the Doore, and violently rusheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the midst of their adultery, he first dischargeth his Pistols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runnes them thorow, and stabbes them with so many deepe and wide wounds, that they have not so much power or time to speake a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their soules flye to another world, to relate what horrible and beastly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the second Tragedie of our History, we see our two Murtherers murdered, and *Piracquo's* innocent blood revenged in the guiltinesse of theirs.

Alfemero, having finished this bloudie businesse, leaves his Pistols on the Table, as also his Sword and Ponyard all bloudy as they were; and without covering or removing the breathlesse bodies of these two wretched miscreants, he shuts his Chamber doore and is so farre from flying for the fact, as he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminal Judge himselfe, and reveales what he had done; but conceales the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Judge is astonished and amazed at the report of this mournfull and pittfull accident: he takes *Alfemero* with him, returns to his house, and finds those two dead bodies fresh smoaking and reeking in their blood: the newes hereof is spread in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flocke thither to be eye-witnesses of these two murdered persons; where some behold them with pittie, others with joy, but all with astonishment and admiration, and no lesse do those of *Alicant*, where this newes is speedily poasted; but all their griefes are nothing to those of *Don Diego de Vermandero's* (*Beatrice-Ioana's* father) who infinitely and extreemely grieves, partly for the death, but specially for the crime of his daughter.

The Judge presently commits *Alfemero* prisoner in another of his owne Chambers, and so examining *Diaphanta* upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *de Flores* and *Beatrice-Ioana*: she affirms constantly, that now and many times before, she saw them commit adultery: & that she it was that first advertised *Alfemero* her Master hereof. Whereupon, after a second examination of *Alfemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, acquite him of this fact: so he is freed, and the dead bodies caried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judge have acquitted *Alfemero* of this fact, yet the Judge of Judges, the great God of Heaven, who seeth not onely our heart, but our thoughts, not onely our actions, but our intents; hath this and something else to lay to his charge; for he (in his sacred providence, and divine Justice) doth both remember and observe, first how ready and willing *Alfemero* was to ingage himselfe to *Beatrice-Ioana* to kill *Piracquo*: then, though he consented not to his Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publike arraignment and punishment, whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable and Christianlike Sepulchre: and if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastisement, Loe, he is entering into a new, willfull, and premeditated Murther, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously performe it, as we shall shortly see him lose his life upon an infamous Scaffold, where he shall finde no heart to pittie him, nor eye to bewaile him.

If we would be so ignorant, we cannot be so malicious to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomsso Piracquo* wrot his Brother *Alonso Piracquo* from

Alicant to *Briamata*, to with-draw himselfe from his sute to *Beatrice-Ioana*; and although his affection and jealousie to prevent his Brothers disgrace, was then the chiefe occasion of that his Letter, yet sith he was since disastrously and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that deare and sweet Brother of his, whom he ever held and esteemed farre dearer then his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concur in this Centre, from whence he cannot be otherwise conceited or drawne, but that *Beatrice-Ioana* and *Alsemero* had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not authours of his losse: upon the foundation of which beliefe he rayseth this resolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not satisfaction for that irreparable losse which he sustaineth in that of his Brother; and the sooner is he drawne thereunto, because he believes, that as *Alsemero* was ordained of old to chastize *Beatrice-Ioana*, so he was by the same Power reserved to be revenged of *Alsemero*. Whereupon, although it be not the custome of *Spaine* to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies then of their friends) he resolves to fight with him; and to that end, understanding *Alsemero* to be then in *Alicant*, sends him this Challenge:

THOMASO PIRACQVO TO ALSEMERO.

I*t is with too much assurance, that I feare Beatrice-Ioana's vanity, and your rashnesse. hath bereaved mee of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized farre dearer then my selfe: I were unworthy to converse with the world, much lesse to beare the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seeke satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of mine owne life: for if a Friend be bound to performe the like courtesie and dutie to his Friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chastised Beatrice-Ioana's errour, and I must see whether mine be reserved to correct yours. As you are your selfe, meet mee at the foot of Glissean hill to morrow at five in the morning without seconds, and it shal be at your choyce, either to use your Sword on Horse-backe, or your Rapier on foot.*

THOMASO PIRACQVO.

Alsemero accepts this Challenge, and promisseth that he and his Rapier will not faile to meete him; yet as he one way wondereth at *Piracquo's* valour and resolution, o fanother way hee considereth the great losse he hath received in that of his Brother, and the justnesse of his quarell against him; who although he were not necessary to his Murther, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof: and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, and thinke of a most base cowardize, and treacherous stratagem: But this dishonourable resolution and designe of his shall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and punishment as bitter as just.

They meet at the houre and place appointed: *Piracquo* is first in the Field, and *Alsemero* staves not long after; but he hath two small Pistols charged in his pockets, which in killing his enemy shall ruine himselfe. They draw, and as they approach, *Alsemero* throwes away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand prayes *Piracquo* to heare him in his just defence, and that he is ready to joyne with him to revenge his Brothers Murtherers. *Piracquo* being as courteous as couragious, and as honourable as valiant, likewise throwes away his Rapier, & with his Hat in his hand comes to meet him: but it is a folly to unarme our selves in our enemies presence: for it is better and fister that he stand to our courtesie, then we to his: when *Piracquo* fearing nothing lesse then Treason, *Alsemero* drawes out his Pistols, and dischargeth them, the first thorow his head, and the second thorow his brest; of which two wounds he speaking onely thus, *O Villaine, O Traytour*! falls downe dead at his feet. Loe here the third bloody part of this History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther: but for a Gentleman to destroy another in this base and cruell manner, this exceeds all basenesse and cruelty it selfe: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a Halter.

The

The newes of this bloody fact rattles in the streets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the firmament : *Piracquo's* Chirurgion being an eyewitnesse herof reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of *Alfemero* : all *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extoll *Thomaso Piracquo's* valor, and his singular affection to his dead Brother, and both detest & curse the treachery and memory of *Alfemero*. The criminall Iudges are advertised hereof, who speedily send poast after him : but hee is mounted on a swift Gennet, and like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather flie then gallop : but his hast is in vaine, for the justice of the Lord will both stop his Horse, and arrest him. He is not recovered halfe way from *Alicant* towards *Valentia*, but his Horse stumbles and breakes his fore-leg, and *Alfemero* his right arme ; he is amazed, perplexed, and intraged hereat, and knowes not what to doe, or whither to flie for safety : for he sees no bush nor hedge to hide him, nor lane to save him ; and now he repents himselfe of his fact, but it is too late : his Horse sayling him, he trusteth to his legs, and so throwing off his cloake, runnes as speedily as he may : but the foulness of his fact doth still so affright him, and terrifie his conscience, as he is afraid of his owne shadow, lookes still backe, imagining that every stone he sees is a Sergeant come to arrest him ; yea, his thoughts, like so many Blood-hounds, pursue and follow him, sweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but especially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind ; yea, every poynt of a minute he both expecteth and feares his apprehension.

Neither is his feare or expectation vaine ; for loe, he at last perceives foure come galloping after him as fast as their Horses can drive. So they finding first his poore Horse, and now espying his miserable selfe, he sees he is invironed of all sides, and thinkes the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him ; yet remembring himselfe a Gentleman, and withall a Souldier, he resolves rather to sell his life dearly in that place, then to be made a Spectacle upon an infamous Scaffold : but this courage and resolution shall neither prevaile, or rescue him.

Hee to this effect drawes his Rapier, the which the foure Sergeants will him to yield, and render up to the Kings lawes and justice : but he is resolute to defend himselfe : They threaten him with their Pistols ; but their sight doe as little amaze him, as their report and bullets. So they alight from their Horses, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they breake his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yields himselfe. *Alfemero* thus taken, is the same night brought backe to *Alicant* in whose Gates and Streets a wonderfull concourse of people assemble to see him passe, who as much pittie his person, as execrate and condemne his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and *Alfemero* brought to appeare, who considering the hainousnesse of his treacherous and bloody fact ; which the Divell had caused him to commit, he staves for no witnesses, but accuseth himselfe of this Murther, the which from point to point he confesseth ; and so they adjudge him to lose his head : but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath so treacherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As he is on the Scaffold, preparing himselfe to dye, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now, either to dissemble with God, or to feare the Law, he, to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that although he killed *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother *Don Alonso*, whom (he sayd) *De Flores*, at the instigation of his wicked and wretched wife *Beatrice-Ioana* had murdered and buried in the East Casemate of the Castle ; and withall affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that Murther, it was onely in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he said) he now most heartily repented himselfe, as being unwilling any longer to charge his soule with it, sith he was ready to leave this world, and to goe to another, and so besought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whose sacred Majesty, he confessed, hee had

had highly and infinitely offended; and wished them all to beware, and flie the temptations of the Devill, and to become better Christians by his example.

The Iudges advertised hereof, cause his head to be stricken off for murthering of *Don Thomaso Piracquo*; and his body to be throwne into the Sea, for concealing that of *Don Alonso*; which was accordingly executed: and from the place of Execution they immediately goe to the Castle, and so to the East *Casemate*, where causing the stones to bee removed, they finde the mournfull murdered body of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, which they give to his kinsfolkes to receive a more honourable Buriall, according to his rancke and degree: and from thence they returne to the Churches, where the Bodies of *De Flores* and *Beatrice Ioana* were interred (after they were brought backe from *Valentia*) the which for their horrible Murther, they at the common place of Execution cause to be burned, and their ashes to be throwne into the ayre, as unworthy to have any resting place on earth, which they had so cruelly stayned and polluted with innocent blood.

Loe here the just punishment of God against these devillish and bloody Murtherers! at the sight of whose executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators, universally laud and prayse the Majesty of God, for purging the earth of such unnaturall and bloody Monsters.

GO DS

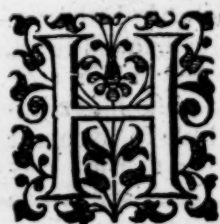




GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE V.

Alibius murdereth his wife Merilla : he is discovered, first by Bernardo, then by Emelia his owne daughter: so he is apprehended and hanged for the Fact.



Ow far are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their owne wives: yea, when they murder them in their beds, instead of reposing their secrets and affections in their bosomes! These are hellish resolutions, and infernal stratagems, that nature neither allowes, nor grace approves. For besides the Vnion betwixt God and his Church, there is none so absolute and perfect on earth, as is that of Man and Wife: for as this world hath made them two persons, so God hath conjoynd and made them one; and therefore what madnesse, nay what cruelty is it to be so cruell to those, who (if not our selves) are at least our second selves? Charity (the daughter of heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but especially those who are our kinsfolkes or friends. Religion (the mother of Charity) steps a degree farther, and inioyneth us to love those who hate us; yea, these likewise are not onely the rules of nature, but the precepts of grace: therefore to kill those who love us, and to deprive those of life, who (did occasion present) are ready to sacrifice theirs for the preservation of ours, it must needs proceed rather from a monster then a man, or rather from a devill then a monster: but such devils and such monsters are but too rife and common in these our sinfull times. And amongst others, I here produce one for example, who for that cruell and inhumane fact of his, by the iustice of God, was justly rewarded with a halter. And may all those, who perpetrate the like crime, participate of the same, or of a worse punishment.

IN the Parish of *Spreare*, some fiftene miles distant from the beautifull and noble City of *Brescia* (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poore countrey man, termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceased parents, but that he was a man of a comely stature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honest fame and reputation: so if his vertues had answered theirs, his poverty had never proved so pernicious and fatall an enemy to him, as to ruine his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes: or had the vices of his soule not contaminated or stayned the perfections of his body, my penne had slept in silence, and his History laine raked up in the dust of his grave: but sith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of nature and grace, yea, sith he hath learned of the Devill to imbath his hands in poyson, and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I (incouraged

raged by the connivencie and silence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Alibius*, but in detestation of his bloody resolution and actions, and chiefly and especially to the comfort and instruction of the living, who may abhorre his crime by the sight of his punishment: I have adventured and resolved to give this a place among the rest of my tragicall Histories, that *Italie*, as well as *Brescia* and *Spreare* (& peradventure the whole Christian world with *Italie*) may understand therof.

This *Alibius*, as loone as he had attained the age of five and twenty yeares, married an honest maiden, termed *Merilla*, being a farmers daughter of the same parish of *Spreare*, with whom he had but small meanes, and she (to speake truth) but little wit, and lesse beauty; yet she was neither so poore, but that she deserved a good husband, nor so hard favoured, but she might content an honest one. And indeede, had *Alibius* his care and industry answered *Merilla's* providence and frugality, or his lustfull eye not strayed either beyond his vow given her in marriage, or her indifferent beauty, this match might have proved as fortunat, as it hath since succeeded miserable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*, whose thoughts flew a pitch above his birth, ranke, and meanes, had not lived many yeares, in wedlocke, till his prodigality and vanity had wasted and dissipated the greatest part of that small estate he had; so as necessity looking now on him, because formerly he disdained to looke on it, knowing better how to play, then worke, or rather not how to worke, but play; and seeing that his present meanes could not maintaine him, nor his future hopes promise it, he as a true truant, and a perfect prodigall, disdaining to want when he hath it, and when he hath it not, sets up this lewd and unthrifty resolution with himselfe, to set all at fixe and seven. But this prodigall humour of his doth as much grieve his Wife, as delight him: for now she sees that her spinning at home could neither serve nor satisfie his expenses abroad, and that all her care and labour was by farre too little to maintaine his vanity; which she (poore good woman) perceiving, yea, more then so, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, she with faire wordes, and secret and sweete perswasions endeavoureth to reclaime him from it; but this course of hers workes a contrary effect: for if before he played the prodigall in her absence, now hee playes the Tyrant in her presence: for he not onely rejoyceth, and stops his eares against her counsell, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous speeches, such as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a husband to give, or a wife to receive. And this, as I have beene informed, was the first distast betwixt *Alibius* and *Merilla*.

But we need not goe farre for a Second: There is no pestilent Infection, nor infectious Pestilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a rocke, wherein many have suffered Shipwracke; it is a Fountaine that sends forth many poysoned streames to those that tast or drinke thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whose fruit is by so much the more bitter to the stomacke, as it seemes pleasing to the palate, like Pills of poyson candy'd in Sugar: and as that which most delights, most confounds the sense; so use breeding an habite, and habite a Second nature, vicious company, whom wee take to be our dearest friends, doe in fine prove our most dangerous enemies, and so much the more dangerous, sith when we would forsake them, we cannot; which our *Alibius* wil at last finde true in himself: yea, we shal see him inforced to acknowledg it, as having bought and purchased it with a woefull and lamentable experience: for now he beginnes to love Swearing, Whordome, and Drunkenesse, that before he hated; and to hate the Gospel of Christ, and the Professours thereof, that before he loved. A most wretched exchange, where we take from our soules, to give to our senses, and a woefull bargaine, where we sell God, to buy the Devill.

Poore *Merilla* grieving to see that she could not unsee, these his ungodly courses, as also that it not onely consumed the small remaynder of his meanes, but likewise lost his friends, and darkned and eclipsed his reputation, thinkes it not onely a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to request some vertuous friend, or godly neight our of theirs to deale with him herein, thereby to endeavour to perswade him from

from these his irregular and prophane courses : But as those who are sicke, are so deprived of their taste, as they cannot discern betweene sweet and bitter ; So *Alibius*, sicke of the Lethargie of these his enormous and dissolute Vices, was so farre from relishing this wholesome counsell, as he not onely rejected it, but scoffed and reviled the partie who gave it him : and it being not so secretly (or peradventure not so wisely) managed, but he comming to understand it proceeded from his wife *Merilla*, he tooke it so passionatly and outragiously, to see his follies revealed by her, who was bound to conceale them ; as most uncivilly and inhumanely checking her, he in the heat of his displeasure and revenge, some moneths forsakes her company, and many her bed ; whereat, such was her tender affection to him, and his disrespect to her, as I know not whether she more grieved, or he rejoyced.

The motives of his third distate to his Wife, were groundd upon her barrennesse and sterility ; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleasure and providence was to give none to her, without considering that the barrennesse and fruitfulness of a woman comes all from the Lord, or without remembering that some Children are borne for a curse, as others for a blessing to their parents : or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods secret Divinity, what were fittest for him, and yet these reasons cannot prevaile against his unreasonable selfe, and therefore this, amongst the rest of his distastes, hee, or rather the Divell for him, throwes in against his Wife : *That if he had a Child, he should be a good husband, and not before* : as if hee desired and sought some pretext and colour, though never so unjust and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality, or in the eyes of the World to bolster out and apologize his jarring and squaring with his Wife : yea, his impudencie was growne to the height of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his Wife was the cause of his poverty ; for if she would give him no Child, God would give him no prosperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally desire Children ; so it is a great affliction (I will not say a curse) to them, if they have none. But these unjust speeches of *Alibius*, doe justly and infinitely afflict his Wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their wedlocke) sends her teares to earth, and her prayers to heaven, that her blessed Saviour would be pleased to bless her with a child ; when God, seeing his prophane hypocrisie, which he will revenge, and understanding her religious zeale, which hee will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his Mercie and providence, grants her her request, and him his desire : so as in short time shee sees her selfe the mother, and him the father of a young daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reason of his distaste of his Wife, was, that seeing time runne on in his swift carriere, and his prodigality still remayning, as also that his maske of his Wife's sterility was taken away ; hee that was heretofore so desirous of a child, now thinkes this one to bee one too many, because (saith hee) hee can no way indure the crying and trouble thereof. But is there any thing so unnaturall or ridiculous as this ? Now, if he murmur at this his child, during her infancie, he will much more storme at her, when she comes to riper yeares : and observing that her mother doth subtract from his prodigality, to adde to her maintenance, this doth againe extreamely vex and afflict him : so that his child, whom hee pretended should bee the cause of his joy and prosperity, is now that of his griefe ; and as hee thinkes, of his farther poverty and misery : the which, poore *Merilla* his wife, to her unspeakeable and ineffable griefe, palpably perceiveth, as well in his uncharitable and malicious speeches, banded to her for her daughter *Emelia's* sake, as to *Emelia* for her sake : But whar know we, whether God hath purposely sent his daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her father intendeth to her Mother ?

His fift, and (as yet) his last distaste against his wife, proceeds from his observing that her beauty is withered and decayed ; not that heretofore hee knew her faire : but that shee is not so faire now, as when hee first married her : as if time and age had not power to wither the blossomes of our youth, as the Sunne hath to daver the freshest

freshest Roses and Lillies. But as all his former distastes towards his wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophanenesse: so this last of his doth manifestly discover his addiction to lust, and his affection to Whoredome: for it is impossible for our wives to seeme foule in our eyes, except there be some others seemes fayrer: as blacknesse seemes blacker when it is compared and paralleld with whitenesse: and this indeed is the Vulture and Viper that stickes so close to his brest, and so neere to his heart, yea, this is his darling and bosome sinne that wil strangle him, when it makes greatest shew to kisse and imbrace him.

Alibius, powerfully solicited by these five severall distastes conceived against his wife *Merilla*, who poore woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles hee (in the heat and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuousnesse and sensualitie, but especially provoked by his owne poverty and penury; who now beganne to appeare to him in a leane and miserable shape: hee leaves his wife and family, and betakes himselfe to the service of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to stop the current of his prodigality, and to finde out the invention and meanes, futurely to get that which formerly he had expended: which resolution of his had beene indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had beene answerable to the sweetnesse of his tongue: but wee shall see the contrary, and finde by his example, that Snakes alwaies lurke under the fayrest and greenest leaves.

During which time, hee serves some Gentleman of worth and quality, but one of especiall accompt and reputation; not distant above three small miles from the City of *Brescia*, who being an excellent House-keeper, and a good member of the common-weale, there *Alibius* (had hee had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as impiety) might have forgotten his old vices, and have learned new Vertues: but if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was first to bee a perfect Carver and Wayter, then to be decent in his apparell; and last of all, to bee smooth in his speeches, and affable and pleasing in his complements, without any regard at all, either to reforme the vanity of his thoughts, or to controule his dissolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus past away many yeares abroad in service, and very seldome or never either seene *Spreare*, or visited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*: hee at last seeing of the one side, that age beganne to Snow on his head; and that the greatest wealth of a Serving-man, was, to have onely a new Livery, and a full belly, to have many verball, but no reall friends, resolved to leave his service, as also his wife and daughter in *Spreare*: and so to travell to *Venice*, hoping there in some honest place, and imployment, to serve the Seigniorie, or at least some one of the *Magnifico's* or *Clarissimo's*: but then considering the charge of the journey, the weakenesse of his purse, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, he resolves for a time to sojourne in *Brescia*; and to watch if any occasion or accident presented, whereby hee might repaire and raise his fortunes.

Hee had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, situation, wealth and fidelity (after *Venice* it selfe) gives not the hand to any of her sister Cities of that state;) but his eies (as the lustfull sentynells of his heart) espie so many beauties, as he began to loath his own wife *Merilla*, and to wish her in another world, that he might have another wife in this. Lo, here the divell beginnes with him anew to perswade him to hate his wife.

Abiding thus in *Brescia*, it fell out that hee, who bore the silver rod in token of honour, and Justice (or rather of honour to Justice) before the podestate or chiefe Magistrate of this City dyed: and to this Office *Alibius* (because hee knew himselfe a grave and personall man) aspired: and what through the respect of his gravitie, through his smooth tongue, and fayre speeches: but especially by making many friends to the Podestate and Senators, he at last obtained it: a place indeed, more honourable then profitable, and yet worth at least one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, besides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* looke aloft, and so hee scornes his poore wife *Merilla*, as if there were no paritie and simpatie betwixt her rags and his robes:

robes : yea, hee would not see *Spreare*, nor suffer her to see *Brescia*, and the devill was so busie with him, or hee with the divell, that in hope of a richer and fayrer Wife, hee resolues to poyson her according as hee heretofore had many times thought and premeditated : and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himselfe, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as povertie many times befalls us for our good, so sometimes, wealth and prosperity brings us misfortune and misery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewise much rejoyce him, An honest Cittizen of *Brescia*, of his own name though no way his kinsman, dies (& as since it hath been shrewdly imagined, not without vehement suspicion of poyson) leaving a rich widdow, named *Philatea* : and for the familiarity and good conceit hee had of our *Alibius*, as also induced thereunto through his hypocritall shew of honesty and piety, makes him sole overseer of his will: so neatly & smoothly did our *Alibius* work and insinuate himselfe in his favour: But the maske of this his hypocrisie shall be soon puld off.

Alibius seeing *Philatea* young, rich and faire, hee lookes on her more often then on her husbands testament: and so wishing his wife *Merilla* in his adopted kinsmans grave, and himselfe in *Philatea's* bed, hee bends his purposes and intents that way, as so many lines that runne to their Center : yea, so strongly hath the devill possessed him with these hellish designes and bloody resolutions, as his love to *Philatea*, defacing his respect to *Merilla*, hee sees her a blocke in his way, and a stop to his perishment, and so concludes that shee must bee removed and dispatched : to which effect, to draw his sinfull contemplation into bloody action, hee rides over to *Spreare* to her ; and under colour of tender love and affection, hee in Milke, Wine, and roasted Apples, gives, her poyson ; when seeing it would not worke his desired effect, he after takes an occasion, purposely to quarrell with her, & so very lamentably (in presence of their daughter *Emelia*) reviles and beates her, and returnes to *Brescia*, still hoping that the poyson yet might operate, and disperse it selfe in her veines, and that shortly hee should heare newes of her death. Loe here *Alibius* his first attempt in seeking to murder his Wife.

In this meane time hee layes close sledge to *Philatea's* Chastity, who not so honest as faire, is soone drawne to sinne, and prostitutes her selfe to his beastly pleasure, and having no regard to her reputation, conscience, or soule, consents to this bitter-sweet sinne of Adultery ; the which lascivious familiarity is so long continued betwixt them, till at last *Philatea's* straight Bodies become too small, and her Apron too short for her ; when seeing it high time to provide for her fame, shee acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and askes his advice, whether she shall marry with one of her servants : *Alibius* meaning to keepe the Farme for himselfe, whereof hee had already taken possession, bids her not to take care for a husband, but to bee of good comfort, and that farre within her time, hee would provide a place for her to lay downe her great belly ; yea, so secret, as her owne heart could either wish or desire.

But if our miserable *Alibius* were before resolved to murder his poore harmelesse Wife *Merilla*, this newes, and these speeches of *Philatea*, set him all on fire ; and so (having consulted with the Devill) he vowes she shall not live: to which end, he provides himselfe of stronger poison, and in a dark night (when as he flatters himselfe with hope, that the Heavens were so unjust and inhumane to conspire with him in the Murder of his Wife) he takes horse in the East Suburbe of *Brescia*, and so rides toward *Spreare*.

But see the justice, and withall the providence and mercie of our indulgent God ! who vouchsafed, and yet resolved to restraine and divert him from this his bloody enterprise, by an accident as strange as true : for a mile out of *Brescia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of execution, his Horse stumbles, and falls under him right against it, with which fall his shoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a caveat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the least sparke of grace to have made good use hereof ! But the Devill had bewitched his understanding and judgement : for he could see by no other eyes, but by those of revenge and blood.

Arriving at his house at *Spreare*, hee, contrary to his hopes, findes his daughter *Emelia* with her mother (who by this time was married likewise to a poore Countrey man of *Spreare*) whose sight and presence was, for that time, a stop to the execution of her fathers poysoning designe on her mother; for hee feared that shee had formerly discovered and suspected this his purpose and resolution, as indeed shee had: wherefore hee forbore to administer it, onely because hee would not lose all his labour, hee againe quarrells with his Wife, and after hee had reviled her with many scandalous and contumelious speeches, hee in the presence of his (mournefull) daughter, doth exceedingly beate her; who (weeping to see her mother weepe) infinitely grieved to bee an eye-witnesse of this inhumane and barbarous cruelty of her father: And so for that time *Alibius* againe permitted his Wife to live; But this will prove no pardon, but onely a short reprivall for her.

Returning againe to *Brescia*, it is not long before *Philatea* doth againe importune him to provide for the concealing and salving of her shame, alleadging that her time drew on, and that it was more then time to provide her a husband. *Alibius*, at these her second assummons, beginnes to looke about, and resolves at what rate, or in what manner soever, now to send his Wife into another world; yet (as I thinke, or ever understood) conceales his purpose from *Philatea*. Miserable wretch! had hee not participated more of the nature of a Tyger, then a man, or of a Devill then a Tyger, hee would never have layd violent hands on his owne Wife, whom earth and heaven had made flesh of his flesh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had hee had so much grace to have considered, that the silver wand he bore before the *Podestate*, was for the scourging and punishing of sinne: Methinks it should have made him more charitable, and not so bloody to attempt it. But what wil not lust enterprife, and revenge execute, if wee neither feare God with our hearts, nor love him with our soules?

Perseverance in Grace and vertue is excellent, but in sinne lamentable. *Alibius* hath had yeares and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his wife: but the longer he lives, the deeper roote it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the branne of his age to God, but that to pleasure, this to Revenge and Murther, and both to the devill: for now he is resolute to finish this mournefull and bloody Tragedy, that he hath so long desired, and so often attempted: and now indeed the fatall time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the Murtherous hand of her husband, must be sent out of this World to see a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podestate* to supper, takes horse, a little before the gates of the City were shut: and having his former poyson in his pocket, away hee rides to *Spreare*: but to act his villany with the greater secrecy, he masketh and disguiseth himselfe: approaching his house, hee in the next Meddow ties up his horse to a tree, and so knockes at doore. Poore *Merilla* his wife was in bed and a sleepe with (a little Girle) her Grandchild, named *Pomerea*, the daughter of her daughter *Emelia*, whom, without a Candle, shee sends downe to open the doore, assuring her selfe (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her husband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the doore, lets one in, but whom shee knowes not: and then for feare retires to the kitchin, which she shuts fast on her. So *Alibius* mounts to his wifes Chamber, and after some words gives her a potion (some say of milke) bitterly sugred with poyson, and forceth it downe her: who poore soule is amazed hereat, and with her weake strength cryes out for helpe, but in vaine. Hee being devillishly resolved, now to make sure worke, takes a billet out of the Chimney, and so dispatcheth and kils her in her bed (without giving her any time to commend her soule unto God) and so very hastily rusheth forth the doore.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a candle, and ascends up the chamber where shee sees the lamentable spectacle of her Murthered Grand-Mother, hot, reeking and smoaking in her bed: whereat shee is amazed, and makes most woefull cries and mournefull lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly sighing and weeping, shee knowes not what to doe, or what not to doe in this her bitter and wretched

wretched perplexity, in which meane time *Alibius* going for his horse, findes onely the halter : for his horse is grazing in the Meddow : hee diligently seekes him, but cannot a long time set sight of him ; which indeed doth much astonish and amaze him : but at last he findes him, and so gallops away to *Brescia* : where the better to delude the World, and to cast a mist before their eies, hee is againe by fixe of the Clocke in the morning waiting upon the *Podestate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedral Church of that City. But this policy of his shal not prevent his detection & punishment.

In this meane time, *Pomerea* runnes to the neereft neighbours, and divulgeth the Murther of her Grandmother. Many of the neighbours, flock thither, to see this bloudy and woefull spectacle : the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare* are acquainted herewith : they send for Chirurgions, who visit the dead body, and report shee is both poisoned and beaten to death : they examine poore *Pomerea*, who relates what shee sees and knowes : they send every where to search for the Murtherer. By this time the newes hereof comes to *Brescia*. *Alibius* (like a counterfet miscreant) is all in teares, yea, hee sheweth such living affection to the memory of his dead wife, as hee sends every where to find out the Murtherer, But God will not have him escape, for in due time wee shall see him brought forth and appeare to the world in his colours.

Alibius, notwithstanding his teares in his eyes, having still a hell in his conscience, is afraid, least *Emelia* his daughter (measuring the subsequent by the antecedent) hold him to bee her mothers Murtherer; and because the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare* (suspecting her) have taken sureties for her apparance : hee, the better to insinuate with her, useth her with more then wonted courtesie and affability, imagining, that if her mouth were stopped, hee needed not feare any others tongue : But this politike sleight of his shal not prevaile.

Now by little and little, Time, (the consumer of all things) beginnes to weare away the crying rumor of this Murther : and so *Alibius* thinking himselfe secure, e're three moneths be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his second wife : which being knowne in *Brescia*, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any substantial ground, but onely out of presumptive circumstances) vehemently suspect that *Alibius* had a deepe hand in the Murther of his late wife *Merilla* : but they dare not speake it aloud, because he was well beloved both of the *Podestate* himselfe (for that yeere being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as Murther pierceth the Cloudes, and cries for revenge from Heaven, so wee shall see this of *Alibius*, miraculously discovered, and e're long, severely punished : for when hee thought the storme past, and saw the Skies cleere, when, I say, hee imagined that all rumours and tongues were hushed up in silence, and that hee thought on nothing else, but to passe his time sweetly and voluptuously with his new and faire wife *Philatea*, then, when all other meanes and instruments wanted, to bring this his obscure and bloudy fact to light : Lo, by the Divine providence of God, wee shall see *Alibius* himselfe be the cause, and instrument of his owne discovery.

For after he had married *Philatea* (which I take to bee the first light of suspecting him of his wife *Merilla's* Murther) (if my information bee true, as I confidently beleeve it is) this is the second : *Alibius* under the pretext of other businesse, sends for one *Bernardo*, of the parish of *Spreare*, to come to him to *Brescia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as also for the more orderly contriving of this History, we must understand, that this *Bernardo* was an old associate and dissolute companion of *Alibius* : whom (as it is well knowne by those who knew them) hee had many times used and made his stickler and agent in many of his former lewde courses and enterprises : not that I any way thinke hee had any hand in the present Murther of *Merilla* : for then (I know) such is the Candour and Wisedome of the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare*, and such is the cleere judgement and zeale of the Senators of *Brescia* to justice, that hee had never escaped, but had beene apprehended and brought to his tryall.

Wee must farther understand, that this *Bernardo* was likewise a companion of *Emelia's*

melia's husband : yea scarce any lone day past, but they were knowne and seene together in tippling houses, and other such lewd and vicious places, whereas drinke was still a most treacherous and unsecret Secretary.

It may bee that what *Merilla* told her husband privately, hee discovered it publike-ly to *Bernardo* : who comming (as we have formerly heard) to *Brescia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, hee fell to his old vaine of tippling and carowing, and there without the North gate of *Brescia* (which lookes towards *Bergamo*) having more money then wit, and more wine then mony, in the midst of his cups, told hee was a Contadyne, or Countreyman of *Spreare* : that hee knew *Alibius* as great as now hee bore himselfe, and that hee Murthered his poore wife in the Countrey, to have this fine one in the City. Which speeches of his hee reiterated and repeated often : yea, so often, as they fell not to the ground, but some of his lewd companions tooke notice thereof; and one amongst the rest, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius* went and secretly advertised him hereof : who (under-hand) sends away for *Bernardo* where hee was, and wrought so with him, as since that time he was never seene in *Brescia*. But this report of his remained behind him.

A second light which *Alibius* gave to the discovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way cleere, and all suspicion vanished, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courtesie to disrespect and unkindnesse towards his daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greatest part of that small meanes hee gave her towards her maintenance : which uncharitable and unnaturall part of his, threw this poore woman into so bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her conscience that her father was her Mothers Murtherer, shee exceedingly apprehended and feared; lest he would attempt to dispatch her likewise : the which shee farre the more doubted, because her father had bayled her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare*. But here, as simple as shee was shee enters into many considerations with her selfe; that to accuse her father, would be as great a disobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to Murther her mother. She is along time irresolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpose and enterprise : and here shee consults betwixt nature and grace, betwixt the Lawes of earth and heaven, what shee should doe, or how she should beare her selfe in a matter of so unnaturall a nature. It grieves her to bee the meanes of her fathers death, of whom shee had received her being : and yet shee sorroweth not to reveale the murtherer of her mother, of whom shee enjoyed her life. But though sence and nature cannot, yet Reason and Religion will reconcile, and cleare these doubts : yea, evaporate those mists, and disperse these clouds from our eyes, and makes us see cleere, that Earth may not conceale Murther, sith God receives glory both in the detection and punishment thereof.

Some will say, this daughter did ill to accuse her father. But who will not affirme that hee did farre worse, to Murther her mother. Neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it : for shee enters into this resolution with teares, and persevereth therein with sighes and lamentations : but if shee were at first resolute herein, this resolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when she sees her father so suddenly married, and her mother in law ready to lay downe her great belly, especially when shee heares the reports of his suspicion bruited in *Brescia*. So now she can no longer containe herselfe, but goes to the next *Corrigador*, and reveales him, that her father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her mother *Merilla*.

The *Corrigador* being a wise and grave Gentleman, wondering at this lamentable newes, retaines *Emelia* in his house, and writes away to the Podestare of *Brescia* hereof : who receives this newes on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chiefe Senators thereof : who reapeire to his house. The probabilities and circumstances are strong against *Alibius*. So they all conclude to imprison him : hee is at the doore, ruffling in his garded gowne and velvet cap, with his silver wand in his hand (as if hee were fitter to checke others then to be controulled himselfe :) wayting to conduct

condu't the podestate to the *Dona*. *Alibius* little dreames how neere hee is to danger, or danger to him: hee is by an Isbiere or Serjeant called in to speake with the Podestate: and although his conscience inwardly torment him, yet hee puts a good (or at least a brazen) countenance on all, and so very cheerefully comes before him: at his first arrivall, his velvet cap and silver wand (those dignified markes of honour and justice) are taken from him, and consequently his office: (because these are rewards onely proper to vertue, and not to vice) hee is examined by those worthy Magistrates, who beare gravity in their lookes, wisdom in their speeches, and justice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many smooth words, for the defence of his crime, which with the ayd and varnish of his gracefull gesture, hee strives to extenuate and palliate, but in vaine: for hee hath to doe with those Magistrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the sugar of a lye, or the charme of an evasion. So they commit him close prisoner, where hee hath both time and leasure to thinke on the foulenesse of his fact, and the unnaturalnesse and barbarisme of his cruelty.

The Munday following, the Corrigadors of *Spreare* send *Emelia* to *Brescia*, where, the next day the Podestate, Prefect and Senators examine her: they first exhort her to consider, that shee speakes before God: and although *Alibius* be her earthly father, yet hee is her heavenly: they conjure and sweare her to speake the truth, and no more: and because they see her a simple illiterated woman, they informe her what the vertue and nature of an oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and stedfastly looking up towards heaven, she (bitterly weeping & sighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word: The Prefect with milde exhortations and speeches encourageth her to speake, when with many teares and interrupted sighes, she at last proffereth these words, My father hath often beaten my Mother, and even layne her for dead: and at other times, hee hath given her poyson, and hee it is and no other that hath now murthred her. One of the Senators, (some say it was the Podestate, who as much favoured *Alibius*, as hated his crime:) bade *Emelia* looke to her conscience, and her conscience to God, and withall to consider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, so *Alibius* was her Father. Whereat she bitterly weeping, againe said, that what she had already spoken was true, as she hoped to enjoy any part of heaven. So they binding her to give evidence at the great Court of the Province, which some foure moneths after was to be held in the Castle of their Citie, they dismisse her.

In which meane time *Alibius* is visited in prison by divers of his acquaintance: yea, some of the chiefeest Senators themselves afford him that honour and charity, they deale with him about his crime: but in vaine, for he takes heaven and earth to witnesse, that he is innocent, yea, he seemes to be so religious and conscionable in his speeches, as he drew many of inferiour ranke and understanding to beleieve, that his accusation was not true, and his imprisonment unjust and false. But God will shortly unmaske his hypocrisie, and to his shame and confusion, lay open and discover to the whole World, his unnatural and bloody cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Duke and Seigniory of *Venice* are used to depute and send forth Criminall Iudges, to descend and passe thorow the provinces of their territories and dominions: to sit upon all capitall malefactors, and to punish them according to their deserts. A custome indeed held famous, not onely in the Christian, but in the whole universall world: and whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receive both glory, vigour, and life, sith it not onely preserveth their peace, and propagateth their tranquillity; but also rooteth out and exterminateth all those that (by their lewd and dissolute actions) seeke to impugne and infringe it.

Thus these high and Honourable Iudges (being in number two for every division) having dispatcht their businesse (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vincenza*, *Virona* and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Brescia*, in the Castle whereof, (which is both beautifull and conspicuous to the eye) they keepe their *Forum* and *Tribunall*. And because this Citie is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with

with a peculiar jurisdiction, and honoured with many honourable priviledges and prerogatives : therefore (*Merilla* being Murthered in the Province) *Alibius* is fetched out of his first prison, and by one of the chiefest and gravest Senators deputed for that purpose by the Podestate, and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Castle, there to bee arraigned by those two great Iudges : and although this afore said Senator was so wise and religious, as hee seemed to have the art of perswasion in his speeches : yet by the way, using his best oratory and charity to draw *Alibius* from denyall, to confession, and from that to contrition and repentance, his heart was still so perverse and obdurate, as he notwithstanding persevered in his willfull obstinacy, and peremptorily continued and stood upon the poynts of his innocency, and justification. So strong was the Divell yet with him :

But while an infinite number of spectators gaze on *Alibius* as he is in the Castle : and he cheerefully and carelessly conversed with some of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conscience were such, as his heart felt no grieve nor perturbation : Lo, he is called to his arraignment, whereunto that World of people, who were then in the Castle, flocke and concur.

His thoughts are so vaine, and his vanity so ambitious, as he comes to the barre in a blacke beaten Satin sute, with a faire Gowne, and a spruce set Ruffe, having both the haire of his head and his long gray beard neatly kombat and cut, yea, with so pleasant a look, and so confident a demeanour, as if he were to receive, not the sentence of his guiltinesse and death, but that of his innocency and enlargement. These honourable Iudges cause his Inditement to be read, wherein his poysoning and Murthering of his wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumstances, whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithstanding) so great, as by his lookes he seemes no way moved, much lesse astonished or afflicted : the witnesses are produced : first, his owne daughter *Emelia*, who with teares in her eyes stands firme to her former disposition, that he had often beaten her Mother almost to death, and now had killed and poysoned her; agreeing in every point with her disposition given to the Podestate and Prefect of *Brescia* : which to refell, her father *Alibius*, with many plausible and sugred speeches, tells his Iudges, that his daughter is incensed or lunatike ; or else that she purposely seekes his life, to enjoy that small meane he hath after his death, and so runnes on in a most extravagant and impertinent apologie for himselfe, with many inventive and scandalous speeches against her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any poyson.

His Iudges, out of their honourable inclination, and zeale to sacred justice, permit him to speake without interruption : when having ended, they beginne to shew him the foulness of his fact ; yea, like heavenly Crators, they paint him out the devillish nature & monstrous crime of Murther : the which they say he redoubleth by denying it, notwithstanding that they have evidence as cleere as the Sun to convince him therof : and so they call for two Apothecaries boyes, who severally affirme, they sold him Rattes-bane at two severall times.

But the devill is still so strong with *Alibius*, as though his conscience doth hereat afflict and torment him : yet, there is no change nor signe thereof, either seene in his countenance, or discerned in his speeches, but still he perseveres in his obstinacy ; and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries boyes evidence with this poore evasion, that he bought and used it onely to poyson Rattes : And so againe with many smooth words, humble crouches, and hypocriticall complements, he useth the prime of his subtilty and invention to make it appeare to his Iudges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife : But this will not avale him, for he is before Lynce-eyed Iudges, whose integrity and wisdom can pierce thorow the foggy mists of excuses, and the obscure Clouds of his far-fetched shifts, and cunningly-compacted evasions.

And now to close and winde up this History, after the Jury impanelled had amply

ply heard, aswell the witnesses against *Alibius*, as his defence for himselfe : and that al the world could testifie that his Iudges gave him a faire trial, they return and report him guilty of Murthering his wife *Merilla* ; whereat he is put off the barre, and so for that time sent backe to his prison : and yet the heate of his obstinacy being here-at no way cooled, the edge of his denyall any way rebated, nor the obduratenesse of his heart, the least thing mollified : hee, by the way as he passeth, beating his brest, and sometimes out-spreading his armes, saith, it is not his crime, but the malice of his Devillish daughter that hath cast him away : yea, although many of his compassionate and Christian friends doe now againe in prison worke and perswade him to confession, by alleadging him, that God is as mercifull to the repentant, as severe to the impenitent and obstinate, yet, all this will not prevaile.

The second morne after his conviction, he is brought againe from his prison, to the Castle, and so to the barre, to receive his Iudgement, where one of the two most honourable Iudges shew him :

That it is his hearkning to the Devill, and his forsaking of God, that hath brought him to this misery ; paints and points him out his dissolute life, his frequenting of bad company ; his prodigality and adultery : but above all, his masked hypocrisie, which he saith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himselfe : yea, in heavenly and religious speeches, informes him how mercifull and indulgent God is to repentant sinners : that hee must now cast off his thoughts from earth, and ascend and mount them to heaven, and no longer to thinke of his body, but of his soule ; and so after a learned and Christian-like speech, as well for the instruction of the living as the consolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himselfe to dye : hee pronounceth, that for his execrable Murther committed on his owne wife *Merilla*, he should hang till he were dead : and so besought the Lord to be mercifull to his soule.

And now is *Alibius* againe returned to his prison, but still remaineth obstinate and perverse, affirming to all the World, that as he hath lived, so hee will dye innocent-ly : But God will not suffer him to dye, without confessing and repenting this his bloody and unnaturall Murther.

These his grave and religious Iudges, out of an honourable and Christian charity, send him Divines, to prepare his body to the death of this world, and his soule to the life of that to come : they deale most effectually, powerfully and religiously with him in prison : and although they found, that the devill had strongly insnared and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardened his heart to his perdition : yet God, out of his infinit and ineffable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their speeches, and exhortations, so as his eyes being opened, and his heart pierced and mollified : they at last so prevaile with him, that being terrified with Gods justice, and encouraged and comforted with his mercies : he with teares, sighs and groanes confesseth this murder of his wife, and not onely bitterly repents it, but also doth thanke these Godly Divines, for their charity, care, and zeale for the preservation and saving of his soule, and doth upon his knees beseech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

Wee have seene *Alibius* Murther his wife *Merilla* : we have seene his apprehension, imprisonment, trial, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloody fact : wherein we may observe how the justice of God still triumpheth o're the temptation and malice of the Devill, and how Murther, though never so secretly acted, and concealed, will at last be detected and punished. What resteth there now, but that after we have hereby made good use of this example, we see *Alibius* fetched from his prison, & conveyed to the place of execution : (whereat (as we have heard) he formerly stumbled in jest, but must now in earnest) where, although it were timely in the morn, (as having the favour to dye alone, and at least three houres before the other condemned malefactors) an infinite number of the Citizens of *Bruscia*, (of all ranks and of both sexes) assembled to see *Alibius* take his last farewell of this World.

At his ascending up the ladder, his faire gray beard and comely prefence drew pity

ty from the hearts, and teares from the eyes of the greatest part of the spectators, to see that the Devill had so strongly enchanted and seduced him to lay violent hands on his wife; and to see so grave and so proper an aged man thus misfortunately and untimely cast away.

His speech at his end was brieft and short; onely he freely confest his crime, and with infinite sighes and teares besought the world to pray for his soule: he lamented the Vanity of his youth, and the dissoluteness of his age: told them, that his neglect of prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the devill, had brought him to this shamefull end; and therefore besought them againe and againe to beware by his example: and so having solemnely freed his second wife *Philtea* from being any way acquainted or accessary with the number of his first wife *Merilla*: hee recommending his soule into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived dissolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibins*: the which I was the more willingly induced to publish, partly, because I was an eye-witnesse, both of his arraignment and death, (as I returned from my travels,) but more especially, in hope that his example and History may prove to be as great a consolation to the Godly, as a terroure to the unrighteous.

To God bee all Glory and prayse.

FINIS.



THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND

Execrable sinne of Murther.

Expressed
In thirty severall Tragickall Histories
(digested into six Bookes) which con-
taine great variety of mournfull and me-
morable Accidents, Amourous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke II.

Written by *IOHN REYNOLDS.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *William Lee* and are to
bee sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe of the Turkes
Head neere the Mitre Tavern. 1639.

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 Head neere the Milne Taverne 1639.
 LONDON



TO THE
RIGHT HONOVABLE
 AND TRVELY NOBLE, RICHARD
 Lord Buckhurst, Earle of Dorset, and Lord
 Lieutenant of his Majesties Countrey of *Suffex*.

Right Honourable,

O *Vt of a resolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have adventured this second Book of my Tragicall Histories to the World, under your Honours Patronage and protection: Neither need I goe farre to yeeld either your Honour, or the World, a reason of this my Presumption and Ambition, sub your Vertues innobling your bloud, as much as your Nobility illustrates your Vertues, was the first motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others indeavour to be great, your Honour (resembling your selfe) not onely indeavours, but strives to be good; as well knowing that Goodnesse is the glory and essence, yea the life, and as I may say, the soule of Greatnesse; and that betwixt Greatnesse and Goodnesse there is this difference and disparity; that, makes us famous, this, immortal; that, beloved of men, this, of God; that, accompanieth us only to our Graves, and this, to Heaven. My second prevailling Motive in this my Dedication proceeded from the respect of my particular duty, (as my first was solely derived from the consideration of your owne generall and generous Vertues) for having the honour to*
retaine

retaine to your Noble Brother, Sir Edward Sackville Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and (imherited) favours (whiles I am my selfe) I owe not onely my service, but my selfe; I therein hold me obliged and bound to proffer and impart this part of my Labours to your Honour, as the first publike testimony of my zeale and service, eternally devoted and consecrated to the Illustrious Name and Family of the Sackvilles; whereof Gods Divine providence hath made your Honour chiefe Heire and Pillar. The drift and scope of these Histories are to informe the World how Gods Revenge still fights and triumphs against the crying and execrable sinne of (wilfull and premeditated) Murther, which in these our (impure and profane) times, is so fatally and frequently coincident to unregenerate Christians; which Scarlet and bloody Crime is infallibly met with, and rewarded by Gods sharpe and severe punishments; having purposely published and divulged them to my deare Countrey of England that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of Iulius Cæars bloody Robe (shewed by Marcus Antonius to the Romans in Campo Martio, when he there pronounced his funerall Oration) thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horreur and execration with the people. The Histories of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: their Scenes being wilfully and sinfully laid in divers parts of Christendome beyond the seas, and the Tragedies unfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhering to impiety, then Grace, and to Satan then God, made shipwracke, if not of their soules with their bodies; I am sure of their lives with their fortunes, and of their fortunes with their lives. They themselves (or rather their sinnes) first brought the Materials, I, onely the collection, illustration, and polishing of these their deplorable Histories, which are penned in so low a sphere of speech, and so inelegant a phrase, as they can no way merit the Honour of your perusall, muchlesse of your judgement, and least of all, of your Noble protection and Patronage.

Howsoever, my hopes (led and marshalled by the premises) doe as as it were flatter mee, that your perfections will winke at my imperfections

fections, and your curiosity at my ignorance and presumption, in daigning permit this my rude Pamphlet, to salute and pilgrimage the World, under the authentick passe-port of your honours favour; who of herselfe is composed of so poore metall (or rather drosse) as without the pure gold of your Honourable Name, it would runne a bagard, not to passe currant with the curious wits, and censures of this our (too curious & too censorious) age; wherof could I rest assured, I should then not onely rejoyce, but triumph in this my happinesse, as so richly exceeding the proportion of my poore Labours and merits, that I could not aspire to a Greater bonour, nor desire a sweeter felicity: And so recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy selfe to your pardon, and your Honour, your Noble Countesse, and the sweet young Lady your Daughter, to Gods best favours and mercies, I will assume the confidence and constancy to remaine,

Your *Honours* in all hum-
mility and service,

H

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The Grounds, and Contents of these HISTORIES.

HISTORIE VI.

Victorina causeth Syponthus to stabbe and murther her first husband Souranza, and she her selfe poysoneth Fassino her second: so they both being miraculously detected and convicted of these their cruell Murthers, she is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.

HISTORIE VII.

Catalina causeth her Wayting-Maid Ansilva two severall times attempt to poyson her owne Sister Berinthia; wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Empericke, termed Sarmiata, poyson her said maid Ansilva: Catalina is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and Sarmiata hang'd for poysoning Ansilva. Antonio steales Berinthia away by her owne consent; whereupon her Brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kils him in a Duell: Berinthia in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother Sebastiano, she is adjudged to be immured betwixt two Walls, and there languisheth and dyes.

HISTORIE VIII.

Belluile treacherously murthereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta, Poligny's Mistris, betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her Wayting-Maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and so murther him. Lucilla flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken and hang'd and burnt for the same.

HISTORIE IX.

Iacomo de Castelnovo lustfully fals in love with his daughter in law Perina, his owne sonnes Francisco de Castelnovo's Wife, whom to enjoy, hee causeth Ieranthe first to poyson his owne Lady Fidelia, and then his said sonne Francisco de Castelnovo: in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murthereth him in his bed. Ieranthe, ready to dye in travell of childe, confesseth her two Murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dyes.

HISTORIE X.

Bertolini seekes Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio, and not himselfe: he prays her Brother Brellati, his deare friend, to sollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile; whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour, and his reputation: for which Brellati challengeth the Field of him, wher Bertolini kils him, & he flies for the same. Sturio seekes to marry her, but his father will not consent thereunto, and conveyes him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio findes out Bertolini, and sends him a Challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kils Sturio with a Petronell in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this second Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.

The Grounds and Contents of the History

History I.

The first part of the History is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the Christian era, and of the progress of the human mind from that period to the present time.

History II.

The second part of the History is a particular account of the state of the world at the beginning of the Christian era, and of the progress of the human mind from that period to the present time.

History III.

The third part of the History is a particular account of the state of the world at the beginning of the Christian era, and of the progress of the human mind from that period to the present time.

History IV.

The fourth part of the History is a particular account of the state of the world at the beginning of the Christian era, and of the progress of the human mind from that period to the present time.

History V.

The fifth part of the History is a particular account of the state of the world at the beginning of the Christian era, and of the progress of the human mind from that period to the present time.



THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE VI.

Victorina causeth Syponthus to stabbe and murther her first husband Souranza, and she her selfe poysoneth Faffino her second: so they both being miraculously detected and convicted of these their cruell Murthers, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.



Here Lust takes up our desires and Revenge and Murther seizeth on our resolutions, it is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our soules miserable in that to come: for if Chastity and Charity (the two precious Vertues and ornaments of a Christian) steere not our actions on Earth, how shall (nay, how can) we hope to arrive to the Harbour of Heaven? or if we abandon these celestiall Vertues, to follow and imbrace those infernall Vices, what doe we but take our selves from felicity to misery, and consequently give our selves from God to Satan? But did we seriously (and not trivially) consider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a hell to punish the ungodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our soules with the thought, much lesse with the action of such beastly and inhumane crimes: but in this sinnefull age of ours, the number is but too great of lascivious and impious Christians, who delight in the affection and practice thereof: among whom I here represent the History of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover, who were both borne to honour, and not to infamy: had they had as much grace to secure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruine them. The History is bloody, and therefore mournfull: but if we detest their crimes, wee need not feare their punishments: for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent as just and severe to chastise the guilty.

IN *Italie*, the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice* (the glory of *Italy*, the Nymph of the Sea, and the pearle and diamond of the world) in the latter yeares of the raigne of noble *Leonardo Donato* (who, as Duke, sate to the helme of that potent and powerfull Estate) so famous for banishing the Iesuits, and for opposing himselfe against the intrusion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the just defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and priviledges of the *Seignory*) There was at that time a gentleman, a younger brother, yet of well neere fifty yeares old, of the noble Family of the *Beraldi*, named *Seignior Iacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto Bridge* (that famous Master-piece of Architecture) upon the *Canalla Grando*, who in the *Aprill* of his

youth tooke to Wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seignior Lorenza Burffo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom hee had seven Children, four Sonnes and three Daughters: so as his Wife and hee esteeming themselves happy in their Issue, past away their time in much content and felicity: but God (for some secret and sacred reasons to his Divine Majesty best knowne) converting his smiles into frownes, within the space of seven yeares, takes away sixe of their Children, so as their eldest daughter onely remained living, being a young Gentlewoman of some eightene yeares old; named *Dona Viſtorina*.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and faire (three powerfull and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her desert, had divers Gallants who sought her in Marriage: but she was of nature proud, chollericke, disdainefull, and malicious; Vices enow to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her sutors and servants, he whom she best loved and affected, was one *Seignior Syponthus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble then rich, and yet more debolt and vicious then noble; but otherwise a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body are nothing to be compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the minde, for those are but the varnishes and shaddowes of a meete man, but these the perfections and excellencies of a wise man, and therein noble; sith indeed wisdom is one of the truest degrees, and most essentiall parts of Nobility. Now if *Viſtorina* love *Syponthus*, with no lesse recipocall flame and zeale doth *Syponthus* affect *Viſtorina*: or as his eyes behold the delicacie of her personage, and the sweetnesse of her beauty: so his heart loves either, and adores both: yea, so deep an impression hath she ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he see her, nor pleased till he enjoy the felicity of her company; which *Viſtorina* rejoyceth to see, and observes with infinite content and delectation. *Syponthus* thus intangled in the snares of *Viſtorina's* beauty, and shee likewise in those of his perfections, he resolves to court her, and seeke her in Marriage, which he performes with much affection, zeale, and constancie, leaving no industry, care, curiosity, or cost unattempted, to enrich and crowne his desires with the precious and inestimable treasures of her love. I should make this short discourse swell into an ample History, to particularize, or punctually relate the Letters, Sonnets, Presents, Meetings, Dancings, Musicke, and Banquets, which past twixt these two Lovers, and wherewith *Syponthus* entertained his deare Mistress *Viſtorina*: I wil therefore purposely omit it, and cover my selfe with this excuse, which may satisfy my Reader, to consider that *Syponthus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whose custome and nature rather exceeds then comes short, in all amorous ceremonies and complements: And therefore againe to resume my History, I must briefly declare, that after the protraction and recess of a yeares time, *Viſtoryna* consenteth to *Syponthus*, to be his Wife, so farre forth as hee can obtaine those of her father and mother: a fit and vertuous answer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether she bewray more modesty and discretion in her selfe, or respect and obedience to her parents.

Syponthus infinitely pleased with this sweet newes and delightful melody, is as it were ravished and rapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himselfe with this poore hope, that as *Viſtoryna* was courteous, so he should finde her parents kinde to him; he, with much respect and honour, repaires to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in faire and discreet termes acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Viſtorina*; whom (with as much earnestnesse as humility) hee prayes to bestow her on him for his wife: but this old Couple are as much displeased at *Syponthus* his motion, as their Daughter *Viſtoryna* rejoyceth thereat, and so they returne him their deniall instead of their consent, only in general termes they thanke him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwise disposed of their daughter. *Syponthus* bites the lip, and *Viſtoryna* hangs her head at this their bitter and distastfull answer: but hee is too generous and amorous to be put off with this first repulse. Whereupon he employes his Parents and kinsfolkes (whereof some were of the chiefest ranke of *Senatours* and *Magnifico's*)

to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to consent to this match; but in vaine: for they are deafe to those requests, and resolute in their denyall, grounding their refusall upon *Sypontus* his poverty: for they see he is become poore; because in the last trans-marine Warres, the *Turkes* tooke from his father and himsele most of his Lands and Possessions neere *Scuttari* in *Dalmatia*: and therefore they resolve to provide a richer husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times are as strange as lamentable: for in matters of Marriage, parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their children, stil preferre gold before grace, and many times Riches before vertue and Nobility, which concurre and meet in one personage: but diverse of these Marriages, in the end, finde either shame, misery, or repentance; and sometimes all.

Sypontus stormes as much as *Victoryna* grieves at his refusall. but to frustrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deales with *Seigniour Iowan Baptista Souranza* to marry his daughter *Victoryna*, who is a Gentleman of a good house, but farre richer then *Sypontus*; but withall farre different in age: for *Sypontus* is but twenty eight yeares old, and *Souranza* neer threescore. So as gold playing the chiefeest part in this contract, *Souranza* is sure of *Victoryna* for his wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath seene her. *Beraldi* advertizeth his daughter of his will and pleasure herein: so *Souranza* sees her with affection and joy, and she him with disdain and grieve: and thus this old Lover the first time entertaines his young Mistresse with kisses, and she him with teares. He is no looner departed, but *Victoryna* very sorrowfully and pensively throwes her selfe to her Parents feet, and with showres of teares very earnestly and passionately beseeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whom (she affirms) she cannot love, much lesse obey, prayes them to consider what a misery, nay, what a hell it will bee to her thoughts and selfe, to have him in her bed, & *Sypontus* in her heart. When she could no further proceed, because her sighes cut her words in pieces, and so grieve daunting her heart, and her feare to *Souranza*, and affection to *Sypontus*, casting a milke-white Vayle over her Vermillian cheekes, she sinks to the earth in a faynting cold swoone: when her hard-hearted and cruell parents (more with astonishment then commiseration and pittie) step to her assistance, and againe bring her to her senses: who not forgetting where her speeches ended, she remembers to beginne and continue them thus: O my deare Parents, name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that blood of yours, which streameth in all the veines of my body, of two let me enjoy one, either *Sypontus*, or my Grave; he the beginner of my joyes, or this the ender of all my miseries and sorrowes; neither is it disobedience in mee, but feare of cruelty in your selves, that throwes me on the exigent of this request and resolution: whereon I pray, consider by the bonds of nature, and not by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her father and mother (without any respect to her youth and teares, or regard to her affection and prayers) love *Souranza's* wealth so well, as they will hate *Sypontus* his poverty, and in it himsele: and therefore checking *Victoryna* for her folly, and taxing her of indiscretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obdience and desires: And to conclude, they are so bitter, and withall, so cruell to her, that within few dayes they violently inforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and misery of all sides.

As it is a duty in children to honour and obey their parents, so it is no lesse in parents carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their children: but in Matches that are concluded with wealth without affection, their Parents ought proceede with judgement, not with passion, with perswasion, not with force: for can there bee any hell upon earth comparable to that of a discontented bed, or is it not a grieve to Parents, through their cruelty, to see their children live in despaire in stead of hope, in affliction in stead of joy; and to dye miserably, whereas they might have lived pleasantly and prosperously? It is true, that young folkes affections are not still well grounded, but for want of advice and counsell many times meet with misery for felicity: yet sith Marriage is a Contract, not for a day, but for ever, not for an houre, but for the tearme
and

and lease of our lives; therefore Parents, in matching their children, should be rather charitable then greedy for the world; and rather compassionate then rigid: but enough of this, and againe to our *History*.

Wee have seene *Victoryna*, with an unwilling willingnesse, inforc'd to marry *Souranza*: we shall not goe faire, before wee see what sharpe calamities and bitter afflictions and miseries this Match produceth: *The argument and cause briefly is thus*; *Victorina lyes with her husband Souranza, but cannot love him*: from whence (as so many lines from their centre) spring forth many mournfull and disastrous accidents: the little ring of Matrimony incloseth many great and waighty considerations, and among others this is not one of the least: disparity in yeares makes no true harmony in affections; for there is no affinity twixt *January* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impossible, yet difficult for youth and age to sympathize: *Souranza's* best performance of the rites and duties of Marriage, is but desire; yea, his age cannot sufficiently estimate, much lesse reward the dainties of *Victoryna's* youth; for hee is more superstitious then amorous, as delighting rather to kisse an Image in the Church, then his wife in his bed, and not to betray the truth. I must crave leave of modesty, to averre that she findes little difference twixt a Mayd and a Wife, so as her lust out-braving her chastity, and sensuality trampling her vertues and honour under foote, whereas her affection should looke from *Sypontus* to *Souranza*, both shee and it contrariwise looke from *Souranza* to *Sypontus*. Dissembling pleasures, which strangle when they seem to imbrace and kisse us, bitter Pills candid in Sugar, Cordials to the sence, but Corrosives to the soule! Yea, *Victoryna* in forgetting her modesty, will not remember her vow in Marriage; for had shee been as vertuous as young, or as chaste as faire, it had not onely beene her vertue, but her duety, to have smothered the defects, and concealed the imperfections and impotencie of her old husband: Chastity would have perswaded her to this, but incontinencie and lust draw her to a contrary resolution.

Sypontus likewise stormes and grieves at this unwished and unequal Match of old *Souranza* with his young and faire *Victoryna*; yea, hee hates him so much, and loves her so tenderly and dearely, as hee wuld, but cannot prevent it: for (as before) they are married; and hee in stead of the *Laurell* is inforced to weare the *Willow*: but his griefe findes this comfort, and her discontent this consolation, that sith *Victoryna* is not his Wife, she is his Mistresse; and sith *Sypontus* is not her Husband, he is her Servant, or (to use the *Venetian* phrase) shee is his *Courtizana*, and hee her *Enamorado*: but such leagues and contracts vicious of affections seldome make happy ends; for as they beginne in lust, so commonly they terminate in infamy and misery. *Sypontus* often familiarizeth with *Victoryna*, yea, their familiarity is such, as I in modesty will not report, sith in chastity I cannot, and although they beare their affections and pleasures secret, yet custome breeding a habit, and that a second nature, *Souranza* is now no sooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, so as in effect *Souranza* is but the shadow, and *Sypontus* the substance of *Victoryna's* husband: but these lascivious Lovers shall pay deare for their affections; *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another mans Wife, and *Victoryna* for breaking her vow in wedlocke to her husband, in defiling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foule sinne of Adultery.

It had bin good & safe for them, if they had not begun these their beastly pleasures, but to give no end to them, must needs prove dangerous & ruinous: to commit this sin of Adultery is odious, but to persevere therein, is most abominable before God: the reason hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a single be death, the redoubling thereof must needs be double damnation: but as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other sins, so *Victoryna* is not only content to love *Sypontus*, but she makes a farther progression in impiety, and will needes hate her husband *Souranza*; who poore honest Gentleman, sicke with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, now distastfull, and which is worse, odious to her: so that shee which should be a cordiall to his age, his age is now a corrosive to her youth, and she so farre forgets

forgets both herſelfe and her duety, as ſhe rather contemnes then loves him, and as he rejoyceth in her ſight, ſo ſhe delights in nothing ſo much as in his abſence, and *Sypontus* preſence: ſhe makes her diſcontents and malice to her husband knowne to *Sypontus*, who doth pittie, but will not remedie them: all her ſpeeches tend to wiſh her ſelfe in another world, or her husband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat ſhe aymes; but although he enjoy the wife, yet he cannot finde in his heart, but is too conſciencious to murder the husband: had he remained in the conſtancie of this reſolution, he had been happy, and not ſo miſerable and unfortunate to end his daies with ſhame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident drawes and throwes him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the *Gentrie* and *Nobility* of *Venice* are for the moſt part Merchants) ſo *Sypontus* receiveth ſudden and forrowfull newes of two great loſſes beſalne him, in the *Levant* Seas, in two ſeveral ſhips, the one comming from *Alleppe*, taken by the *Turkiſh* Pyrates of *Rhodes*, the other from *Alexandria*, taken, as is ſuppoſed, by one of the *Duke* of *Cyprus* Neopolitan Gallies, ſcowering the *Ilands* of the *Archipelagus*, in which two Veſſels he loſt at leaſt ſeventy thouſand *Zeckynes*, it being the two third parts of his whole eſtate: and now to maintaine his greatneſſe, and beare up his port and reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitely rich, and his wife *Viſtorina* yong, amorous, and faire, he agrees with the devill, and ſo reſolves to murder him, and then to marry her; which he knowes ſhe above any earthly matter chiefly deſires. Lo here the foundation and project of a Murther, as lamentable as execrable! Neceſſity in baſe ſpirits may be a powerfull, but in thoſe more vertuous and noble, it ſhould never be a pernicious and prodigious counſellour: for there is as much generoſity and fortitude in ſupporting poverty with patience, as there is covetouſneſſe in being ambitious to purchase wealth with infamy.

At the next enterview and meeting of *Sypontus* and *Viſtorina*, ſhe like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and diſcontents againſt her husband; and becauſe *Sypontus* knowes it wiſedome to ſtrike whiles the Iron is hot, as alſo that Time muſt be taken by the forelocke, he like a wretched Politician layes hold of this occaſion and opportunity, and ſo conſenteth to the Murther of her husband, when from this bloody reſolution, they paſſe to the manner how to effect it: they conſult on this lamentable buſineſſe. *Viſtorina* (induſtrious in her malice) propoſeth to poyſon him, and ſo to bury him in her little garden: but *Sypontus* diſlikes this project, and proſers her to murder him in his *Gondola*, as he comes from *Lucifiſina*: whereon they agree. So ſome ten dayes after, *Viſtorina* advertiſeth him, that her husband is to goe to his houſe of pleaſure in the Country, neere *Padua*, on the banke of the River *Brenta*, where he is onely to ſtay three dayes. *Sypontus* imbraceth this occaſion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his abſence, promiſeth her to meet her husband at his returne, and then to diſpatch him; which newes with a longing deſire this miſerable Curtezan *Viſtorina* attends him with as much impatience as impudencie. *Sypontus* in the meane time (in favour of twice ten *Zeckynes*) is prepared of two wicked *Gondoliers* or Watermen, who deeply vow and ſweare to conceale this Murther. So the precise day of *Souranza*'s departure from his Countrey houſe being come, *Sypontus*, not to faile of his promiſe to *Viſtorina*, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct paſſage betwixt *Lucifiſina* and *Venice*, for *Souranza* his arrivall, who, poore harmeleſſe Gentleman, loved his young wife ſo tenderly and dearly, as he thought this ſhort time long that hee had wandred from her: but he hath ſcene his laſt of her, and 'alasse, alasse, hee ſhall ſee an end of himſelfe: for about five of the clocke of the evening (it being Summer time) his uſuall houſe of returne, hee takes *Gondola* at *Lucifiſina*, for *Venice*, and neere midway twixt both, *Sypontus* eſpies him, and the ſooner becauſe it being hot weather, and no wind ſtirring, *Souranza* had cauſed his curtaines to be withdrawne. *Sypontus* (inflamed with boyling malice and Revenge) with all poſſible celerity makes toward his *Gondola*, the which diſguiſed and masked hee enters, and there with his

Ponyard very divellishly stabs him three severall times at the heart, when falling downe to his feet, hee most barbarously cut of his beard, and nose (that he might not bee knowne) and so throwes him into the Sea; as also his Waterman after him, that they might tell no tales: when having finished these execrable Murthers, he with his *Gondola*, with all possible speed hies first to *Murano*, and so lands by the *Patriarchy*, from thence by the *Arsenall*, and so to his owne house behind *Saint Servi's Church*, there y to cast a fayrer varnish on this villany, by landing and comming into the Cite another way, when being arrived at his house, hee that night by a confident servant of his, sends *Victorina* this Letter.

SYPONTVS TO VICTORYNA.

Faire and deare *Victorina*, I have begun, and ended a businesse, which infinitely imports thy good, and my content: the party hath drunke his fill of *White and Claret*, and is now gone to his eternall rest: so a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old teares, and confirme thy new joyes: bee but as affectionate, as I secret, and as secret, as till death I will bee affectionate, and thou needst neither feare my fortunes, nor doubt thine own: judge what I would doe to enjoy thee and for thy sake, sith I have already undertaken and acted a businesse of this nature: we must for a time refraine each others company, that wee may the sooner meet, and imbrace, with more content, and lesse danger.

SYPONTVS.

Victorina infinitely rejoyceth at this newes, and the better to cloke her malice, under the vaile of secrecie, shee laments and complaines to her father of her husbands long absence. *Souranza's* Parents are by *Beraldi* acquainted herewith, they begin to finde the time of his stay very long, and now resolve to send his nephew, *Seignior Andrew Souranza* up the river *Brenta*, to know the cause thereof: hee passeth and repasseth the Sluce of *Lucifina*, and brings word that he departed thence for *Venice*, in a *Gondola*, foure dayes since: *Victoryna* his wife grieves, and weepes at his absence, so doe his owne Parents and friends, who enquire of all sides, but finde comfort or newes from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curiosity carry thee further, I conjure thee to stand astonished and wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderfull judgement of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fishermen some eight dayes casting out their nets betwixt the Islands of *La Lazareto* and *Saint George Major*, bring up this dead body of Murthered *Souranza*, being well apparelled: but chiefly for their owne discharge, they bring the dead corps to *Venice*, and land him at *Saint Markes* stayres; where they extend and expose his body to be knowne of passengers: now behold further Gods miraculous providence, in the discovery and finding out hereof: for amongst the numberlesse number of spectators and walkers, who dayly and almost hourelly frequent and adorne that famous Burse and incomparable Palace, it happened that *Andrea Souranza* cast his eye on this dead and sea-withered body: on whom he lookes with as much stedfastnesse, as curiosity, as if *Nature* had made his living body a part of that dead; or as if his hot blood had some sympathy and affinity with that of the dead personage, which long since the coldnesse of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at last espying a red spot in his necke (under his right eare) that hee brought into the world with him, and which all the influence and vertue of the water of the Sea had not power to deface and wash away: as also observing a wart over his left eye-lid, which *Nature* had given his birth, and his youth his age: hee passionately cries out before the world, that it is the body of his Vncle, *Seignior Iovan Baptista Souranza*: so it is visited by his Parents and friends, and knowne to bee the same: so they carry him to an adjoining house, and there divesting it naked, finde that hee hath three severall wounds in his body, either of a Sword or Ponyard, which gives matter of talke, and administred cause of admiration in all the City: so they bury

bury him honourably according to his ranke and degree, and all knowing him to bee Murthered, infinitely bewaile his untimely, and lament his mournfull death: but especially his wife *Vitorina*, who having formerly plaid the strumpet, then the Murtheresse, now takes on the maske, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to dye for sorrow, when God, and her foule ulcerated conscience knowes, that inwardly her heart leapt for joy, thus to be depriv'd and freed of her old husband. Yea, and the more to blear the eyes, and eclipse the judgment of the world, for casting the least shadow of suspicion on her for this unnaturall Murther: she and her whole family take on blacke and mourning Attire, and for herselfe in two moneths after, never goes forth her house, except to the Church where her husband was buried: where her Hypocrisie is so infinitely feigned, and dissembling, that shee is often observed to bedew and wash his Tombe with her teares: but these *Crocodile* teares of hers, and these her false and treacherous sorrowes shall not availe her: for although Gods divine and sacred *Majestie* be mercifull in his justice, yet he is so just in mercies, as neither the politique secrecie of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocriticall sorrowes of *Vitorina*, for this cruell Murther, shall goe either unmasked or unpunished: but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their colours, and made publique examples, as well of infamy, as destruction for the same: the manner is thus:

The deceased *Seignior Iovan Souranza* hath a younger brother, named *Signiour Hieronymo Souranza*: who having carefully and curiously observed, that his sister in law *Vitorina*, never perfectly nor dearly loved his brother her husband, and that shee was neither so familiar, nor dutifull to him, as it behoov'd her, during the tearme of her marriage: which partly he attributed to the disparity of their yeares, in respect of the frozenesse of his age, and the heat and freshnesse of her youth: He began vehemently to suspect her of this Murther, which hee often revolv'd and ruminated in his minde, as if the suggestion and perswasion thereof, not onely bore probability but truth with it: to which end, as the affection of a true friend (much more of a brother) should passe beyond the Grave, and not remaine intomb'd, and buried in the dust thereof, hee is resolv'd to put his best wits and invention upon the tenter-hooks, to discover and reveale the same: to which end, hee breakes with *Vitorina's* Gentlewoman, who wayted on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his owne Neece *Felicia*, to know what *Gentlemen* chiefly frequented her Lady. *Felicia* informes her Vnkle, that *Signyor Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity betweene them, and that hee sends her many Letters. Her Vnkle glad of this glimmering light, which hee hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectuall discovery of his brother, and her Vnkles death. So *Felicia* promiseth her best care and fidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: for in few dayes after, being sent by her Lady *Vitorina* to a Casket of hers, to fetch her a new paire of *Romish* Gloves, shee opening an Ivory Box, therein findes a Letter: which she reads, and seeing it signed by *Sypontus*, shee thinkes it no sinne to bee false to her Lady, and true to her Vnkle, and so very secretly and safely sends it him; which indeede was the very Letter wee have formerly seene and read: and now is his jealousy and suspicion confirm'd. So vowing and Sacrificing Revenge to his dead and Murthered brother, away he goes to three chiefe Iudges of the forty, who sit on criminall causes, and very passionately acculeth *Sypontus* and *Vitorina* for the Murther, committed on the person of his brother *Signiour Iovan Baptista Souranza*, at Sea: whereupon they are both committed prisoners, but sequestred in severall Chambers. *Sypontus* is first examined, then *Vitorina*: they both very constantly deny the Murther, and with many sugred words, and subtill evasions, intimate and insinuate, their innocencies therein: so the next day the Iudges produce *Sypontus* his owne Letter; the sight whereof extreemely afflicteth and vexeth him: but hee is constant in his denyall, and resolute in that constancy, and so takes on a brazen face;

and

and with many asseverations and imprecations, againe and againe denies it, averring it is not his hand, but a meere imposture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfai't it, purposely to procure his ruine and destruction: yet inwardly to himselfe he feareth all is discovered, and that there is no meanes left him to escape death, whose Image and forme hee now too apparantly and fatally sees before his eyes. So hee is sent backe to his prison, and his Iudges in the *interim* consult on his fact; where hee is no sooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privatly to himselfe, hee considering that either *Victorina*, or some for her, had betrayed him by his owne Letter, hee in bitter fury of choller and passion, throwes away his Hat, now crosseeth his armes, and then beates his brest, and stamping with his feet, at last very low to himselfe bandeth forth these speeches:

And is it possible, that I must now lose my life through *Victoryna* her folly and treachery, into whose hands I repos'd both my secrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her sake, and is this the requitall shee gives me? And sith there is no other witnesse, must mine owne Letter bee produced in justice against mee? What will I not doe? what have I not done for her sake? Woe is me, that I should live to bee rewarded with this monstrous and inhumane ingratitude; when for sorrow and indignation, not able to containe himselfe, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victoryna*, this ensuing Letter.

SIPONTVS TO VICTORINA.

If it possible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I trusted with all my secrets, art now become the onely woman of the world to betray mee? I have hazarded my life for thy sake, and must I now bee so unfortunate and wretched, to lo'e it through thy treacherie? When I bore matters with such care and secrese, that no witnesse whatsoever could be produced against mee, must mine owne Letter, which was safely delivered thee, bee brought forth to convict mee of my crime and so to incur death, which otherwise I had avoyded? Is this thy reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O *Victoryna*, *Victoryna*! Such is my tender esteeme of thy sweet youth and beauty, that had I injoyed a thousand lives, I would have reputed my selfe happy, to have lost them all for thy sake and service: and having but one, wilt thou bee so cruell to deprive mee thereof? But that my loyalty and my affection may shine in thy malice; take this for thy comfort, that as I have ever liv'd, so I will now dye thy true Servant and faithfull Lover,

SYPONTVS.

But observe here the error of *Sypontus* his judgement: for whiles he imputes it to *Victoryna*'s treachery, that this his Letter will occasion his death; hee is so irreligious and impious, as hee lookes not up to heaven, to consider that the detection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate finger and providence. No: No. For the devell yet holds his thoughts so fast captivated and intangled in the snares of *Victoryna*'s beauty, as hee hath not yet the grace to looke from his crime, to his repentance; nor consequently from Earth to Heaven: but like a prophane *Libertine* and unregenerate person, being within a small point of time neere his end, hee yet thinkes not of his soule, nor of God, but onely dallies away the remainder of his houres, in the miserable contemplation of his fond affection and beastly sensuality.

By this time *Victoryna* hath receiv'd his Letter; at the newes and reading whereof, such is the passion of her frenzy, which shee (though unjustly) tearmes love: that shee is all in teares, sighes, and lamentable exclamations: shee knowes it impossible for any other of the world to bee the revealer of *Sypontus* his Letter, but onely her Mayd *Felicia*, whom in her uncharitable Revenge, shee curseth to the pit of hell: but that which addes a greater torment to her torments, and a more sensible degree of affliction

affliction to her miserable sorrowes, is to see that her Syfontus (whom by many degrees she loves far dearer then her life) sinisterly suspecteth her fidelity toward him : yea so farre, as hee not onely calls her affection but her treachery in question : and this indeed seemes to drowne her in her teares. But yet notwithstanding so fervent is her love towards him, as the feare of his death drawes her to a resolution of her own: so if Syfontus dye, the vowes she will be her owne accuser, and so not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, (for love being irregular, and taking false objects, in its true character is not love, but folly : to which end, calling for inke and paper, shee bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these few lines, in answer of his.

VICTORYNA TO SYFONTUS.

I Were thou most wretched and ingratefullest Lady of the world : yea a Lady who should not then deserve either to see or live in the world, if Victoryna should any way prove treacherous to Syfontus, who hath still beene so true and kinde to her. But believe mee, Deare Syfontus, and I speake in presence of God, upon perill of my soule, I am as innocent as that witch, that devill, my maid Felicia is guilty of the producing of thy Letter : which I feare will prove thy death, and rejoyce that in it, it shall likewise prove mine. For to cleare my selfe of ingratitude & treachery, as I have lived, so I will live with thee: that as we mutually participated the joyes of life, so we may the tormentes of death : for although thy Letter accuse me not of my husbands Souranza's Murther, yet that my affection may shine in my loyalty, and that in my affection I will not survive, but die with thee: for I will accuse my selfe to my Judges, not onely as accessory, but as author of that Murther : and this resolution of mine I write thee with teares, and will shortly seale it with my blood.

VICTORYNA.

Syfontus, in the middest of his perplexities, and sorrowes, receives this Letter from Victoryna, the sweetnesse of whose affection and constancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him. For now her innocency defaceth his suspition of her ingratitude and treachery : and withall hee plainly sees, and truely believes, that it was Felicia, not Victoryna, who brought this Letter to Light. But when he descends to the latter part of her Letter, and finds her resolution to dye with him, then hee condemnes his former error in taxing her, and in requitall, loves her so tenderly and dearely, that he vowes hee will be so farre from accusing her, as accessory of her husbands Murther, as both the Racke, and his death shall cleare and proclaime her innocency. Had the ground of these fervent and reciprocall affections of Victoryna and Syfontus, beene laid in vertue, as they were in vice ; or in chastity, and not in lust and adultery, they would have given cause to the whole world, as justly to prayse, as now to dispraise them, and then to have beene as ambitious of their imitation : as now of their contempt and detestation.

So Syfontus (as before) having fully and definitively resolved not to accuse, but to cleare Victoryna of this Murther, as also that he would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the injoying of many more earthly pleasures : hee expecting hourly to bee sent for before his Judges, to sit upon his torment or death, thinking himselfe bound both in affection & honour, to signifie Victoryna his pleasure herein, he craves his laylors absence, and with much affection and passion, writes her this his last Letter :

SYFONTUS TO VICTORYNA.

Sweet Victoryna, thy Letter hath given mee so full satisfaction, as I repent mee of my rash credulity, conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on Felicia, not on thy selfe. It is with a terrorfull, but true presage, that I foresee, my life hastens to her period: the Racke is already

prepared for my torments, and I hourly expect when I shall be fetch't to receive them, which for thy sake I will embrace and suffer, with as much constancie as patience: I will deny mine owne guiltinesse the first time, but not the second: but in my torments and death I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a resolution, as Earth expects to lose mee, and I hope to finde Heaven. Therefore all the by bands of love and affection that ever hath beene betwene us, I first pray, then conjure thee to change thy resolution, and to stand on thine innocency. For if thou wilt, or desirest to gratifie me with thy last affection and courtesie at my death; let me beare this one content and joy to my grave, that *Victoryna* will live for *Sypontus* his sake, though *Sypontus* die for hers.

SYPONTVS.

Hee had no sooner sent away this his Letter to *Victoryna*, but he himselfe is sent for to appeare before his Iudges, who upon his second examination and denyall, adjudge him to the Racke; which hee indureth with admirable patience and constancy. Yea, he cannot be drawne to confesse, but stands firme in his denyall, and not onely cleares himselfe, but also acquits *Victoryna*: *Hieronymo Souranza* doth notwithstanding earnestly follow and sollicite the Iudges, and God, out of his immense mercy and profound providence so ordaineth, that their consciences suggest and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they administer him double torment: when loe, his resolution and strength fayling him, hee acknowledgeth the letter his, and confesseth it was himselfe that had murdered *Seignior Iovan Baptista Souranza*: but withall protesteth constantly that *Victoryna* is innocent, and no way accessary hereunto. The Iudges rejoyce at *Sypontus* his confession, as much as they grieve at the foulness of his fact: and so, although they were also desirous to hang him, yet considering he was a *Venetian Gentleman*, (and consequently had a great voyce in the great Counsell of the *Seigniorie*) they adjudge him the next day to lose his head, betwixt the two Columns at *Saint Markes Place*, and so for that night send him backe to his prison, to prepare himselfe to dye. *Sypontus* is no sooner departed from them, but they consult on *Victoryna*, whether she were guilty, or innocent of her husband *Souranza*'s Murther, but they differ in opinion: some would likewise have her Racked: but others of them more advised and modest, reply that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated onely his affection to *Victoryna*, but no way her malice to her dead husband *Souranza*, nor that she was any way guilty or accessary to his Murther: so they resolve to forbear her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuse her at his execution. Now the very night that he was to die the next morne, hee infinitely desires his Taylor to permit him to conferre with *Victoryna*, and to take his last leave of her, which is denyed him, as having received command from authority to the contrary, whereat extreemely grieving, he is called away by some Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate send him, to prepare and direct his soule, in her passage and transmigration to Heaven. So passing the night in teares and prayers for the foulness of his crime, the morne being come, and nine of the clocke stricken, he is brought to the scaffold, where a world of people concur and flocke from all parts of the City, to see this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the last Sceane and part of his life upon this infamous Theater. Heere *Sypontus* freely confesseth his foule Murther of *Souranza*, but is yet so vaine and wretched, as hee takes it to his death, that *Victoryna* is absolutely innocent hereof: hee seemes to be very repentant and sorrowfull for all his sinnes in generall, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is severed from his body: a just recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more then chastity, to revenge then charity, and to the divell then God, forgot himselfe so farre, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and Decorum of our History, leades us from dead *Sypontus*, to living

Victoryna,

Victoryna, who, I know not whether more grieved at his death, or rejoyced, that on the Racke and scaffold hee hath acquitted her of her husbands Murther. In a word it is remarkeable to behold the vanity and inconstancy of this female Monster: for contrary to her vowes, and repugnant to her Letters and teares, *Sypontus* is no sooner dead; but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is scarce so soone cold, as her zeale and friendship: for shee now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth and life, if she may preserve the one, and save the other; and therefore resolves to try her best art and wit, to make her innocency passe current with her Iudges: yea, so desirous and ambitious is shee to live, as her female heart hath drawne on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that if occasion present, shee will constantly both out-dare and out-brave the torments of the Racke, thereby to preuent her death.

Some three daies after *Sypontus* was executed, the Judges againe sit and consult on *Victoryna*, but finding no evidence nor witness to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her: onely they deeme it requisite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Racke, before they give her her liberty: whereunto they all agree. So they send for her, and threaten her with the Racke: but shee vowes, that all the torments of the world shall never inforce her to confesse an untruth, and that shee never had the least suspicion that *Sypontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her husband: her Judges wil not yet believe her; so they cause her to be carried to the Racke: whereunto shee very cheerefully and patiently permits her selfe to bee fastened, bidding the Executioner doe his worst: which constancie of hers, her Iudges seeing and hearing, they, in pittie and commiseration, as wel of her youth and beauty, as to her descent, and the teares and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her father, cause her to bee loosed, and so in open Court acquit and discharge her.

Here wee see this wretched Courtizan *Victoryna* acquitted of her Iudges for her husbands Murther, so as triumphing more in her good fortune, then her innocency, shee now thinkes the storme of her punishment past and ore-blowne, and that no future can possibly be reserved for her, or shee for it: but her hopes will deceive her: for although shee have made her peace with Earth, yet she hath not with Heaven; and although she have deluded the eyes of her Iudges, yet shee shall not those of God; but when his appoynted houre, and her due time is come, then her crimes and sins, her adultery and Murther shal draw down vengeance from heaven to her confusion. In the meane time wee shall see this Monster, and disgrace of her sexe, make such bad use of her former danger, as shee will againe adde blood to bloud, and Murther to Murther: but God will reserve not onely the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full viols of his indignation for her confusion, as the sequell will shew thee.

Sixe moneths are scarce past, since the Murther of her husband *Sowanza*, and the execution of her *Enamorado Sypontus*, but shee hath already quite forgotten these two mournfull and tragicall accidents: and which is more, shee is so frolike and youthfull, as shee hath throwne off her mourning attire, and drawne on her rich apparell, and glittering jewels, whereof the curiosity of the nobler sort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the Citie take exact observation: and although *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her father and mother, herein taxe her of indiscretion and immodesty, yet shee thinkes her selfe exempt of their commands, and therefore will doe it, out of the ambitious privilege of her owne uncontrollable authority and willfulnesse. Besides, her thoughts are so youthfull, and her carriage so light, as notwithstanding shee came (as it were) but now from burying of her first husband, yet shee is resolved without delay, to have a second: her father and mother checke her of levity and incivility in imbracing this resolution: but in vaine: for her impudencie returnes them this immodest answer, that shee will not trifle away her time, but marry. They advise her to be cautious, and to doe nothing rashly in this her second match, that the misfortune and scandall of her first may no more reflect on her. But shee will make choyce for her selfe by the eyes of her youth, and not by those of their age; by those of her owne

fancie, and not by these of their election. Her husband *Souranza* dyed rich, both in lands and monies, and his Widow *Victoryna*, without any opposition, injoyeth all: so shee needs not looke out for Suters, for there are Gallants enow who sue and seeke her: but of them all, he whom shee best and chiefly affecteth, is one *Seignieur Londovicus Fafino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the Citie, rich, and well descended; his parents and kinsmen for the most part being *Clarissimo's* and *Senators*, and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Victoryna* desires, and resolves to make her husband, grounding her chiefest reason and affection on this resolution and foundation, that as *Souranza* was too old for her, so *Fafino* was young enough, and therefore fit to bee her husband, and shee his wife, measuring him wholly by his exterior personage, and not so much as once prying either into his vices or vertues. *Fafino*, who carryed a vicious and pernicious heart under a pleasing gesture and tongue, and loving *Victoryna's* wealth more then her beauty, observing her affection and respect to him, seekes, courtes, and wins her. Her Parents understanding hereof, as also that *Fafino* is a vicious and debosht Gentleman, with all their possible power and authority, they seeke to divert their daughter from him. But she is deafe to their requests, and relolved, that as she followed the streame of their commands in her first match, so shee will now the current of her owne pleasures and affections in this her second: and so, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the grieve of all her parents and friends, before she had above ten dayes conferred with *Fafino*, she marries him. But this match shall not succeed according to their desires: for *Victoryna* shall shortly repent it, and *Fafino* as-soone rue and smart for it; sith it is a *maxime*, that sudden affection's prove seldome prosperous: for if they have not time to settle and take root, they are incident as-soone to fade as flourish, especially if they are contracted and grounded more for lust then love, and more for wealth then vertue.

The first moneth of this marriage, *Fafino* keepes good correspondence and observance with his wife, but thence-forth hee breakes Pale, and rangeth: for the truth is, although hee were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) hee was an old whore-master: which lascivious profession of his, threatens the ruine, not onely of his health, but of his fortune and reputation: so now, when he should be at home, hee is abroad: yea, not onely by day, but by night, that upon the whole, *Victoryna* is more a widdow then a wife: at which unlook'd and unwish'd for newes, she not onely bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weeps: for it gripes and grieves her at heart, to see her selfe thus slighted, neglected, and abused by *Fafino*, whom, of all the Gallants of the City, shee had elected and chosen for her husband: shee is infinitely grieved hereat and yet her grieve and sorrow infinitely exceeds her jealousy: and now as gracelesse as shee is, shee thinkes God hath purposely sent her this lascivious *Fafino* for her second husband, as a just plague and punishment, to revenge her adultery committed against *Souranza* her first: so, had shee had more grace, and lesse vanity and impietie, she would have made better use of this consideration, and not so soone forgot it, and in it, her selfe.

Now as it is the nature of jealousy, to have more eyes then *Argus*, and so to prie and see every where: *Victoryna*, her curiositie, or rather her malice herein, finds out, that her Husband *Fafino* familiarly frequenteth and useth the company of many Courtezans, especially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the most famous and reputed beauties of *Venice*: and this newes indeed strikes her at the very gall with sorrow and vexation; faine she would reforme and remedy this vice of her husband, but how shee knowes not, for she sees little or no hope to reclaime him, sith he not onely tenderly loves *Paleriana*, but which is worse, she apparantly sees, that for her sake, hee contemnes her selfe and her company: for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but onely in his Lute, or Bookes, which is but to passe his melancholy, for his Lady *Paleriana's* absence, till he againe revisit her: so as wholly neglected, and as I may truly say, almost forsaken of her husband, she knowes not what to doe, nor how

to beare her selfe in those furious stormes of her griefe, and miserable tempest of her jealousie. But of two different courses to reclaime him from this his sin of whoredome, she takes the worst: for instead of counselling & disswading her husband, she torments him with a thousand scandalous and injurious speeches: but this, instead of quenching, doth but onely bring oyle to the flame of his lust: for if he repayed home to her selfe before, now he scarce at all comes neere her: so as shee is a Wife, yet no Wife: and hath a Husband, yet no Husband: but this is not the way to reclaime him, for faire speeches and sweet exhortations may prevaile, when choller cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady againe assumes bloody resolutions against her second husband, as shee had formerly done against her first, vowing that he shall dye, ere shee will live to bee thus contemned and abused of him: yea, her hot love to him is so soone growne cold, and her fervent affection already so frozen, that now shee thinkes on nothing else but how to bee revenged, and to be rid of him; and is so impious and gracelesse, as shee cares not how, nor in what manner soever shee send him from this world to another: for the devill hath drawne a resolution from her, or rather she from the divell, that here he shall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched fury of hell will *Victoryna* proove her selfe here on Earth? for the blood and life of one husband cannot quench the thirst of her lust and revenge, but shee must and will imbrue her hands in that of two: as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that shee will needs gallop and ride poast to hell. O what pitie is it, to see a Lady so wretched and execrable! O what an execrable wretchednesse is it, to see a Lady so inhumane, and so devoid of pitie! But the devill is strong with her, because her faith is weake with God: therefore she will advance, she will not retire in this her bloody designe and resolution. Wherefore we shall shortly see *Fassino* his adulterie punished with death, by his wife *Victoryna's* revenge; and this murther of hers justly rewarded and revenged with the punishment of her owne: the blouder our actions are, the severer Gods judgements, and the sharper his revenge will bee.

Of all sorts and degrees of inhumane and violent deaths, this wretched Lady *Victoryna* thinks poyson the surest, and yet the most secret to dispatch her husband. This invention came immediately from the devill, and is onely practised by his members: of which number she will desperately and damnably make her selfe one: her lust and revenge, like miserable Advocates, and fatall Orators, perswade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her husbands life, shee shall find that she likewise casts away her owne. So neither Grace nor Nature prevailing, she sends for an *Apothecary*, named *Augustino*; and when she hath conjured, and he promised his secrecie, shee acquaints him, that her new husband *Fassino* keeps Courtisans to her nose, and dayly and hourelly offereth her many other insupportable abuses and disgraces; in requittall and revenge whereof she is resolved to poyson him, and prayes him to undertake and performe it, and that she wil reward him with three hundred *Zeckines* for his labour.

Of all professions and faculties, there are good and bad: *Augustino* loves God too wel, herein to obey the devil: he hath too much grace, to be so impious and gracelesse, and vows, that he wil not buy gold at so deare a rate, as the price of blood; so as a good Christian, and true child of God, he not onely refuleth *Victoryna's* motion and proffer, but in religious ternes seeks to divert and perswade her from this her bloody attempt. But she is resolute in her malice, and wilfull in her revenge, and therefore wil performe it her selfe, sith this *Augustino* wil not: so (by a second hand) she procures poyson from a strange *Empericke*, whereof the City of *Venice*, more then other of *Italy*, aboundeth: so she onely waits for an opportunitie, which very shortly, though, alas, too too soone, presents it selfe; the manner thus:

It is impossible that *Fassino* his dissolute life, and extreme deboshing can keepe him long from sicknesse; for this punishment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that sinne. He complaines thereof to his wife *Victoryna*, who receives this newes rather with gladnesse, then commiseration and pitie: and so taking his bed, he prayes her

to make him some comfortable hot broth for his stomacke : which newes shee heares, and embraceth inwardly with joy, outwardly with disdain. For albeit shee layes hold of this opportunitie to poyson him, yet shee dissembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, because she knowes it the smoother and shorter way to be revenged in poysoning him, shee will not make the broath her selfe, but commands her maid *Felicia* to doe it, (of whom wee have formerly spoken, in the discovery of *Sypontus* his Letter to her Vnkle *Hieronymo Souranza*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and divellish *Viſtorina* her La^{dy} and mistresse, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and hellish recompence: for while *Felicia* is boyling of the broath, her Lady *Viſtorina* trips to her chamber and closet, and fetcheth out the poyson, enveloped in a paper, whereof she takes two parts and brings downe with her, and whiles she had purposely sent *Felicia* from the fire, she runs and throwes it into the broath, which for the present no whit altered the colour thereof: so *Fassino* calling for it, this poore innocent gentlewoman *Felicia*, (not suspecting or dreaming of poyson) gives it him, which (as ignorant therof) he sups up; and this was about nine or ten of the clocke in the morning.

Now whiles *Felicia* is acting this mournfull Tragedie in *Fassino* his chamber, her Lady *Viſtorina* is acting another in hers; for shee takes the other third part of the poyson, and secretly opening *Felicia*'s trunke, puts it into a painted boxe which she found therein, and so lockes it againe, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and hellish hope) that her husband being dead, his body opened, and the poyson found in her truake, she would give out that *Felicia* had poysoned him with broath that morne, and this found in her chest; would make her guilty of the murther; for the which she knew she must needs die. See, see, the divellish double malice of this wretched Lady *Viſtorina*, as wel to her husband *Fassino*, as her mayd *Felicia*! But as finely as the devil hath taught her to spin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her husband, neverthelesse she shall in the end fayle of hers to innocent *Felicia*: in the interim, though to the eyes of the world it seeme at first to succeed according to her desires by the by, yet it shall not in the maine: but that murther, and this treason of *Viſtorina* shall not goe long either undetected, or unpunished.

This poyson working in *Fassino* his stomacke and body, begins by degrees to cut off his vitall spirits, so as his strength failes him, his red cheekes already looke pale and earthly, and his body infinitely swells: he calls for his wife *Viſtorina*, who with all haste and expedition tells her secretly, that hee feares, *Felicia* hath poysoned him with the broath shee gave him in the morning; and so requesteth her to send for his parents and friends to be present at his death, for live he could not. *Viſtoryna*, like a dissembling shee-divell, teares her hayre for anger, and for meere sorrow seemes to drowne her selfe in her teares at this newes, kisseth and fawnes on her husband, and in all possible haste sends away of all sides for his kinsfolkes and friends, who hastily repayte thither, and finde *Fassino* almost dead: so they, with teares, inquire his sicknesse; when with open voice his wife *Viſtorina* cries out, that her wretched maide *Felicia* had with broath, that morne, poysoned him; which *Fassino* his memory and tongue yet served him to confesse and averre, word for word, as his wife *Viſtorina* had related them: whereat they are all sorrowfull, and weepe, and then, and there cause *Felicia* to bee apprehended and shut fast in a chamber; who (poore harmelesse young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and strangenesse of this newes, and cries out and weepes so bitterly, as she seemes to melt her selfe into teares, only she knowes her selfe innocent, and yet feares that this malice and revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Viſtoryna*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus under sure keeping, her Master *Fassino* dyes: which newes is soone disperfed and divulged abroad, to the grieve and admiration of the whole Citie. The next morne the criminall Iudges are advertised hereof, who repaire to *Fassino* his house, who by this time is dead, & there see his breathles carcase, which they ordaine to be opened: the poyson is apparantly found on his stomack, in its naturall & pristine colour; when examining first *Fassino*, then *Viſtoryna*'s parents, they report *Fassino* his

owne words uttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that morne poysoned him with broath : which is averred by *Victoryna*, who saith, she saw her give it him. So they send away poore *Felicia* to prison, but yet with a vehement suspicion, that this poysoned arrow came out of *Victoryna* her owne quiver, which they the sooner believe, in respect of her former troubles, and suspicions for the murther of her first husband *Souranza* : So the Iudges returne and betake themselves, that very instant, to their Tribunal of Iustice, in the Dukes Palace of Saint *Markes* : where they send for *Felicia*, who is brought them, unaccompanied of any : for as misfortune would, both her Vnkle *Hieronymo*, and her Cousin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, imployed in some publicke affaires for the Seigniory. The Iudges examine *Felicia*, concerning the broath and poyson she gave her Master. Shee bitterly sighing and weeping, confesseth the broath, but denies the poyson ; vowing by her part and hope of heaven, shee never touched nor knew what poyson was, and desired no favour of them, if it were found or proved against her ; withall, she acquaints them, that she feares it is a trick of malice and revenge, clapt on her by her Lady *Victoryna*, for the discovery of *Syrontus* his Letter. And to speake truth, the Iudges in their hearts partly adhere and concur with her in this opinion: they demand her whether her Lady *Victoryna* touched this broath, either by the fire, or the bed ? Shee, according to the truth, answers, that to her knowledge or sight, she touched it not, nor no other but her selfe. So they send her againe to prison, and returne speedily to *Fassino* his house ; where committing *Victoryna* to a sure guard, they ascend her chamber and closet, search all her trunks, caskets and boxes, for poyson, but find none : and the like they doe to *Felicia*'s trunks, which they breake open, she having the key ; and in a boxe find a quantitie of the same poyson, whereby it was apparant she absolutely poysoned her Master *Fassino*. The Iudges having thus found out and revealed, as they thought, the true author of this murther, they descend, againe examine *Victoryna*, and so acquit her. Poore *Felicia* is advertised hereof ; whereat she is amazed and astonished, and thinks that some witch or divell cast it there for her destruction. She is againe sent for before her Iudges, who produce the poyson found in her trunk: she denies both the poyson and the murther, with many sighes and teares: so they adjudge her to the racke, which torment she suffereth with much patience and constancy ; notwithstanding, her Iudges considering that she made and gave *Fassino* the broath, that none touched it but her selfe, that he died of it, and that they found the remainder of the poyson in her trunk, they thinke her the murtherer ; so they pronounce sentence, that the next morne she shall be hanged at Saint *Markes* place. She poore soule is returned to her prison ; she bewailes her misfortune thus to die, and be cast away innocently, taxing her Iudges of injustice, as her soule is ready to answer it to God.

All *Venice* pratleth of this cruell murther committed by this young Gentlewoman ; but for her Lady *Victoryna*, shee triumphs and laughs like a Gypsey, to see how with one stone shee hath given two strokes, and how one poore drug hath freed her this day of her husband *Fassino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom she rejoyceth in her selfe, that now she hath cryed quittance for the discovery of *Syrontus* his Letter, which procured his death : but her hopes may deceive her, or rather, the divell will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or false, righteous or sinfull our actions bee, God in his due time will make them appeare in their naked colours, and reward those with glory, and these with shame.

The next morne, according to the laudable custome of *Venice*, the mourners of the Seigniory accompany our sorrowfull *Felicia* to the place of execution, where she modestly ascended the ladder, with much silence, pensivenesse and affliction: at the sight of whose youth and beauty, most of that great infinite of Spectators cannot refraine from teares, and commiserating and pitying, that so sweet a young Gentlewoman should come to so infamous, and untimely a death : when *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards heaven, she briefly speakes to this effect : She takes heaven and earth to witnesse, that she is innocent of the poysoning of her Master *Fassino*,

and

and ignorant how that poyson should be brought into her Trunke ; that as her knowledge cannot accuse, so her Conscience will not acquit her Lady *Victoryna* of that fact, onely she leaves the detection and judgement thereof to God, that being ready to forsake the world, sith the world is resolved to forsake her, she as much triumphs in her innocencie, as grieves at her misfortune : and that she may not only appeare in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Christian, she first forgives her Lady *Victoryna*, and her Iudges, and then beseecheth God to forgive her all her sinnes, whereunto she humbly and heartily prayes all that are present, to adde their prayers to hers : and so she begins to take off her band, and to prepare her selfe to dye.

Now, *Christian Reader*, what humane wisdom, or earthly capacitie would here conceive or thinke, that there were any sublunary meanes left for this comfortlesse Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her selfe that she could avoid death ? But loe, as the children of God cannot fall, because he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we shall see to our comforts, and finde to Gods glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman shall be miraculously freed of her dangers, and punishment, and her inveterate arch enemy *Victoryna* brought in her stead, to receive this shamefull death, in expiation of the horrible murders of her two husbands, which God will now discover, and make apparant to the eyes of the world : for as the Fryers and Nunnes prepare *Felicia*, to take her last farewell of this world, and so to shut up her life in the direfull and mournfull Catastrophe of her death ; Behold, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecarie *Augustino* (of whom this our Historie hath formerly made an honest and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Istria* : and having left his ship at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at Saint *Markes* stayers ; when knowing and seeing an execution towards, hee thrusts himselfe in amongst the crowd of people : where beholding so young and so faire a Gentlewoman, ready to die : hee demands of those next by him, what shee was, and her crime : when being answered, that her name was *Felicia*, a wayting Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victoryna*, who had poysoned her Master *Fasino* : at the very first report of the names of *Victoryna*, and her husband *Fasino*, *Augustino* his bloud flasheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were accessary to this murther : hee was informed, that her Lady *Victoryna* was vehemently suspected thereof : but she was cleared, and onely *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman found guiltie thereof : which words were no sooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady *Victoryna* would have formerly seduced him for three hundred *Zeckines*, to have poysoned her husband *Fasino*, he confidently believing this young Gentlewoman innocent hereof, with all possible speed, as fast as his legges could drive, hee runnes up to the Southeast part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, where the Officers sit to see execution done ; the which he requesteth for that time to stop, because he hath something to say concerning the murther of Signiour *Fasino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear : which bred infinit admiration in al the spectators, as wondering at the cause and reason thereof, when in constant and discreet termes, *Augustino* informes the Iudges, that he thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victoryna* guiltie of this murther, and so relates them the manner, time, and place where *Victoryna* her selfe seduced him to poyson her husband *Fasino*, how she proffered him three hundred *Zeckines* to perform it, which he refused, and to the utmost of his power, sought to disswade her from this bloody and execrable businesse. The Judges are astonished at the strangeness of this newes, which they begin confidently to believe, and so blesse the houre of *Augustino*'s arrivall, that hath withheld them from spilling the innocent bloud of *Felicia*, when commanding her from the place of execution, to her prison, they instantly give order for the Lady *Victoryna*'s apprehension, who already had built trophées and triumphs of joy in her heart, to see that all her bloody designs so well succeeded. But now is the Lords appoynted time come, wherein all her cruell Murthers, whoredome, treachery, and hypocrisie, shall be brought

brought to light and punished: yea, now it shall no longer be in her power, or in that of the devill, her Schoolemaster and Seducer, either to diminish the least part of her punishment, or to adde the least moment or point of time to her life. She is all in teares at her apprehension, but they rather ingender envie, then pittie in her Judges: And so from the delights and pleasures of her house, she is hastily conveyed to prison.

Her Judges, in honour to the sacred dignity of Justice (the Queene of Earth, and the daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Augustino*, who averres his former deposition as constantly in her face, as she denies it impudently in his. But this will not prevaile her: for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the sight of her crime too apparant. So without any regard to her prayers, teares, or exclamations, they adjudge her to the Racke, where the tendernesse of her limbs, the sharpenesse of her torments, but especially the griefes and pinches of her conscience, make her acquit *Felicia*; acknowledge *Augustino* his evidence, and condemne her selfe to be the author both of her first husbands stabbing, as also her seconds poysoning: her Judges as much praise God for her confession, as they detest and are astonished at the falsenesse of these her horrible crimes. So with much joy they first free innocent *Felicia* of her unjust imprisonment; and then knowing it pittie that so wretched a Lady as *Victorina* should live any longer, they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemne her the next morne to bee hang'd and burnt on Saint *Markes Place*. At the knowledge and divulging of which newes, as her father, mother, and kinsfolkes extreamely grieve, so all *Venice* blesse and glorifie God, first, that innocent *Felicia* is saved, and guilty *Victorina* detected and condemned to the shame and punishment of a deserved death.

The same night the Priests and Fryers deale with her about the state of her soule, and its pilgrimage and transmigration to heaven: they finde that her youth, lust, and revenge hath taken a strange possession of the devill, and he in them: for she still loves the memory of *Syrontus*, and envies and detests that of her two husbands, *Souranza* and *Fassino*: but they deale effectually with her, and in her speeches depainting her forth the joyes of heaven and the torments of hell, they at last happily prevaile, and so make her forsake the vanity and impiety of these her passions, by relishing the sweet showres of Gods mercies: so the next morne she is brought to her execution: where the world expecting to heare much matter from her, she is very pensive and contemplative, and saies little, onely she prayes *Felicia* to forgive her; as also all the Parents of her two Husbands, *Souranza* and *Fassino*, and likewise of *Syrontus*; but chiefly she invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon these her horrible sins of adultery and murther, and beseecheth all that are present to pray for her soule; and so according to her sentence, she is first hang'd and then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourse of people praise the providence and justice of God, in cutting off this female monster and shame of her sexe *Victorina*: whose tragicall and mournfull History may wee all reade and remember, with detestation, that the example hereof be our forewarning and caveat, not to trust in the deceiveable lusts of the flesh, and the treacherous tentations of the devill, but to rely on the mercies and promises of God which will never faile his elect, but will assuredly make them happy in their lives, blessed in their deaths, and constantly glorious in their resurrections.

GODS



GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE VII.

Catalina causeth her Wayting-Maid Ansilva two severall times attempt to poyson her owne Sister Berinthia; wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Empericke, termed Sarmiata, poyson her said maid Ansilva: Catalina is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and Sarmiata hang'd for poysoning Ansilva. Antonio steals Berinthia away by her owne consent; whereupon her Brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kils him in a Duell: Berinthia in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother Sebastiano; she is adjudged to be immured betwixt two Walls, and there languisheth and dyes.

How foolishly and impiously doth our malice betray our selves, or the devill our soules, when wee maliciously betray others? for wee are as farre from Grace as Wisedome, when we permit either irregular affection, or unlawfull passion, to hale us on to choller, choller to revenge, and revenge to Murther: Nay, how exempt are wee of Religion, and devoyd of all Christian piety and charity, when our thoughts are so eclipsed, and our judgements darkened, when our consciences are so defiled, and our soules so polluted with revenge, that the eldest sister seeks to poyson her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her own and only brother, because in a Duell he had formerly slaine her lover? Alasse, alasse, these are bloody accidents, which not only fight against grace, but nature, not only against earth, but heaven, and not only against our soules, but against God; neither are these the only Tragedies that our insuing History reporteth and relateth: for we shall therein farther see a wretched wayting-gentlewoman poysoned by her more wretched Lady and Mistressse, together with her execrable Agent, a bloody and gracelesse Empiricke: and all justly revenged, and severely punished by the sword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Christian Reader may observe, as well to Gods glory, as his owne consolation, that never pretended or actuall Murthers were either contrived more secretly, perpetrated more closely, detected more miraculously, or punished more strangely and severely: so as if the divell have not fully possesst our hearts and soules, or if our thoughts and resolutions, doe yet retaine the least sparke of Grace and Christianity, we shall flie their crimes by the sight and feare of their punishments, refetch our wandering and erroneous senses, from hell to earth, purposely to erraise them from Earth to Heaven; and so religiously to give and consecrate, both them, and our selves, and soules, from sinne to righteousnesse, and consequently (with as much felicitie as glory) from Satan to God.

There

THere dwelt in the Citie of *Avero* in *Portugall*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Gaffer de Vilarezo*, rich in either qualitie of earthly greatnesse, as well of bloud as reuenges, who was neerely allied to the Marquess of *Denia* (in *Spain*) as marrying a Neece of his named *Dona Alphanta*, a Lady exquisitely endued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace: for she was both faire and vertuous, that adding lustre to the (6), and these returning and reflecting embellishment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all those who had the honour to know her; and to crowne the felicitie of their affections and marriage, they had three hopefull children, one sonne, and two daughters: he termed *Don Sebastiano*, and they the *Donas, Catalina*, and *Berinthia*: Hee having attained his fifteenth yeare, was by his Father made Page to Count *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court, and they from their tenth to their thirteenth yeares, lived sometimes at *Coombra*, other whiles at *Lisbon*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who so carefully trained them up in those qualities & perfections, requisite for Ladies of their ranke, as they were no sooner seene, but admired of all who saw them.

But before we make a farther progression in this History, (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it) I hold it rather necessarie then impertinent, that wee take a cursory, though not a curious survey of both these young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their vices and vertues, their beauty and deformitie: that as objects are best knowne by the opposition of their contraries: so by the way of comparison wee may distinguish how to know, and know how to distinguish of the disparitie of these two sisters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was somewhat short of stature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but slender: *Catalina* was of taint and complection, more browne then faire: *Berinthia* not browne, but sweetly faire, or fairely sweet: *Catalina* had a disdainfull, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extremely imperious, ambitious, and revengefull, and *Berinthia* modestly courteous, gracious and religious. So these two young Ladies growing now to be capable of marriage, many gallant Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in respect of their Fathers Nobilitie and wealth, as for their owne beauties and vertues: yea their fame is generally so spread, that from *Lisbon*, and most of the chiefe Cities of *Portugall*, divers Nobles and Knights resort to their Father *Don Vilarezo*'s house, to proffer up their affections to the dignitie and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of marriage, puts them all off, either in generall termes, or honourable excuses, as holding the matching of his daughters of so eminent and important consideration, as hee thinkes it fit he should advisedly consult, and not rashly conclude them: which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is still as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebastiano their brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Vallidolyd* and *Lisbon*, becomes very intimately and singularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivere*, a noble and rich young Cavalier, by birth likewise a *Portugall*, of the City of *Elvas*, who was first and chiefe Gentleman to the Duke of *Bragansa*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiaritie, he proffers him his eldest sister in marriage, and prayes him at his first conveniencie, to ride over to *Avero* to see her, offering himselfe to accompany him in this journey, and to second him in that enterprize, as well towards his father as sister. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully listeneth to *Don Sebastiano*'s courteous and affectionate proffer; and knowing it so farre from the least disparagement, as it was a great happinelle and honour for him to match himselfe in so noble a Family; they assigne a day for that journey, against when, *Don Antonio* makes readie his preparatives and traine in all respects answerable to his ranke and generositie. They arrive at *Avero*, where *Don Gaffer de Vilarezo*, for his owne worth, and his sonnes report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably, and entertaines him courteously: he visiteth and saluteth, first the mother, then the two young Ladies her daughters: and although hee

hee cannot dislike *Catalina*, yet so precious and amiable is sweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as he no sooner sees, but loves her : yea, her piercing eye, her vermillion cheek, and delicate stature, act such wonders in his heart, as he secretly proclaimes himselfe her Servant, and publikely she his Mistresse : to which end hee takes time and opportunitie at advantage, and so reveales her so much in tearmes, that intimate the fervencie of his zeale, and endears the zeale of his affection and constancie. *Berinthia* entertaines his motion and speeches with many blushes, which now and then cast a rosiat vaile ore the milke-white lillies of her complexion; and to speake truth, if *Antonio* bee inamoured of *Berinthia*, no lesse is she of him : so as not onely their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts seeme already to sympathize, and burne in the flame of an equall affection. In a word, by stealth he courts her often, And not to detaine my Reader in the intricat Labyrinth of the whole passages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time finds *Berinthia* in this resolution, that as she hath not the will to grant, so she hath not the power to deny his suit : the rest, time will produce.

But so powerfully doe the beautie and vertues of sweet *Berinthia* worke in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delays, he findes out her father and mother, and in due termes (requisite for him to give, and they receive) demands their daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replies, that of his two daughters, he thinkes *Berinthia* his younger as unworthy of him, as *Catalina* his eldest worthily bestowed on him. *Antonio* answers, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is faire, yet he must confesse that *Berinthia* is more beautifull to his eye, and more pleasing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* lastly replies, that hee will first match *Catalina*, ere *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the first, as not as yet resolved to dispose of the second: and so for this time, they on these termes depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his sonne *Sebastiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forrest hath plentie. But whiles *Antonio* his body pursues the Stagge, his thoughts are flying after the beautie of his deare and faire *Berinthia*; who as the Paragon of Beautie and Nature, sits Empresse, and Queene-Regent in the Court of his contemplations and affections : hee is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his answere, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her fathers resolution, onely modesty (that sweet companion, and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extremitie of her power, endeavored to keepe *Antonio* from perceiving or suspecting so much. *Antonio* prayes his deare friend *Sebastiano* to perswade his father to give him his sister *Berinthia* to wife : hee performes the true part of a true friend and a Gentleman, but in vaine : for his father *Vilarezo* is resolute, first to marry *Catalina*; when *Antonio*, not of power so soone to leave the sight and presence of his sweet *Berinthia*, must invent some matter for his stay. And indeed as Love is the whetstone of wit to give an edge to Invention; so *Antonio* to enjoy the presence of his faire *Berinthia*, is inforced to make shew that he neglects her, & affecteth *Catalina* : & so converseth often with her, but still in generall termes, whereat she builds many castles of hope and content, in the ayre of her thoughts. For if *Berinthia* loved *Antonio*, no lesse doth *Catalina*, strange effects of affection, where two sisters deeply and dearely love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them shall enjoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, so *Berinthia* is both the sole object and cause of *Antonio*'s stay, whom hee courts and layeth close siege to, as often as opportunitie makes him happie in the desired happinesse and felicitie of her company : Shee gives him blushes for his sighes, and sometimes (although a man) the fervencie of his affection was such, as he cannot refraine from returning her teares for her blushes : when albeit love perswades him to stay longer in *Avero*, yet discretion calls and commands him away to *Lisbone* : and all the fruit of his journey that hee shall carry thither with him, is this, that for injoying of faire *Berinthia* to his wife, he conceives farre more reason to hope, then to despaire. Next death, there is no second affliction so grievous or bitter to Lovers, as separation and parting : this *Berinthia* feeles, but will not acknowledge; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth, because feeles. After Supper, taking her to a

window, hee secretly prayes her to honour him with the acceptance of a poore Scarfe, and plaine paire of Gloves (which notwithstanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully faire) in token of his affection; and shee, the mourne of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, sends him a Handkerchiefe, curiously wrought with hearts and flames of silke and gold, in signe of her thankfulness: hee promisseth *Berinthia* to write, and see her shortly; and *Catalina* intreats him to bee no stranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* hee gives many words, but few kisses; to *Berinthia* many kisses, but more teares: His departure makes *Berinthia* sad, as grieving at his absence; and *Catalina* joyfull, as hoping of his returne: *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* shall bee her husband; and *Berinthia* now beginnes to looke pale with sorrow, fearing she shall not bee so happy to bee his wife. By this time breakfast is served in, when *Sebastiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two sisters, and carries them to the Parlour, where *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio*'s comming. They all sit downe; and although their fare be curious, yet *Antonio*'s eyes feed and feast upon more curious dainties; as the sparkling eyes, flaxen hayre, and vermillion cheekes of *Berinthia*'s incomparable beauty, which is observed of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is so secret and cautious in her carriage, as although her affection, yet her discretion will not permit her modestie either to observe or see it. Breakfast ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* apart, first give them infinite thanks for his honourable and courteous entertainment, and then very earnestly againe prayes them not to reject his suit for their daughter *Berinthia*. *Vilarezo* and his wife pray *Antonio* to excuse his bad reception, which they know comes many wayes short of his deserts and merits, and also requests him to imbrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus after many other complements, hee takes his conge of *Vilarezo*, kisseth his wife and two daughters, first *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though last in yeares, yet is the first Lady in his desires and thoughts, and the onely Queene of his affection. So they are as it were inforced to make a vertue of necessitie, and to take a short farewell, in stead of a more solemne, which either of them wished, and both desired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot expresse: and so *Antonio* and *Sebastiano* take Coach, and away for *Lisbone*, *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beauty of his faire *Berinthia*, as his friend *Sebastiano* grieves, that of his two Sisters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his father consent to give him *Berinthia* for his wife: notwithstanding, they confirme their familiarity and friendship with many interchangeable and recipocall protestations; that sith they cannot be brothers they will live and die deare and intimate friends: but I feare the contrary.

Being arrived at *Lisbone*, *Antonio* feeles strange alterations in his thoughts and passions. For now hee is so intangled in the fetters of *Berinthia*'s beautie and vertues, that hee will see no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almost) speake of any Lady, but of her selfe; and in these his amorous contemplations hee both rejoyceth and triumpheth; but againe remembring the assurance of *Vilarezo*'s refusall, and the incertaintie of *Berinthia*'s affection and consent, his hopes are nipt in their blossomes, and his joyes as soone fade as flourish; he wisheth that *Avero* were *Lisbone*, and either him selfe in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or hee in *Lisbone* with him. To attempt the one, hee holds it as great a folly, as a vanitie to wish the other: But hee bethinkes him selfe of a remedie for this his perplexitie, and reputes him selfe obliged in the bonds, as well of respect, as love, to write to his faire *Berinthia*; and then againe hee feares that it will find a difficult passage and access to her, because of her fathers distaste, and Sisters jealousie: but the Sunne of his affection doth soone dispell and dissipate these doubts, or rather disperse them as clouds before the winde: and now to prevent those who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinkes him selfe of an invention, as worthy, as commendable in a Lover: hee writes *Berinthia* a letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, sends it her by *Diego* his owne Page to *Avero*, whom purposely and feignedly hee causeth to arme him selfe with this pretext and colour, that hee is in love with *Asilva* the Lady *Catalina*'s wayting Gentlewoman, and hath now gotten leave

of

of his Master to come to *Avero* to seeke her in marriage : where after some fiftene daies he arrives, and very secretly delivers his Masters Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (sweet Lady) was then tost with the winde of feare, and the waves of sorrow, that in all this time she heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed lest the change of ayre, places, and objects, might have power to change his affection; when now blushing for joy, as much as before she looked pale for sorrow, she takes the Ring and Letter, and kissing both, secretly flies to her Chamber, when bolting the doore, she with as much affection as impatience breaking up the seales, therein findes these lines :

ANTONIO TO BERINTHIA.

Sweet *Berinthia* wert thou as courteous as faire, thou wouldest rest as confident of my affection, as I doe of thy beauty, and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this : but as my tongue lately wanted power, so now doth my pen art, to informe thee how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy vertues : so as could thy thoughts prie into mine, or my heart bee so happy to dictate to thine those should know, and this see, that *Antonio* is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, then either to live thy husband, or die thy Martyr. Thinke with thy selfe, how farre thou undervaluest, and unrequitest my zeale, when I will despaire of loving *Catalina*, and yet cannot hope that *Berinthia*, will affect me : onely therefore in thee (sweet Lady) it remaines, either to crowne my joyes by thy consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refusall, be pleased therefore faire *Berinthia*, to signifie me thy resolution, that I may know my doome, and prepare my selfe, either to wed thee or my grave.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having again & again perused & ore-read this Letter, gives it a thousand kisses for his sake who wrot and sent it her, and so very secretly lockes it up in her Casket, as also the Diamond, and now attends an opportunitie to conferre privately with *Diego*, when he will resolve to returne to his Master at *Lisbone*, that she may returne him an answer, though not so sweet as he expects, yet not so bitter as he feares : in the meane time *Diego* delivereth her father *Vilarezo* his Masters letter, in favour of his (pretended) sute to *Ansilva*, as also in thankfulness of his entertainment, without naming either *Catalina*, or *Berinthia* his daughters, or once mentioning his returne to *Avero*, whereat *Vilarezo* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the lip. But *Berinthia* cannot but smile to see *Antonio* his invention, for the safe delivery of his letters, nor yet refraine from laughing in her selfe, to see how cunningly his Page *Diego* courts *Ansilva* : for he makes such demonstration of love to her, and she is so enamoured of him, that *Catalina* thinkes a short time will finish this match, but he and her sister *Berinthia* know the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three daies is desirous to depart, and *Berinthia* extreamely glad of his resolution to stay no longer : so she takes herselfe to her chamber, and writes this letter to her *Antonio* in answer of his.

BERINTHIA TO ANTONIO.

HAd I not beene more courteous to thee, then I am faire in my selfe, thou hadst not tasted so much of my affection, nor I so many of my fathers frownes : and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeale intended and devoted to my poore merits, yet judge with thy selfe, whether it bee fit for mee to requite thee with observance ; or him that gave mee my being with disobedience. As I desire not to have thee dye my Martyr, so my father will not permit thee to live my husband : and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the first, so it is not impossible for time to effect and compass the last ; not that I resolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aime to take away some of thy despaire, to the end that I may finde thee as constant in thy affection, as thou wast sincere in my constancy. My sisters jealousie of mee, and my fathers distaste

distaste of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much secrecie as circumspectio

BERINTHIA.

Having folded up and sealed her Letter, she finds out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the garden; where, in one of the Bowers she delivers him this Letter, together with a Rose of Opales, the which in token of her love, she conjures him with safetie and speed to deliver to his Master *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his dispatch of *Berinthia*, soone gives *Ansilva* hers, promising to returne some three weekes after; at which time he prayes her to expect him: when thanking *Vilarezo* for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Master he would be glad to see him in *Avero*, he leaps to horse, and so poasts away for *Lisbone*.

I cannot relate with what incredible and infinite joy *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*: and to write the truth, I thinke the letter scarce contained so many sillables, as he often read it over and kissed it: he sees *Berinthia's* modestie resplend and shine in her affection, and her affection in her modesty towards him, wherein he glories in that, rejoyceth in this, and triumphs in both: but although hee bee sure of her affection, yet he is not of himselfe; for he sees her Letter containeth many verball complements, but all of them not one reall promise: and therefore hee cannot repute his tranquillitie and felicitie complete, ere he be crowned with this happinesse: besides, he feares that his absence and her fathers presence, may in tract of time by degrees coole the fervencie of *Berinthia's* affection; and yet then, he as soone checkes his own timiditie, in conceaving the least suspicion of her constancie: now hee thinkes to acquaint his intimate friend and her deare brother *Sebastiano* with their affections, but then he condemnes that opinion, and revokes it as erroneous and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in failing without the compasse of *Berinthia's* advice and commands, by the which he holds it both safetie and discretion to steere his course and actions: Againe, he so infinitely and earnestly longs to see his deare and sweet Mistresse, as he resolves to ride over againe to *Avero*: but the obstinacy of *Vilarezo*, and the jealousie of *Catalina*, make him end that journey ere he began it. In this perplexitie and contestation of reasons, he is irresolute what, or what not to doe; but in fine, considering that delays are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packes up his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebastiano*, under pretext of his health, leaves *Lisbone* and the Duke his Lord and master, and retires to his own home at *Elvas*, (where his father dying some three yeares before, had left him sole heyre to many rich Mannors and Possessions) purposely hereby to be neere to *Avero*, that he might give order for all things, and let slip no occasion in the processe and prosecution of his affection. The second day after his arrivall to *Elvas*, it being welneere a moneth since he sent his first, and till then his last Letter to *Berinthia*; he now againe dispatcheth his Page *Diego* with his second Letter to her, by whom he sends her a chaine of rich pearle, and a paire of gold bracelets richly enameled. *Diego's* arrivall is pleasing to *Ansilva*, but extremely joyfull to *Berinthia*; onely it nipt *Catalina's* hopes, because she could not understand by him any certaine resolution or assurance of his Masters comming thither. *Diego* hath no sooner saluted his *Ansilva*, but (as his more important businesse) hee seekes meanes to speake with *Berinthia*, which she her selfe proffereth him: he delivers her his Masters tokens and letter, which she very joyfully receiveth, and so trips away to her chamber; where opening the scales, she therein finds these words.

ANTONIO TO BERINTHIA.

It is impossible for my penne to expresse the joyes my heart received at the reading of thy Letter: and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so I infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to mee: a thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote

wrote them; and although they gave me hope for despaire, yet, not to dissemble, these hopes have brought me doubt, and that doubt, feare; not that thou lovest me, for that were to disparage my judgement, in seeking to prophane thy affection; but that thou wilt not please to accept of my promise, nor to returne me thine: wherein if thou weigh the fervencie of my love, I hope thou wilt not taxe the incredulitie of my feare; for till I am so happie, not onely to hope, but to assure my selfe that Berinthia will be Antonio's, as Antonio is already Berinthia's, I must needs feare, and therefore cannot truly rejoyce. I have left Lisbon, to reside at Elvas; therefore faire and deare Lady, I beseech thee destinate mee, dispose my service, and command both. I long to enjoy the felicitie of thy presence: for I take heaven to witnesse, thy absence is my hell upon earth.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, she approves of Antonio's feare, and attributes it to the fervencie and sinceritie of his affection: she esteemes her selfe infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choyce of so brave a Cavalier for her servant, whom shee hopes a little time will make her husband; to which end shee will no longer feed him with delays, but now resolves, by his Page *Diego* at his returne to signifie him so much: and in a word, to send him her heart, as she hath already recieved his. But she knowes not what the *Interim* of this time will bring forth.

Passé wee from Berinthia to her Sister *Catalina*, whose affection is likewise such to Antonio, as by this time she hath perswaded and induced her Father *Vilarexo* to write him a Letter in her behalfe by *Diego*, thereby to draw his resolution, whether he intend to seeke her for his wife or no; or at least to invite him to *Avero*. And although his affection to her sister Berinthia be kept from her, yet she not onely suspects, but feares it. Glad she is of the opportunitie of *Diego* his being there, to convey her Fathers Letter to his Master: and yet that joy of hers is soone dissolved into grieve, because all this time he never vouchsafed to write to her: her affection to him flattereth her still with hope, and yet her judgement in her selfe still suggesteth her despaire; for she hath always the image of this conceit in her imagination, that Antonio loves her Sister Berinthia, and not her selfe: her suspicion makes her subtil, and so she deales with *Ansilva*, to draw the truth hereof from *Diego*, who having learned his lesson, acteth his part well, and I know not, whether with more fidelitie or discretion, flatly denies it: but loe, here betides an accident, which bewrayes the whole mysterie and History of their affections. On a Sunday morning, when Berinthia was descended to the garden to gather flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Sister *Catalina* rusheth into her Chamber, to seeke the History of *Cervantes*, which the day before she had lent her; and not finding it either on the Table, or the Window, seekes in the pocket of her gowne, that she wore the day before; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly findes the last Letter that Antonio had sent her; whereby she perceived, it was in vaine for her to hope to enjoy Antonio, sith shee now apparantly saw that he was her sister Berinthia's, and she his. *Catalina* is hereat both sorrowfull and glad; sorrowfull, that she should lose Antonio, and glad that shee had found his Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, and her malice to her sister, she will trie her wits, to see whether she can frustrate Berinthia, and so obtaine Antonio for her selfe. The passions of men may easily be found out and detected, but the secrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end *Catalina* shewes this letter to her Father, who exceedingly stormes hereat, and with many checkes and frownes curbes Berinthia of her liberty, and resolves in his first letter to Antonio, to forbid him his house, and her company, except he will leave Berinthia, and take *Catalina*: and suspecting that his Page *Diego*'s courting of *Ansilva*, was but onely a policie and colour, thereby to convey Letters betwixt his daughter Berinthia and his Master; hee once thought to give him his Conge, and prohibit him his house, had not *Catalina* prayed the contrary, who would no way displease her wayting-Gentlewoman *Ansilva*, because

shee was to use her and assistance in a matter of great importance: the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus:

Catalina her affection to *Antonio*, and consequently her malice to her sister *Berinthia* is so violent, that as her father hath bereaved her of a great part of her liberty, so she is so bloody and cruell, as she vowes to deprive her of her life: a hellish resolution in any woman, but a most unnaturall and damnable attempt of one Sister to another: but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwarke, and Religion, which is the preservative and Antidote of our soules, she runnes so wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the devill, as she will advance, and disdaines to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirst be quenched with her sisters blood: to which end shee perfwades and bribes *Ansilva* with a hundred duckets, to poyson her sister *Berinthia*, and promiseth her so much more, when she hath effected it: whereunto this wretched and execrable young waiting Gentlewoman consenteth, and in briebe, promiseth to performe it: But God hath otherwise decreed and ordained. To which end she sends into the City for some strong poyson by an unknowne messenger, which is instantly brought her in a small galley pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at Gods miraculous discovery and prevention thereof: For that very night, when *Ansilva* had determinately resolved to have poysoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* seekes out his Mistresse *Ansilva*, and finds her solitarily alone in one of the close over-shadowed Bowers of the garden, whom hee salutes and entertaines with many amorous discourses, and more kisses; in the midst whereof his nose fell suddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and she grieved; till at last having bloodied all his owne handkerchiefe, *Ansilva* russeth hastily to her pocket for hers for him, which suddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her quite forget her poyson, she with her handkerchiefe drawes out the gally-pot, which falling one the floore of the bower, (that was paved with square stones) it immediatly burst in pieces; when *Diego's* Spaniell licking up the poyson, instantly sweld, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but farre more *Ansilva*, who blushing with shame, & then growing pale for feare, could not invent either what to say or doe, at the strangeness and suddenness of this accident. *Diego* presseeth her to know for whom this poyson was provided, and of whom she had it. Her answeres are variable, and are so farre from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her, the more feare, and in him astonishment. He conjures her by al the bonds of their affection, to discover it, with many millions of protestations professeth it shall dye with him; he addes vowes to his requests, oathes to his vowes, and kisses to his oathes; so as mayds can difficultly conceale any thing from their Lovers; but especially fearing that he might peradventure suspect that this poyson was meant and intended him: shee at last vanquished with his importunacy, and this consideration, discovereth (as we have formerly understood) that her Lady *Catalina* had wonne her, therewith to poyson her sister *Berinthia*, because she suspected shee was better beloved of his Master *Don Antonio* then her selfe. *Diego* is infinitely astonished at the strangeness of this newes, and like a true and faithfull Page to his Master, having drawne this worne from *Ansilva's* nose, and this newes from her tongue, under colour to seeke a remedy to stop his blood, giving her many kisses, and promising her his speedy returne, hee leaves her in the harden, and so very speedily finds out *Berinthia*, to whom (with as much truth as curiositie) he from poynt to poynt reveales it, praying her to be carefull not to receive any thing, either from *Catalina*, or *Ansilva*, and withall to write, for the next morne he will hye to *Elva*, to reveale it to his Master. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this strang and unexpected newes: so having first thanked God for the discovery of this poyson, and her Sisters malice, she promiseth him a Letter to his Master, and heartily thanks him for his fidelitie and affection towards her, the which she voweth to requite; and for a pledge and earnest thereof, drawes off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for this good office.

No sooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and *Phaebus* discovered his golden

golden beames in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* causeth his horse to bee made ready, and tells *Ansilva*, that his father hath sent for him to meet him at *la Secca*; & that he will not faile to be backe with her within three dayes, being ready to depart.

He, under colour of giving order for his horse, leaves her, and steales into *Berinthia's* Chamber, whom (poore Lady) feare would not permit to take any rest or sleepe that night, the which shee had partly worne out and imployed in writing her minde to her deare *Antonio*, and knowing her selfe not safe in *Avero* with her father and sister, she resolved to commit her honour and her life into his protection: yea, shee had no sooner finished and sealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knockes softly at her chamber doore. *Berinthia* in her night gowne and attire is ready for him: she admits him, commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Master, and prayes him to use all possible diligence in his returne: and so having received all her commands, he secretly descends the stayres; and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and lastly, kissing his Mistresse *Ansilva*, he leapes to horse, rides the first Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Poast.

Leave we *Diego* poasting towards *Elvas*, and come wee to *Catalina*, whose malice finding no rest, nor her revenge remedy, shee that very morne, as soone as *Ansilva* came into her chamber, demands whether shee be prepared to performe her owne promise, and her hopes? She answereth her Lady, that lesse then three dayes shall effect it, and give a period to all her sister *Berinthia's*. Whereat shee is exceedingly glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath scene, and *Berinthia* knowes to this effect, *Ansilva* presuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his secrecie; and therefore lesse suspecting his journey to *Elvas*, remaines still so gracelesse and impious in her bloody resolution, as shee now not onely presumes, but assures her selfe that *Berinthia* is neere the ebbe of her dayes, and the setting of her life: and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Divell, she hath now made ready and provided her selfe of a second poysoned potion, which shee no way doubts but shall send her to her last sleepe. But this female Monster, this bloody shee-Empericke may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time *Diego* arrives at *Elvas*; and finds out his Master, to whom he very hastily delivers *Berinthia's* Letter; the which *Antonio* having kissed, breakes off the seales, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his desires, reades these lines:

BERINTHIA TO ANTONIO.

My sister *Catalina's* malice is so extreme to mee, with my affection is such to thee, as shee degenerates not onely from Grace, but Nature, and seekes to bereave me of my life. This bearer, thy Page, who I pray, love for my sake, with he under God, hath now preserved mee for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So, with there is no safetie for mee in my Fathers house, into whose armes and protection shall I throw my selfe, but onely into thine, of whose true and sincere affection I am so constant and confident, as I rest assured thou wilt shew thy selfe thy selfe, in preserving my life with mine honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no poynt of disobedience in mee to my Father, but of deare respect to mine owne life; and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire both thy assistance and sight, with the first will lead me from despaire, the second to hope and joy, and both to content; till when, feare and love, with much impatiencie, make me think houres yeares, and minutes moneths.

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this strange and unexpected newes, and curiously gathers all the circumstances thereof from his Page, when love, feare, hope, sorrow, and joy act their severall parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia's* life and safetie a thousand time before his owne, he with great expedition dispatcheth away

away *Diego* the same night to *Avero*, with this ensuing Letter, which he commands him deliver his Mistress *Berinthia*: with all possible speed and secrecie.

ANTONIO TO BERINTHIA.

As the Sunne, breaking forth of an obscure cloud, shines the clearer, so doeth thy true affection to mee, in that damnable malice of thy Sister *Catalina* to thy selfe for my sake, in such sort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, then detest the other. Having therefore first thanked God for thy happie and miraculous preservation, I next commend my Page, as the second cause of the discovery thereof: and this fidelitie of his shall neither bee forgotten or unrequited. Thinke how tedious time is to me, sith I blume and envy this short Letter of mine, for taking up and usurping any part thereof, till I enjoy the honour to see thee, and the felicitie to assist thee. I returne it thee Poast by *Diego*, who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tells mee, I shall rather slie then runne towards thee. Let the precise houre, I beseech thee, be on Munday night at twelve of the clocke, when I will awayt thy selfe, and expect thy commands at the Posterne of thy Fathers Arbour: where, let the light of the candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistoll shall be thine. I am throwing away my penne, were it not to signifie thee, that my sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine: as also that Antonio thinks himselfe the most unfortunate man of the world, till *Berinthia* be impaled in his armes, or he encloystered in hers.

ANTONIO.

Whiles *Diego* is poasting to *Avero*, Antonio his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morne) his Coach with sixe horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. *Diego* first arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Ansilva* checkes him for his long stay; and *Berinthia* a thousand times thankes him for his speedy returne. He delivers her his Masters Letter, and prayes her to prepare her selfe against the prefixed houre. Shee reades her Antonio's Letter with much joy and comfort, which her lookes testifie, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: shee will not be slacke or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her well-fare and content; and so with all possible secrecie packes up the chiefe of her apparell and jewels in a small trunke, or casket, and wisheth the houre come, that she were either in Antonio's armes, or he in hers: and for *Diego*, he casteth so subtil a mist and vaile before *Ansilva's* eyes, as it is impossible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceive any thing. But loe, a second treachery is provided, to effect that which the first could not: and indeed, which went neere to have performed it, had not God miraculously & indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* still perseveres in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her sister *Berinthia*, as if God had not yet taught her, or rather, that she would not learne the way from Satan; or Grace instructed and directed her from the impietie of so foule a sinne, as the murthering of her owne and onely sister. For the very night that Antonio had promised and assigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as she had by times retired her selfe to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night habiliments, in comes *Ansilva*, sent by her good and kinde (or rather wicked and cruell) sister, with a sweet Posset, (or rather a deadly poyson in her hand, in a silver covered cup) telling her, that her lady had drunke the one halfe, and sent her the other, it being (as she affirmed) very cold and refreshing for the liver, against the hotnesse of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet shee seemes joyfull thereof, and so accepts it, returning her sister *Catalina* thanks, saying, she will drinke it ere shee goe to bed; onely she prayes *Ansilva* first to fetch her prayer booke and gloves, which in the morne shee had left in her sisters chamber. So whiles shee is wanting, she privately powres it into a silver bason in her Studie, and washing the cup three or foure severall times, she fills some Almond milke therein; and *Ansilva* being returned, takes the

the said cup, and prayes her to tell her Sister, that she drinckes it to her health, and withall, gives her the good night : and so likewise doth *Ansilva* to her. But what a good night thought she in her heart and conscience, when she knew *Berinthia* should never see day more ? So away she trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demands her if the businesse be dispatched, and her sister gone to her rest ? Who replies, she hath drunke her last, and is gone to her eternall rest. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmetick : For although *Catalina* extreamely rejoyce in the confident and assured death of her sister, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes shall deceive them : as marke the sequell, and you shall see how.

About an houre after *Ansilva's* departure, by *Berinthia's* order and appoyntment, in wonderfull secret sort in comes *Diego* to her Chamber, to awayt the houre of his Masters arrivall, and to assist her in her escape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Sister *Catalina* had right now sent her by *Ansilva* : he is astonished at this newes, as being assured it was poyson, and humbly prayes her to make prooffe hereof on *Catalina's* Parrot, which that afternoone she had brought with her into her Chamber : and so by her consent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and with a spoone forceth some downe its throat : who poore harmelesse bird, immediately swells and dyes before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one instant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Sister *Catalina's* malice and crueltie, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance : first praying God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the instrument thereof : and so they throw the remaynder of the poyson out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and awayting the houre of her happynesse, which is that of her *Antonio's* arrivall, and of her owne departure, with as much desire as impatiencie, *Diego* often looking on the houre-glasse, and *Berinthia* a thousand times on her Watch. So at last with a longing, longing desire, the joyfull houre of twelve is come, wherein *Antonio* arrives : he sees the happy light of her candle, and she heares the sweet musicke of his Pistoll, which reviveth and ravisheth these two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpressible joy and content, when all things being hush'd up in silence, and every person of the house soundly sleeping, *Diego* softly takes up the small trunke, and *Berinthia* as secretly followes him : and so they wonderfull privately slip into the first Court, and from thence to the posterne doore of the garden, where *Antonio* with a thousand kisses receives her in his armes, having no other light but the lustre of her eyes to light them : for the Moone, that bright *Cynthia*, had conspired & consented to *Berinthia's* escape, and therefore purposely withdrawne her brightnesse by hiding and enveloping her selfe in the darknesse of an obscure cloud. *Antonio* locking this sweet prize, this his deare and sweet *Berinthia* in his armes, he with the three Gentlemen his friends, conduct her to the end of the street ; and *Diego* following them with the Casket, where they all privatly and silently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a silver key, away they speed for *Elvas* with al possible celerity ; but I write with grieve, that as these affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, so (I feare) they will end in as much sorrow and misery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Elvas* : and returne we to *Avero* to bloudy *Catalina*, and wretched *Ansilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia's* Chamber, could not possibly heare so much as the least step of her descent and departure : although their malice were so extreame as to write the truth, they all that night could not sleepe for joy that *Berinthia* was dispatched : so they prepare themselves against the morne, to heare some pittifull out cries in the house for *Berinthia's* death : but seeing it neere ten of the clocke, and no rumour nor stirre heard, they both (as they were accustomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feast their eies upon the lamentable object of this breathlesse Gentlewoman : but contrary to their bloudy hopes, they finde the nest, I meane the bed, emptie, and *Berinthia* not dead, but escaped and flowne away : Onely *Catalina*, in stead of her Sister, findes her owne Parrot dead on the table : they are astonished at this newes, and looke fearefully and desperately each on other. *Ansilva*

for

for her part protests and vows, that she saw *Berinthia* drinke the poyson. But finding *Berinthia's* small-trunke wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knowes for certaine, that she was escaped, and her poysoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarm in the house, and she goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother of her Sister *Berinthia's* flight, but speakes not a word of the poyson, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to see himselfe robbed of his daughter, and *Sebastiano* of his Sister : but when they understand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently assured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, whotold them, that'twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and foure Cavaliers, and a Page (drawne by sixe horses) past the gate very speedily. *Vilarezo* and his sonne *Sebastiano* storme at this affront and disgrace : they consult what to doe herein : so first they resolve to send one to *Elvas*, to know yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio* ? The messenger sent, returnes, and assures them thereof, as also, that *Antonio* is retyred from *Elvas*, to a Castle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keepes the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and respect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and strength, he would himselfe in person have undertaken this journey, but being sicke of the Gowt, he sends his sonne *Sebastiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with fixe resolute Gentlemen, his neere allies and friends, to draw reason of *Antonio* for this affront and disgrace, and so either by Law, Force, Policie, or perswasion, to bring backe *Berinthia*. *Sebastiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Sister, and *Antonio* his former ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingnesse accepts of this journey : he comes to *Elvas*, and findes his former intelligence true, he repayres to *Antonio's* Castle, accompanied with his fixe associates. *Antonio* admits them all into the first Court, and onely two more of them into the second ; where he salutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. *Sebastiano* layes before him the foulness of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandall which he hath layd upon her, and consequently on all their family and bloud, tells him that his father and himselfe are resolved to have her againe at what price soever ; and therefore conjures him by the respect of his owne honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliver him his Sister *Berinthia*. *Antonio* answereth *Sebastiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect which led him to assist his Sister *Berinthia* in her flight and escape : that he never was nor would bee a just scandall either to her, her family, or bloud ; that his malicious Sister *Catalina* was the authour and cause thereof, who by her wayting Gentlewoman *Ansilva* had twice sought to poyson her : and therefore, sith he could not deliver her with her owne safety, and his honour and conscience, he was resolved to protect her in his Castle, against any whosoever, that should seeke either to enforce or offend her.

Sebastiano is perplexed at this strange newes, and wondereth at *Antonio's* resolution : so doe the two Gentlemen with him : he desires *Antonio* that he may see and speake with his Sister *Berinthia* ; the which he freely and honourably grants : and so taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall : where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio* his Sisters) assoone comes, and with a cheerefull countenance advanceth towards her Brother : hee salutes her, and she first him, then the other two Gentlemen her Cousins. *Sebastiano* prayes *Antonio*, that he may conferre apart with his Sister. *Antonio* replies, that his Sister *Berinthia's* pleasure shall ever be his. She willingly consents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, and there shewes her her disobedience to her Father her dishonour to her selfe, and griefe to her friends, for this her unadvised and rash flight, and so perswades her to returne : and that if she intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shamefull. His Sister *Berinthia* delivers him at full the cause of her departure, and very constantly affirms what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Sister *Catalina's* two severall attempts to poyson her

by her wayting Gentlewoman *Ansilva*, though with more ample circumstance and dilation : and to testifie the truth, *Diego* is produced ; who vowes and protests the same. *Sebastiano* checkes her of folly and cruelly, shewes her, that in seeking to wrong others, she onely wrongs her selfe ; that in inventing and casting a feigned crime on her Sister *Catalina*, she makes her owne conspicuous and true ; that she hath no safety but in her returne : whereunto with many reasons he seekes to perswade and induce her.

His Sister *Berinthia* againe answereth him, that there is no safety for her in *Avero*, and that she cannot expect greater then she finds in *Elvas* : she prays him to thinke charitably and honourably of her departure : and if ever her Father will love her, she requests him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whose Castle she finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life ; taking God and his Angels, her conscience and soule to witnesse, that her Sister *Catalina*'s crime is true and not faigned. *Sebastiano* seeing *Antonio* resolute, and his Sister wilfull and obstinate, beginnes to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her shame, and her shame to her repentance, and so concludes to goe into the City, to resolve on what he hath to doe, for her good and his owne honour. *Antonio* prays him to dine in his Castle with his Sister : but he refuseth it, saith he hath given the first breach to their friendship, and his owne honour, which he shall repent, if not repaire, and so departs. Being come into the City, he consults this businesse with the Gentlemen, his associates, and both him selfe and they are of opinion to send one poast to acquaint his Father herewith, and so to crave his pleasure and resolution, how he shall beare himselfe herein. It is ever an excellent poynt both of wisdom and discretion, for a sonne to steere his actions by the compasse of his Fathers commands. His cousin *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Vilarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and in stead of comfort, receives more affliction, his care, curiositie, passion and griefe : severally examineth first *Catalina*, then *Ansilva*, who (like theeves in a faire, or murderers in a Forrest) he findes equally constant in their denyall, being so devoyd of grace, and repleat of impietie, as they confirme and maintaine their innocencies with many bitter oathes and asseverations : so he returnes *Villandras* to *Elvas*, with this Letter to his sonne *Sebastiano*,

VILAREZO TO SEBASTIANO.

I Commend thy wisdom, as much as I dispraise *Antonio*'s resolution, and grieve at thy Sister *Berinthia*'s folly and disobedience : I have carefully and curiously examined the two parties, whom I finde as innocent as constant in the true deniall of their falsely objected crimes : I have consulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might bee directed by them, and consequently, thou by mee ; so they suggest me this advice, and I advise thee this resolution, either by the Law of the kingdome, or by that of thy sword, with expedition to returne me my Daughter, thy Sister *Berinthia*, and let not the Oratorie either of *Antonio*'s tongue, or her teares perswade thee to the contrary : for then as shee is guiltie of our dishonour, so we shall be necessary to hers : Let me understand the proceeding hereing, & according as occasion shal present, if my sicknesse and weakness will not leave me, I notwithstanding will leave *Avero* to see *Elvas*.

VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebastiano* is consulting how to free his Sister *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, speake we a little of *Catalina*, who (as skillfull in subtiltie as malice) seeing her treachery and bloodie intents revealed, thinkes it now high time to make away and poyson *Ansilva* ; grounding her resolution on this maxime, both of policie and estate, That dead folkes doe neither harme, nor tell tales. Behold here the justice and providence of God ! she who laid snares for others, must now be taken in them her selfe : a punishment which the sinne of this wretched Gentlewoman findes, because deserved : there is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexs and colours, *Catalina* finds

fault

fault with two or three red pimples that *Ansilva* hath in her face, which shee will have taken away. She sends for an Empericke; one *Pedro Sarmiata*, and proffereth him one hundred Duckets to poyson her, which like a limbe of the devill he undertakes; and infusing poyson in some potions, hee administred it her: she the very next day dyes: a fit reward and punishment for so gracelesse and bloudy a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formerly seene) made no religion nor conscience, to attempt two severall times to poyson the faire and vertuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedie is acting at *Avero*, *Sebastiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thousand times lesse impious, and more honourable: For having received his Fathers order by *Villandras*, he now sends him into the Castle, to take *Antonio's*, & *Berinthia's* last resolution; he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his speech first to *Berinthia*, then to *Antonio*, to whom he relateth his message, and *Sebastiano's* pleasure. *Berinthia* returnes him this answer: Cousin *Villandras*, recommend me courteously to my brother *Sebastiano*, and tell him, my first answer and resolution is, and shall be my last. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewise informe him from me, that *Berinthia's* will is my law, and her resolution mine, and that I will be as carefull, as willing and ready to lose my life in defence and preservation of hers. *Villandras* returnes and acquaints *Sebastiano* with this their last resolutions; from which he alleageth it is impossible for them to be dissuaded or diverted. *Sebastiano* is beaten with two contrary and irresolute windes, what to doe in a businesse of this nature, either to recover his sister by Law, or by Armes: by Law, he holds it a course both cowardly and prejudiciall: by Armes, he sees he must kill himselfe or his friend: to undertake the first, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the second, the shame of all *Portugall* and *Spaine*: he therefore preferres generosity before reason, and passion above judgement, and so resolves to fight with *Antonio*: to which end he makes choice of his Cousin *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morne sends him to the Castle with this Challenge:

SEBASTIANO TO ANTONIO.

I Must either retorne my sister *Berinthia* to *Avero*, or lose my Life here at *Elvas*: for I had rather dye, then live to see her dishonour, sith hers is mine: neither doe I first infringe or violate the bonds of our familiarity, rather thy selfe, sith thou art both the author and cause thereof: wherefore of two things resolve on one: Either before to morrow morning sixe of the clocke render mee my sister *Berinthia*, or else at that houre meet mee on foot, with thy Second, in the square greene Meadow under thine owne Castle, where the choice of two single Rapiers shall await or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my first; if generous, not deny my second request.

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio receives this Challenge, beares it privately, from all the world, especially from his sweet *Berinthia*, who (poore Lady) little imagines or suspects her brother & lover are rushing forth for her sake: He returnes this answer by *Villandras*, that he cannot grant *Sebastiano* his first request, nor will not denie him his second. So he chuseth a Cousin-germane of his, a valiant young Gentleman, tearmed *Don Belasco*, who willingly and freely ingageth himselfe in this quarrell. So he and *Villandras* that night (with as much friendship as secrecie) meet in the City, and resolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requisite in Duels. The morne appeares, when our Combatants leape from their beds to the field; where, a little before sixe (being the appointed houre) all parties appeare: the Seconds performe their office in visiting the Principals, who cast off their doublets and draw, and so traversing their ground, they, with judgement and generosity, fall to their businesse; at the first cloze, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arme, and *Sebastiano* in the left side, which glaunced on a rib: at the second, *Sebastiano* wounds *Antonio* twixt the breast and shoulder, a little above his right pap, and he him cleane thorow the body, of

a large and dangerous wound, whence issueth forth a boundance of bloud : so they divide themselves and take breath : they againe fall to it, and at this third close, *Sebastiano* repaies *Antonio* with a mournfull and fatall interest : for he runnes him thorow the body on the left side, a little below the heart ; whereof staggering, he falls, and so *Sebastiano* dispatcheth him, and nailes him to the ground starke dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory, which *Sebastiano* with much modesty ascribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakenesse of his owne arme. *Belasco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principall, but rather like a generous Gentleman and valiant Second, resolves to sell it deere to *Villandras*. They are not long unsheathing of their Rapiers : for as soone as *Belasco* hath covered up *Antonio* with his cloake, they approach, at their very first meeting, *Belasco* sleightly hurts *Villandras* in the right shoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the body and reynes with a fatall wound, wherewith his sword fell from him, and he to the ground ; when fearing and presaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, who at the sight and hearing hereof, throwes away his owne Rapier, and stoups to assist him. But in vaine ; for it is not in his power to give him his life : for by this time he is dead, and his soule departed to another world. This tragicall newes is soone knowne and bruited in *Elvas*, whereof the criminall Judges of that City remit *Sebastiano* with as much ease, as *Villandras* with difficulty (in favour of mony and friends) and obtaine their pardons. And now the newes hereof likewise flies to *Antonio's* Castle, where his dead body, and that of *Belasco*, are speedily conveyed and brought, to the grieve and sorrow of all those of the Castle, who bitterly weepe for the disaster of their Lord and Master. But all these teares are nothing to those of *Antonio's* two sisters ; nor theirs any thing, in comparison of these of our sweet *Berinthia*, who is no sooner advertised hereof, but shee falls to the ground with sorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breast, and teares off her haire, in such mournfull and pittifull sort, that Cruelty herselfe could not refrain from teares, to see the numberlesse infinitie of hers : Counsell, advice, perswasion cannot perswade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her sorrowes : for they are so violent, as their extremity exceeds all excesse. She will see the dead body of her deare *Antonio* ; all those of the Castle are not capable to divert hereyes from this wofull and pittifull object ; at the sight whereof shee falls to the ground on her knees, and gives to his breathlesse body a thousand kisses : yea, she washeth his sweet cheekes with a whole deluge and inundation of her salt teares : she cannot speake for sighing, nor utter a word for weeping ; onely wringing her hands, shee at last breathed forth these mournfull and passionate speeches : O my deare *Antonio*, my sweet and deare *Antonio*, *Antonio*, would God my death had ransomed and prevented thine, O my *Antonio*, my *Antonio*.

Leave we *Berinthia* to her passionate sorrowes, and sorrowfull passions, from which her brother *Sebastiano* will soone awake her ; who by this time as Victor and Conquerour, is come to the Castle gate, and demands her, where he sees himselfe refused, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawne up, and rampired with Barricadoes : hee craves ayd of the Criminall Judges, who send the *Provost* with an armed company of Souldiers : so they force the Castle gate with a *Petard*, where sorrowfull *Berinthia* is delivered into the hands of her joyfull and rejoycing brother *Sebastiano*, who with sweet perswasions and advice seekes to exhale and dry up her teares : but her affection is so great, as she is not capable of consolation. In a word, she cannot looke on her Brother with the eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation ; yea ; she wilheth herselfe metamorphosed from a virgin to a man, that she might be revenged of her Brother for the death of her deare Lover *Antonio*. *Sebastiano* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* & *Belasco* to their Graves, takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowfull Sister *Berinthia* ; and so leaves *Elvas* and returnes towards *Avero* : where his Father *Vilarezo* and his Mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with praise, and their Daughter *Berinthia* with checks and frownes, who (the best she may) smothers her discontents ; but yet vowes to be revenged

of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vowes of this bloody nature and quality are better broken then kept, which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtlesse her hand had proved more joyfull, and not so fatall and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio*, dead, and her Sister *Berinthia* returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice, she secretly confelleth her fault to her sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poysoned her by *Ansilva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice to affection, and so reconciles her selfe to her; whereunto her sister *Berinthia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Sister, but shee hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Ansilva's* death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. Gods judgements are as just as secret, and as true as wonderfull; for hee hath a thousand meanes to punish us, when wee thinke our selves safe and furthest from punishment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable Empericke *Sarmiata* shall see verified in themselves. For the smoke of this their bloody crime of Murther, hath pierced the Vaults and Windowes of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrels of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready his Arrowes to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus:

A sister of *Ansilva's*, named *Isabella*, is to bee marryed in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her Wedding. *Berinthia* is too sorrowfull to bee so merry, as desirous rather to goe to her owne Grave, then to any others Nuptials: so shee styes at home, onely her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but see the Providence and Justice of God, how it surpriseth and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*! for as shee was in her way, the Sunne is instantly eclipsed, and the Skies overcast, and so a terrible and fearefull Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the brest, and layes her neere dead in her Coach: her Wayting-maids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismall accident; so they thinke it fit to returne. *Catalina* is for a time speechlesse, her Parents are as it were dead with griefe and sorrow hereat, shee is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her body above her waste is found cole-blacke: the best Physitians and Chirurgians are sent for, they see her death-strooken with that Planet, and therefore adjudge their skill but vaine: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happinesse to perceive, and grace to feelee, will no longer be seduced with the devils temptations. The Divines prepare her soule for Heaven, and now shee will no longer dissemble with man or God; shee will not charge her conscience with so foule a Crime as Murther, the which shee knowes will prove a stop to the fruition of her felicity. Shee confelleth, shee twice procured her Wayting-gentlewoman *Ansilva* to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*; and since that, shee hath given *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyson the said *Ansilva*, which hee performed, and whereof shee humbly begges pardon of all the world, and religiously of God whom shee beseecheth to bee mercifull to her soule: and so, though shee lived prophanely and impiously, yet shee dyed repentantly and religiously. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old parents, grieve and storme at her death, but more extreemely at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloody crimes, as well towards living *Berinthia*, as dead *Ansilva*, onely their Daughter *Berinthia* is silent hereat; glad, that shee is freed of an enemy, sorrowfull, to have lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their daughter *Catalina's* crimes, yet they are inforced to it, that thereby this *Sarmiata*, this Agent of Hell, may receive condigne punishment for his bloody offence here on earth. So they acquaint the Criminall Iudges hereof, who decree order and power for his apprehension. *Sarmiata* is revelling and feasting at *Isabella's* wedding; to which he is appointed and requested to furnish the Sweet-meates for the Banquets: but hee little thinkes what sowre sauce there is providing for him.

Wee

We are never neereſt danger, then when wee thinke our ſelves furtheſt from it: and although his ſinnefull ſecurity was ſuch, as the Devill had made him forget his murder of *Anſilva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his ſtorme, here his apprehenſion, and preſently his puniſhment. By this time the newes of *Catalina's* ſuddaine death (but not of her ſecret confeſſion) is publiſhed in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-houſe, which gives both aſtoniſhment and griefe to all the world; but eſpecially to *Sarmiata*, whoſe heart and conſcience now rings him many thundering peales of feare, terrour and deſpaire: his bloody thoughts purſue him like ſo many bloudhounds, and becauſe he hath forſaken God, therefore the devill will not forſake him; he counſelleth him to flie, and to provide for his ſafety: but what ſafety ſo unſecure, dangerous, or miſerable for a Chriſtian, as to throw himſelfe into the Devils protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poyſoning of *Anſilva*, very ſecretly ſteales away his Cloake, and ſo ſlips downe to a Poſterne doore of the little Court, hoping to eſcape; but he is deceived of his hopes: for the eye of Gods providence findes him out. The houſe is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as he iſſueth forth, and ſo commit him cloſe priſoner. In the afternoone the Judges examine him upon the poyſoning of *Anſilva*, and the receipt of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*, which ſhe at her death confeſſed. He addes ſinne to ſinne, and denyes it with many impious oathes and fearefull imprecations; but they availe him nothing: his Judges censure him to the Racke, where, upon the firſt torment he confeſſeth it, but with ſo graceleſſe an impudency, as he rather rejoyceth then grieves hereat: where we may obſerve how ſtrongly the Devill ſtickes to him, and how cloſely he is bewitched to the Devill: ſo for reparation of this foule crime of his, he is condemned to be hanged, which the next morne is performed right againſt *Vilarezo* his houſe, at the Gallowes purpoſely erected; and which is worſe then all the reſt, as this lewd villaine *Sarmiata* lived prophanely, ſo he dyed as deſperately, without repenting his bloody fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the ſame, O miſerable example! O fearefull end! O bloudy and damnable miſcreant! Wee have ſeene the Theater of this Hiſtory gored with great variety of blood, the mournfull and lamentable ſpectacle whereof is capable to make any Chriſtian heart relent into pittie, compaſſion, and teares. But this is not all, we ſhall yet ſee more, not that it any way increaſeth our terrour, but rather our conſolation, ſith thereby we may obſerve that Murder comes from Sathan, and its puniſhment from God.

Catalina's confeſſion and death is not capable to deface and waſh away *Berinthia's* malice and revenge to her brother *Sebaſtiano*, for killing of her deare and ſweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are paſt, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo now at laſt (though indeed too too ſoone) it comes on the Stage. The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affection is ſtill freſh in her youthfull thoughts and contemplations, yea, his dead *Idea* is alwayes preſent and living in her heart and breaſt: 'tis true, *Sebaſtiano* is her brother; 'tis as true ſhe ſaith, that if he had not killed *Antonio*, *Antonio* had bene her husband. Again ſhe conſidereth, that as *Antonio's* life preſerved hers from death; ſo her life hath bene the cauſe of his: and as ſhe loſt his life for her ſake, why ſhould not ſhe likewise leave hers for his? or rather, why ſhould ſhe permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him; But her living affection to her dead friend is ſo violent, and withall ſo prejudicate and revengefull, as ſhe neither can, nor will ſee her Brother, who kill'd him, but with malice and indignation. Inſtead of conſulting with nature and grace, ſhe onely converſeth with choller and paſſion; yea ſhe is ſo miſerably transported in her rage, and ſo outragiously wilfull in her reſolution, as ſhe ſhuts the doore of her heart to the two former vertues, to whom ſhe ſhould open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, againſt whom ſhe ſhould ſhut it. A miſery equally ominous and fatall, where Reaſon is not the Miſtris of our Paſſions, and Religion the Queene of our Reaſon. Shee ſees this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto ſhe is entring, is ſinnefull and impious; and yet her faith is ſo weake towards God,

and the Devill so strong with her, as she is constant to advance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia's* former Vertues should be disgraced with so foule a Vice! and oh that a face so sweetly faire should be accompanied and linked with a heart so cruelly barbarous, so bloudily inhumane! for what can she hope from this attempt in killing her brother, but likewise to ruine her selfe? nay, had she had any sparke of wit or grace left her, she should consider, that for this foule offence her body shall receive punishment in this world, and her soule, without repentance in that to come: but she cannot erect her eyes to heaven, she is all set on revenge; so the Devill hath plotted the Murder of her brother *Sebastiano*, & she, like a most wretched and inhumane sister, will speedily act it. The manner is thus: (the which I cannot remember without griefe, nor pen without teares) She provides her selfe of a long and sharpe knife, the which, some ten dayes after the death of her sister *Catalina*, twixt foure and five of the clocke in the morning, she hides in one of her sleeves; and the better to cover and overvaile her villany, she in the same hand takes her Lute, and so enters her brothers Chamber, and findes him sleeping, being a pretty way distant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, resolving that if she had found him waking, she would play on her Lute, and affirme, she came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebastiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such, that he was then soundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him; when his wretched and execrable sister *Berinthia*, stalkes close to him, and laying her Lute softly on the window, drawes out her devillish knife forth her sleeve, and as a she-devill incarnate, cuts his throate, to the end he might neither cry nor speake; and so, though with a female hand, yet with a masculine courage, she (with as much malice as haste) gives him seaven severall wounds thorow the body, and as neere the heart as she could; whereof he twice turning himselfe in his bed, never sprawled more: and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reeking in his blood, she after this her hellish fact, hies her selfe to her Chamber.

This cruell Murder is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo*, *Sebastiano's* page, heares some extraordinary stirring and strugling in his Masters chambers; and so leapes out of his bed, and taking his cloake on his shoulders, & his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the staires; where *Berinthia* hath not made so great speed, but he sees her entering her Chamber, and throwing her doore after her: whence running to his Masters Chamber, he findes the doore open, and his master most cruelly murdered in his bed, of eight severall wounds; at which bloody and lamentable spectacle he makes many bitter and pittifull outcries, whereat all the house is in allarm; and the folkes and servants repaire thither of all sides. By this time *Berinthia* hath shifted her outward Taffata gowne, sprinkled all with blood, and wrapt her bloody knife close in it, and for the more secrecie, throwes it into her Closestoole, and so awaits the coming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournefull eccho and sorrowfull newes of their son *Sebastiano's* cruell murder, had with an ocean of teares waisted to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewise, all blubber'd with teares, enters. They are all amazed at the sight of this bloody and breathlesse corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants looke one on another in this calamity, and at this sorrowfull disaster, They search every Chamber, Vault, and Doore of the House, and finde nobody, nor print of drops of blood whatsoever; when *Philippo* the Page cries out, that he feares it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murdered her Brother, and his Master *Sebastiano*, for that he saw her flying to her Chamber as he ascended the Stayres. *Vilarezo* and *Alphania* his wife are doubly amazed at this report; but gracelesse *Berinthia* is no way daunted or astonished hereat, but affirms, she likewise heard some stirring in her Brothers Chamber, which made her arise and come to the Stayre-head, where seeing *Philippo*, shee being in her night attire, modesty made her retire to her Chamber. They all believe the sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaime her innocency, till they have searched her Cham-

ber, and all her Trunks, where they finde no Knife, Stiletto, Dagger, or any other offensive Weapon; and so her Father and Mother acquit her: but God will not. Notwithstanding they must advertise the Criminall Iudges of this lamentable and bloody murder of their sonne, which they doe. So they arrive, visit the dead body, and cause all the House to be searched: but as soone as they heard *Philippo's* speeches and suspicion of *Berinthia*, then, considering her affection to *Antonio*, and her brother *Sebastiano's* killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from passionate revenge; when the sequell and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselves, they not regarding her Fathers prayers, her mothers requests, and her owne teares, seize on her, and so send and commit her close Prisoner: where wretched Gentlewoman, shee hath a whole night left and given her, to see and consider the foulness of her fact, and to prepare herselfe to her answer: which whether it will breede in her confession or denyall, obstinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her imprisonment, come we to her answer.

Avero rings with the newes of this foule and bloody Murder. All bewaile, all lament the death of *Sebastiano*, as a Gentleman, who was truly noble, truly generous: but his Father *Vilarezo* and Mother *Alphanta* seeme to drowne themselves in their teares, at these mournfull accidents, strange crosses, and unheard of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deeply feare, that their daughter *Berinthia* was the murderer of her brother *Sebastiano*: and as affection seemes to divert them from this opinion, so reason indeavoureth to perswade and confirme them in the contrary. The next morne the Judges sit, and send for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her parents, and many of her kinsfolkes: they againe examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; she is firme in her denyall, and her Judges finde circumstances, but no probability nor witnesse against her, sufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemne her to the Racke. One of her Judges pittying her descent, youth, and beauty, as much as he detests this Murder, intreats that her Chamber may be first curiously searched, ere she exposed to the Racke. This advice and request is heard and followed with approbation. He, and two other Officers, accompanied with some of her friends, repaire to *Vilarezo* his house, and *Berinthia* her chamber; they leave no place, Trunke, Chest, or Boxe, unsearched: yea, their curiosity, or to say truer, their zeale and fidelity to Justice descends so low, as to visit her Close-stoole, which, for want of the key, they breake open; and behold the providence and Justice of God! here they finde *Berinthia's* bloody Gowne, and therein very closely wrapt up that hellish Knife, wherewith shee perpetrated this inhumane murder on her onely brother. They praise and glorifie God for the discovery hereof, and so returne to their Tribunall of Justice, bringing these bloody evidences with them, which *Berinthia* mought all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her shame, had not all this time purposely blinded the eyes of her judgement to the contrary. At the sight hereof, she without any torment, confesseth the Murder, and with many teares repents herselfe of it; adding withall that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her brother: and therefore beseecheth her Judges to have compassion on her youth. But the foulness of her fact in those grave and just personages, wipes off the faireness of her request: So they consult and pronounce Sentence against her, That for expiation of this her cruell murder on the person of her brother, shee the next morne shall be hanged in the publike Market place. So all praise God for the detection of this lamentable Murder, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murthereffe: and those who before looked on her youth and beauty with pittie, now behold her foule crime with hatred and detestation; and as they applaud the sincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, so they farre more detest and condemne this her inhumane cruelty to her owne brother *Sebastiano*. But what grieve is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? Whose age, content, and patience is not onely battered, but razed downe with the se-

verall assaults of afflictions; so as they with themselves buried, or that their Children had beene unborne: for it is rather a torment then a grieffe to them, that they, whom they hoped would have beene props and comforts to their age, should now prove instruments and subjects to shorten their dayes, and consequently to draw their age to the miseries of an untimely and sorrowfull grave. But although they have tasted a world of grieffe and anxiety, first for the death of their daughter *Catalina*, and then of their onely Sonne *Sebastiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their last Daughter and Childe *Berinthia* should passe by the passage of a halter, and end her dayes upon so ignominious and shamefull a Stage as the Gallowes; which would adde a blemish to the lustre of their bloud and posterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or wash away: which to prevent, *Vilarezo* & his wife *Alphanta* use all their friends and mortall powers, towards the Iudges, to convert their Daughters Sentence into a lesse shamefull and more honourable death. So although the Gallowes be erected, *Berinthia* prepared to die, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concurr'd and seated to see her now take her last farewell of the world; yet the importunacie and misery of her parents, her owne descent, youth and beauty, as also her endeered affection and fervent love to her lover *Antonio*, at last obtaine compassion and favour of her Iudges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and sweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and milde, and lesse sharpe, bitter, and shamefull, and definitively adjudge her to be immured up betwixt two wals, and there with a slender diet to end the remainder of her daies. And this sentence is speedily put in execution; whereat her parents, friends, and acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and farte the more, in respect they cannot be permitted to see or visit her, or she them; onely the Physitians and Divines have admittance and access to her, those to provide earthly phylicke for her body; and these, spirituall for her soule. And in this lamentable estate she is very penitent and repentant for all her sinnes in generall, and for this her vile murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little imprisonement, or rather the spirit of God hath opened the eyes of her faith, who now defying the Devill who had seduced and drawne her hereunto, she makes her peace with God, and assures herselfe, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So unaccustomed to be pent up in so straight and darke a Mew, the yellow laundies, and a burning Feavour surprise her: and so she ends her miserable dayes.

Lo, these are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the iust judgement of God) are enforced to taste and swallow downe, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety they least dreame or thinke thereof: by the sight of which great effusion of bloud, yea, by all these varieties of mournfull and fatal accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven, we shall then, as true Christians, and sons of the eternall God, runne the race of our mortality in peace in this world, and consequently be rewarded with a glorious Crowne of immortall felicity in that to come.

GODS



GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE VIII.

Belluile treacherously murthereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta, Poligny's Mistris, betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her Waiting-Maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and so murther him. Lucilla flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken hang'd and burnt for the same.



T is an infallible Maxime, that if we open our hearts to sinne, we shut them to godlinesse; for as soone as we follow Satan, God flies from us, because we first fled from him: but that his mercy may shine in our ingratitude, he by his servants, his holy Spirit and himselfe, seekes all meanes to reclaim us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophanenesse and impurity of our actions: but if we become obstinate and obdurate in our transgressions, and so like Heathens fall from vice to vices; whereas wee should as Christians, grow up from vertue to vertue; then it is not he, but our selves that make shipwrecke both of our selves and soules; of our selves in this life, of our soules in that to come; then which no misery can be so great, none so unfortunate and miserable. It is true, the best of Gods children are subject to sinne; but to delight and persevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure and chaste thoughts, neither can we so conserve or sanctifie our bodies, but that concupiscence may, and will sometimes assaile us (or rather the divell in it) but to pollute them with fornication, and to transforme them from the Temples of the holy Ghost, to the members of a harlot, this, though corrupt Nature seeme to allow or tolerate, yet Grace doth not onely deny, but detest. But as one sinne is seldome without another, either at her heeles or elbow; so too too often it falls out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adulterie: as if one of these foule crimes were not enough to make us miserable, but that in stead of going, we will needs ride poast to hell. A woefull President, and lamentable and memorable Example whereof, I here produce to the view of the world in three unfortunate personages, in a lascivious Ladie, and two lewd and deboshd young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably cast themselves away upon the *Sylla* of Fornication, and the *Charybdis* of murther: for they found the fruits and end of their beastly pleasures

pleasures farre more bitter, then their beginning was sweet : yea, and because at first they would not looke on repentance, at last shame lookes on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miserable shame, and a shamefull misery. May we all reade it to Gods glory, and consequently to the reformation of our lives, and the consolation and salvation of our owne soules.

IN the beautifull City of *Avignon*, (seated in the Kingdome of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capitall of the Dutchie of *Venissa*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the terme of well neere eighty yeeres, they held their Pontificall See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of some twenty yeeres of age, tearmed *Madamoyelle Laurieta*, whose father and mother being dead, was left alone to herselfe, their onely childe and heire, being richer in beauty then lands, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and lustre to her beauty, as her beauty did to them : For she spake the Latine and Italian tongue perfect, was very expert and excellent in singing, dancing, musicke, painting and the like, which made her famous in that Citie. But as there needes but one vice to eclipse and drowne many vertues; so this faire *Laurieta* was more beautifull then chaste, and not halfe so modest as lascivious. It is as great a happinesse for children to enioy their Parents, as a misery to want them : For *Laurieta's* Father and Mother had beene infinitely carefull and curious to traine her up in the Schoole of Vertue and Piety, and wherein her youth had (during the terme of their lives) made a happy entrance, and as I may say, a fortunate and glorious progression : But when God, the great Moderator, and soveraigne Iudge of the world, had in his eternall Decree and sacred Providence taken them out of this world, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or government, exposed to the variety of the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a ship without Pilot or Helme, subject to the mercy of every mercilesse winde and wave of the Sea : yea, and then it was that she forgot her former modestie and chastity, and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and prostituting her body to the beastly pleasures of lust and fornication, wherein (it grieves me to relate) she tooke a great delight and felicity. But she shall pay deare for this bitter-sweet vice of hers : yea, and though it seeme to begin in content and pleasure, yet we shall assuredly see it end in shame, repentance and misery : for this sinne of Whoredome betrayes, when it seemes to delight us, and strangleth, when it maketh greatest shew to embrace us : so sweet and pure vertues, are modestie and chastitie; so foule and fatall vices, are concupiscence and lust. But he with whom she was most familiar, and to whom she imparted the greatest part of her favours, was to one *Monsieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling neere the Citie of *Arles*, by birth and extraction, noble, but otherwise more rich then wise : who comming to *Avignon*, no sooner saw *Laurieta*, but he both gloried in the sight of her singular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquisite and incomparable beauty, making that his best content, and this his sweetest felicity ; that, his soveraigne good ; and this, his heaven upon earth : so as losing himselfe in the labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the sea of his concupiscence and sensuality, he spends not onely his whole time, but a great part of his wealth in wantonizing and entertaining her : a vicious and foule fault, not onely peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatall to too many Gallants, as well of most parts of Christendome in generall, as of *France* in particular ; it being indeed a disastrous and dangerous rocke, whereon many inconsiderate and wretched Gentlemen have suffered shipwracke, not onely of their reputations, healths and estates, but many times of their lives.

In the meane time, *Laurieta* (more jealous of her fame, then carefull to preserve her chastity) is advertised, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himselfe and his discretion so farre, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall some speeches tending to the blemish and disparagement of her honour : so as vaine
and

and lascivious as she is, yet the touching of this string, affords her harsh and distastefull melody: For she will seek to cover her shame by her hypocrisie, and so resolves to make him know the foulness of his offence, in that of his baseness and ingratitude. To which end, at her first interview and meeting of him, she not onely checks him for it, but forbids and banisheth him her company: which indeed had beene a just cause and opportunity for him to have converted his lust into chastity, and his folly into repentance. But he is too dissolute and vicious, to be so happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is resolved, not onely to justifie his innocency, but thereby also, to persevere in his sinne: He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themselves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the trophees of their vanities upon the disparagement of Ladies honours: yea, he seemes to be so farre from being guilty of this error, as he taxeth and condemnes others, in being guilty or accessary thereunto. So, although his Mistress *Laurieta* remaine still coy, strange and haggard to him, yet he persevereth in his affection to her; who at last judging of his innocency by his constancy; and of that, by his many letters and presents which he still sent her; as also observing that she had no firme grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valable witnesses of this report; she againe exchangeth her frownes into smiles, and so receives and entertaines him into her favour, only with this premonition and caution, That if ever hereafter she heard of his folly or ingratitude in this kinde, she would never looke him in the face, except with contempt and detestation. So these their dis-joynted affections, as well by oathes as protestations, are againe confirmed and cimented: but such lustfull contracts, and lascivious familiarities and sympathies, seldome or never make prosperous ends.

Now to give forme and life to this History: Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Mompellier*, named *Monsieur de Poligny*, having some occasion, comes to *Avignon*, who frequenting their publike Balls or Dancings, no sooner saw our faire and beautifull *Laurieta*, but he falls in love with her, and salutes and courts her: and from thenceforth deemes her so faire, as he useth all meanes to become her servant, but not in the way of honour and Marriage, rather with a purpose to make her his Courtezan then his Wife. But he sees himselfe deceived in the irregular passion of his affection: for *Laurieta* is averse, and will not be either tractable or flexible to his desires: so as his suite is vaine, and she so deafe to his requests, as neither his prayers, sighes, Letters, nor Presents are capable to purchase her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves hereat, which notwithstanding makes the flame of his lust rather increase then diminish: so as after much pensiveness, he begins to beate his wits, and to awaken his invention, how he may crowne his desires by injoying *Laurieta*, when loe, an occasion presenteth it selfe to him unexpected.

Madamoyselle la Palaisiere, a rich young Gentlewoman neere *Pont Saint Esprit*, living in *Avignon*, and seeing *Poligny* at the dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, shee so admires the sweetness of his favour, and the excellency of his personage, as she rejoyceth in nothing so much; and to write the truth, in nothing else but in his company: so as, had not modesty withheld her, she would have proved her owne Advocate, and have informed him thereof her selfe. *Poligny* receives so many secret signes and testimonies of her affection, by private glances and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his love, or rather his lust to *Laurieta*, hath so absolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *la Palaisiere*; so as here we may observe and remarke a different commixture, and disparity of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta*, and not she him: *la Palaisiere* affects *Poligny*, and not he her: what these passions and occurrences will produce, we shall shortly see.

La Palaisiere, having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta*'s servant, and she the Mistress of *Belluile*, either out of her affection, or jealousy, or both, resolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purposely to withdraw his affection from her to herselfe: The occasion is proffered, and opportu-

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nitie seemes to favour and second her desires. Some three dayes after, the *Iesuites* (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdomes and Estates, leave no invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to seduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cause their Schollers to act a Comedie in their Colledge in this Citie, whereat all the Nobilitie and Gentry of the Citie and adjacent Countrey assemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to see *Laurieta*, and *la Palaisiere* to see *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day is sicke, and *Belluile* stayes with her to comfort her. So first comes *Poligny*, and seeing hee could not see his *Laurieta*, sits downe pensively: then comes *la Palaisiere*, and seeing *Poligny* a farre off, prayes her brother, who conducted her to place her neere him. *Poligny* can doe no lesse then salute her, and shee triumphing in her good fortune, takes the advantage of this occasion, and in sweet and sugered termes (after many pauses, sighs and blushes) gives him to understand, that shee knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withall, that *Belluile* and no other was her servant and favourite. This speech of hers strikes *Poligny* to the quick; so as thereat hee not onely bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected newes, as also *Belluile* and *Laurieta's* absence, so nettle him, and frame such a *Chymera* of extravagant passions in his heart and thoughts, as hee could not have the patience to sit out the Comedy, but feigning himselfe sicke, departs to his Chmber: where a thousand jealousies ingendered of his affection, perplexed and torment him; when remembering *la Palaisiers* speeches, and being infinitely desirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and of hers to him, he sees no meanes, nor person so fit to reveale the same as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta's* Wayting-mayd. This *Lucilla* *Poligny* wins with gold, in consideration whereof, she reveales him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefeft Minion and Favourite: and yet, for some words he the other day in ignorance or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, she was like to casheere and discard him. *Lucilla* having thus forgotten her owne fidelitie, in bewraying the dishonour of her Mistresse; *Poligny* understanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be so compleate a Gallant as he supposed him, he of a subtil and malicious invention resolves to worke on him; and so conceives a plot, which we shall see presently put in execution and acted: he very politickely puts a good face on all his discontents and passions: and although *Laurieta* would not see him, yet hee fairely intrudes himselfe into *Belluile's* company, and of purpose becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet: for they fence, dance, ride, vault and hunt together: so as at last none are so great Conforts and Cammerades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every houre a yeere, before hee had played his prize, makes a partie at Tennis with *Belluile* for a collation, and beats him; and so taking two Gentlemen, *La Fontaine*, and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they goe all foure to a Taverne. *Poligny* as secret as malicious in this his plot, in the midst of their mirth speakes thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth hee, I am sorry for your losse of this Collation: but if it please you to honour me with your company to morrow to *Orenge*, a Citie which I much desire to see, I will pay you the dinner in requitall thereof. *Belluile* very readily and willingly consents hereunto, and *La Fontaine* and *Borelles* vow they will likewise have their share, both of the journey and dinner. So the next morne they all take horse for *Orenge*: but first *Belluile* gives his Mistresse *Laurieta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with his journey. They view this old Citie, the ancient patrimony and Principality of the *Illustrious Princes of Orenge*, from whence they derive their name: where *Poligny* having given order for the dinner, away they goe, visite the Castle, and salute the deputed Governour thereof *Monsieur Vosberghe*; they see the part of the Amphitheatre yet standing, the Cathedrall Church, the double wall of the Citie, and the old *Romane Arch* not farre off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cooke and their stomakes taxe them of their long stay. So they returne to their Inne fall to their Viands, and like frolike Gentlemen, wash them downe with store of Claret: and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conversation, here casts forth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth hee, how happie the Gentlemen of *Italy* are to us of *France*. sith after dinner every one goes freely

to his Courtizan without controulment ! I know not, quoth *la Fontaine*, what *Orenge* is; but I thinke *Avignon* is not destitute of good fellow Wenches, who make *Venus* their queene, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for Iewes and Courtizans, for the greatnesse of it, it may compare with the best Citie of *Italy*: for from the Lady to the Kitchen-mayd I dare say they'll all proove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except still our holy Sisters the *Nunnes*. Not I faith quoth hee, nor my Mistresse neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, if I knew you had a Mistresse of that complexion, I would adventure a glasse of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a phantastick French humour) affirmed he had a Mistris, whose beauty was so excellent, as he knew hee could not receive shame to name her; and if you please to honour her selfe and mee with her health, I proclaime that *Madamoyselle Laurieta* is my Mistresse, and my selfe her servant.

Of wife and Christian Gentlemen, what prophane speeches and debosht table-talk are these they use heere, as if their glory consisted in their shame, or their best vertues were to bee discovered in the worst of vices ? For howsoever the Viands they did eat, may preserve the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must needs poyson and destroy that of their soules: for as they should praise God in the receipt of the one; so contrariwise they incense and displease his sacred Majestie in giving him the other: yea, this is so farre from Christianitie and heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheisme and hell: for whores and healths, in stead of prayer and thanksgiving, are the prodigious and certaine forerunners of a seared conscience and the dangerous and execrable symptoms of a leprous soule.

Birds are taken by their feet, and men by their tongues. *Belluile* having so basely and sottishly abused himselfe in the disparaging of his Mistresse *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand, for which hee purposely came to *Orenge*. So dinner ended, they very pleasantly returne for *Avignon*. That night *Poligny* cannot sleepe for joy, or rather for revenge: For now hee presumes to know how to worke himselfe into *Laurieta's* favour, by unhorsing *Belluile*. It is a dishonest and base part to betray our friend, and under the cloake of friendship and familiarity, to harbour and retaine malice against them: but this irregular and violent passion of love in young and unstayed judgments, many times beares downe all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and Conscience bee contemned, what hope is there that either honesty bee regarded, or friendship observed, sith it is the onely ciment and sinewes thereof? But *Poligny* is as resolute as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morne by his Lackey, sends the Lady *Laurieta* this Letter.

POLIGNY TO LAURIETA.

IT is out of sincere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to *Belluile*, that I presume to signifie thee, how lately in my presence at *Orenge* his tongue let fall some words that tended to the prejudice and disparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not onely the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to bee rather curious in preserving, then any way ingratefull in revealing thereof. Neither doe I attempt to send thee this newes, thereby to insinuate, or draw thee to affect mee the more, or him the lesse: onely sith it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to bee wronged in my presence; how much lesse thy selfe, to whom I not owe my service, but my life? If thou wilt not approve my zeale, yet thou hast all the reason of the world to pardon my presumption: and to make my letter reall: what my pen affirmes to *Laurieta*, my sword is ready to confirme to *Belluile*.

POLIGNY.

In the extremitie and excesse of those three different passions, griefe, choller and astonishment, *Laurieta* receives and reads this Letter, and like a dissolute Gentlewoman,

man, being more carefull of her reputation to the world, then of her soule towards God, shee knowes not whether shee have more cause and reason either to approve *Poligny's* affection, or to condemne *Belluile's* folly: it grieves her to the heart to have bestowed her favours on so base and ingratefull a Gentleman as *Belluile*; vowes shee will make him repent it, and is resolute, that this vanity and folly of his, shall cost him deare; yea, shee is so impatient in these her fumes of griefe and revenge, that she thought once with all expedition to have sent for *Belluile*, to make him as well see the fruites of his owne ingratitude, as to taste the effects of her revenge and indignation: but shee holds it requisite and fit, and her selfe in a manner bound first to thanke *Poligny* for his courtesie, by returning him a Letter in answer of his, which shee speedily dispatcheth him by his owne Lackey, to this effect:

LAVRIETA TO POLIGNY.

I know not whether thou hast shewed mee a truer testimonie of thy discretion and affection, then *Belluile* of his envie and folly. But as I rest infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; so I resolve shortly to make him know what hee deserves in attempting to eclipse and disparage it. Now as I grieve not, so I must confesse I cannot refrain from sorrowing, at this his undeserved slaughter: for as mine innocencie defends me from the first, so my sexe cannot exempt me from the second; and looke what disparity there is betwixt thy generosity and his basenes, so much there is betwixt the whitenesse of my chastity and the foulness of his asperson. I rest so confident of the truth of thy Pen, as I desire no confirmation of thy Sword; and I flatter not, rather assure my selfe, that sith *Belluile* was so indiscreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himselfe. I returne thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and curtesie of thine; the which though I cannot requite, yet I will not only indeavour, but strive to deserve,

LAVRIETA.

Whiles *Poligny* receives *Laureta's* Letter with much content, and many kisses, as triumphing to see how hee hath baffled *Belluile* by working him out, and consequently himselfe into her favour, wee will for a while leave him, to consider whether the end of his trechery to *Belluile* will prove as fortunate and pleasing to him, as the beginning promiseth. And in the meane time we will a little speake of *Laurieta*, to see what course and resolution shee meanes to hold and observe with *Belluile*. It is not enough that shee hath written *Poligny* a Letter, but her envie and contempt towards *Belluile* is so implacable, as shee with much hast and secrecie sends for him: her requests to him are commands; yea, hee needes no other spurres but those of his lust, and of her beauty, to make him rather fly, then poast to her presence; when not so much as once dreaming of his former foolish speeches delivered against his Mistresse *Laurieta* much lesse of *Poligny's* treason conspired and acted against him, hee thinkes to kisse her, whome so often hee hath formerly kissed; but his hopes and her disdain deceive him: for shee peremptorily flights him; when having fier in her looks, and thunder in her speeches, shee chargeth him with this scandall delivered by him at *Orange*, in presence of *Poligny*, against her honour and chastity. And is this (quoth shee) the reward a Lady shall deserve and receive by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? and is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophees of his glory upon his Mistresse disgrace? are these the fruits of thy sighs and teares, or the effects of thy requests, oaths, and Letters? Yea, such was then her furious rage, and devillish revenge, as shee was provided of a Stilletto, to have there stab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Wayting mayd *Lucilla*, with her best oratory and perswasion, powerfully diverted her to the contrary, by alledging her the eminencie of the danger, which the foulness and haynousnesse of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this newes, when now proving as prophane to God, as before hee was base and

and ingratefull to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations denies these speeches, and this slander; and with much passion protesteth of his innocencie. But this will not satisfie *Laurieta*; for to make his shame the more notorious in his guiltinesse, she produceth him *Poligny's* Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and seemes to let fall the plumes, not onely of his Pride, but of his courage and justification, yet he bitterly and vehemently perseuereth in his denyall: but all this is not capable to appease or content *Laurieta*; and which is worst of all, nothing can possibly doe it, except he make good her honour, and his owne innocencie, by a combate or Duell against *Poligny*. So *Belluile* sees himselfe driven to a narrow and shrewd push: He hath wronged *Laurieta*, and knowes not how to right her: *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himselfe, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearly, and therefore must resolve to fight, or lose her. As for his owne part, to give him his true character and description, hee is rather a City swaggerer, then a Field souldier, loves rather to have a faire Sword, then a good one, and to weare it only for shew, not for use; he is ambitious of nothing more, then to be reputed rather then found valiant; In a word, for a Taverne quarrell, or a Stewes brawle he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the field with a naked Sword, that doth not onely daunt, but terrifie him. The greatest comfort and consolation hee findes in this his perplexity, is, that he knowes hee hath many fellowes and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very cowards as himselfe: of which numbers, he flattereth himselfe with this poore base hope, that it is not impossible for *Poligny* to bee one. But what is this to give satisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may shew himselfe to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all these considerations notwithstanding, hee loves *Laurieta* so tenderly and dearly, as not daring see her, till hee had met *Poligny*, hee pluckes up his spirits, and infusing more mettle and courage into his resolutions then accustomed, resolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himselfe of an excellent Rapier, whose temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confesse was farre better then that of his heart, hee, by his Lackey some three dayes after, sends *Poligny* this Challenge.

BELLVILE TO POLIGNY.

Thy malice and treachery to mee is as odious as remarkable; for whiles I sought to cherish thy friendship, it hath purposely beene thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of discord betwixt the Lady thou wotest of, and my selfe, upon the point of her honour; for whose defence and preservation I owe not onely my service, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may seeme to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, sith I have beene the undeserved object of thy malice, finde it not strange, that I justly repute and hold thee the cause of my envie; which can receive no other satisfaction or reconciliation, but that to morrow at five in the morne thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the iron stumpe (the limits twixt the King and the Pope) with thy single Rapier, where I wil attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choyce, & give me the refusal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt not but to send thee to thine eternal rest.

BELLVILE.

Poligny receives this challenge, and admires to see *Belluile's* resolution, from which all former reports could never draw assurance; it is not feare that casts his head into these doubts, or these doubts into his head: for hee is too generous to bee a dastard, and too Eagle-bred to turn Craven; for rejoycing in having made *Belluile* swallow a Gudgeon, and triumphing in presuming himselfe seated in the throne of *Laurieta's* favour, makes him as resolute to receive this Challenge, as willing and ready to performe it; onely the remembrance that *Belluile* sent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throwes him into as much disdain as choller: but he resembling himselfe, passeth over this respect without respect, and so bids the Lackey tell his Master, that he will not faile to meet him at the houre and place appointed.

The night doth, or should bring counsell: *Belluile* wisheth his Challenge unsent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall it. *Poligny* is of a contrary temper, and glad in his acceptance thereof, desires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-passing the night, which *Belluile* passeth over with as much feare, as *Poligny* with generosity, the Curtaines of the night being with-drawne, and the day appearing, ere five have stricken, *Belluile* notwithstanding is first on the Bridge, and *Poligny* immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefly unbrace, but not uncase their Doublets. *Belluile* will be valorous in words; and so according to his challenge, and the right of Duells, offereth *Poligny* the sight and choyce of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refusall. So (courtesie for a while contending with valour) they both assume and accept of their owne Rapiers; when dividing themselves, they joyne with resolution and fury. At first comming up, *Poligny* gives *Belluile* the first wound in his right Shoulder, without receiving any, whereat hee is more affrighted then *Poligny* rejoyced; at the second, hee receives another wound in the left side, but is not yet so happy to see, or assure himselfe, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* body, or which is lesse, his cloathes: whereupon, considering *Poligny's* generosity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrell with the faintnesse and basenesse of his courage, hee throwes off his Sword, prayes *Poligny* to desist; for hee holds himselfe satisfied. When *Poligny* disdainig to taint his honour with the least shadow of dishonour, in receiving *Belluile's* shame, gives him the happinesse and fruition of his life: and so they part. Lo here the first fruits of their foolish and lascivious affection onto *Laurieta*: but I feare the second will prove more bitter and bloody. *Belluile* going home with his shame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his honour and glory, they hush themselves up in silence, *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chirurgions house to dresse his wounds, hoping that as they in their fight saw no body, so that none had seen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Castle walls not onely espy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertised, shee sends a confident Gentleman, a cosin germane of hers, to finde out *Belluile* and to know the truth and issue of his combate; but indeed his cowardise hath purchased him so much shame, as hee will not bee seene, much lesse spoken withall: which *Laurieta* understanding, beginnes to conceive that the two Souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly hee and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalfe: whereupon ghesing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the foyle, shee was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to bee informed of the particulars and successe of their combat, which so much imported as well her honour as her content. But *Poligny's* affection prevents her curiosity: for as shee was calling for pen and paper, hee in person ascends the stayres to her Chamber, where, after a complementall and courteous salute, he informes her (as we have formerly understood) that hee hath given *Belluile* two wounds; for her sake, and now his life for his owne. Shee demands if he himselfe were not hurt; he answers, No. At both which good newes she infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulness permits him to gather many kisses, as well from the roses of her cheekes, as the cherries of her lips: and so from thenceforth he vowes to be her professed servant; and she promiseth him to be, though not his Mistresse, yet at least his friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written onely in vice, and sealed in lust, wee shall shortly see cancelled and annihilated, with as much pittie, as infamy and misery, as the sequell of this History will shew and demonstrate.

Whiles thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluile's* foyle, and their own familiarity and affection, how is it possible but he must infinitely grieve for his losse of *Laurieta*, and *la Palaisiere* as much sorrow to see her selfe deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny*? But they brooke their afflictions and passions with variable resolutions; for whiles *la Palaisiere* is imbatheing her selfe in her teares and discontents, *Belluile* is resolute

to quench his revenge in *Poligny's* blood. For forgetting as well his God as his soule, his honour as himselfe, he intends to doe it by the by, and not by the maine, by execrable treachery, not by magnanimous generosity; yea, the diuell is so strong with his faith, because that is so weake with his Saviour and Redeemer, as shutting the doores of his humanity and charity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murder; yea, and henceforth he is so enraged, and his lookes are so gantly and distracted, as if his thoughts were conducting & encouraging his hands to perpetrate some bloudy stratagem & designe: which is observed and doubted by his chiefe familiars and intimate friends, as also by *la Palaisiere*, whose company hee sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her, as for consolation from her to himselfe, sith wee are subject both to hope and believe that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the sight and relation of that of others, as sympathizing and participating with them; first in their flames of love, then of griefe and sorrow, in being disdained of those we love. Neither could *Belluile* so cunningly or closely rake up the fiery sparkes of his malice and revenge, under the embers of silence and secrecie, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealousie of his good, made her so tender-ear'd, and sharpe-sighted, as she over-heard some words that either in jest or earnest fell from *Belluile's* tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that hee intended no good, but pretended a secret fatall malice to him, which a little time might too too soone and unexpectedly discover: whereupon her love to *Poligny* was so deare and honourable, although he were so firmly intangled in the beauty of *Laurieta*, as hee wold not vouchsafe, rather disdained to love her self that she thought the discovery of *Belluile's* malice to *Poligny*, so much imported *Poligny's* good, as she held her selfe bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveale and relate it him; which she doth in this Letter:

LA PALAISIERE TO POLIGNY.

TO testifie thee now the constancie of my affection with inke, as I have formerly done the fervencie thereof with teares, know, thou hast some cause to feare, and I to doubt, that *Belluile* hath some dangerous project, or bloudy designe to put in execution, against his honour, and thy life; and as I reveale it thee out of my care, so looke thou prevent it out of thine owne discretion, lest he bereave thee of thy life; as thou hast done him of his *Laurieta*, if thou slight this my advice, as thou hast already my affection: yet as I remaine witnesse of the purity of the last, so wil these lines beare testimonie to the world of the candour and sinceritie of the first. Neither doe I presume to send them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchase the honour of thy favour, but only to let thee know that my affection is both powerfull and capable to shine thorow the cloudes of thy disdaine, and that the obscurity of that neither hath defaced the lustre, nor can eclipse the resplendencie of this. Regard therefore thine owne safety, albeit thou wilt not respect my content, and although thou please not give me the honour to be thy Mistrresse, yet I will take the ambition and resolution to live and dye thine hand-mayd.

LA PALAISIERE.

Poligny breaking up the scales of this Letter, laughes to see *la Palaisieres* affection, and to understand *Belluile's* malice; and being besotted with *Laurieta*, hee lost both his wit and judgement in the sight and contemplation of her beauty, yea, he is growne so fond in his affection, and respect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this simplicity, to deem it a kinde of treason to conceale any secret from her: to which end, he shewes her *la Palaisieres* Letter, which hee makes his pastime; and shee her Maygame; yea, so vaine is her folly, and so foolish her vanity, to see the passages and events of these their passions, as she not onely exceeds the decorum of discretion, but of modesty in her laughter: and which is more, when she againe considereth how *Belluile* loves her selfe, and not she him; *la Palaisiere* *Poligny*, and not he her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhalation in such sort, as shee seemes to burst with the violence & excesse thereof, but this mirth of hers shall bee shortly wayted and attended on with misery and mourning.

But *Poligny* notwithstanding sees him selfe doubly obliged to *la Palaisiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and so holds himselfe obliged in either of these respects and considerations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now unknowne to *Laurieta*, he writes, and sends her to this effect:

POLIGNY TO LA PALAISIERE.

IT is not the least of my joyes, that *Belluile* cannot beare mee so much malice, as thou dost affection. Tis true, I have not deserved thy love, tis more true, I have not merited his hatred: for that proceeds from heaven, as a divine influence, this from hell, as an infernall frenzie. I will not feede thee with hope, neither can hee give mee despaire: for (not to dissemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impossible I shall feare him: he may have the will to doe me hurt, I wish it were in my power to doe thee good; neither can he be more malicious to performe me that, then I will be ambitious to confirme thee this: his malice I entertaine with much contempt, thy kinde advice and sincere affection with infinite thanks: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly expresse or define, whether he beginne to hate me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deedes proove words to mee, and I beseech thee feare not but my wordes shall proove deedes to thee: for I am as confident shortly to salute faire *la Palaisiere*, as carelesse when I meet foolish *Belluile*.

POLIGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts, and the beastlineesse of his concupiscence and sensuality, not onely surpriseth his reason, but captivates his judgement; so as *Laurieta's* sight defacing *Belluile's* memory, hee thinkes so much on her affection, as hee respects not his malice: but this Vice and that error shall cost him deare. For whiles hee is feasting his eyes on the daynties and rarities of *Laurieta's* beauty, *Belluile's* heart hath agreed with the divell to prepare him a bloody Banquet: Grace cannot containe him within her limits; therefore Impiety dallies so long with him, and he with Impiety, that at last this bloody sentence is past in the court of his hellish resolutions, That *Poligny* must dye. The divells assistance is never wanting in such infernall stratagems: for this is an infallible maxime, as remarkeable as ruinous, That he alwayes makes us fertile, not barren to doe evill, never to doe good. At first *Belluile* thinkes on poyson or Pistoll to dispatch *Poligny*: but hee findes the first too difficult to attempt; the second, too publike to performe. Sometimes he is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murder him in his bed; then to shoot him out at a window as he passeth the street: but to conclude, understanding that hee often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinkes it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as hee issueth forth her house. And to make short, hereon he resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, hee retires himselfe from *Avignon*, and lives privately some sixe dayes in *Orenge*, giving it out, that hee was gone to the City of *Aix* in *Provence*, where, at that famous court of Parliament he had a Proceesse for a title of Land, shortly to be adjudged; and so in a darke night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being disguised, in favour of money, passeth the gate of *Avignon*, and giving his horse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, hee goes directly to her doore, and there at the corner of a little street stands with his Rapier drawne under his cloake, with a revenging and greedy desire of blood to awayt *Poligny's* comming forth. The Clocke striking one, the doore is opened, and *Poligny* secretly issueth forth without candle, having purposely sent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Masters Rapier with him. Hee is no sooner in the street, but *Belluile*, as a murderous villaine, rushest forth, and so like a limbe of the Divell, sheathes his Rapier in his brest; when *Poligny* more hurt then amazed, and wanting his Sword but not courage, indeavoureth by struggling to close with his assassinate; and so cries out for assistance: but the dead of the night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his Sword, hee redoubleth his cruelty, and so againe runnes him in at the small of the belly, thorow the reines, whereat hee presently

sently falls downe dead to his feete, having the power to groane and cry, but not to utter a word. Which *Belluile* espying, and knowing him dispatcht, runnes to his horse, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next streete, and so rides to the same gate hee entred, which was kept ready for him; which passing, he with all expedition drives away for *Orange*: from whence, the next morne before day, he takes post for *Aix*, the better to conceale and o're-vaile this damnable Murther of his. But this policie of his shall deceive his hopes, and returne him a fatall reward and interest. For although he can bleepe the eyes of men, yet hee neither can, nor shall those of God, who in his due time will out of his sacred justice repay and punish him with confusion.

By this time the streete and neighbours have taken the allarum of this tragicall accident: so Candles and Torches come from every where, only *Laurieta* having played the Whore before, will seeme now (though falsely) to play the honest woman: for she, to cover her shame, will not discover that her selfe or any of her house are stirring: and so although shee understood this newes, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet shee keepes fast her doores and like an ingratefull strumpet, will permit none of her servants for a long time to descend. The Criminall Judge and President of the City is advertised of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is knowne to be *Monsieur Poligny*, and being beloved, he is exceedingly bewayled of all who knew him, and inquiry and search is made of all sides, and the Lieutenant Criminall shewes himselfe wise, because honest and curious, because wise in the perquisition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will nor, or rather God, who is the Creator and giver of time, is not as yet pleased to bring it to light, only *Laurieta* knew, and *la Palasfere* suspected, and all those who were of the counsell of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, do likewise both feare and suspect, that onely *Belluile* was the bloody and execrable author thereof; but to report or divulge so much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *la Palasfere*, her thoughts are taken up and preoccupied with two severall passions: for as she grieves at *Poligny's* death, so she rejoyceth that she hath no hand, nor was any way accessary to his Murther; rather, that if hee had sayled by the compasse of her advice, he had undoubtedly avoyded the shipwracke of his life, and prevented the misfortune of his death; what to thinke of *Belluile* she knowes not, but if he were her friend before, hee hath now made and proclaimed himselfe her enemy, by killing her deare and onely friend *Poligny*: and therefore is resolved, that as shee could never perfectly brooke his company, so now this bloody fact shall make her detest both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and descend to speake of *Laurieta*, to see how shee brookes the murther of her intimate friend *Poligny*: for sith she assuredly knowes and believes that this cruell Murther was performed by no other, but by her professed enemy *Belluile*, or by some of his bloody agents, love and revenge conspire to act two different Scenes upon the Theatre of her heart: for in memory and deepe affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled teares and mournfull sighes infinitely deplore and bewayle his disastrous end; so as sorrow withering the roses of her cheekes, and griefe making her cast off her glittering, to take on mournefull attire, she could not refrain from giving all *Avignon* notice how pleasing *Poligny's* life was to her, by the excesse of her lamentations and afflictions demonstrated for his death; or if her sighes found any consolation, or her teares recesse or trace, it was administred her by her revenge, which shee conceived and intended towards *Belluile*, for this his bloody fact. So as consulting with Choller, not with Reason, with Nature, not with Grace, with Satan, not with God, she vowes to be sharply revenged of him, and to make him pay deare for this his base and treacherous Murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are so implacable, and transport her resolutions to so bloody an impetuositie, that resembling her sexe and selfe, she inhumanely and sacrilegiously darts forth an oath, which her heart sends to her soule, and her soule from Earth to Hell, that if the meanes find not her, she will infallibly find out the meanes to quench & dry up her tears for *Poligny's* death, in the blood of *Belluile*: which, sith she is so devoid of reason, religion, & grace, I feare we shall shortly see her attempt & perform.

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But leaving her in *Avignon*, let us finde out *Belluile* in *Aix*, who is a Gentleman so prophane in his life, and deboshed in his actions and conversations, as in stead of repenting hee triumphs at this his Murther; yea, hee is become so impious and impudent, as hee grieves not thereat, but onely that he had not sooner dispatched his rivall *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or sword were guilty in sending *Poligny* from this world in a bloody winding sheet, his thoughts like so many hounds pursuing his conscience, and his conscience his soule, hee thinkes himselfe not safe in *Aix*, wherethe sharpe-sighted Presidents, and Counsellours of that illustrious Senate of Parliament might at last accuse and find him out for the Authour of this bloudy Murther, and therefore leaves both it and *Province*, and so rides to the City of *Lyon*, accompanied with none but his two Lackeyes, who, to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny*: mournfull Tragedy; neither doth he yet thinke himselfe safe there: but within a moneth after the Murther, thinking directly and securely to flye from the eyes and hands of justice, thereby to avoyd the storme of his punishment, hee againe takes horse for that great City and Forrest *Paris*, where hee hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horses would not only secure his feare, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a secure Sanctuary & safe harbour, he might quietly ride at anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his punishment; for it may bee, God, out of his inscrutable will and Divine providence, will, when hee best pleaseth, returne him from whence hee came, and by some extraordinary accident make him there feeble the foulness of his fact, in the sharpness and suddenness of his punishment; which, as a fierce gust and bitter storme, shall then surprise him, when hee least suspects or dreames thereof. But in this interim of his residence, hee forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old finnes of Concupiscence and Whoredome: and so rather like a lascivious Courtier, then a civill morall Christian, hee cannot see the Church for the Stewes, nor the Preachers or Priests for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his shall cost him deare, and hee shall bee so miserable to feeble the punishment, sith hee will not be so happy to seeke the meanes to avoyd it: for now fixe moneths having exhausted and dissipated the greatest part of his gold, and his credit comming short of his hopes, it seems the aire of *Paris* is displeasing to him, sith hee cannot be agreeable to it; and therefore (necessity giving a law to the vanity of his desires) hee beginnes to loath the Ile of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to see *Avignon*. And now it is, that the divell, that subtil and fatall seducer, steps in, and at one time bewitching both his reason and judgement, presents him a fresh with the freshnesse and delicacie of *Laurieta*'s beauty, which so inkindleth and revives the sparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the ashes of silence, as he vowes there is no beauty to hers; and if hee chance espie any faire Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he presently affirmeth, and infinitely protesteth, they come far short of his *Laurieta*'s delicacie, perfection, and grace; so as his purse tyrannizing o're his ambition, and his concupiscence o're his judgement, hee not so much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred shee formerly bore him, and thinking it impossible for her to conceive, much lesse to know that hee murdered *Poligny*, hee is constant and resolute to seeke the felicity to live in her favour and affection; or to dy in the pursute thereof; but that will prove as impossible, as this apparent and feisable. So as absence adding fire to his lust, and excellencie to her beauty, hee is resolute to send one of his Lackeyes to *Avignon*; partly to returne with money, and so to meet him at *Lyon*, *Moulins*, or *Nevers*; but more especially, in great secrecie to deliver a Letter to his faire and sweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him backe her answer, as if hee were still at *Paris*, and not in his journey downewards. When meaning as yet to conceale his Murther of *Poligny*, hee calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon these lines:

BELVILLE TO LAVRIETA.

If *Poligny* had but the thousandth part as truly respected mee, as I dearely loved thee, thou hadst not so soone cast me out of thy favour, nor God so suddenly him out of this world: but I know

know not whether more to bewaile my unfortunacie occasioned by thy cruelty, or his misery ingendred through his owne treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, so I sorrow at this; for although hee dyed mine enemy, yet in despite of his malice and death, I will live his friend; and if thou lov'st him, as I thinke thou dost, I wish I might fight with his Murderer for his owne sake, and kill him for thine. I may say thy affection and beauty deserved him better, though dare not affirme, I am reserved to be made happy in enjoying of either; much losse of both, and least of all, of thy selfe; and yet I must confesse, that if our birth and qualitties were knowne, I should gae as neere to be thy equall, as hee infinitely came short of being mine. What or what not, I have performed for thy sake, is best knowne to my selfe; sith thou disdainest to know it, but if thou wilt please to abandon thy disdain, then my affection and the truth will infor me thee, that I have ever constantly resolved to dye thy Servant, though thou have sworn never to live my Mistressse. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unjustly and unfortunately lost it, Belluile would quickly forsake Paris to see Avignon, and abandon all the beauties of the world, to continue his homage and service to that of his onely faire and sweet Laurieta.

BELLVILE.

With this his Letter hee sends a Diamond Ring from his finger; and so dispatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before hee arrive at Avignon, where very secretly hee delivers Laurieta a his Masters Token and Letter; and treacherous fury as shee is, shee kisseth both; and breaking off the Seales, reads the contents, whereat she infinitely seems to rejoyce, and so questioneth with the Lackey about his Masters returne; who being taught his Lesson, told her that that depended on her pleasure; sith hers was his, and withall prayes her for an answer; for that two dayes hence hee was againe to returne to his Master for Paris: the which shee promiseth. The Lackey gone, shee cannot refrain from laughing, yea, she leaps for joy; to see how Belluile is againe so befotted, to throw himselfe into her favour and mercy, and to observe how willing and forward he was to runne hoodwink'd to his untimely death and destruction: for the Divell hath fortified her in her former bloody resolution; so that hap what will, shee vowes shee will not faile to kill Belluile, because he had slaine her Poligny, and already she wisheth him in Avignon, that she might see an end to this her wished and desired Tragedy. In the meane time she prepares her hypocriticall and treacherous Letter, and a rich Watchet Scarfe imbroydered with flames of silver. So his Lackey repayreth to her, to whom she delivereth both, with remembrance of her best love to his Master, and that shee hoped shortly to see him in Avignon. The Lackey being provided of his Masters Gold, and this Scarfe and Letter, trips away speedily for Lyons, where he findes his Master privately huilt up in a friends house, expecting his returne; he is glad of his owne gold, but more of Laurieta's Letter, when thinking every minute a yeare before he had read it, he hastily breaking off the seales, findes these lines therein contained:

LAVRIETA TO BELLVILE.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, so I confesse I never hated thee; and if his treacherous insinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, I beseech thee attribute it to my indiscretion, as being a woman, and not to my inconstancie, as being thy friend: for if he dyed thine enemy, let it suffice that I live thine hand-mayd, and that as he was not reserved for me, so I hope I am wholly for thy selfe. How farre he was my inferiour, I will not inquire, onely it is both my content and honour, that thou please vouchsafe to repute me thy equall. I am so farre from disdainning, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy love with kisses, and make my thanks wipe off the concept of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never lost to thee, nor shall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wish that our little Avignon were thy great Paris, and if thy love be as unfeigned as mine is firme, let my Belluile make hast to see his Laurieta, who hath vowed to rejoyce a thousand times more at his returne, then ever shee grieved at Poligny's death.

LAVRIETA.

At

At the reading of this her Letter hee is beyond himselfe, yea beyond the Moone for joy; so as hee wisheth nothing so much, as himselfe in her armes, or shee in his. So hee fits himselfe with a couple of good horses, puts his Lackeyes into new Sutes, and knowing that time and his absence had washed away the remembrance of *Polignys* murder, hee speeds away for *Avignon*; where the first night of his arrivall he privately visiteth *Laurieta*, twixt whom there is nothing but kisses and imbracings; yea shee so treacherously and sweetly lulles him asleepe with the *Syren* melody of her deceitfull speeches, as she prayses him to visit her often, and that a little time shall crowne him with the fruits of his desire: so for that night they part. The next day he repayres to her againe, when amidst the confluence of many millions of kisses, shee prayses and conjures him to discover her what he hath done for her sake; when hee tying her by oath to secrecie, and she swearing it, he relates her that it was himselfe, that in affection to her had slaine *Poligny*, as he issued forth her lodging: when having wrested and extorted this mystery from him, it confirms her malice, and hastneth on her resolution of his death, which his lascivious thoughts have neither the grace to foresee, nor the reason to prevent: shee espies he hath still a Pistoll with him, and desires to know why hee beares it: who answereth her, it is to defend himselfe from his enemies; and that hee will never goe without it. So againe they fall to their kisses, and he to his requests of a further and sweeter favour of her; which she for that time againe denyes him, adding withall, that if hee will come to her after dinner to morrow, shee will so dispose of matters, as his pleasure shall be hers, and she will not be her owne, but his. So being surprized and ravished with the exasie of a thousand sweete approaching pleasures, hee returns to his Chamber, and shee to her malice: where whiles he gluts himselfe with his hope of delight, shee doth no lesse with her desire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, shee thinkes nothing so fit or easie to dispatch him, as his owne Pistoll, and so thinking shee should need her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla*'s assistance (of whom this our History hath formerly made mention) shee acquaints her with her purpose, the next day to murder *Belluile* in her Chamber: and so with the lure of gold, and many faire promises, drawes her to consent hereunto, and injoynes her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her gowne for the same purpose, if need shoulde require; which *Lucilla* promiseth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not sleepe for joy, so could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is so weighed downe to malice and murder, as shee wisheth the houre come for her to reduce her divellish contemplation into bloody action. But this houre shall come too soone for them both: for as Lovers are impatient of delayes, so *Belluile* hath no sooner dined, but taking his horse and two Lackeyes, hee sayes he will take the aire of the fields that afternoone, but will first call in and see his Mistresse *Laurieta*. So hee alights at her doore, and without the least feare of danger or apprehension of death, very joyfully ascends *Laurieta*'s chamber; who, dissembling wretch as she is, very kindly meets and receives him: and the better to smother and dissemble her murderous intent, is not onely prodigall in taking but in giving him kisses. *Belluile*, like a dissolute and lascivious Gentleman, whispers *Laurieta* in her eare, that hee is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promise and courtesie: when considering that his horse and two Lackeyes were at doore, he returns him this in his eare, that she is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuse him any thing, onely she prayses him to send away his Lackeyes, because their familiarity needed no witnesses. Thus whiles hee calls them up, to bid them carry away his horse to the gate that leades to *Marseilles*, and there to awayt his coming, *Laurieta* steps to her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and stand close to her; for now (quoth she) the houre is come that I will be revenged of *Belluile* for my *Polignys* death: the which shee had no sooner spoken, but *Belluile* returns to her; when redoubling his kisses, hee little, or rather not at all fearing he was so neere death, or death him, being ready to retire himselfe to a withdrawing Chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherously informed him she had purposely provided for

for him, hee takes his Pistoll, and layes it on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which shee espying, as the instrument shee infinitely desired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prays him to shew her how to shoote it off: so taking it from her, hee told her, if shee pleased, hee would discharge it before her, for her sake. Why (quoth shee) is it charg'd? Yea, replies *Belluile*, with a single bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one bullet more, and if you can espye any Crow out of the window, either on the house or Church top, if it please you, I will play the man, and shoote at it for your sake: When poore *Belluile*, desirous to please her in any thing, looks out the window, and espies two Crows on the Crosse of the *Augustine* Fryers Church, which hee very joyfully relates *Laurieta*; and so at her request claps in a second bullet more: for (quoth shee) if I strike not both, I will be sure to pay one; and so prays him to leane out at window, to see how neare shee could feather them: which (miserable Gentleman) hee performing, the Pistoll being bent, shee behind him dischargeth it directly in his own reines. Whereat he amazedly staggering, *Lucilla* seconding her bloody Mistresse, steps to him; and with her Ponyard gives him five or sixe wounds thorow the body; so as without speaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet. Whereat *Laurieta* triumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth these bloody and prophane speeches: O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in heaven, thus have I done in earth for thy sake, and in revenge of thy cruell death! Which having performed, they more cruelly then cruelty her selfe, drag his breathlesse carkasse, reeking in his blood, downe the stayres, into a low obscure Cellar, where making a shallow grave; they there bury him in his clothes, and so pile up a great quantity of Billets on him; as if that wooden monument had power to conceale their Murther, and his body from the eyes and suspicion of all the world. Good God! what divells incarnate, and infernall Furies are these, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman? But as close as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhumane Murther on earth, yet heaven will both detect and revenge it: for when they least dreame thereof, Gods wrath and vengeance will surprisethem, to their utter confusion and destruction, and it may be sooner then they are aware of.

For the two Lackeyes having stayed at the City gate with their Masters horse till night, they returne and seeke him at *Laurieta's* house, where they left him; *Laurieta* informs them hee stayed not an houre after them, and since shee saw him not; which newes doth infinitely afflict and vexeth them. But they returne to his lodging; and like dutifull and faithfull servants, betwixt hope and feare, awayt his returne that night, and all the next day; but in vaine. And now they beginne to bee amazed at his long and unaccustomed absence, and so consult this important businesse to some Gentlemen, their Masters confident and intimate friends; who together with them repayre to *Laurieta's* house, and againe and againe demand her for *Monsieur de Belluile*; but they finde her constant in her first answer, and yet guided by the finger and providence of God, they bewray a kinde of perturbation in her lookes, and discover some distraction and extravagancie in her speeches: whereupon calling to their minde her former discourtesie to him for *Poligny's* sake, and his fighting with him on the Bridge for hers, as also this sudden and violent suspected murther of him, they suspect and feare there is more in the winde then as yet they know; and so acquaint the Criminall Iudges herewith, who as wise Senatours, having severally examined both her and her Mayd *Lucilla*, and *Belluile's* Lackeyes, they conclude to imprison *Laurieta*; which is instantly performed: whereat shee is extreemly amazed and terrifyed; but howsoever, she is resolute to deny all, and constant to stand upon her justification and innocencie. So her Iudges adjudge her to the torments of the Racke, which (with a masculine, yea, with a hellish fortitude) shee indureth, without revealing the least shaddow, either of feare or guiltinesse; but they detain her still prisoner, and hope that God will make time discover the murther of *Belluile*; for eight dayes being now past, they are become confident that hee is not in this world, but in another. In the meane time her bloody

Wayting-

Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* hath continuall recourse to her Lady *Laurieta* in prison, where like impious & prophane wretches, they interchangeably sweare secrecie each to other, sith on eithers discovery depends no lesse then both their deaths.

Whiles this newes is generally divulged in *Avignon*, *Provence*, *Daulphine*, and *Langue-dock*, and no newes at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile*, *La Palaisiere*, who shined with as many vertues as *Laurieta* was obscured with Vices, out of compassion and Christian charity, some three weeks after visiteth *Laurieta* in prison, although she partly believed and knew, that shee never affected or loved her; when aiming to adde consolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, *Laurieta*, out of her ignorance, or folly, returnes *la Palaisiere* this unlooked for answer: That her selfe was as innocent of *Belluile*'s death, as shee was of *Poligny*'s. Which words being over-heard by some curious head of the company, were instantly carryed and reported to the Criminnall Judges, who instantly cause *la Palaisiere* to bee apprehended and brought before them; whom they examine upon *Poligny*'s death; which doth no way affright or afflict her, because her conscience was untainted, and her selfe as innocent as innocencie her selfe thereof. They deale further with her, to understand the passages of former businesse betwixt herselfe, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. Shee gives them a true and faithfull account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more, then this History hath formerly related us; and to verifie and confirme her speeches, like a discreet young Gentlewoman, shee gives them the keyes of a Trunke of hers, wherein shee saith is her copy of a Letter shee wrote to *Poligny*, and his answer againe to her, which shee prayes them to send for, for her better cleering and discharge. The Judges send speedily away for these Letters, which are found produce d, and read, directly concurring with the true circumstance of her former deposition: whereupon with much applause and commendation they acquit and discharge her. But if *la Palaisieres* Vertues have cleered her, *Laurieta*'s Vices (which the Judges begin to smell out by *Poligny*'s Letter) doe the more narrowly and streightly imprison her; and yet knowing that *la Palaisiere* neither had, nor could any way accuse her, for either of these two Murthers, shee sets a good face on her bad heart, and so very bravely frollikes it in prison, and to speake truth, with farre more joy, and lesse feare then heretofore: but to checke and overthrow these vaine triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, newes is brought her that her wayting-mayd *Lucilla* is secretly fled: which her Iudges understanding, they now more vehemently then ever heretofore suspect, that (without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author, and her Mayd *Lucilla* the accessary of *Belluile*'s Murther: and so they set all the city and countrey for her apprehension. And this newes indeed makes *Laurieta* feare that shee will infallibly be taken, which doth amaze and afflict her, and indeed hereat she cannot refrain from biting her lip, and hanging downe her head: but see the miraculous and just judgement of the Lord, upon this wretched and bloudy *Lucilla*! for she, for feare flying, as it is supposed, that night from *Avignon* to *Orenge*, to her parents, was there drowned, and the next morne found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which newes being reported to *Laurieta*, shee againe converts her feare into hope, and sorrowes into joyes, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the wisdom and integrity of the Iudges, by the apparencie of *Laurieta*'s crime in that of her Wayting-mayds flight, againe command her to be racked: but the devill is yet so strong with her, and shee with the divell, that she againe indures the cruelty of these torments with a wonderfull patience, with an admirable constancie and resolution, and so courageously and stoutly denying her crime, and peremptorily maintaining her innocencie and justification, her Iudges, led by the consideration of the sharpnesse and bitterness of her torments, as also that they could finde no direct prooffe or substantiall evidence against her, beginne to conceive and imagine that it might bee the Wayting-mayd, and not the Mistresse, that had sent *Belluile* into another world; and so resolve, the weeke following, if they heard nothing in the meane time to accuse *Laurieta*, to release and acquit her: which *Laurieta* understanding, the torments which

her limbes and body feele are nothing in respect of those contentments and joyes her heart and thoughts conceive ; and already building castles and triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her speedy enlargement, she, in her apparell and behaviour, flaunts it out farre braver then before. But she hath not yet made her peace with her Judges ; neither have they pronounced her *Quiera est*. And alas, how foolishly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulness of her soule, and contamination of her conscience, every houre and minute prompt her, that God, the Judge of Judges, who hath seene, will in his good time and pleasure both detect and punish as well her whoredome as her murther, in her death ! And so, here comes both the cause and the manner thereof, wherein Gods providence and justice doe miraculously resplend and shine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-lord *Monsieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole yeares rent, as for three hundred Livres in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delays, but more of her disgrace, lets out that part of his house, which shee held of him, to the Deane of *Carpentras*, who for his healths sake came to sojourn that Winter in *Avignon* ; and despairing of her enlargement, and to satisfie himselfe, begins to sell away her household-stuffe, yea, to the very Billets which shee had in her Cellar, which he retaines for himselfe ; whereof when his servants came to cleere the Cellar, they removing the last Billets, finde the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave : whereof wondering, they presently informe their Master, who viewing the same, as God would have it, hee instantly apprehended and believed, that *Laurieta* had undoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him : when not permitting his servants to remove the least jot of earth, hee as a discreet and honest Citizen, with all possible celeritie trips away to the Criminall Judges, and acquaints them herewith ; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they dispeed themselves to his house and Cellar, where causing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miserable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely throwne in and buried in his cloaths, which causing to bee taken off, thereby to search his body, they find him shot into the reines with two Pistoll bullets, and his body stabd and pierced with fixe severall wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard : they are amazed at this pitifull and lamentable spectacle ; and so resting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Mayd *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruell Murther, they very privately and secretly cause *Belluiles* dead body to bee conveyed to the prison, and there, when *Laurieta* least dreamt thereof, expose it to her sight, and in rough termes charge and crie out upon her for this Murther ; but this monster of nature, and shee-divell of her sexe, hath yet her heart so obdurate with revenge, and her soule so o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as shee is nothing daunted or terrifyed with the sight hereof ; but with many fearefull imprecations and asseverations stands peremptorily in her innocencie, and out of the heat of her malice and choller termes them divells or witches, that are her accusers. But her Iudges, who can no longer be deluded with her vows, nor will no more give eare to her perfidious oaths, command to have her Paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruell murther, from the falsehood of her impious and impudent denyall thereof. Whereat amazed and astonished, and seeing this cruell torment ready to bee inflicted and presented her, God was so indulgent to her sinnes, and so mercifull to her soule, as the devill flying from her, and shee from his temptations, shee rayning downe many rivolets and showres of teares from her eyes, and evaporating many volleyes of sighes from her heart, throwing her selfe downe on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands unto Heaven, with much bewayling and bitterneffe, shee at last confesseth to her Iudges, that shee and her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belluile*, and for the which shee said, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, shee hoped that God would pardon her soule in the life to come, though shee knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Iudges, in horreur and ex-

cratation

cratation of her inhumane and bloody crime, pronounce sentence of death upon her, and condemne her the next day after dinner, first to be hanged, then burnt in the same street, right againſt her lodging, *Monsieur de Richcourt's* house; and likewise, ſith *Lucilla* was both an acceſſary and actor in this bloody Tragedy, that her body ſhould be taken up out of her Grave, and likewise burnt with hers in the ſame fire: which accordingly was executed in the preſence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of *Avignon*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a ſhort, but a moſt Chriſtian and penitent ſpeech to the people, tending firſt to diſſwade them all by her example from thoſe foule and crying ſinnes of whoredome, revenge and murther; and then to requeſt and perſwade them, that they would aſſiſt her with their religious and devout prayers in her ſoules paſſage and flight towards Heaven: yet adding withall, that as her crime, ſo her griefe was redoubled, becauſe as ſhee had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny's* ſake, ſo ſhe was ſure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny* for hers.

And thus, Chriſtian Reader, were the diſſolute lives and mournfull deaths of theſe two unfortunat Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*, and of this laſcivious and bloody Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Wayting-maid *Lucilla*. A tragical Hiſtory, worthy both of our obſervation and deteſtation; and indeed, theſe are the bitter fruits of Luſt, Whoredome, and Revenge, and the inſeparable companyons which infallibly await and attend them; the very ſight & conſideration wherof are capeable, not only to adminiſter conſolation to the righteous, but to ſtrike terrour to the ungodly. O therefore, that we may all beware by theſe their fatall and dangerous ſinnes: for this is the onely perfect and true way to prevent and avoid their puniſhments.

GODS



GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

History IX.

Iacomode Castelnovo lustfully falls in love with his daughter in law Perina, his owne sonne Francisco de Castelnovo's Wife; whom to enjoy, hee causeth Ierantha first to poyson his owne Lady Fidelia, and then his said sonne Francisco de Castelnovo: in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murdereth him in his bed. Ierantha, ready to dye in travell of childe confesseth her two Murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dyes.



We need not send our curiosity (or our curiosity us) to seeke Tygers and monsters in *Africa*; for *Europe* hath but too many, who are so cruell and inhumane, not onely to imbrue, but to imbathe themselves in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren. And as Religion prohibites us to kill, and commands us to love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murder our friends, nay those of our owne blood, and who are the greatest part of our selves? And although *Italy* have lately afforded many tragicall presidents, and fearefull Examples of this nature (whereof I have given

some to my former, and reserved others to my future bookes) yet in my conceit hath produced none more bloody and inhumane then this, whether we respect the Murthers or the persons. For here we shall see a wretched and execrable old man so besotted in lust, and flaming in malice and revenge, as being both a husband and a father, he by a hellish young Gentlewoman (his strumpet) poysoneth both his owne wife and his owne sonne: It was his vanity which first inkindled the fire of his lust; it is then his impiety which gives way to the devill to blow the coales thereto, and so to convert it into Murther. O that Sinne should so triumph o're Grace, and not Grace o're Sinne! O that Age and Nature should not teach us to bee lesse bloody, and more compassionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by Poyson, that drug of the Devill, who first brought the damnable invention thereof from hell, to bee practised here on earth onely by his agents and members! We shall likewise see him killed by his daughter in law, for formerly poysoning of her husband: Lust seduced him to perpetrate those; Affection, or rather bloody Revenge, drew her on to performe this, and consequently to her punishment due for the same. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have beene so inhumane; but falling from that, no marvell if they fell to be so wretched and miserable: for if we die well, we seldome live ill; if live ill, wee usually never dye well, for it is the end that crownes the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and blessed in our deaths, wee must follow Vertue and flie from Vice, love Chastity and Charity, and hate Lust and Envie, prefer Heaven before Earth, our Soules before our Bodies; and desie Satan, with a holy resolution both to feare and love God.

*S*avoy is the Countrey, and Nice the City (seated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the strongest Bulwark against *France*, and the best Fortresse and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this insuing Tragical History is layd, the which to refetch from the Head-spring and Fountaine of its originall, it must carry our curiosity and understanding over these famous Mountaines, the *Alpes*, and from thence to the City of *Saint Iohn de Mauriena*; where of late and fresh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceased wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son, and a Daughter, that, named *Seignior Alexandro*, & this, the Lady *Perina*; a little different in yeares, for he was eighteen and she but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by nature perverse & chollericke, but she, milde, courteous, and gracious: Again, they differed much in the lineaments & proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro*, like his Father, was short, crook-backed, and hard favour'd: and *Perina* resembling her mother, tall, straight-waisted, and faire: so as it being a principle and Maxime in Nature, that parents (for the most part) love those Children best, who best resemble them; as the mother *Eleanora* prefer'd *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*, so contrariwise their father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro* before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her husband *Arconeto* to survive her; so *Alexandro*'s joy prov'd his sister *Perina*'s misery and affliction: for he was so happy to see himselfe tenderly cherished and affected, and she so unfortunate to perceive her selfe slighted and disrespected of her father: wherein, as I praise *Arconeto*'s intimate love to his sonne, so I cannot but discommend, and withall pittie his unmerited & unnaturall neglect to his daughter, wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphed in the one, judge judicious Reader, if *Perina* had not cause enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and scope of this History looks another way, so for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the least of my intent or purpose to give instructions and direction, how parents should beare themselves in their affections towards their children; onely, because I may not here too palpably bewray mine ignorance in my silence, I hope, nay, I am confident, that with as much truth as safety I may conclude, it is a happiness both for parents and children, where parents beare their affections equally to their children: for loving one, and hating another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others sorrow; and in giving that too much hope, wee many times administer this too much cause of despaire; or if the inclinations and affections of parents be more narrowly tyed, and strictly linked to preferre & love one child above the other, yet sith they are the equall issue of their loyns, & we the onely parents of their youth, we should bee as well cautious in the distribution of our favors, as in the demonstration of our disrespects towards them. But enough of this digression; and now againe to our History.

As *Alexandro* growes up in yeares, so hee doth in ambition and ostentation: for if hee play the *Bravasho* abroad, among Gentlemen and Ladies, so authorized by his fathers hatred of his sister, hee at home becomes a petty tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is so sterne and imperious towards her, as if shee were rather his slave then his sister, or his laundres and hand-mayd, then any part of himselfe, which notwithstanding it was both a daily griefe to her heart, and a continuall torment to her thoughts, yet *Perina*'s sweet perfecti-
ons, and gracious vertues and behavior, make her digest and brook all with wonderfull constancie, & an admirable patience: for well she knowes, that if she should complain to her father of her brothers unkindnes towards her, she should thereby reape no other remedy and redresse but this, that the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the issue thereof would prove her complaints to be the May-game of the one, and mocking-stock of the other. But God hath ordayned briefly to ease her of a great part of her undeserved discontents and afflictions: for lo, her brother *Alexandro*, debauching and surfeting at a Banquet at *Susa*, returnes home, surpris'd of a hot pestilent Fever, which notwithstanding the care of his father, or the art of his expertest Physicians, he in three dayes is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the instinct of common sence and reason

son, who would not surmise or thinke, but that *Arconeto*, having buryed his son *Alexandro*, should now love his onely daughter and child *Perina* far dearer and tenderer then before. But alas, nothing lesse: for he is not so kinde, and therefore shee cannot be so happy; yea, which is worse, although his words be her commands; and his pleasure her law, yet he contemnes both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but still with disdain & envy: yea, in a word, his distast is so extreame and bitter against her, as he is never best pleased, then when she is furthest from him; so as her absence may delight and content him, but her presence cannot. Which unnaturall disrespect, & unjust cruelty of her father towards her, doth so nip the joyes of her youth, and the blossomes of her health and beauty, as, poore young Gentlewoman, she becomes infinite melancholy, and extreame weake and sickly; which being observed and pittied of all her kinsfolkes and friends, as being her Fathers onely child, and heire to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her mothers sister, and likewise her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the same City; workes so with her brother in law *Arconeto*, that hee is content to permit his daughter *Perina* to reside and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, so the Neece beyond measure infinitely rejoyceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her absence may, and will procure her fathers affection, which her presence could not; and that having more liberty and lesse bondage, she might againe in a short time recover her former health and content; or else that God, out of his divine providence, and pleasure in heaven, might call and allot her out some gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleasures of Marriage, she might end her future dayes in as much tranquillity and felicity, as shee had formerly lived in discontent and affliction: and indeed the event, though not in the first, yet in the two last poynts, answereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavalier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelassi*, by descent noble, and of good revenewes and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their Marriage: to which end, up comes *Spelassi* from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Marrienc*, assisted and followed by many gallant young Gentlemen of his kinsfolkes and friends, and, in a word, with a train well befitting his ranke and quality; where these Nuptials are solemnized with great variety of pompe and pleasure; as Feasting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like: for in these amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humours) take a singular delight and felicity: But as many times one Wedding occasioneth and produceth another, so Fortune, or to speake more properly and truely, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appoynted her Neece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groome her Sonne in law, *Spelassi*, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the noblest and eminent Cavalliers that came with him, named *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, to performe the same ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and son and heir to *Seignior Iacomo de Castelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a most beautifull and faire young Lady, so was our young *Castelnovo* a very proper and gallant Cavallier; and sith the occasion of this Marriage, and the fortunacie and opportunity of their united office, by a kinde of destinated and happy priviledge, authorized each to bee familiar in the others company and presence: so, as Lovers beginne to court first in jest, then in earnest, the hearts and breasts of this sweet young couple are in the end equally surpris'd with the flame of affection; yea, his personage and dancing, and her beauty and singing, mutually inkindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations, which either imagineth, and both perceive and understand, by the dumbe Oratorie and silent Rhetoricke of their eyes: Which *Castelnovo* knowing her descent and quality answerable to his, hee intends to seeke her in Marriage. When not any longer to surpresse or conceal their affections, they after dinner dancing in company of divers others in the garden, hee singeth the Lady *Perina*, his new M^{rs} apart in a bower closely overvail'd with *Vines*, *Sicamores*, & *Cypresse trees*

and there 'twixt sighs and words, reveales his deepe affection to her. But to avoyd the prolixious relation of this their Garden enterview and conference, although at first *Perina's* modesty (the sweetest ornament and vertue of a Lady) was such, as she not onely kept her selfe, but likewise her affections to her selfe, yet her courteous and thankfull answeres, wayted and seconded by many delicious blushes, and amorous sighes, although not publikely, yet privately inform'd her Lover *Castelnovo*, that she likewise loved him: so as during the terme of fiftene dayes, which *Spelassi* and hee remained in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, he never left courting her, till he had obtained her affection, and consent to be his wife; drawne thereunto by these two attractive and seducing reasons: First, that *Castelnovo* was a gallant & proper Cavallier, as also her equall in descent and meanes; and then that she should live in *Nice* with a husband who dearly loved her, and no longer in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with a Father who extreamely hated her: Neither can these our yong Lovers bear their affections so secret, but the whole company, especially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceives it, & deeming it a fit Match for her Neece rejoyceth thereat. *Castelnovo* secretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her best assistance therein towards her brother *Arconeto*; which shee promiseth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Castelnovo*, taking time at advantage, seconds her in his suite for the Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the naturall affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is so willing to depart with her to any Husband, that he may no more see her, nor bee troubled with her presence, as thinking a farre worse Match good enough, hee thinkes this infinitely too good for her; and so at the least shaddow of the very first motion consents thereunto: which not onely banisheth *Perina's* old griefe, but confirmeth *Castelnovo's* new joyes; yea they, like two sweete and vertuous Lovers, so extremely rejoyce and triumph thereat as hee riding home poast to *Nice*, to acquaint his owne Father *Seignior Iacomo de Castelnovo* therewith, and swiftly returning againe to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with his consent and approbation, this Mariage of *Castelnovo* and *Perina* is there almost as soone solemnized, as that of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obscure, and with far lesse pompe and bravery, in respect of the perversenesse and distast of her froward old Father *Arconeto*. So fiftene dayes being expired since *Spelassi* and *Castelnovo* their first departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, to returne and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that to enrich this City with two such beautyfull and gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to adde life and forme to this *History*, or rather to approch the more material and essentia parts thereof, we must here leave to speake of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tye our thoughts and curiosity to *Castelnovo* and *Perina*, two principall and unfortunate personatours, who both have mournfull parts to act upon the Stage and Theater of *Nice*: for this Marriage of theirs is not begun with the tenth part of so many joyes, as we shall shortly see it wayted and attended on, yea, dissolved and finished both with teares and blood.

Castelnovo having brought home his faire and deare *Perina* to *Nice*, she is very honourably welcomed, and courteously received and entertayned of his old Father, *Seignior Iacomo de Castelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother, and so are all her kin folkes and friends who accompany her; yea, there wants no feasting nor reveling in *Nice*, to testifie how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their sonnes good fortune and happinesse. And for *Castelnovo* & *Perina* themselves, why they are so ravished in the content, and drowned in the joyes and delights of Marriage, as though they have two bodies, yet they have but one heart, desire, and affection; yea, they are so extreame in love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon earth, to that of each others presence. But they shall bee deceived herein: for there are Tragicall stormes arising, to trouble the serenity of this mariage, and the felicity and tranquillity of these affections.

For it is both with griefe and shame, that I must bee so immodest, and therefore
unfortunate.

unfortunate to relate, that the old Baron *Iacomo de Castelnovo*, aged of some threescore and eight yeares, hath so farre forgotten his God and himselfe, his conscience and his soule, grace and nature, religion and humanity, as gazing on the fresh and delicious beauty of our sweete Lady *Perina*, his owne sonnes wife, hee gives the reignes both of his obscene desires, and inordinate affections, to lust after her. O how my heart trembles to thinke how he that is white with the snow of a venerable age, should now lasciviously idolatrize to beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his grave, should lustfully desire to have the other in his Sonnes bed! how hee that hath his veines dried up and withered, & nothing living in him but desire, should yet of all the beauties of the world, desire onely to enjoy that of his Sonnes wife! how hee, that hath scarce any time left him to bee repentant and sorrowfull for his old sinnes, will now anew make himselfe guilty of these foule sinnes of Adultery, and I may in a manner say of Incest! how hee that hath not given the flower of his youth, will yet still lasciviously and wilfully refuse to bestow the branne of his age on his God! Alas miserable *Castelnovo*, wretched old man, or rather lubricious and beastly Lecher, thus to drowne thy thoughts in the hell of concupiscence and adultery, when it were farre fitter thou shouldst lift them up to heaven, in the sacrifice of prayer, & other pious & religious contemplations! But all this will not prevaile to stope the current of his voluptuousnesse, and the progression of his sensuality: for without respect of his God, or regard of his soule, he is resolute in his desires to make a strumpet of his Daughter in Law, and to make his Sonnes wife his whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his villany.

Now the better, and sooner to draw her to his lascivious desires, hee is wonderfull courteous and affable to her, still walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kissing her, whereof both her Husband and selfe are infinitely joyfull, but especially *Perina*, because shee findes a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Castelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her owne Father *Arconeto* is cruell. But poore innocent soule, and sweete and chaste Lady, little dost thou either dreame, or thinke on his lascivious intent against thine honour and chastity. Old *Castelnovo* wallowing in the filthinesse, and burning in the fire of his new lust, and losing himselfe and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in law *Perina's* beauty, hee thinkes on nothing so much, nay, on nothing else, but how to obtaine her to his lascivious will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her wth his inordinate and beastly purpose, whiles his son her husband is at home present with her, hee forgeth and frames a plot, both unnaturall and treacherous, to make him imbrace and follow the Wars in wayting on the *Duke Charles Emanuel*, or the *Prince Amadee Victor* his son and heire, who with their warlike troopes were resolute to expell the *Duke of Feria*, *Viceroy of Millan*, with his Spanish Regiments, out of *Vercelle*, *Cassall*, and the other Townes of *Piedmont*, to which end his lustful affection to *Perina* made him eloquent in perswading, and powerfull in drawing her husband to this Martiall action, so full of honor & glory; adding that his honour, and the service of his Prince and Country, called him to the Field, and that he should not wholly drowne himselfe in the beauty of his young Wife, and the pleasures of Marriage. His son *Castelnovo* not at all suspecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking under the Greene leaves of his fathers sugered speeches and perswasions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needes no other advocate but his own honor & Martiall disposition to imbarke him in these Wars: and although the beauty, requests, and teares of his young Lady were vehement sollicitours to divert him, yet he is resolute to leave her for three or foure moneths. And so making ready his armes, traine, horses and preparatives, he giving her many kisses, and she returning him a world of sighes and teares, leaves *Nice*, and so findes out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a question very disputeable, and which by my weake capacity and judgement cannot well bee decided, whether this departure of young *Castelnovo* to the Warres, made his father more glad, or his wife sorrowfull: for as shee was all in teares, so was

he in mirth and jollity, being so vaine in his lust, and so lustfull in his vanity, as he trims up his beard, and goes neater and withall more youthfull in his apparrell then accustomed; yea, his lust had so metamorphosed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and secret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of chastity can wee expect or hope for in youth, when we see no better signes and fruits in one of threescore & eight years? But I will follow the stream of our History, though indeed the relation of this old lascivious Lechers Lust and vanity to his daughter in law *Perina*, equally afflict mee with griefe and pittie to publish it.

I am then constrained to write and averre, that although meer shame and unnaturallnesse do as yet with-hold this wretched fathers tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated lust to his faire and chaste daughter in law *Perina*, yet his lust is so immodestly lascivious, as hee cannot keepe himselfe out of her company, nor being in it, refraine from kissing her: but to see the innocency, and observe the purity of her thoughts, shee neverthelesse not so much as any way suspects or dreames of his lascivious intent, although indeed shee thinks this courtesie of his somewhat exceeds the priviledge of a Father, and the duety of a Daughter; but measuring this by the cruelty of her owne Father, she, poore silly soule, thinks her selfe in this respect now as happy, as heretofore she was miserable. Only the absence of her deare husband *Castelnuovo*, doth both torture and torment her; and the more, for that he is in the field at warres; when, God knoweth, she desireth and wisheth he should be at home with her in peace.

But while *Perina* lookes from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*; from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her selfe to her Lord and Husband, her other selfe, wee must not forget, because our History will remember, her Mother in law *Fidelia*, which now wee must admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theatre hereof: who observing her Husbands immodest and unwise familiarity demonstrated to the young Lady *Perina*, her sonnes Wife, as also his alteration in humours and apparell; but chiefly his unaccustomed distraction and sighes in his rest and repose; shee, more out of vertuous wisdom, then foolish jealousie, aims at his vaine lust towards this young Lady her daughter in law: whereat she both admires with griefe, and wonders with the anxiety of affliction and sorrow, to see her old Husband, in the winter of his age, so sottish and beastly to lust after his owne sonnes young Wife, to see that no respect of heaven, no regard of conscience, nor apprehension of damnation and hell, had the grace or power, either to kill these lascivious thoughts in their conception, or to strangle them in their birth, to see that hee who was ready to goe to his bed of death, should now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) bee burning with desire, to goe to that of Lust and Adultery, and to see him so devoyd of pittie, as hee must needs joyne Incest with Adultery, as if one of these beastly sinnes alone were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miserable and his death wretched. And although shee have cause enough of sorrow in her selfe, yet when shee thinks of her Husbands age, and Daughters youth, of his lust, and her chastity, and which is more, of the most degenerate and unnaturall part of a Father, to seeke to pollute and defile his owne Sonnes bed, and consequently his owne honour: This indeed goes neere her, and this, and onely this makes her looke on him, both with envy and pittie: but her age having taught her to love discretion, and to hate and disdain jealousie, she beares this as patiently as she may, till at last seeking and finding out a fit opportunity, she both with teares in her eyes, and griefe in her speeches, very secretly checks him for these his inordinate and lascivious desires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter in law.

But as it is the nature of sinne so to betray and inveigle our judgements, that wee flatter our selves with a false conceit, none can perceive it in us; so this old lecher her Husband, thinking that hee had danced in a net, from the jealousie and suspicion of all the world, in thus affecting his Sonnes wife, hee like a lewd and wretched old varlet, is so farr from relishing these his old wifes speeches and exhortations, or from being reclaimd thereby, as hee disdaineth both them and her; and from henceforth

is so imperious, and withall bitter to her, as hee never looks on her with affection, but envy: which neverthelesse shee (as a modest wife, and grave Matrone) holds it a part not onely of her love, but of her duty, by sweet speeches, and soft meanes of perswasion, to divert him from this fond and lascivious humour of his. But observe the vanity of his lasciviousnesse, and the impiety of his thoughts and resolutions: for all her prayers and perswasions serve only rather to set, then rebate the edge of his lust, and rather bring oyle to increase, then water to quench the flame of his immodest and irregular affection, so as seeing that she stood in the way of obtaining his beastly pleasures, hee, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, termes her no more his wife, but his *Medea*; and which is worse, hee, out of the heat both of his lust and choller, vowes hee will soone remove her from this world to another.

And here the divell, ambitious and desirous of nothing so much, as to fill up the empty roomes of his vast and infernall kingdome, by miserable and execrable degrees takes possession first of his thoughts, then of his heart, and lastly of his soule; so as being constant in his indignation and choller, and resolute in this his impious and bloody revenge, hee meanes to dispatch and murder her, who for the terme of forty two yeares had beene his most loving wife, and faithfull bed-fellow: but withall hee will act it so privately, as not having as yet discovered his affection to his daughter *Perina*, hee will therefore conceale both from her and all the world the Murther of this his wife *Fidelia*, except only to those gracelesse and execrable Agents hee meant imploy in this mournfull and bloody businesse.

To which end (with a hellish ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, hee having runne over the circumstances of many violent and tragick deaths, at last resolves to poyson her; and deemes none so fit to undertake it, as her owne Wayting-gentlewoman *Ierantha*: the which authorized by his former lascivious dalliance with her, as also in favour of five hundred Ducats, that he will give her, hee is confident she will undertake and finish; neither doth he faile in his bloody hopes. For what with the honey of his flattering speeches, and the sugar of his Gold, she like an infernall Fury, and a very Monster of her sex, most ingratelously and inhumanely consents thereunto; so as putting poyson into Whitebroth, which some mornings she was accustomed to make and give her Lady, it spreading into her veines, and exhaling the radicall humour of her life and strength, within eight dayes carries this aged and vertuous Matrone to her grave, and her soule to heaven. But her Murtherers shall pay deare for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia*'s kinsfolkes and friends infinitely lament and bewaile her death; and indeede so doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her descent and vertues shee is infinitely beloved and affected; but all these teares of theirs are nothing in comparision of those of her wicked and execrable Husband *Castelnovo*, who, although hee inwardly rejoyce, yet hee outwardly seemes to bee exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as hee hath heretofore acted the part of a Murtherer, and now of an hypocrite; yet, have we but a little patience, and we shall see that detected, this unmasked, and both punished.

Whiles this mournfull Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the mediation of the French King and Pope reconcile the differences, give end to the Warres, and conclude peace betwixt *Spaine* and *Savoy*. So home returnes the Duke of *Feria*, to *Millan*; the noble Duke of *Savoy*, and the generous Princes his Sonnes, to *Turin*; the Marshall de *Desdignieres*, and the Baron of *Termer* into *France*; and consequently home comes our Knight *Castelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoyce with his young wife, hee is so unfortunate to mourne for the death of his old mother; but God knowes, that neither of them know the least sparke or shadow of her cruell and untimely Murther, and lesse, the cause thereof. Now for his lascivious and bloody father, albeit, to cast a vaile before his thoughts; and his intents and actions, hee publickly mournes for his wifes death, and rejoyceth for his Sonnes returne; yet contrariwise hee privately mournes for this, and rejoyceth

ceth for that. But to leave the remembrance of *Fidelia*, to assume that of our *Perna*; I know not whether shee grieved more at her Husbands absence, or rejoyce at his presence, sith her affection to him was so tender and fervent, as in her heart and soule shee esteemed that as much her hell, as this her heaven upon earth: but these joyes of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shines, which are suddenly either washed away with a showre, or eclipsed and banished by a Tempest: for whiles her hopes flatter her beliefe of her Husbands continual stay and residence with her, her Father in laws lust to her, foreseeing and considering that it was impossible to thinke to obtaine her at home, e're her Husband, his son, were againe imployed and sent abroad, makes all his thoughts aime, and care and industry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former murther of his wife, or grace influence to renounce the future defiling and dishonouring of his Daughter in law.

But hee is as constant in his lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and sending away of him; onely hee must finde out some pregnant, vertuous, and honourble pretext and colour for the effecting of his designe and resolution, because he well knowes his Sonne *Castelnovo* is as wise and generous in him selfe, as amorous of his beautifull young Lady *Perina*: but his lust, which is the cause of his resolution, or rather his vanity, which is the authour of his lust, at one time suggests him these two severall imployments for his Sonne: either to send him into *France* with the *Prince Major*, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse *Madame Christiene* the *Kings*, second Sister; or else under the insinuation of some great Pensions and offices that were shortly to bee disposed of in *Malta*, againe to send him backe thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the onely musicke and melody which he now gave his Sonne; who after hee had a moneth or two at most, recreated himselfe in the sweet company of his deare and sweet wife *Perina*, hee least of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his absence againe gives way, and consents to his desires of his departure: onely the choyce of these two different imployments is yet questionable and unresolved of: twixt the father and the Sonne. For as the Sonnes curiosity desireth to see the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not seene; so his fathers lust and malice is to have him returne honourably to *Malta*, from whence he hath formerly received his honour of Knighthood, and there to obtaine a Pension during the terme of his life. The Sonne imbrace the pleasures of the journey of *France*, before the profit and honour of the Voyage of *Malta*. But the father aiming at other ends, preferres this of *Malta* before that of *France*; so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his fathers desire a kinde of naturall command in his wil, and of filial obedience in his resolution, he at last resolves on *Malta*. But as neither of these two enterprises of young *Castelnovo* is pleasing, but distastfull to his young and faire Lady *Perina*; So if her affliction and misery be such, as of the two her husband must needs attempt and prosecute one, then sith he may goe into *France* by land, and cannot to *Malta*, but by sea, shee at last, with an inforced willingnesse (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise desireth that the object of his journey, and the period of his Voyage bee *France*, and not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and fidelity of a Post, then at the inconstancie of the windes, and the mercy of the seas. So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her husband *Castelnovo* confidently promising his speedy returne, she conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca* in her Coach, they there, with many reciprocall kisses, sighes and teares, take leave each of others, she imbarcking himselfe upon a *French Galley*, bound from *Marselles* to *Malta*, (which stopt there accidentally) and she committing him to the auspicious favour of the wind and sea, very sorrowfully returns for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the Sonne floating and waiving on the seas, let us againe returne to his unnaturall and beastly father, who seeing his wife gone to heaven, and his son to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to succeed according to his lascivious desires, doth now assure himselfe, that either by faire or foule meanes he will reape his pleasure of his beautifull daughter

daughter in law *Perina*. To which end he gives her the sole government and superintendence of his house, with intent and hope the sooner to governe, and surer to command her: & so forgetting modesty, & his lust giving a law to his conscience, fifteen daies are scarce past, till finding her in her chamber playing on her Lute, he after some pauses, coughes, and kisses, bewrayes and vomiteth her forth his fervent affection and desire.

But for mine owne part, I highly disdain to pollute and vilifie this History with the obscene and lascivious speeches, wherewith this old lecher *Castelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his daughter in law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Readers knowledge; of my modest pen, as of their chaste eares, onely judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beastlinesse and unexpectednesse thereof, first made *Perina* extremely blush for shame and choller, and then immediately againe looke pale with griefe and disdain; when not able to brooke, or hearken to his lewd speeches, much lesse, his hatefull presence, she, in the defence and preservation of her chastity, which she preferred before her life, giving him a sharpe answer, and a bitter deniall, and grieving to see a father so gracelesse and impious, to seek to defile his own sons bed in her dishonour, shee throwes away her Lute; and so very hastily and chollerickly abandoneth his presence, and her owne chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at last, sin & the divell raining in him, makes that he will not take this her first repulse for his last answer and denyall: but resolute to persevere in his lubricitie, hee in every walke, garden and roome, frequents and haunts her as her ghost, as thinking to obtaine that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his perswasion; but this his impudency shall not prevaile.

Now as his sinfull motion infinitely grieved her, so his perseverance and importunacie therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appease this storme, to quench the fire of his lust, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her griefe, she knowes not. For alas, alas, shee is so unhappy, as her owne father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at *St. Iohn de Mauriene*, her sweet and deare husband in *Malta*, and her mother in law, the Lady *Fidelia* in heaven; so as shee hath no intimate nor secret familiars, nor any bosome friend to reveale these her sorrowes and afflictions. Once shee thought to steale away from *Nice*, so to passe the Mountaines, and to flye backe to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*: but againe considering the dishonour, and withall, the danger to undertake this journey, as also the cold reception and entertainment shee should there finde of her owne hard hearted father, who would rather deride then pittie her afflictions: shee altereth this her resolution, and so resolves a little longer to stay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her father in law *Castelnovo's* judgement, and reforme the errorrs of his lascivious thoughts and desires. And so for her part, hating the father as much as she loved the sonne her husband, he could not bee more prodigall of his lewd speeches, and tentations to her, then shee was of her sighes and teares to understand and repell them. A thousand times shee wisheth her selfe in *Malta*, with the Knight her husband, or he in *Nice* with her: and could her body so soone have flowne or sailed thither as her thoughts, hee had long since injoyed the happinesse of her presence, and she the felicity of his fathers absence. But sith shee is too miserable to be so fortunate, she hath yet this consolation left her to sweeten the bitternesse of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her against her despaire, that her Letter may procure his speedy returne from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon resolving, although the occasion and grounds thereof were as strange as shamefull, she secretly steales to her chamber, and locking her doore to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with teares then Ink, writes him these few lines:

PERINA TO CASTELNOVO.

Although mine eyes and heart can better weepe and sigh for mine afflictions, then my pen depaint them, yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my selfe, and my selfe in thee, if I in-

forme

forme thee not by this my Letter (the secret Ambassadour of my heart) that my affection deserves, and mine honour requires thy speedy returne to me; I would unlocke thee this mystery, and make it more obvious & apparant to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine own modesty, and anothers shame commands my pen to silence herein. And againe, my teares so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighes, they my teares, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Onely my deare Castelnovo, if ever thy Perina were deare to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deemes her selfe not onely miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till Nice be thy Malta, Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce me.

PERINA.

Having written this her Letter, shee findes a confident and intimate friend of her husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who undertakes the safe conveyance, and secret delivery thereof into Malta to *Castelnovo*: so giving it him with store of gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as also a paire of gold bracelets for a token to her Knight and husband, hee imbarques for *Genova*, so to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Neopolitan* Galley, arrives in short time, to the renowned and famous Ile of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwarke of Christendome, and the curbe and bridle of audacious insulting *Turky*, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, hee effectually and fairely delivers him his Ladies letter, bracelets, and message, who withdrawing himselfe to a window, hath no sooner broken up the seales and read the letter, but hee is at first much perplexed at the unexpected newes therof: hee reads it o're againe and againe, and findes it so obscure, as hee cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at last construing it onely to bee a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: hee loath as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of preferment in that Iland, which now the great Master hath promised him, dispatcheth *Sabia* becke for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emeraule from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina*, as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a letter in answer of hers.

In the *Interim* of *Sabia* his absence to *Malta*, our old lascivious Baron *Castelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in still seeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his adulterous desire, and will, yea, hee is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not onely exceed chastity, but civility, so as shee (poore Lady) can finde no truce, nor obtaine any intermission from these his beastly solicitations; but resolving still to preserve her honour with her life, her pure chastity shines cleerer in the midst of these his impure temptations, then the Sunne doth, being invironed and compassed with many obscure clouds: but shee thinkes every houre a yeare, before shee see her Knight *Castelnovo* safely returned from *Malta*, when lo, *Sabia* arriving at *Villafranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and understanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, hee repaires to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Castelnovo*'s Ring and Letter, although not himselfe; when tearing off the Seales, she therein findes these words:

CASTELNOVO TO PERINA.

My faire and deare *Perina*, the knowledge of thy sighes and teares the more afflict and grieve mee, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: tis true, thy affection deserves my returne, and the preservation of thine honour, not onely to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the first to thy grave, and the second to heaven. So, if any one since my departure have false in love with thy beauty, thou must not finde it strange, much lesse grieve thereat, sith the excellencie thereof hath power, not onely to captivate one but many: yea the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce, then afflict thee, sith whatsoever hee bee, the shame in the end will remaine his, and the glory thine. But deare and sweet Lady, I thinke thine honour is onely the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my returne: wherunto I would willingly

lingly consent, but that the dayly expectance of my preferment must a little longer detain me here: onely this is my resolution, and I pray let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch my affaires here with all possible expedition, and shall never thinke my selfe happy, till I re-imbarke from Malta, and land at Nice.

CASTELNOVO.

Having ore-read her Letter, she, the better to dissemble her secret passions and griefes, very courteously conferres with *Sabia*: of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave, she for meere sorrow and affliction, throwes herselfe on her bed, from thence on the floore, to see her hopes deceived of her husbands returne; and now she knowes neither what to say or doe in this her misery and perplexity: for she sees that her father in lawes obstinacy, and consequently her sorrow growes from bad to worse, that hee is so farre from reclaiming, as he is resolute in his lascivious and beastly solicitations: So that seeing his faire speeches and entreaties cannot prevaile with her, he exchangeth his resolution and former language, and so addes threats to his requests, and frownes to his smiles; as if force should extort and obtaine that, which faire meanes could not, yea, and sometimes he intermingleteth and administreteth her such heart-killing menaces, as she hath now reason not onely to doubt of his lust, but also to feare his revenge: which considering, shee, as well to preserve her honour, as to provide for the safety of her life, will once againe prove the kindnesse of her owne unkind father *Arconeto*, and so determineth to leave *Nice*, and to flye unto *Saint John de Mauriene*: now to assist her and accompany her in this her secret escape, shee thinkes none so fit as *Sabia*, who for her husbands affection, and her owne vertues, willingly consenteth to her: so shee preparing her apparell, and he her traine, they in a darke night (when pale faced *Cynthia* enveloped her selfe in a multitude of black and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and favour her in this her laudable & honourable flight) take horse, and so with great expedition passe the Mountaines, and recover *Saint John de Mauriene*; where though shee bee not truly welcome to her owne father *Arconeto*, yet her honour and her life are truly secured from the lust and revenge of her lascivious father in law *Castelnovo*: neverthelesse the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her husbands absence in the passage of this businesse, doth still so bitterly afflict her, as she is become pale and sickely: whereupon shee is resolute, once againe to send backe *Sabia* to *Malta* to her knight and husband, with a second letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her first could not: and so calling for pen and paper, she traceth thereon these few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Sith thou wilt not leave *Malta*, to see *Nice* for my sake, I have left *Nice*, to live or rather to dye in *Saint John de Mauriene* for thine: tis true, my affection hath desired thy returne, which thou hast not granted me: tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, hath sought the defloration of mine honour, which my heart and dutie have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee: if thine had beene so faithfull and fervent to my selfe, neither sea nor land had had power to separate us. If any preferment be dearer to thee then my life, stay in *Malta*: or if my life bee dearer then it, then returne to *Saint John de Mauriene*, where thou mayest finde me, for in *Nice* I will not be found of thee. Hadst thou not purposely mistaken the cause for the pretext in my importunity of thy returne, I would have digested it with farre more content, and lesse affliction: but sith neither my affection, or honour hath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life, sith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer absent thy selfe from me: make therefore haste to see thy *Perina*, if ever thou thinke to see her againe, and let her beare this one content to her grave, that she may disclose thee a secret, which, but to thy selfe, she will conceal from all the world.

PERINA.

Whiles

Whiles *Sabia* is againe speeding towards *Malta* with *Perina's* second Letter to her husband *Castelnovo*, we will a little speak of old *Castelnovo* the father, who seeing his daughter in law *Perina* fled, and consequently his hopes with her, he is extreemely perplexed and afflicted hereat: All the house and City is sought for her, and he himselfe breakes off the locks of her Chamber-doores, where he findes the nest, but the bird flowne away, her bed, but not herselfe: so as his thoughts doubly torment and astonish him, first to be frustrated of his hopes and desires to enjoy her, then, because shee will bewray his lascivious suite and affection to her Husband his sonne, which of all sides will procure him not onely shame, but infamy; yea, now it is, although before he would not, that hee sees his error, and vanity, in attempting to make shipwracke of her honour and chastity, which is the glory, and should bee the *Palladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her againe: And therefore although hee know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeeme it, sith his attempt and enterprize was not onely odious to God, but infamous to men, opposite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Besides, this his lustfull folly proceeding from himselfe, looks two wayes, and hath a double reflection, first on *Perina* the wife, then on *Castelnovo* her husband, and his owne sonne, who, he is assured will be all fire hereat; yea, this crime of his is of so high and so beastly a nature, as hee knowes not what to say to him, or how to looke him in the face, when he shall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty conscience tells him will bee shortly; neither doth the Calculation or Arithmeticke of his feare deceive him: for by this time is *Sabia* againe arrived at *Malta*, where he deliver *Castelnovo* his wifes second Letter, the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quicke, at the bitter and unexpected newes it relates, as he esteemes himselfe no longer himselfe, because hee is not with his deare wife, who is the one halfe, yea the greatest part of himselfe. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea, in his fathers house should bee so impudently lascivious, to seeke to blemish his honour, in that of his Ladies, hee making her sighes and teares his, with all expedition and haste provides for his departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his feare, or both concurring and concurring in one, makes him instantly resolve to dispatch and returne *Sabia*, as the harbinger to proclaime his comming: the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his faire wife, and deare Lady *Perina*:

CASTELNOVO TO PERINA.

THy sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* doth equally afflict & amaze me: I burne with desire, to know as well the Author, as the Cause thereof, that I may likewise know how to right thee, in revenging my selfe of him. I have thought it fit to returne *Seignior Sabia* againe to thee, as soone as he arrived to me, being ready within two dayes to imbarke as timely as himselfe; so that if winde and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee my selfe, as soone as he shall thee this my Letter: and judge whether I speake it from my heart and soule, sith the estimation of thy love, and the preservation of thine honour make me already deeme minutes moneths, and boures yeares, till my presence be made happy with thine. I come, faire *Perina*, sweet wife and deere Lady, I come; and if Heaven prove propitious to my most religious prayers and desires hereon earth, our meeting shall be shortly as sweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and sorrowfull.

CASTELNOVO.

So according to this his Letter, as first *Sabia* imbarkes from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him, so he likewise arrives at *Genoa* the day after he did at *Nice*, from whence poassing ore the Mountaines, hee arrives at *Saint Iohn de Marriene*, where, at his father in law *Arconeto's* house, he findes his deare and sweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and desire, expected his arrivall (as having the night before

fore received his second and last Letter by *Sabia*, which advertised her thereof) so like true and faithfull Turtle Doves, esteeming each others presence their most soveraigne felicitie, they fall to their billing and kisses, to informe themselves how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight *Castelnovo* cannot bee so curious or hasty to inquire, as his Lady *Perina* was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, occasioned by the unnaturall lust and lasciviousnesse of his Father (as wee have formerly understood) the which, with many sighes and teares, shee depaints forth to him in all its circumstances and colours. He is amazed at this strange and unexpected newes, and far the more to thinke that his owne father should (in the winter of his age) attempt or seeke to defile his honour and bed, in the person of this his faire and chaste Lady *Perina*: hee wondereth to see so little grace in so many yeares, and that if Nature had not, yet Religion should have had power to banish these lascivious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with out-spread armes he tenderly imbraceth and kisseth her, highly extolling her chastity, and applauding the discreet carriage of her escape: being himselfe resolute to stay in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with her father *Arconeto*, and not to returne to *Nice* to his owne father *Castelnovo*. But hee shall as soone infringe as make this his resolution; for by this time his father understanding of his Sonnes returne from *Malta*, to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* had not fail'd to bewray him his lascivious suit and desire, attempted against her Honour, as also grieving at the remembrance of his former folly and future shame, in knowing what a foule scandall both it and his Sonnes absence would procure and ingender him, he resolves to confesse his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive and satisfying Letter, to indeavour to reclaime them againe from *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* to *Nice*: when calling for pen and paper, hee writes these few ensuing lines, and sends them his Sonne by a Gentleman of his:

CASTELNOVO to his Sonne CASTELNOVO.

I Am as glad of thy arrivall from *Malta*, as sorrowfull for thy absence from *Nice*: and sith to deny is to redouble our errors and imperfections, I will not go further then my selfe to finde the cause thereof, sith I know that my lascivious and gracelesse attempt against the honour of thy chaste Lady, hath drawne thee to this resolution: but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former shame, that Grace hath vanquished Nature, and Religion lust in mee: so as I am at present not onely sorrowfull, but repentant for that crime of mine which I no more remember but with horror, nor thinke of, but with detestation. My soule hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recontract it both with thy selfe and her; and as I hope hee will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive it mee, being ready to confirme this my reconciliation as well with my tongue as pen. Wherefore sith thou art the sole prop of my age and comfort of my life, make mee not so unfortunate or miserable, to be tax'd with the scandall of my shame, and thy absence; but bring backe thy Lady with thee: for here I professe before Heaven and Earth, that I will henceforth as much honour her for her chastity, as heretofore I lasciviously sought to betray and violate it.

CASTELNOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the Father prevails with the Sonne, and his faire and chaste Lady; so as their secrecies and discretions hush up this businesse in silence, and within eight dayes they both returne from *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* to *Nice*: where they are courteously welcomed, and respectively received and entertayned of their father, whose contrition for his former folly is outwardly so great, as hee hath teares in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: so as making good the promise of his Letter, he very penitently and sorrowfully implores their pardon and remission; which they instantly grant him with as much willingnesse as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obscured and vanished, as if it had never been; and all things and par-

ties so reconciled, as to common sense nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas, alas, we shall very briefly see the contrary: For old *Castelnovo* the Father, notwithstanding all these religious promises and sincere shewes of repentance and teares, is so far from being the man he seemes to bee, as although he have made his peace with his Sonne and Daughter, yet, ay mee, I write it with griefe, hee hath not with his conscience, nor his conscience with God: for although he have a chaste and religious tongue, yet he still retaineth a lascivious and adulterate heart; yea, hee is so farre from conversion and reformation, as the new sight and review of the Lady *Perina's* fresh and delicate beauty doth revive those sparkes, and refresh those flames of his lust, which seemed to bee raked up in the embers of her absence. And what is this, but to bee a Christian in shew, and a miscreant in effect? to hide a foule soule under a faire face? and to make Religion and Hypocrisie, a fatall and miserable cloke for his villany? But though he dissemble with God, yet we shall see, and hee finde, that God will not dissemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As hee resumes his old suit, and newly burnes in love and lustfull desire, to erect the Trophees of his lascivious and incestuous pleasures upon the ruines of his Daughter in lawes chastity and honour; so hee likewise sees it impossible to thinke to performe, or hope to accomplish it, as long as his sonne her husband lives: and therefore, losing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his owne concupiscence and lust, he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the lawes and principles of nature, swaps a bargain with the Divell to poyson him. To which end, to shew himselfe the monster of men, and the bloudiest president of a most degenerate Father, which this, or many precedent ages ever produced or afforded, he hath againe recourse to his Hellish Agent *Ierantha*, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to send the Sonne into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equall with her, as in nature, so in (the dissolution thereof) death: A bloody designe, and mournfull project, which wee shall presently be inforced to see acted upon the Theater of this History.

But *Ierantha* is at first so repentant for the death of the mother, as she will not consent to that of the Sonne. And had she continued in this religious resolution, shee had lived more fortunately, and not died so miserably and shamefully, as wee shall briefly see. For our old Lecher *Castelnovo*, her Master, seeing his Gold could not this second time prevaile with *Ierantha*, being equally inflamed as well with lust to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Sonne *Castelnovo* her husband, he is so implacable therein, as he promisseth to marry her, if shee will attempt and performe it. So although his first battery fayled, yet his second doth not: For the Devill had made her so ambitious of greatnesse and honour, that of a simple wayting Gentlewoman to become a great Lady, shee consents hereunto; and, which is a thousand pitties to report, within lesse then sixe dayes performes it; when (God knowes) the innocencie of this harmelesse young Gentleman his sonne never dreamt or suspected it.

At the sight of this his sudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for griefe; yea to drowne her selfe in the Ocean and deluge of her teares; tearing her haire, and striving to deface the excellencie of her beauty, with a kinde of carelesse neglect, as if she were resolute not to survive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonstrations of sorrow for the death of her husband, no lesse doth his father *Castelnovo* for that of his sonne; onely their griefes (conformable to their passions) are diametrically different and opposite: for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the sinceritie of her affection; and his hypocriticall and faigned, as derived from the profundity of his malice and revenge towards him. And not to transgresse from the Decorum and truth of our History, old *Castelnovo* could not so artificially beare and overvaile his sorrowes for his Sonnes death, but (the premises considered) our young afflicted widdow and Lady vehemently suspecteth hee hath a hand therein; and likewise partly beleeves that *Ierantha* is likewise accessary and ingaged therein, in respect
 shee

she lookes more aloft, and is growne more familiar with her Lord and Master than before. And indeed as her sorrowes increase her jealousy, so her jealousy throwes her into a passionate and violent resolution of Revenge, both against him and her, if shee can bee futurely assured that they had murdered and poysoned the Knight her husband.

Now to be assured hereof, she thus reasoneth with her selfe; that if her Father in Law were the Murtherer of his Sonne her Husband, his malice and hatred to him proceeded from his beastly lust to her selfe; and that hee now dispatched, hee would againe shortly revive and renew his old lascivious suit to her: which if he did, shee vowes to take a sharp and cruell Revenge of him, which shee will limit with no lesse than his death. And indeed wee shall not goe farre to see the event and truth answer her suspicion. For within a moneth or two after her husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old lustfull and lascivious Father doth againe burst and vomit forth his beastly solicitations against her chastitie and honour: which observing, shee somewhat disdainfully and coyly puts him off, but yet not so passionately nor chollerickely as before, onely of purpose to make him the more eager in his pursuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that shee might perpetrate her malice, and act her Revenge on him, and so make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his lust and malice were the cause of the sorrowes of her life. But unfortunate and miserable Lady, what a bloody and hellish enterprize doest thou ingage thy selfe in, and why hath thy affection so blinded thy conscience and soule, to make thy selfe the Authour and Actor of so mournfull and bloody a Tragedy? For alas, alas, sweet *Perina*, I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemne thy cruell malice intended to his Father. For, O grieve! O pitie! where are thy Vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy conscience, thy soule, thy God, thus to give thy selfe over to the hellish tentations of Satan? Thou which heretofore fled'st from adulterie, wilt thou now follow murther? or because thy heart would not bee accessarie to that, shall thy soule bee now so irreligious and impious, to be guiltie of this? But as her Father in Law is resolute in his lust towards her, so is shee likewise in her revenge towards him, and farre the more, in that shee perceives *Ierantha's* great belly sufficiently proclaimes that shee hath plaid the Strumpet; and which is worse, shee feares, with her execrable and wretched Father in Law: so as now no longer able to stop the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, shee is so gracelesse and bloody, as shee vowes first to dispatch the Lord and Master, then the Wayting-Gentlewoman, as her thoughts and soule suggest her they had done first the Mother, then the Sonne: so impious are her thoughts, so inhumane and bloody her resolutions.

Now in the *interim* of this time the old Lecher her Father is againe become impudent and impertunate in his suit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former vertues, and indeed from her selfe, shee, after many requests and solicitations, verie feignedly seemes to yeeld, and strike saile to his desire; but indeed with a bloody intent to dispatch him out of this world. So having concluded this sinfull fatall Match, there wants nothing but the finishing and accomplishing thereof: onely they differ in the manner and circumstances: the Father is desirous to goe to the Daughter in Lawes bed, the Daughter to the Father in Lawes; but both conclude that the night, and not the day shall give end to this lascivious and beastly businesse; his reason is, to avoyd the jealousy and rage of *Ierantha*, whom now, although shee bee neere her time of deliverance, he refuseth to marrie her; but the Lady *Perina's*, if that she may pollute and staine his owne bed with his blood, and not hers; but especially, because shee may have the fitter meanes to stab and murther him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not onely the night, but the houre is appointed betwixt them: which being come, and *Castelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and desire for her arrivall, hee thinking on nothing but his beastly pleasures, nor she, but on her cruell malice and revenge: she

softly enters his chamber, but not in her night, but her day attire, having a *Pisa* Ponyard close in her sleeve; when having bolted his Chamber doore, because none should divert her from this her bloody deligne; shee approaching his bed, and hee lifting himselfe up purposely to welcome and kisse her, shee seeing his brest open and naked, like an incensed Furie, drawes out her Ponyard, and uttering these words: *Thou wretched Whore-master and Murtherer, this life of mine owne honour, and the death of my deare Knight and husband, thy sonne.* And so stabbing him at the heart with many blowes shee kills him starke dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot blood, without giving him time to speake a word; onely hee fetcht a screeke and a groane or two, as his soule tooke her last farewell of his body. Which being over-heard of the servants of the house, they ascend his chamber, and finde our inhumane *Perina* issuing forth, all gored with the effusion of his blood, having the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatall Instrument of this cruell Murther in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournfull spectacle: so they seize on her, and the report hereof flying thorow the Citie, the Criminnall Judges that night cause her to bee imprisoned for the fact, which she is resolved no way to deny, but to acknowledge, as rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Jerantha, at the verie first understanding hereof, vehemently suspects that her two poysoning Murthers will now come to light; and so, as great as her belly is, shee, to provide for her safetie, verie secretly steales away to a deare friends house of hers in the Citie, which now from all parts ratteth and resoundeth of this cruell and unnaturall Murther; yea, it likewise passeth the *Alpes*, and is speedily bruted and knowne in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, where although her father *Arconeto* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloody attempt and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhumane revenge, will not as yet permit her conscience to informe and shew her the hainousnesse of her cruell and bloody fact. But God will be more mercifull to her and her soule.

Some two dayes after shee is arraigned for the same, where shee freely confesseth it, having nothing to alledge for her excuse, but that shee perfectly knew, that her Father in Law *Castelnovo* and his Strumpet *Jerantha* had at least poysoned the Knight her husband, if not likewise the Lady *Fidelia* his mother; the which although they had some reason and ground to suspect, because of *Jerantha's* sudden flight, yet sith this could no way diminish, or extenuate her Murther of her Father in Law, they condemne our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and so re-send her to prison, to prepare her selfe to dye. But the advice of some, and the friendship and compassion of others, as pitying her youth and beautie, and commending her chastitie and affection to her Knight and Husband, counsell and perswade her to appeale from the Sentence of the Court of *Nice*, to the Senate of *Chambery* (which is the Sovereigne and Capitall of *Savoy*) whither wee shall shortly see her conducted and brought.

In which meane time let us observe the wonderfull justice and providence of God shewed likewise upon this execrable Waiting-gentlewoman *Jerantha*, for so cruelly poysoning the Lady *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Castelnovo* her Sonne; who, although search were everie where made for her, yet shee having huilt her selfe up privately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guiltie conscience for the same continually torture and torment her, yet shee is so impious and gracelesse, as shee no way feares the danger of the Law, and much lesse the severe tempest of Gods indignation and revenge, which now notwithstanding in the midst of her securitie will, according to her bloody defects and crimes, suddenly surprize and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord *Castelnovo's* Murther, and of the Lady *Perina's* imprisonment, or to speake more properly and truly, of Gods sacred decree and divine judgement, throwes her into the sharp and bitter paines of travell for child; with whose heart-killing gripes and convulsions, shee is so miserably tortured and tormentt, as shee her selfe, her Mid-wife, and all the women neere her, judge and thinke impossible for her to escape death: when seeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her but as it were the

very image and anatomy of death, shee begins to looke from sinne to repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and so taking on and assuming a Christian resolution, she will not charge her soule with the concealing of this single Adultery, much lesse of her double Murthers; but very penitently confelleth all, as well it, as them; and so commits her selfe to the unpareld & mercilesse mercies of her paines and torments, hoping they will speedily send her from this world to a better. But her adultery & murthers are such odious and execrable crimes in Gods sight, as he will free her from these dangers of child-birth, and because worthy, will reserve her for a shamefull and infamous death. So she is safely delivered of a young son, who is more faire then happy, as being the off-spring of lascivious parents, and the issue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence and her owne confession, she, for these her beastly and bloody crimes is the second day committed to prison, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her ashes throwne into the aire. A just reward and punishment for so hellish and inhumane a Gentlewoman; who though otherwise shee shewed many testimonies and signes of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were so foule and odious to the World, as at her death she was so miserable, as she found not one spectatour, either to weepe for her, or to lament, or condole with her.

And now to shut up this History, let us carry our curiosities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*, and from dead *Ierantha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illustrious Senate, in consideration of her famous chastity, and singular affection to the Knight her husband, as also her noble parentage and tender yeares, they moderate the Sentence of *Nice*, for murdering her Father in law *Castelnovo*, and so instead of hanging, adjudge her there to have her right hand cut off, and her selfe to perpetuall imprisonment in *Nice*; where Gods sacred Iustice for this her bloody Murther, and the remembrance of her dead husband, and living sorrowes, so sharply torment and afflict her, as shee lived not long in prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing consumption: and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her dayes, being exceedingly lamented of her kinsfolkes, and pittied of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection beene blinded, and her rage and Revenge too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, shee had lived as happy, as shee died miserable; and have served for as great a grace and Ornament to her Country, as *Ierantha* and old *Castilnovo* her father in law were a scandall and shame.

Thus we see how Gods revenging justice still mætes with Murther. O that we may read this History with feare, and profit thereby in reformation, that dying to sinne, and living to righteousnesse, wee may peaceably dye in this World, and gloriously live and raigne in that to come,

O ;

GODS



GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORIE X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio, and not himselfe: he prays her Brother Brellati, his deare friend, to sollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile; whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour, and his reputation: for which Brellati challengeth the Field of him, where Bertolini kills him, & he lies for the same. Sturio seeks to marry her, but his father will not consent therunto, and so conveys him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio findes out Bertolini, and sends him a Challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronell in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this second Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.



Albeit that Valour be requisite in a Gentleman, (and one of his most essentiall vertues and proper ornaments) yet sith Charity is the true marke and character of a Christian, we should not rashly resolve to hazard the losse of our lives for the preservation of the meere title, and vaine point of our honour, but rather religiously endeavour to save our soules in that of our owne lives, as also of those of our Christian brethren: for in duels and single combat, (which though the heate of youth and revenge seeme to allow, yet, reason will not, and Religion cannot) did we only hazard our bodies, and not our soules, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as just, as now the hazarding of our soules and bodies is odious and distastefull to heaven, sith in seeking to deface man the creature, we assuredly attempt to strike and stabbe at the Majesty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or shadow of honour to kill our adversary, for the preservation of the vaine point of our honour, what an ignoble ingratitude, & damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewise treacherously to kill another, of whom he hath formerly received his life? yea as Grace fights against this former sort of fighting, so both Grace and Nature impugne and detest this second sort of Murther: A wofull and mournefull president whereof, I here present in the person of a base and wretched Gentleman, whose irregular affection to a Lady, first slew her brother in the field; and execrable revenge to her lover, next drew him treacherously to Murther him in the street; and consequently, to his owne condigne

condigne punishment, and shamefull death for the same. May all such bloody Murtherers still meet with such ends and may his miserable and infamous death premonish all other Gentlemen, to live and become more charitable, and lesse bloody by his example.

THe friendship and familiaritie betwixt *Seignior Iohn Battista Bertolini*, and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and resident of the Citie of Rome, was (without intermission) sointire and intimate, for the space of sixe whole yeares, which led them from their yeares of fourteene to twenty, as it seemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impossible for either of them to be truely merry, if the other were absent: and surely, many were the reasons which laid the foundation of this friendship; for as they were equall in yeares, so their statures and complexions resembled, and their humors and inclinations sympathized: likewise they were anciant schoolefellows, and neere neighbours: for their parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the too Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponius*: of if there were any disparity in their dignities and worths, it consisted onely in this, *Bertolini's* parents were richer then *Brellati's*, but *Brellati* was more Nobly discended then *Bertolini*: which notwithstanding could no way impeach or hinder the progresse of their friendship, but rather it flourished with the time: so as they increasing in yeares, they likewise did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing so much in this world, as not onely to imitate, but to surpasse the friendship of *Orestes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*: whereof, all who knew them and their parents; yea, all that part and division of Rome, tooke deepe and singular notice: but to shew that they were men, and not Angels, and consequently subject to frailty not inherent to perfection, that earth was not heaven, nor Rome the shadow thereof; have wee but a little patience, wee shall shortly see, the thred of this friendship cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered and laid leuell with the ground: yea, we shall see time, change with time, friendship turned into enmitie, fellowes to foes, love to loathing, courtisie to cruelty; and in a word, life to death: as observe the sequell of this History, and it will briefly informe yee how.

Bertolini sees that *Brellati* hath a faire and delicate sister, named *Dona Paulina*, somewhat younger then himselfe, and yet not so young, but that the clocke of her age hath stricken eightene; and therefore proclaimed her at least capeable, if not desirous of marriage: and although hee bee a novice in the Art of love, yet Nature hath made him so good a Scholler in the principles and rudiments thereof, as hee sees her faire, and therefore must love her; rich in the excellencie and delicacie of beautie, and therefore is resolute to love her, and onely her: for gazing on the influence and splendour of her piercing eyes, hee cannot behold them without wonder, and then prying and contemplating on the roseat and lillie tincture of her cheeks, he cannot see these without admiration, nor refraine from admiring them without affection: but againe, remarking the slenderesse of her body, and the sweetnesse of her vertues, and seeing her as gracious as faire, and that her inward perfections added as much lustre to her exterior beautie, as this reflected ornament and decoration to these, hee, as young as hee was, vowes himselfe her servant, and withall swore, that either shee, or his grave, must be his wife and Mistresse.

Bertolini thus surprized and nettled with the beautie of his dearly sweet, and sweetly faire, *Paulina*, hee is inforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the brother, thereby to court the sister: so hee many times purposely forsakes *Brellati* to follow *Paulina*, and delights in nothing so much as in her presence, and (in that regard) in his absence, not that it was possible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in generall termes he must love *Brellati* for *Paulina's* sake; and in particular, onely affect her for his owne. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident hee should obtaine her for his wife: so hee in faire,

amorous

amorous, and honourable tearmes, as well by his owne solicitations, letters, promises, and presents, as by those of his parents, seeks her in marriage: yea, and when these could not suffice, hee, to shew himselfe as true as fervent a Lover, addes sighs, teares, prayers, and oathes. But all these Solicitours serve onely to betray and deceive his hopes: for if *Bertolini* were extremely desirous to marrie *Paulina*, she is also resolute not to match him: which discords in affection, seldome or never make any true harmony in mindes.

His wealth deceiving him, hee hath recourse to her onely brother, and his best and dearest friend *Brellati*, to whom hee relates the profunditie and fervencie of his affection to his sister *Paulina*, acquaints him with his suite, and her denyall; his attempt, and her repulse therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendship and familiaritie, intreats and conjures him to become his Oratour and Advocate towards her, in his behalfe; whose smiles, hee alledgeth, are his life, and frownes, his death. *Brellati* having his generositie and judgement blinded with the respect of *Bertolini* his wealth, as also of the affection hee bore him; all other considerations laid apart, like a better friend to him, than a brother to his sister *Paulina*, promiseth him his best furtherance and assistance in the proesse of this his affection: and so with his truest Oratorie, best Eloquence, and sweetest Perswasion, begins to deale effectually with her herein. But as our hopes are subject and incident to deceive us, so *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come farre too short of theirs: for *Paulina* in absolute and downe-right termes, prayes her brother to informe and resolve *Bertolini*, that she hath otherwayes settled and ingaged her affection: and therefore prayes him to seeke another Mistresse, sith shee hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom she means to live and die. Her brother (for his friends sake) is extremely sorrowfull hereat, and prayes his sister to name him her servant: shee bindes him by oath to secrecie. So hee swearing, shee informes him it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a verie ancient Noble-man of the Citie. Hee tels her, hee is a Gentleman more noble than rich: and shee replies, that *Bertolini* is more rich than noble; and therefore shee will refuse him, and marrie *Sturio*. Hee is obstinate in his requests, as shee resolute in her denyall. So having performed the part of a friend for his friend, and commending the nobilitie and vertues of *Sturio*, as much as hee pined the weaknesse of his estate and wealth, hee leaves his sister to her affection and designs: and so with an unwilling willingnesse (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive answer; yet performes his promise to his sister, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choller at this newes, and begins no longer to looke on his friend *Brellati* with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation: and so consulting with his passion, not with his judgement; with rage, and not with reason; as immoderate anger seldome lookes right, commonly squint-eyed; hee in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, verie much neglects and slightes him; yea and most uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if hee were no longer worthy of the bare complement of farewell. Which *Brellati* well observes, and in observing, remembers, and in remembering, grieves at, sith *Bertolini* was his most intimate and dearest friend; and in whose behalfe, did occasion present, hee was ready, not onely to sacrifice his best service, but his best life. Lo here the first breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendship: but the second is not farre behinde. For in the next company hee meets, which was some two dayes after, walking in *Cardinall Farnesse* his Galleries, in presence of some foure or five other Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati*'s acquaintance, hee forgot himselfe so much, as some demanding for his Consort *Brellati*, hee chollerickly replied, that he was a base and beggerly Gentleman; and therefore henceforth disclaimed his company, and that his sister *Paulina* was a lascivious and dissolving strumpet. But although the fire of his choller had foolishly banded forth these speeches in the air, yet they fell not to the ground; but some of the company then present

present, that verie night report them to *Brellati*. It is impossible for my pen to relate how passionately and tenderly hee takes it: yea his affliction and griefe herein is farre the more redoubled, in that (contrarie to his desires and wishes) hee is assured his sister *Paulina* is likewise acquainted with the vanitie & injustice of these speeches: the conceit and remembrance whereof make her intraged and sorrowfull eyes powre forth many rivulets and rivers of teares, upon the Roses and Lillies of her beautie. But as shee is too impatient to relish this scandalous affront and disparagement: so her brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digest it; whereof burning to know the truth, and resolving, if he found it true, sharply to revenge it on *Bertolini*, he passeth away the night in restless and distracted slumbers: And so the verie next morne taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his Fathers house, and meeting first with him, demands of him for his Sonne *Seignior Iohn Battista Bertolini*. His Father informes him, he is in the Garden verie solitarily walking, and prays *Brellati* to goe to him; who needing not many requests, entreth, and with his hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him halfe way: when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* blushing for shame, hee prays him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, because hee hath something to reveale and impart him in secret, which needeth no witnesses: when *Bertolini* commanding his Servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with these disgracefull speeches, vomited forth two dayes since, against his honour; as also that of his onely deare sister *Paulina*, in *Cardinall Farnesi* his Palace, in presence of *Seignior Alessandro Fontani*, *Seignior Rhanutio Pluvinio*, and *Seignior Antonio Voltomari* (which words we have formerly understood.)

Bertolini is no way dismayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion: and so losing his honour in his indiscretion, or rather burying his discretion in his dishonour; hee with fire in his lookes, and thunder in his speeches, tells *Brellati* that hee confesseth these speeches his; adding withall, that what his tongue hath affirmed, his sword shall bee ready to make good and justifie; whereon they cover: When *Brellati* demanding of him if this were his last resolution, he told him yea. Then (quoth hee) I pray expect mine shortly: and so without giving each other the good morrow, they part; *Brellati* still leaving *Bertolini* in his Fathers Garden. His Sister *Paulina* having notice of her Brothers speaking with *Bertolini*, verie curiously and carefully awaits his returne; when rushing into his Chamber, shee, with teares, and sighes, demands him of the issue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether hee were so impudent to deliver these dishonourable and base speeches both of her selfe and him. But her brother, like a true noble *Romane*, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his designe and resolution: and so in generall tearmes prays her, not to afflict her selfe at these speeches, and that this difference will bee verie shortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his owne content. Brother (quoth shee) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unspotted puritie of my reputation, I am sure that my true Lover *Seignior Paulus Sturio* will, though with the hazard and losse of his owne life, had hee but the least notice thereof. Hee shall not need, Sister, quoth hee: for a day or two will reconcile and finish this businesse: and so for that time he leaves his Sister *Paulina*, and shuts himselfe up in his chamber; where, not long able to containe himselfe against the insolencie and balennesse of *Bertolini*, he calls for pen and paper, and more respecting his honour then his life, writes him this challenge; the which immediately after dinner he sends him, by *Seignior Valerio*, a confident Gentleman his follower.

BRELLATI TO BERTOLINI.

Thy scandalous reports, like thy selfe, are so base, and I and my Sister so honourably descended and bred, as I doubt not, but the disgrace and disparagement, which thou hast unjustly offered us, will as justly retort and fall on thy selfe. And to the end thou mayst finde, that my sword

is purposely reserved to correct and chastise thy tongue, as thou art a Romane, and a Gentleman, meet mee single to morrow at five in the morne, without Port Populi, in the next field behinde Cardinall Borromeo's Palace; and there I will give thee the choyce of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusall, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou hast injuriously and maliciously traduced us: and to write thee the truth, as I desire, so I can receive no other satisfaction but this, wherunto thy malice invites, and my honor obligeth mee.

BRELLATI.

Valerio performes his part well, and fairely working and screwing himselfe into Bertolini's presence, very secretly delivers him his Masters challenge. Bertolini not ignorant, but conjecturing what it meanes, breakes off the Seales, and at the perusall thereof, though his cause bee unjust and dishonourable, yet in his countenance and speeches, hee shewes much constancie, fortitude, and resolution; when considering they were to fight single, and that therefore Valerio could bee no second, hee deeming his Master had concealed this secret businesse from him, contents himselfe to give him onely this answer: Tell your Master Seignior Brellati from mee, that I will not faile to meet him, according to his desire and appoyntment. And so Valerio takes his leave, and departs: when finding out his Master, hee reports him Bertolini's answer: whereat hee is so farre from being any way appald or daunted as hee infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the meane time, hee is curious in preparing two singular good Rapiers and Ponyards of equall length, hilts, and temper. And thus with much impatient patience (as Revenge is an enemy to sleepe) they not out-sleepe, but out-watch the night. So the morne and day stealing and breaking into their windows, they are no sooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgions awayting their arrivals by the Pyramides, in the place of Port Populi, by which of necessity they were to passe: when, tying up their horses to the hedges, like resolute Gentlemen, they throw off their doublets, commanding their Chirurgions not to stir from their stations; when, disdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds thus:

Brellati presenteth the first thrust, and Bertolini gives him the first wound in his left shoulder; whereat hee is inflamed; and so returnes Bertolini the interest of a most dangerous one, on his right side; but it toucht neither his bowels nor quaye. They try againe: so Brellati againe wounds Bertolini in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his sinewes and Arteries, hee is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but despight his resolution and courage, it falls out of his hand; which unlookt for disaster doth much perplexe and afflict him. But Brellati is too generous and noble, to blemish or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adversaries misfortune: and so to cleere his doubts and scruples, very valiantly and bravely throwes away his owne Ponyard to the hedge, that they might bee as equall in weapons, as courage. But Bertolini will basely requite this courtesie. They retire and take breath; and so traversing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sunne, they againe joyne: at the first close of this second meeting Brellati runnes Bertolini into the right flanke, when withdrawing his Rapier; and leaping backe to put himselfe upon his defensive guard and posture, his foot slipping, hee could not prevent falling to the ground; when Bertolini following him close, and being eager in his pursuit, and blood-thirsty in his revenge, hee forgetting Brellati's former courtesie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nayled him to the ground; and so redoubling his thrust, acted a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and soule: when Brellati's Chirurgian shedding teares on his dead Master, and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, Bertolini takes up his Chirurgian behinde him, and so with all possible speede and celerity (the better to avoyd the danger of the law) poasts o're the fields, and comes into

into *Mount Cavallo* Gate, and so husheth himselfe up privately in a friends house of his neere his fathers.

All *Rome* beginnes to eccho forth and resound this Murther, and farre the more, because *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were so deare and intimate friends: but as good newes comes alwayes lame, and bad rides poast, so within one houre of *Brellati's* Murther, the newes thereof is brought first to his Father, then to his Sister *Paulina*; whereat hee grieves, and shee stormes, hee sorroweth, and shee weepes and laments, and in a word, the Father would, but cannot, and the Daughter can, but will not bee comforted, at this sad and mournfull Tragedy. Neither must wee forget, but remember *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, who loving *Paulina* a thousand times dearer then his owne life, is no sooner acquainted, but afflicted with this newes of *Brellati's* death, as being his dearest friend, and which is more, the onely brother of his dearest and onely Mistresse *Paulina*; so as Lovers and friends being best knowne and discerned in calamities and afflictions, hee repaires to her, condoles with her, and useth his chiefest art and zeale, not onely to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her sorrowes; yea, to proove himselfe a constant friend and a faithfull lover to her, hee proffereth her, not onely his service, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her brothers death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perswasion of *Sturio* is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina's* teares.

But againe to *Bertolini*, who is so farre from contrition and repentance of this his bloody fact, as like a prophane miscreant, and debauched and dissolute Gentleman, hee triumphes and glories therein; yea, his impudencie is become so ignorant, and his ignorance so sottish, as hee beganne to enter into a resolution againe to court and seeke *Paulina* for his wife, without respecting or regarding either the publike danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina's* private revenge; for sure her brothers death had throwne her into such violent passions of griefe, and extremities of sorrow, as if his folly had made her so happy, doubtlesse her revenge would have made him more miserable: but God had taught her rage more reason, and her malice and cruelty not so much impiety; yea, it pleased his Divine Majesty not so soone to call him to an accompt, and punish him for this his bloody fact; but reserving him for a future shame and punishment, being afrighted with a tumultuous rumour and alarum of a generall search to bee made that night for his apprehension, hee very subtilly, in a *Capuchins* habit, passeth *Saint Iohn de Laterans* Gate, and there having Poast-horses laid for him, hee as swift as the winde gallops away for *Naples*, and imbarcking himselfe for *Sicilie*, passeth the *Pharre* of *Messina*, lands at that City, and so rides up for *Palermo* where hee thinkes himselfe safe.

But having not made his peace with God, where ever he flie, God wil in due time find him out, when he least dreames thereof. But although the power and influence of time bee so predominate to deface the actions and accidents of time; yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her teares, nor will shee administer any consolation to her sorrowes for her brothers death: And if ever, now it is that *Sturio* resembling himselfe, beginnes to make her sorrowes his: for having deeply rooted and settled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally ingraven her beauty and picture in the very centre of his heart and thoughts, hee beginnes to make his private affection to her publike, and so having already wonne her heart from her selfe, hee now endeavoureth to winne her from her friends, and then to marry her. But old *Seignior Sturio* his father, is no sooner advertised of *Brellati's* death, of *Bertolini's* flight, and of his sonnes affection and intent to take *Paulina* to wife, but disdainng hee should match so low, and withall so poore, as also fearing that this might likewise ingage his sonne in some quarrell betwixt him and *Bertolini*, hee resolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, in some retired or obscure place, from whence hee should not returne, till his absence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and Revenge to *Bertolini*:

tolini : to which end, three weekes are scarce past, but taking his sonne with him in his Coach, under colour to take the ayre in the fields of *Rome*, beyond *Saint Pauls* Church, hee having given the Coach-man his lesson, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Ruffians* with him, they dispose or rather inforce the humour of his sonne *Sturio* to patience, as despight himselfe, they carry him to *Naples*, where a *Brigantine* being purposely prepared, hee shippeth over his sonne for the Iland of *Capri*, or *Caprea* (where long since, *Sejanus* his ambition caused *Tiberius* to sojourn, whiles hee played the petty King, and domineered as Emperour at *Rome* in his absence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of *Seignior Alphonsus Drissa*, Captain of that Iland ; with request and charge not to permit him to returne, for the maine, for the terme of one whole yeare, without his expresse order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to Judge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his sweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the newes of this their sudden and unexpected separation : yea, their sighes and teares are so infinite for this their disaster, as all the words of the world are not capable to expresse them. As for *Paulina*, shee had so long and so bitterly wept for her brothers death, as it was a meere cruelty of sorrow, to inforce her to play any farther part in sorrow, for the departure and captivity of her Lover *Sturio* : but her afflictions falling in, each on the necke of other (in imitation of the waves of the sea, occasioned by the breath and blast of *Boreas*) threaten her not onely with present sicknesse, but with approaching death. Againe she understands of *Bertolini's* safety and prosperity in *Cicilia*, where hee triumphs in his victory, for killing her brother *Brellati* ; and like a base Gentleman, continually erects his Tropes of detraction upon the ruines and tombe of her honour : and these considerations (like reserved afflictions) againe newly afflict and torment her : so as having lost her jewell and her joy, her brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, shee beginnes to be extreame sicke, weake, and faint ; yea, the Roses of her cheekes are transformed to Lillies ; the relucient lustre of her eyes, to dimnesse and obscurity ; and to use but a word, not onely her heart, but her tongue beginnes to faile, and to strike faile to immoderate sorrow and disconsolation. Her parents and friends grieve hereat, and farre the more, in respect they know not how to remedy it : and for her selfe, if she enjoy any comfort in this life, it is onely in hope that shee shall shortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus whiles sorrow, vexation and sicknesse make hast to spin out the thred and webbe of her life, if her griefes are extreme and insupportable in *Rome*, no lesse are those of her Lover *Sturio* in *Caprea* : for it frets him to the heart and gall, to see how his father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Mistris *Paulina's* presence, the onely content and felicity which this life or earth could afford him ; a thousand times he wisheth himselfe with her, and as often kisseth her remembrance and *Idea* ; and then, as their affections, so their malice concurring and sympathizing, hee againe wisheth that hee may bee so happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the disgrace of his Lady *Paulina*, and shee for the death of her brother *Brellati*, and in that affection and this revenge, hee with much affliction and no comfort, passeth away many bitter dayes and torments, in the misery of this his inforced exile and banishment : and although his curiosity, affection, or subtilty could never crowne him with the happinesse or felicity to free himselfe of his guards and captivity, and so to steale away from that Iland in some Foist or Galley for the maine ; yet understanding that two dayes after there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vetcha*, hee, to testifie his affection, constancie, and torments to his deare and faire *Paulina*, takes occasion to write her a Letter to *Rome*, the which, that it might come the safer to her owne hands, he incloseth in another, to an intimate deare friend of his. The tenour of his Letter was thus :

STVRIO to PAVLINA.

I Know not whether I more grieve at my absence from thee, then at the manner thereof; yet sure I am, that both conjoyn'd, make me in this Island of Caprea feele the torments, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell. It was my purpose to condole with thee for the untimely death of thy Brother; it is now not onely my resolution, but my practice, to mourne with my selfe for thy banishment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my sorrowes have most neede of consolation, then againe that consolation findes most cause of sorrow: for thinking of Bertolini, me thinks I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue, and thy Brother Brellati his true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happinesse to revenge either, and which is worse, not bee permitted to know where hee is, that I may revenge them: but I wish I were onely incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditionally thou wert exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof, which now I can finde no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O that I have often envied Leanders happinesse! And if Love could make impossibilities possible, the Mediterranean Sea should long since have beene my Hellespont, my Body my Barke, my armes my oares, to have waisted me from my Abidos, to thy Sestos, from my Caprea, to thy Rome, to thee sweet Paulina, my onely faire and deare Hero. And although the constancie and fervencie of my love to thee, suggest me many inventions to escape the misery of my exile, yet the Arguseyes of my Fathers malice, in that of my Guardians jealousy, cannot bee enchanted or lulled asleepe with the melody of so unfortunate a Mercury as my selfe: but time shall shortly act and finish that which impatience cannot, till when, deare and sweet Paulina, retaine me in thy thoughts, as I doe thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weekes will make us as happy, as we are now miserable.

STVRIO.

Paulina, in the midst of her sorrowes and sickenesse, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend Sturio, and although shee rejoyce to heare of his health and wel-fare in Caprea, yet shee is more glad, that the extremity of her sickenesse and weaknesse informe her, shee shall shortly dye in Rome: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of grieve and discontents, shee in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time halfe way in her progresse and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her deare Sturio, who wrote her this kinde Letter, shee will not be so unkinde, but will kisse it for his sake that sent it her; and peradventure if shee had been so happy, that he might have beene the bearer and deliverer thereof himselfe, or that he had borne and delivered himselfe to her in stead of his Letter, hee might then have given some comfort to her sorrowes, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions, whereas now seeing him exiled, and mew'd up in Caprea, without any apparance of returne, shee sees shee hath more reason to flye to her old despaire, then to any new hope; and so wisheth the desired houre were at last come, wherein shee might give her last farewell to this world: but againe perusing and over-reading his Letter, shee findes it full fraught with love and affection towards her; and therefore disdayning to proove ingratefull to any, especially to Sturio, who is so kinde and courteous to her, calls for pen and paper, and by his owne conveyance returnes him this Answer:

PAVLINA to STVRIO.

I Cannot rightly define whether the receipt of thy Letter made me more glad, or the contents sorrowfull: for as I infinitely rejoyced to understand thou wert living, so I extremely grieved to heare there was no certainty of thy releasement and returne. Whether or no Caprea be thy Purgatory,

Purgatory, I know not, but sure I am, Rome is my Hell, sith I cannot bee there with thee, nor thou here with me; and as I lamented with sighs, I could not dye with my Brother, so I grieve with teares, that I cannot live with thee: but why write I of living, when his mournfull Tragedy, and thy disastrous exile hath made me more ready to dye then live, or rather not fit to live, but dye? for despayring of thy returne, how can I hope for comfort, sith it onely lined in thy presence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for Bertolini's folly to mee, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword punish him not, Gods just revenge will, and wishing this as a woman, as a Christian, I pardon and forgive him; and so I pray doe thou for my sake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers. Could prayers or wishes have effected thy returne to mee, my teares had long since been thy Hellespont and Mediterranean Sea, and my sighes had fill'd the Sayles of thy desires and resolutions, to have past Ostia, floated up Tiber, and landed at Rippa to mee. But alas, alas! here in remembring Hero's felicity and joy, I cannot forget my sorrowes and afflictions: for as Leander liv'd in her armes, so I cannot bee so fortunate, either to live or dye in my Sturio's; and if now, as a skilfull Mercury, thou couldst inveigle the eyes both of thy Fathers malice, and guardians jealousy, yet that happinesse would come too late, and out of season for mee: for before thou shalt have plotted thy flight and escape from Caprea to Rome, I shall have acted and finished mine from Rome to Heaven. I would send thee more lines, but that my weake hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though the will, any longer to retaine my pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my deare Sturio, let this bee our last and best consolation; as these joyes are temporary and transitory, so those will bee permanent and eternall.

PAULINA.

This Letter of Paulina to Sturio meets with a speedy passage from Rome to Caprea, who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breakes up the scales thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, understanding of her sicknesse and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weepes at his owne misfortune, in her discontent and disaster; yea, hee passionately and sorrowfully bewayles his Fathers cruelty, in thus banishing him from her sight and presence, from the contemplation of whose beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Destinies cannot banish him. But alas unfortunate Sturio! the newes of thy Paulina's sicknesse is but the Prologue to the ensuing sorrowes and afflictions that are ready to befall and surprize thee: for the newes of her death shall shortly follow her Letter; and if that drew teares from thine eyes, this shall drowne thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Teares: neither shall he stay long to feeble the miserable impetuosity of this mournfull Storme. For scarce twenty dayes are past, after the writing of her Letter to Sturio, but Paulina languishing with griefe, despaire, sorrow and sicknesse, as a female Love-Martyr, takes her last leave and farewell of this world in Rome; it being not in the power or affection of her parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her last due and tribute unto Nature, sith we all have our lives lent, not given us; and therefore as we receive, so must we repay them to our Creatour and Redeemer, of whom we have first received them.

Old Sturio is as glad in Rome for the death of Paulina, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to bee as happy and joyfull in his Sonnes presence, as hee hath formerly made himselfe sorrowfull in occasioning his absence: whereupon, with all expedition, hee dispatcheth a Servant of his to Caprea, with a Letter, to signifie his Son thereof, and consequently, to recall him. This newes of Paulina's Death infinitely afflicts and torments our Sturio; for hee being the Queene of his affections, and the soveraigne Goddesse of his delights and desires, hee resembleth himselfe, and so like a true Lover, as hee is, acteth a wonderfull mournfull part of sorrow for her unwished and unexpected Death: hee is no longer himselfe; nay, such was his living affection to Paulina, and such is his immoderate sorrow for her death, as hee will not bee himselfe,

because she is gone, who was the greatest and chiefest part of himselfe. But as wounds cannot be cured, ere searched; so passion transporting his thoughts beyond reason, and revenge beyond passion, he, for the time present, forsakes the effect, to follow the cause, and so hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini's* killing of her Brother *Brellati*, and this of his Fathers unkind banishing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that he may out-live his sorrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corrosive, he vowes to revenge both. The manner is thus: That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*; so hee will deceive those of his said Father, in carrying himselfe from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to find out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him. It is not the point of Honour, much lesse, Judgement, and least of all, Religion, that precipitates and throwes him on this bloudy, and therefore uncharitable resolution: but it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his living affection to his dead Mistresse *Paulina*, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all dissuasion and opposition) finding a Galley of *Naples* bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very secretly imbarques himselfe in her, and contemning the impetuosity of the Windes, and the mercylelesse mercie of the Seas, lands at *Palermo*, where hushing himselfe up the first night privately in his Inne, and informing himselfe that *Bertolini* was in that City, he, the next morne, by his Lackey, sends him this Challenge:

STURIO TO BERTOLINI.

HAVING killed my deare *Paulina* in the scandall of her honour, and the death of her Brother *Brellati*, my afflictions and sorrowes to survive her, make me contemne mine owne life, to seeke thine: to which purpose, I have left *Caprea*, to finde *Cicily*, and in it thy selfe. Wherefore, as thou art *Bertolini*, faile not to meet me this Evening twixt five and sixe of the Clocke in the next Meadow, behinde the *Carthusians* Monastery; where my selfe, assisted onely with a *Chirurgian*, and the choyce of two single Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth me, to be the onely Guests of this bloudy Banquet.

STURIO.

Bertolini receives and reades this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not so pleasing to him, as was that of *Brellati*: hee sees himselfe and his honour ingaged to fight, and knowes not how to exempt and free himselfe thereof. For, first, hee considereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrell is not good, sith he knew in his soule and conscience, that *Paulina* was as chaste, as faire, & that he had wronged himselfe, in seeking to wrong and scandalize her; then, that hee perfectly understood *Sturio* was valiant and generous, yea, and very expert and skilfull in handling his Weapons; and withall, that single Combates were variable, and onely constant in unconstancie: so that he began not onely to doubt, but feare, that as he had killed *Brellati*, so *Sturio* was reserved to kill him: but againe, considering that his birth and bloud was noble, it contrariwise so incited and animated his courage, and inflamed, and set an edge on his Generosity, as with a kinde of unwilling willingnesse hee accepts of *Sturio's* Challenge; and so bade his Lackey tell his Master from him, that hee would not faile to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The Clocke strikes five, and long before sixe, our two young Gentlemen come ride into the Field; where, giving their Horses to their *Chirurgians*, with command not to stirre, till their duety and office call them, they both draw; and so approach each other: but although this fury of theirs beginne in bloud, yet it shall not here end in death. At first comming up, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini's* thrust, and runnes him into the right Flanke, of a deepe wound; at the second, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much bloud from him, neither is the third meeting more propitious, or lesse fatall to him: for *Sturio*, without receiving any touch or scarre, gives him

him a third wound 'twixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainteth; when willing to save his life, though with the losse of his honour, he throwes away his Rapier, and with his Hat in hand, begs his life of *Sturio*, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and voweth that he is infinitely sorrowfull and repentant for the scandal, delivered against the honour of his most faire & chaste Lady *Paulina*, for the which he craves pardon and remission. *Sturio* is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*: whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdain then anger; only at first the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina's* deaths, for the present make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making reason give a law to choller, and Religion to Revenge, and considering that he was more then a Man, sith a Christian, as also that the lustre of his blood and extraction, had distinguished him from the vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble, hee, not as a cruell Tygre, but as a generous Lyon, disdaineth to blemish his reputation and valour, in killing a disarmed man; and so his honour outbraving his valour and revenge, hee as a truly noble Gentleman, gives *Bertolini* his life, as holding himselfe satisfyed, by having righted the honour of his dead Mistresse *Paulina*, in *Bertolini's* confession and contrition. So they sheath up their Swords, and like loving friends, returne together into the City: where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betakes himselfe to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combate, or Duell, is not so secretly carryed betwixt them and their Chirurgians, but all *Palermo* resounds and prattles thereof, and which is more, this newes speedily sayles from *Cicily* to *Naples*, and from thence rides poast to *Rome*, where *Sturio* & *Bertolini* likewise in short space arrive; but first comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, whose Father by this time hath obtained his Pardon for killing of *Brellati*. The Nobility and Gentry of *Rome* speake diversely and differently of our two late return'd Gallants: some, out of reason, highly applaud *Sturio's* fighting with *Bertolini*, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistresse *Paulina*; and then his humanity and curtesie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, taxe and condemne him for not dispatching and killing him againe, many extoll *Bertolini's* valour in killing *Brellati*, but all taunt and taxe him for his Cowardise, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and which is worse, for disgracefully begging and receiving his life of him. *Bertolini* findes this scandall throwne and retorted on him, to bee very distastefull and dishonourable; in so much as hee cannot relish it, but with discontent, nor digest it, but with extreme indignation and choller: which throwes him so violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as he vowes to make *Sturio* pay deare for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation. Pufft up thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdain, envy and revenge, whereof the least is great and capable enough to ruine both a fortune and a life, he, out of a wretched resolution, (unworthy the generosity of a Gentleman) not onely forgets *Sturio's* singular courtesie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power & pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth, and in that remembrance resolveth to repay him with the ungratefull requitall, and mournfull interest of depriving him of his. O extreme ingratitude! O uncharitable and base resolution! Yea, he is so devoyd of reason, and the purity of his soule and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of blood, as hee gives way thereto, and resolves thereon; yea, permits it to forsake God, of purpose wilfully to follow the Divell; yea, his thoughts are so surpris'd and taken up with this execrable and hellish resolution of Murder, as hee thinkes of nothing else but of the meanes and manner how to dispatch *Sturio*; and so to send him in a bloody winding-sheet, from this life to another. To fight with him againe in the field, hee dares not, to assassinate and murder him in his bed, he cannot, sith he must passe five or sixe severall chambers, ere hee can come at him; and to pistoll him in the open street, though it be lesse diffi-

cult, yet hee findes it most dangerous, sith hee sees *Sturio* still went better followed and accompanied then himselfe, as indeed being more eminent of birth, and noble of extraction then himselfe. But hee shall want no invention to accomplish and bring this his bloody resolution to passe, for if he faile thereof, the Divell is still at his elbow to prompt and instruct him therein; yea, his impiety is growne so strong with the Divell, and his faith so weake with God, as now having turned over the records of his revenge, hee at last resolves to shoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronell, as he passeth the street: and upon the attempt and finishing of this hellish stratagem and bloody Tragedy, the Divell and hee strike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof shal in the end strangle him, because he was so prophane and gracelesse as he would not strangle the first conceit thereof in their births and conceptions.

But leave wee here *Bertolini* ruminating on his intended bloody crime of Murther, and come wee a little to speake of poore unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of his malice, much lesse of his ungratefull and bloody revenge intended against him, like a mournful and disconsolate constant Lover, is thinking on nothing so much, as on the living beauty and *Idea* of his dead *Paulina*: and although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate sorrowes, as discretion to conceale them; yet their impetuosity and fervency gives such a predominating law to his resolutions, as hee cannot refraine from often stealing into *Sancta Maria de Rotunda's* Church, where shee was buried, and there secretly bedewes her Tombe, and washes her Sepulcher with his teares: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither justifie, nor can approve. All the care of his father and friends is to seeke how to purge his pensivenesse, and to wipe off his melancholy sorrowes and sorrowfull melancholineesse: to which end they proffer him great variety of noble and beautifull Ladies in Marriage, hoping that the sight and presence of a new beauty would deface the memory and absence of an old: but their policie proves vain; for *Sturio* will bee as constant in his sorrowes for his sweet *Paulina's* death, as hee was in his affection to her whiles she lived; and therefore, although their power inforce him to see diverse, yet his will can never bee drawne, or inforced to love any, as having inviolably contracted himselfe to this definitive resolution, that sith he could not be *Paulina's* husband, he will never wed himselfe to any other wife then his Grave.

And here I beginne to write father with teares, then inke, when I apprehend and consider how soone our poore and innocent *Sturio* shall bee by the bloody hand of *Bertolini* layd in his unfortunate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*, hadst thou been more vindictive, and lesse generous and compassionate, thou hadst prevented thy death by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercie of thy Sword; or if thou hadst believed this Maxime, that dead men can never offend or hurt, thou needst not have relyed and trusted upon the false promises of an incensed and irreconcilable enemy: but what shall I say? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini's* infamy, which hastmeth and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldest bee so true a friend to thine enemy, and hee proove so deadly an enemy to thee his true friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life, and *Bertolini* in requitall will give *Sturio* his death: but such monstrous and bloody ingratitude will never goe unpunished of God; for as it is odious to Earth, so it is execrable to Heaven: But I must bee so unfortunate to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this History. A misery of miseries, that wee are many times nearest our ends, when wee thinke our selves farthest from them; and (not to rush into the sacred and secret closet of Gods inscrutable providence) I can finde no other pregnant reason thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, wee should bee still prepared and ready for death, e're death for us, and not protracting or procrastinating the houre thereof; but that whensoever it shall please God to call us to him, or himselfe to us, that (like good Christians) death may still finde us alwayes armed to meet, never unprovided to encounter it.

But *Bertolini* is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as understanding that *Sturio* is accustomed to goe to his mornings Masse at the *English Colledge*, hee provides both himselfe and his *Petronell* charged with a brace of bullets; or rather the *Devill* provides both the Bullets, the *Petronell*, and himselfe: and so, watching the advantage of his houre and time, on a Munday morning, a litle after the *Cardinals*, *Farnese* and *Caponius*, were ridden with their traines to the *Consistory*, putting himselfe into an unknowne house betwixt the said *English Colledge* and the *Palace of Farnese*, hee having his Cocke bent, and seeing *Sturio* coming in the streete, upon his prauncing *Barbary Horse* and *Foot-cloth*, like a gracelesse and bloudy villaine (having neither the feare of God, nor the salvation or damnation of his soule before his eyes, nor once imagining that hee shootes at the Majesty of God the Creatour, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets flye at him, and the *Divell* had made him so curious and expert a Marke-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunke of his brest; with which mortall wounds our innocent *Sturio*, no longer able to sit his *Horse*, tumbles downe dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but onely to breath forth two or three lamentable and deadly groanes. And this was the unfortunate and mournfull end of this noble Gentleman *Sturio*, which I cannot relate without sighes, nor remember without teares.

This bloudy Tragedy acted on so brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extremely amaze, and draw all the Spectatours to lamentation and mourning, and his two servants, who walked by his *Horse* side, are so busie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Master, as they forget to research and inquire for his murtherer: but the Assistants, and standers by, hearing the report of the Peece, and not onely seeing the smoke in the window and ayre, but this noble Gentleman dead in the street, they ascend the house, finde the *Petronell* on the Table, but the Shooter fled upon a swift *Spanish Gennet*, by the backe doore, they of the house affirming with teares, that they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to stop or prevent his escape.

This Fatall and mournfull newes disperfed and spred o're the City of *Rome*; the Serjeants and Captaines guard are busie to finde out the Murtherer, who by this time they know to bee *Seignior Bertolini*: but being gallantly mounted, hee speedes away thorow the streets amaine, and is so farte from despaire, as hee makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran Gate*, and to escape this his second danger, as fortunately as hee did his first, by flying into the Kingdome of *Naples*: but his hopes shall deceive him; for if hee bought *Brellati's* Murther at an easie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed that hee shall pay deare for this his second of *Sturio*: and lo, here the impetuous storme of Gods just revenge and indignation now befalls him, when he least feares or thinkes thereof. The manner thus:

As hee was swiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo* (the publike place where the Pope (that *Antichrist* of *Rome*) burnes the children of God, for the profession of his glorious Gospel) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the backe-side of the *Capitoll*, behold, two Bricke layers building of a house upon a Scaffold, two Stories high in the street, as *Bertolini* passed, both the Scaffold and the two Bricke layers fell downe upon him, and his horse, and so beat them both to the ground: but as yet the newes of *Sturio's* Murther was not arrived thither; so as danger and feare making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, hee againe riseth up, and calls for his horse, which was speedily brought him: so leaping into the Saddle, hee spurres away, with as much celerity as his *Gennet* could possibly drive under him. But if hee have escaped this first judgement of God, hee shall not the second: for having past the *Capitoll* and the *Amphitheater*, his *Gennet* twixt that and the *Lateran*, fell under him, which putting his shoulder out of joynt, the Poore afflicted Beast could not rise with his Master, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved then the harmelesse *Gennet*.

Gennet hee rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the search would instantly follow and surprize him, hee leaving his horse, betakes himselfe to his owne heeles: and so with much terrour both of minde and conscience, hee knowes not whither to goe, or where to hide himselfe, but at last considering that the greatest dangers have neede of the least distraction: and most discretion, hee thinkes to flye on his right hand to *Horta Farnesi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that illustrious Family: but then againe fearing to meet with a wooden face, in stead of finding an open doore, hee leaves that resolution, and (as fast as his legs and feet can beare him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero's Tower* (so famous for that Emperours infamy, in standing thereon, when hee delighted to see all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruines and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other stupendious buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and husheth up himselfe, hoping if the day were past, to escape, and recover some secret friends house by night.

But God is too just to let this his cruell fact passe unrevenge, and this bloudy Murtherer unpunished: for hee hath scarce bene there halfe an houre, but hee is knowne there, found out, and hemm'd in of all sides by the Captaine's Guard, arm'd with Partisans and Pistols. Here *Bertolini* considering himselfe a *Romane* Gentleman, would fayne have made some resistance with his Rapier: but seeing their numbers to increase, and himselfe alone, as also that it would farther augment his crime, and exasperate his Judges against him, hee at their first summons delivereth up his Rapier, and yielde, and rendereth himselfe into their hands, who presently convey him to prison, where hee shall have but little time to thinke of his hainous and bloudy Murthers, e're wee shall see him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges: but in the *Interim* all *Rome* is possessed and informed hereof.

So the second morne of *Bertolini* his imprisonment, hee is fetcht before his Judges, where at first the Devill is so strong with him, as hee once thought to have denyed this Murther of *Sturio*: but God proving more mercifull to his soule, hee upon his Judges grave and Religious remonstrances, with many sighes and teares freely confesseth it, humbly beseeching them to take pittie of his young yeares, and that it was onely the heate of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and seduced his soule to perpetrate this cruell and impious Murther, and for the which he extremely and bitterly repented himselfe.

But the arrow of Gods wrath and Revenge is now fully bent against *Bertolini*, as his bullets were against *Sturio*: so as his sacred Majesty, causing his Judges to resemble themselves, they are deafe to his requests, and tell him, it is not his youth or his ambition, but the Devill that hath seduced and drawn him to performe this bloudy Murther: and so for expiation thereof, they, in consideration he is a *Roman* Gentleman, nobly descended, will not hang him, but adjudge his two hands to bee cut off before the house where hee shot at *Sturio*, and then to be beheaded at the common place of execution, at the foot of *Saint Angelos* bridge, his head to bee set upon a pole, over *Saint John de Laterans* gate, and his body to bee throwne into *Tiber*: which the next day was accordingly executed in presence of many thousand people of both sexes, and of all rankes, notwithstanding the importunate solicitations which his father made to *Cardinall Borghese* (the *Pope Paulus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary, who was too noble and generous to assist him in so base and ignoble a Murther.

And these were the lives and deaths of these three unfortunate *Roman* Gentlemen, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*, and of that beautifull, chaste, and sorrowfull Lady *Paulina*. And here to conclude and shut up this their mournfull History, I have bene informed that the curious wits of *Rome* made many exquisite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*, as also that *Bertolini* made a religious and most Christian speech at his end, of which I must confesse I was not so happy to recover the sight, or copies

of either: for if I had, I would not have failed to have inserted, and placed them at the end of this their History, to have served as a grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my prose with others verses, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader. But I must (justly) crave excuse herein: for my curiositie sought them, though my unfortunacie found them not. And because I wholly ayme rather to profite then to please my Reader, let us forget the shadowes, to remember the substance, and so looke from the Mappe, to the Morall of this History: that the foule example of *Bertolini's* crime of Murther, and the justnesse of his punishment, may make us lesse bloudy, and more compassionate and charitable to our Christian brethren, and consequently more pious towards God, of whom we all beare the living Image, and true and lively character.

FINIS.



THE
T R I V M P H S
OF
G O D S R E V E N G E

AGAINST
THE CRYING AND

Execrable sinne of Murther,

Expressed

In thirty severall Tragical Histories
(digested into six Bookes) which containe
great variety of mournfull and memorable
accidents, amorous, Morall, Divine.

Booke III.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.



LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *William Lee*, and are to
be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe of the Turkes
Head neere the Mitre Tavern, 1639.

THE NEW YORK
AND

...with histories
...which con-

...
...
...

Printed by ...
...
...



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
 AND TRVLV WORTHY OF ALL HONOUR
WILLIAM Earle of *PEMBROKE*,
 Lord Chamberlaine to his Majesty, Knight
 of the thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of
 the Lords of his most Honourable Privie Councell.

RIGHT HONOURABLE



It is not your *Dignities*, but your *Ver-*
tues ; not your *Greatnesse*, but your
Goodnesse which first conjured my af-
 fection, then commanded my reso-
 lution to direct these (forraigne)
Tragicall Histories to your *Honours* pro-
 tection and patronage; For whiles o-
 thers (sayling with the corrupt
 Tyde and Current of the times) not onely admire, but
 adore the exteriour parts of men, their *Fortunes*; I, for my
 part, both honour and reverence their interiour quali-
 ties, and ornaments, *Piety*, *Fidelitie*, *Generosity*, (three daugh-
 ters of *Heaven*, embleming and personating the three
 Heavenly Graces on Earth, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity*) who trans-
 sport

Q

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sport and convey our *Memories* as farre as the limits of *Time*, and a degree beyond it, & (on the wings of *Truth*) mount our *Fames* from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Envy* to *Glo-ry*, and from *Mortality* to *Eternity*. Not but that I every way respect and honour that bloud which is *Noble*, but that I yet more deerely honour and deeply affect those *Vertues* which have a secret, and (as I may justly say) a sacred power in them to ennoble *Nobility*, both which transcendent *Privileges*, finding hand in hand cheerefully march, and really to sympathize in your *Ho.* (sith upon the resplendent lustre of our actions, *Envie* is not capable to insinuate a blemish, nor *Detraction* of power to introduce or inforce a disparagement) was the sole prevailing motive of this my *Zeale* and *Ambition*. And when I consider that the Morality, Ends and punishments of these foule and crying sinnes of Murther, which my two former Bookes (of this *Nature*) have already related and divulged to the world, have not only been approved, but applauded of our most *Excellent* and *Sacred King*, (as only ayming at Gods glory, & our owne reformation and preservation) I rather hope then despaire, that this *Third* (wherein the just revenge of *God*, the Great and Supream *King of Kings*, is no lesse apparent and conspicuous) will be accepted and received of your *Ho.* Again, it fights against Murther, which not only seeks to slay *Humanity*, but therein to murther *Religion*, which is the *Life* and *Soule* thereof. It denounceth warre against *Nature* and *Grace*, against the Divine Ordinances of *Heaven*, and the Coactive and penall Lawes of *Earth*, whereby they are established and maintained, as being the *Cymment* and *Sinewes*, the *Veines* and *Arteries* of *Monarchies* and *Common-weales*; as also against the Majesty
of

of God, and the Crownes and Dignities of *Soveraigne Kings* and Princes, his Royall *Depuries* and *Vicegerents* here on earth, sith thereby hee loseth soules, and these subjects ; yea, so generall and so prodigious a progresion doth this scarlet sinne of premeditated and willfull murther make in the universall World, and with so bloudy a deluge and inundation, it not onely washes, but (as it were) drownes the face of the *Christian*, that wee have now farre truer cause to cry out, and juster reason to exclame than did *Quintus Catulus* (so many centuries of yeeres since) *O with whom, or where shall wee live in safety, sith in warres wee kill those who are armed, and in peace who are unarmed ?* Yea, your *Honour*, who (with a happy constancy, and constant happinesse) is still a professed Champion for *Charity* against *Envie*, and a *Tutelary* Protector for *Vertue* against *Vice*, (whiles divers great ones of the World make it not onely their practice, but their glory to performe the contrary) will, I hope, runne over these mournfull *Histories*, (and the severall accidents they relate) with your eye of pittie, and spirit of compasion ; and therein with a religious joy, and pious insultation, not onely admire the *Providence*, but applaud and magnifie the *Justice* of God, in so timely cutting off these Monsters of *Nature*, and bloudy Butchers of *Mankinde*, with these their condigne punishments and deserved deaths : In which Hope and Confidence, this Booke is no more mine, but your *Honours*, and no lesse is hee who collected and penned it ; and that my Name may futurely oblige mee to make

this present promise of my penne reall; Whiles many others (in a vertuous emulation) contend to deserve the *Honour* of your *Favour*, and strive to purchase the felicitie of your *Commands*, none shall doe it with more Integrity and lesse Vanity, than

*Your Honours truly
dervoted.*

JOHN REYNOLDS.



The Grounds and Contents of these Histories.

HISTORIE XI.

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duell; La Hay causeth Michaelle to poyson La Frange; De Sales loves La Hay, and because his father Argentier will not consent that hee marry her, strangleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife; Shee turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himselfe for murdering his father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the gallows, then burnt; La Hay confesseth this murther, and likewise that she caused Michaelle to poyson La Frange: shee hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive; Michaelle is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.

History XII.

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murther Baretano, and he after marrieth Clara, whom Baretano first sought to marry: He causeth his man Valerio to poyson Pedro in prison, and by a letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murther her first love Baretano: which letter shee reveales to the Iudge; so he is hanged, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo for these their bloody crimes.

History XIII.

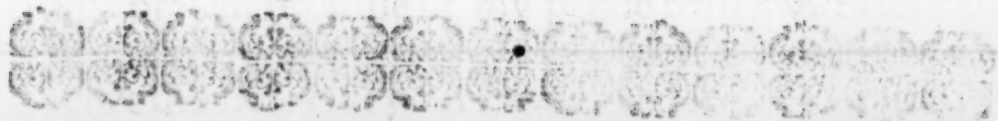
La Vassekay poysoneth her wayting-maid Gratiana, because she is jealous that her husband De Merson is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her: In revenge whereof, shee causeth his man La Villette to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The said La Villette 4 yeere after riding thorow the same Wood, his Horse falls with him, and almost kills him; when he confesseth the murther of his master De Merson, and accuseth his Wife La Vassela to be the cause thereof: So for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she burnt alive.

History XIV.

Fidelia and Cælestina cause Carpi and Montelione, with their two Laquayes, Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murther their father Captaine Benevente, which they performe. Monteleone and his Laquay Anselmo are drowned, Fidelia hangs her selfe, Lorenzo is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallows confesseth the murdering of Benevente; Carpi hath his right hand; then his head cut off; Cælestina is beheaded and her body burnt.

History XV.

Maurice like a bloody villaine, and damnable sonne, throwes his Mother Christina into a Well, and drownes her: the same hand and arme of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body, and being decrazed of his wits in Prison, he there confesseth this foule and inhumaine murther for the which he is hanged.



The Grounds and Contents of these Histories.

HISTORIE XI.

The first of these Histories is La Haye, which is a small town in the province of La Haye, in the kingdom of France. It is situated on the river of the same name, and is one of the most beautiful towns in the kingdom. The second of these Histories is La Haye, which is a small town in the province of La Haye, in the kingdom of France. It is situated on the river of the same name, and is one of the most beautiful towns in the kingdom.

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GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable sinne of Murther,

HISTORIE XI.

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duell; La Hay causeth Michaelle to poyson La Frange; De Sales loves La Hay, and because his father Argentier will not consent that hee marry her, stisseth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife; Shee turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himselfe for murdering his father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the gallows, then burnt; La Hay confesseth this murder, and likewise that she caused Michaelle to poyson La Frange: shee hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive; Michaelle is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.



Although our perverse Nature, and rebellious thoughts may for a while make us esteeme Envy to be no Vice, and Murder a Vertue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and so looke from our selves to our soules, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we shall then assuredly finde, that hating our Christian Brother, we hate Christ who made us Brothers: and murdering him, that wee maliciously and presumptuously attempt to recrucifie Christ, by whom we must, without whom we cannot bee saved. But if we will turne Atheists, and beleieve there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and say there is a God, but no Heaven, then that uncharitable Tenent of Envy may be held lawfull, and this bloody position of Murder, practised, because priviledged, else not. Wherefore
let

let us who are *Christians* relend this devillish doctrine, and doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it first came, and to the Devill himselfe who first broached and invented it: sith we cannot professe it without making our selves *Heretics*, nor perpetrate it, without becoming his very *Members*, in regard they will infallibly prove the wofull fore-runners of our miserie, and the wretched *Heralds* of our perdition: as the bloudy *Actes* of this insatiable *moderall History* will make good, and instance to us in themselves when the severe judgements and punishment of God befell them so suddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or be wale the enormity of these their foule and infernall crimes.

T *Holoufe* (as well for greatnesse as state, the third city and Court of *Parliament* of *France*) is the place wherein wee shall understand, there was lately committed and perpetrated, a *tragical History*, which hath many mournfull and bloudy dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we must understand, that therein lived a Councillour of that famous Court (being a rich *Gentleman* well descended) tearmed *Monsieur de Argentier*, whose wife being decealed, left him father onely to one hopefull sonne, of the age of two and twenty yeeres, tearmed *Monsieur de Salex*, who being wholly addicted to the warres (from which martiall Profession it was impossible for his old father to divert and withdraw him) hee procured him an *Ensignes* place under *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, whom he served in the *Adriatick Sea*, under the Noble and *Generall Venetians*, who then stood rather jealous then fearefull of the power and greatnesse of *Spaine*; but the *Chymera* of that warre (after the terme of three or foure yeeres) being vanished and blowne away, and consequently betwixt those two mighty *Estates*, a new *Peace* contracted and concluded, although the old had not beene actually Broken and decelerated) home returnes *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gascogny*, and with him *De Salex* for *Laquedoc* and *Tholoufe*, where he is received of his father with much content and joy, not that hee was contented to see his sonne professe these Military courtes (which onely affords the smoake of Honour, and not the solidity of profit) but rather that hee exceedingly rejoyced to see him returne therefrom; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requests will solely divert him, yet he is resolved and assured that his Commands both will and shall. To which end, (as any humour is soonest subject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary) to the old Councillour, having as much *Judgement* and *Providence* in his head, as his sonne hath *Vanity* in his thoughts, and *Rashnesse* in his resolutions, doth both request, and command him to leave the warre for Peace, Armes for Love; the Campe for the City, and his Captaine for a Wife, and so no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Hymeneus*; to which effect, he profers him the choice of many rich and faire young *Gentlewomen* of the Countrey to his wife, but especially (and with farre more earnestnesse then any other) to an exceeding rich match in the Citie, which was a young *Gentlewoman* tearmed *La Frange*, being the onely childe of *Monsieur de Clugny*, one of the most famous and richest *Presidents* of that Court, young of yeeres, as being but sixteene, or seventeene, but withall deformed both in favour and body, for shee was of a browne and soure complexion, and not onely a Dwarf in stature, but also exceedingly crooke-back'd, and yet beyond measure very amorous, and desirous of a Husband: onely the endowments of her minde most richly recompenced, and made satisfaction for the defects of her body, for she had an active and nimble wit, a sweet and sugered tongue, a rich *Memory*, and a powerfull and happy *Judgement*, and was indeed an excellent Dancer, and Singer, and withall a most perfect and exquisite Musician: But as yet *De Salex* warlike and generous resolution could not be so soone made flexible, to embrace the motion of a wife, and so returnes

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his denial in stead of his consent : but his wife old father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his sonne *De Salez* his prosperity and welfare, because hee apparantly saw hee no way regarded, but every way neglected it himselfe; (his sonnes exorbitant resolution notwithstanding) although he knew that *Mademoiselle La Frange* had many noble Suitors, who sought her in marriage : yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiaritie with the *President de Clugny*, as also that that daughter of his, and this his Sonne were of both parties their onely children. He taking time at advantage, breakes with him about this match : whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight than distaste : for if there were any disparitie in the dignity of their Offices, hee well knowes, that *Argentiers* blood and wealth did at least equalize, if not exceed his ; or if hee conceited any scruple in his thoughts, which impugned or imposed it, it was onely because *De Salez* was a *Souldier*, and not a *Lawyer*, and consequently delighted to use his Sword before his Pen, and to weare and preferre a Scarlet cloke before a Blacke. But then againe, these repugnant and averse reasons were as soone buried, as borne, and defaced, as conceived and ingraven in him ; when he considered that he himselfe in his adolescence was of the same humour and inclination, and therefore that *Experience* had made him a *President* to himselfe, that *Time* was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well borne and well bred spirits) the *Precepts* of a father, and the sweet convelation and counsell of a wife, had power to metamorphose the conditions of a young husband ; whereupon the old fathers often meet and consult hereon, and so being fully agreed on all conditions, they likewise appoint a solemne meeting for their children, but the effect and issue of this their enterview, will not corespond and answer their desires.

La Frange (as wee have formerly said) being deformed and crook-backt, was no way agreeable but displeasing to *De Salez*, but hee being a tall, and neat timbred *Gentleman*, of a faire and feminine complexion, shee instantly most tenderly affected, and dearely loved him. In a word, I must request the curiositie of the Reader briefly to bee informed and advertised, that as she beheld him with the eyes of Love and Desire, so did he her with those of contempt and disdain, shee building castles of content in the aire of her thoughts and hopes, that Heaven would make him her husband ; and hee rasing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth should never make her his wife. Thus though the Parents have already shut up the Contract, yet their children shall never live to celebrate the *Nuptials*, for wee shall see diversity of tragick accidents which are providing, and almost ready to oppose and impugne it. Parents thinke to be the causes but God will still bee the Author of Marriages: for if his sacred and divine Majesty make them not first in Heaven, they shall never see them solemnized nor consummated on Earth.

And here, to make an orderly progression in this *History*, the Reader must likewise understand, that of all other of *La Franges* Suitors, none sought her with so much importunity and impatience, as the *Baron of Vau Martin*, whose chiefest house and lands lay betwixt *Aigne-mortes* and *Narbonne* (a Nobleman of some thirtie yeares old, who (like many others of his stamp and ranke) had spent the greatest part of his youth and meanes in *Paris*, in lasciviously debauching and revelling with the *Parisian* Ladies and Dames : so that the vanitie of his pleasures and expences making his lands fly away peece-meale, and the devastating and fall of his trees and woods, making the rest of his Mannors shake, an example and president for all other debauched *Gallants* to observe and beware of) hee leaves *Paris* with curses, and his bitter-sweet finnes with repentance ; and so (to repayre his errors, and to redeeme his lost time, and decayed estate) he comes home to *Lauguedoc*, where hearing in *Tolouse* of the *President de Clugny* great wealth which hee must solely leave to his onely childe and daughter *La Frange*, who was now

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now marriageable, hee resolves to set all his other businesse and designs apart, and so to lay siege and seeke her of her father and selfe in marriage. Now to take the better direction, and observation of this *History*, wee must likewise understand that this *Baron of Vaumartin* was of a swart complexion, a dwarfe of stature, and every way as crook-backt as *La Frange*; which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his pursute, hoping indeed (though with as much *Vanitie* as *Ignorance*) that this their corporall resemblance would the sooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetique*, or rather his *Indgement* will deceive him: for it is conformitie of *Humors* and *Inclinations*, and not of faces and bodies, which breeds and inflames a *sympathy* in affections. But hee is resolute in his research, and so better loving the fathers wealth, than the daughters *Beautie*, hee well assisted and followed (with a traine and equipage worthy of his birth, and her merits) first seekes the daughter of her father, then her selfe of her selfe. As for the old *President de Clugny*, hee hath heard of his debauched pranks and ryots in *Paris*, and therefore vowes that his wealth gotten with wisdom, and purchased with providence, study, and care in his *Age*, shall never pay for the obscene pleasures and vicious prodigalities of his *Youth*: and so with many verball complements (resolving that hee shall never triumph in the conquest of his daughter) he in generall tearmes puts him off. As for *La Frange* her selfe, the sweetnesse of *De Salez* complexion and personage is so deeply imprinted in her heart and thoughts, that it is impossible for *Vaumartin* to finde any admittance or entrance; for shee speaks of none but *de Salez*, thinkes of none but of *de Salez*, nor wisheth her selfe with any but with *de Salez*. Againe, shee wonders at *Vaumartins* simplicitie, in seeking her for his wife: for if shee hate deformitie in her selfe, how is it either likely or possible that shee can love it in her husband? No, no; though *de Salez* will not love *La Frange* yet *La Frange*, must and will love *de Salez*, and none but him; and therefore sith *de Salez* his sweet feature is a pearle in her eye, needs must *Vaumartin* be an eye-sore to her; yea, and if modesty will permit mee to speake or write an immodest truth, her heart doth so burne and flame in love to *de Salez*, that both day and night shee many times with sighes, sometimes with teares, wisheth her selfe either impaled in his armes, or he encloystred in hers. Now by this time *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertisement of her affection devoted to none but to *de Salez*, as also his sleighting and disdainning her: Whereupon encouraged by this, and disheartened by that, he leaves no cost, care, or curiosity (either in gifts, dancing, musicke, or bankets) unattempted, to crowne his wants, rather than his desires and pleasures, with this though deformed, yet rich heire *La Frange*: so leaving him to his vaine suite in courting her, speake wee a little of *de Salez*, that sith hee will not affect *La Frange*, we may yet observe and discover which way hee intends to shape the course of his affections and resolutions.

For albeit hee had formerly addicted himselfe and resolutions to bee a professed Souldier, yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleasure*, and that to *effeminacy*, a fatall and dangerous vice, which in the iniquity of these our times, and depraved manners not onely most insensibly creepes into common Souldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many *Estates* and *Kingdomes*, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometime to the price of their ruine, and perill of their subversion; hee began to let his Colours hang dustie, and his Pike and Partizan rustie by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies, which the old Counsellor his father observes with joy, hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but these hopes of his will proove vaine, and this his joy will soone be exchanged into sorrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery: for that his *some* is partly resolved to marry, tis true, but as true it is, that he is fully resolved never to love, much lesse to marry *La Frange*.

Now wee must understand, that in *Tboloufe* there dwelt a Merchant of Silkes, or as wee in *England* say a Silk-man, termed *Monsieur de Soulange*, rather reputed rich of others, than knowne so of himselfe; and yet being an old widdower, to the end the sooner to get him a new wife, hee puts a good face on his estate, and maintaines himselfe, familie, and house, with great pompe and expences, having no sonne, but three faire daughters, all marriageable; and yet (out of ambition, and in Emulation of the Gentry) severally knowne and stiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Mesdames de Marfy*, *La Preverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for their purenesse and excellency thereof justly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngest of them *La Hay* was the *Phoenix* of all the three: for shee was so sweetly faire, and fairely sweet of complexion, as shee drew all eyes to doe homage to hers; so as it was almost impossible for any man to looke on her without loving her, or to gaze on her without desiring her: for her body was so straight and slender, and the roses of her cheekes so deliciously gracing the lillies, and the lillies the roses, that the greatest Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himselfe not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her presence and company. But in one word, to give these three sisters their true characters, *de Marfy* and *La Preverte* were farre more vertuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were farre fairer than they: for as *Religion* and *Pietie* was their chiefeest delight and exercise, as more desirous to embelish their soules than their bodies; so wanton pleasure and vaine lasciviousnesse was hers, as rather delighting to please and adorne her body than her soule, they being more vertuous than faire, shee more faire than vertuous, different inclinations and resolutions; these as happy and blessed, as her wretched and impious: their actions might have bene a President, yea a Pilot to have conducted her fame as well to the Temple of *Honour*, as to the harbour of immortall glory, and of glorious immortality, but shee voves shee will prove President to herselfe, and her pleasure shall bee a Pilot to her will, although she misse the Temple of *Honour*, to find out that of beastly concupiscence; and the harbour of immortall glory, to suffer shipwracke upon the shelves of inglorious infamy, and the rocks of infamous perdition.

To this *Monsieur de Soulanges* house the beauties of his three daughters, but especially that of *La Hay*, and withall her pleasing and tractable affabilitie, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminentest Citizens, who there passe their time in courting and conversing, in dancing, singing, and the like, wherunto the Youth of *France* more than any other people of the world are most licentious addicted; and as things are best discerned and distinguished by their contraries so the virtues of *De Marfy* and *La Preverte* were made more apparant by *La Hayes* vices; and her lust and whoredomes were more palpably notorious in their chastity. O that so sweet a creature should bee subject to so foule a sinne, and that Beauty the best gift (and as I may say the gold) of *Nature*, should bee thus vilified and polluted with the beastly pleasures of carnall concupiscence and obscene sensualitie! For aye mee, I write it with as much grieve to my selfe, as shame to her, shee was to prodigall of her favours; for shee imparted them liberally unto some for love, but unto most for money, not caring to whom shee prostituted her body, so they filled her purse, thereby to support her pride, and maintaine the excesse and vanitie of her bravery; and yet shee was so subtil and cautious therein, that although shee were a professed Courtesan, shee would neverthelesse publikely seeme a pure and unspotted Virgin; and the better to fortifie her fame, and to make the reputation of her Chastity passe current with the world, shee would sweare all those to consecrate her favours, on whomsoever shee imparted and bestowed them: but if this lascivious subtiltie of hers have power to bleare the eyes of the world, how can this her beastly sinne of fornication bee unscene of God, when the windowes, walls,

and

and beames of her chamber, yea her very bed whereon shee hath acted her whoredomes shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confusion from heaven.

Now, among the rest of those deboshed Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious service, and sacrificed their fond affections to *La Hays* beauty, in comes our *De Salex* to inroule himselfe one; who, feasting and surfetting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweete complexion, leaves his owne fathers house, to frequent hers; yea his desires are so lustfully inflamed with her beautie, as with his best art and policy hee lyes close siege to her chastity, and with many gifts, requests and oathes, seekes to endeere her to his desires and pleasure: But see the subtilty of this lascivious young *Courtisan*; for knowing *De Salex* deeply in love with her, and to bee the onely childe of his father, and hee one of the richest Councillors of *Tholouse*, shee conceives a plot in her head, to goe a filbing to make him her husband, and so beares her selfe wonderfull modest and coy, casting a cloake and veile of chastitie over her unchast desires and actions, as if shee were now a virgin, yea a Saint to him, though heretofore shee had many times played the Strumpet with others: but her denyall doth rather inflame, than quench the fire of his lust, so as making many assaults to raze downe the defences of her refusall, that hee may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratorie proves vaine; for shee outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of hers makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholie; the true signes and symptomes of a foolish and fantastical lover, as in effect wee shall shortly see *De Salex* will prove himselfe: for the colder shee is in affection to him, the hotter is hee in lust with her, forgetting the warres, yea, his discretion, himselfe and all, to crowne his desires in enjoying her: the which shee well observing, beginnes to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairely come to the hooke, and so hopes that if the line of his *folly* and her good *fortune* and *wit* hold, shee will soone make him her husband, and her selfe his wife: For having formerly met with many knaves in others, shee now begins to rest confident either to finde, or make a foole of him, thereby to serve as a veile to over-veile her whoredomes: Hee pleads hard to her for love; shee replies, it is impossible to finde love in lust: Hee vowes hee will die her servant, shee sweares shee will never live his strumpet: Hee protesteth that shee shall share of his estate, shee tells him plainly that shee had rather live a poore *Wife*, than die a rich *Courtisan*: Hee replies, that hee adores her beautie; she answers, that shee knowes no other, but that he only seekes to prophane and defile it. And here, with more facilitie to make him swallow either a Gull, a Gudgeon, or both, shee by stealth permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the cherries of her lips, as the roses of her cheekes: and in the Interim like an hypocriticall dissembling queane, reads him many lectures on the purenesse of *Chastitie*, and the foulness of *Lust*, on the blessednesse of *Marriage*, and the wretched estate of *Fornication*: Prophane and impious gigger, whose speeches are perfumed with *Vertue*, and yet her actions stinke, and are polluted and infected with *Vice*: dissembling *Syrene*, who casts forth bitter sweete enchanting tunes and charmes to please the sense, and yet purposely to poyson the soule; pills of worme-wood candid in sugar, honey to the palate, but gall to the stomach; A fatall rocke whereon many inconsiderate and deboshed young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered shipwracke, a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which containes all varietie of endlesse miseries and

and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with teares curses, and repentance; A plague sent us from heaven in our age for a just guerdon and recompense of the finnes and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth and bottomlesse Gulph of misery and calamitie, is our rash and lustfull young Gallant, cheerefully entring and steering his course, without either the Starre of hope, or compasse of felicitie and safety, bearing our toppe and top Gallant, yea (as I may say) with all the sayles of his folly bearing; and with the Flagge Ensigne and Pendants of his obscene and lascivious desires, playing and dallying in the Aire of *La Hayes* fatall and infectious beaurie; which hath so solely surpris'd his judgement, captivated his thoughts, and eclipsed his discretion, as in her absence and presence hee extolls as well her *Virtues* as her beaurie to the Skies: vowing that shee is so faire a *Nymph*, and so pure a *Virgin*, as shee deserves rather to bee his wife then his Strumpet, or rather not his strumpet but his wife: And so two moneths being past since hee first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtaine her to his lascivious desires, and seeing (dissembling queane as she is) that therein shee bore her selfe infinitely chaste and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remarke any other inclination or testimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are so besotted and intangled in the fetters of her beaurie, that hee prefers her sweet feature and complexion, a thousand times before *La Franges*, deformed; and vowes that hee had rather die *La Hayes* slave, than ever live to bee *La Franges* husband: But this folly of his in the end shall cost him deare, and so leade him to another, farre more unnaturall, and as I may justly say, damnable: But wee must proceed orderly in this History, and doe therefore reserve that part till anon.

By this time the sly subtiltie, and seeming chaste behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salex* heart, so as shee now hopes confidently, and shortly to play her prife in surprising him, for he is extremely amorous besotted, and as I may say, drunke with the love of her selfe and beauty: so on a Sunday, as shee returned from *Vesper*, repaires to her fathers house to see her, whom hee finds in her chamber alone, waiting and attending him; having purposely dightred her selfe in a rich new Gowne and Petticote, and trimmed and adorned her selfe in her gayest and most curious attire, thereby with more ease and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her beauty being both seconded, and graced by her apparell, she so ravished his heart, and delighted his senses, as hee cannot refrain from kissing her but this hony of her lips, will in the end prove poyson to his heart: And here againe hee layes close siege to her chastity, but still shee gives him the repulse and refusal, as if shee were a *Diana*, and no *Venus*: Hee vowes hee doth affect, and will ever honour her; And shee, that if hee honour her, will still affect him: In the way of *Love*, quoth hee, I am wholly yours; and quoth shee, in that *Honour* I will not bee mine owne but yours: I will quoth hee in all affection both live and die your servant; and replies shee, In all chastity: I will live to die your handmaid: Hee affirms, hee cannot bee more hers in heart, than hee is; nor I quoth shee, lesse yours in lust, than I am: It is quoth hee my *Love* which makes mee report so much; and quoth shee it is my *Feare* which makes me affirme no lesse: why quoth he, should my love procure your *Feare*? My feare, quoth shee, is wholly ingendred and derived from your lust, but not from your *Love*: I pray expresse your selfe, quoth he; she replies, my blushes may, but my tongue dares not. Quoth he, did your affection equalize mine; *La Hay* would accept of *De Salex*, and not refuse him. Nay quoth shee, did *De Salex* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, hee would not refuse *La Hay*, but accept of her: Why quoth hee, *De Salex* desires none but *La Hay*, Nor quoth shee, *La Hay* any in the world but *De Salex*: Whereupon *De Salex* being provoked with

with his owne lust, and animated and encouraged by her sweet speeches, he very joyfully (yet falsely) flattering himselfe with the conquest of her favour and consent, shuts the door, & like a most lascivious & dissolute *Gentleman*, takes her in his arms, & strives to convey her to the bed, resolving there to enrich himselfe with more then kisses, yea, to reap the fruit of his beastly pleasures and obscene and brutish desires; but his hopes shall deceive him: For although *Le Hay* be a Courtesan in heart, yet she will not bee so in tongue, especially now, where to get her selfe a rich husband, it behoves her to play her prife in *Chastity*, as if she were as vertuous, as faire, and as chaste as lovely; Wherefore exclaiming, and storming at this his lascivious attempt and enterprise, levelled at the defloration and shipwracke of her *Honour*, she with a violent power, & an enraged violence, unskrewes her selfe forth his armes, and with a world of hypocriticall sighes and teares, flies to his Ponyard, which hee had throwne on the table, and unsheathing it, vowes that she will bee a second *Lucretia*, and that if she cannot kill him before he have defiled and deflowered her, yet that she will assuredly murther her selfe after; because she is fully resolved, that her chastity shal out live her, not she her chastity; A religious and *Honourable* resolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chaste and sanctified heart, but alas, nothing lesse; for shee speakes it out of subtiltie, not out of *Vertue*, out of *Policie*, no way out of *Pietie*: *de Salez* by this time having wholly lost his judgement in the sweet & roseat garden of her delicious complexion, vowes that he is now as deeply in love with her chastity, as formerly with her beauty. When seeking to appease her *Choler*, and to pacifie her *Indignation*, as also to give truce to his own thoughts, & content to his desires; he sweares he is so farre from intending her any dishonour, as he is resolved to doe her all the honour of the world: Yea so farre, as if she please, he is ready to accept her for his wife, protesting, that of al the maydens of the world, he is desirous to be husband to none but her selfe, and that the fault shall be hers, if he make not his words deeds. *Le Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to heare the pleasant melody of these his sugred speeches, doth thereat presently bury her sighes, and drie up her teares: when throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a most respectfull courtesie, and gratefull reverence, shee with extended armes runnes to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that she loves no man in the world but himselfe; and in consenting to be her husband, shee will till death yield, not onely to be his faithfull wife in attending his pleasures, but his observant handmaid, to receive and obey his commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet she knowing that his father *Argentier* was both rich and eminent, and her owne poore and of a farre inferiour ranke, she is so policicke & subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure worke, and to do nothing by halfe: so as knowing that words are but wind, & what *de Salez* promisseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow, she intends to catch at opportunities forelocke, and so with a sweet and ingenious insinuation, drawes him to give her a *Diamond Ring* in token of marriage, & she in exchange returnes him a smal gold bracelet, which she wore upon her arme next her heart. And yet againe considering, that his father would very difficultly (or never) bee drawne to consent to this match, shee can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her feare, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance; when not onely feasting, but as it were surfering him with varietie of kisses, shee bethinkes her selfe of a *Policy*, as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her speech (which shee accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) shee told him she would surely exceed him in constancy, & now out brave him in affection; when taking pen and paper, she writes him a faire promise, and firme assurance of her selfe unto him (in the manner of a contract) and to make it the more powerfull and authentically,

ticall, subscribes her name and signe to it, and betwixt sighes and blushing, shee delivers it him, no way doubting, but rather assuring herselfe, that he would requite her with the like curtessie and obligation, as indeed the event answereth her desires and wishes: For *De Salez* having now no power left him to see by his owne eyes, I meane, by those of his judgment, but onely by these of his intemperate passion, and passionate affection, hee is so farre from deserying (much lesse from suspecting) her policy, as very simply and sottishly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection, the which hee interprets and entertaines, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and so vowing not to dye her debtor for *Courtesie*, he very rashly, and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flies so farre from wit or discretion, as to shew himselfe her superiour in affection, as well as in sex, hee purposely cuts his finger, and so firmes his name thereunto with his owne bloud, and then with a million of kisses delivers it her, vowing that her pleasure shall bee his law in the accomplishing thereof: onely he prayes her for a time to be secret and silent herein, for that he feares he shall hardly draw his Father to consent hereunto, the which she very courteously grants him: and so he triumphing in her beauty, and she in his wealth, he in her youth, and she in his simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reape the fruites of their matrimoniall desires and wishes; for till then, she swears (though with an equivocating reservation to forswear herselfe) she will live a most pure and unspotted Virgin, and that as the least of her affection and courtesie towards him, shall be smiles, so the most shall be kisses.

But this (affection or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himselfe to *La Hay*, is not so secretly borne, but as her former unchastity was a generall argument of talke to the whole city of *Tholouse*: so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is that of its universall prattling and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of *Argentier* knowne wealth, and *de Soulanges* supposed poverty; and againe of *de Salez* supposed chastity, and of *de la Haye* notoriously knowne whoredomes. And as *Fame* is still so railing a goddesse, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly suppressed and smothered: so by this time contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young lovers, the old Counsellor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for newes, and of this unwished for familiarity betwixt his sonne, and that strumpet *La Hay*, when considering the great opposition betwixt *de Clugny's* Nobility and wealth and *de Soulanges* meane extraction and poverty, as also by a true and uncontroleable *Antithesis*, comparing the foule and enormous vices of *La Hay* with the sweet & resplendant vertues of *La Frange*, he (as much disdayning that match, as desiring this for his sonne, very hastily sends for him into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, layes before him the simplicity, and sottishnesse of his resolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a strumpet before a virgin, and a Pedlars brae, before a rich gentlemans onely daughter and heir, shewes him the infamy of the first, and the glory of last match; there his unavoydable misery, here his assured happinesse, in the first his utter ruine and shipwracke, and in the last, his infallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with teares, with a passionate paternall affection, hee endeavoureth to perswade him to leave *La Hay*, and so marry *La Frange*; or if not, hee vows and swears wholly to disinherish him; and from thence forth never repaire or esteeme him for his sonne.

But *de Salez* his foolish vanity, and vaine affection in himselfe, towards his new contracted Love, *La Hay*, is so great, and consequently his filiall obedience to his father so small, as notwithstanding this his wholesome advise and counsell, he is still resolute and constant to preferre *La Hay* before *La Frange*, the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other, his owne content before his fathers, and *Soulanges* estate and birth, before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: but this rashnesse, indiscretion, and ingratitude of his will cost him deare.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his sonnes familiarity

with that faire yet lewd Curtezan *La Hay*; no lesse hath *La Frange*, who poore soule is so deeply inamoured of *de Salex*, as the very first newes and conceit, that another should injoy him, and not herselfe, for very grieve and sorrow, she seemes to drowne her selfe in the deluge of her teares. His father is chollericke thereat, she mournfull, he incensed, she afflicted, he enraged, and she perplexed and tormented: his passions and anger proceeds from suspition, that he shall so soone find a daughter in law in *la Hay*, her sighes and teares from feare, that she shall so soon lose her Love though not her Lover, his sonne *de Salex*. Againe the argument of his choller, is *la Hayes* unchastity and poverty, and the cause of her disconsolation, *de Salex* his wealth and vertues: likewise shee sees that *Argentier* hath no reason to hope, that his sonne will marry herselfe, such is her deformity, and againe, that he hath all the reasons of the world, as well to doubt, as feare, that he will wed *La Hay*, such is her beaurty: But such *de Salex* will beare no more respect to his father, nor affection to *La Frange*, leave we therefore his father *Argentiers* passions, and *La Franges* perplexities, to be appealed and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and giver of time, who out of his all-seeing providence and sacred pleasure, onely knowes in Heaven, how best to dispose and manage the actions of earth, and so come we to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like so many enteriecting, and intervening poynts, are contained within the circumference of this History.

I have so long insisted on the affections of *de Salex* and *la Hay*, as but to the judicious and temperate Reader it would seeme to appeare, that the *Baron of Vanmartin*, hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of question, and this question out of doubt, we shall see him returne too too soone, to act a part not so religious and honourable, as bloudy, upon the Theatre of this History: For by this time both his creditors and his debts are growne so clamorous, and his reputation and lands so neere forfeited, for want of disingaging, as to secure the one, and to provide for the other, he knowes no other invention nor meanes but to gaine *La Frange* to his wife: when as it were provoked & precipitated on by the necessity of this exigent, his thoughts leave heaven to flye to hell, and consequently fly from God to Satan, to consult how either by the by, or the maine he may obtaine her, yea, though with the perill and hazzard of his owne life, to cut off theirs, who seeke therein to prevent his desires and designs. In which hellish ratiocination, he as devoyd of Reason, as that is exempt either of Grace or Piety, thus reasoneth with himselfe: *De Clugny* hates me, for seeking to marry his daughter, and that time may remedy for me; but w^{ch} is worst of all, she loves *De Salex*, and seeks and desires to marry him; and this I must remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtaine or enjoy her; and so resolves to make him away: but is as yet irresolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finish so execrable a businesse. But this is not onely the voyce of his malice, but the sentence of his revenge, that *De Salex* must dye: wretched *Vanmartin*, unworthy to beare the name of a man, much lesse of a Baron, but least of all of a Christian, in that because *De Salex* hates *La Frange*, and she loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love, but hate him; or because shee loves him, and not thy selfe, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that she may love thee. See, see, rash, and inconsiderate Nobleman, how treacherously the devill hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgement, & besotted thy senses, to kill one that loves thee, to kill, I say, a Gentleman who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wisdom, that covetousnesse must redeeme thy former prodigality, alas, alas, canst thou yet be so cruell to thinke it either lawfull or religious, that future murther should either occasion or authorize it? But the Devill hath so farre prevailed with his impious resolutions, that againe he resolves, *De Salex* must die: and yet thou thinkest poyson as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy sword; so had thy last resolution been answerable to thy first, assure thy selfe thou hadst made thy selfe more happy, and not so miserable: for as poysoning was the invention of the Devill, and is practised by none but his agents; so this dishonourable point of honour to fight Duels, was never instituted by God, nor professed by those who really professe his Gospel;

Gospel; yea, it is not onely truly to dishonour God, in seeking falsely to preserve our owne Honour and reputation, but we assuredly stab at the *Majesty* of the *Creator*, in seeking to deface man his creature; and to use but a word, as it is repugnant both to *Nature* and *Grace*, so though it begin in the heat of passion and pleasure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but still in true intamy and misery.

But *Vanmartins* faith being so strong with *Sathan*, and so weak with his *Saviour*, he will not take a law from *Religion* to give to his *Envie*, but rather takes one from his *Envie* to give to his *Religion*; and so very prophanely and rashly by his Lackey *La Rose*, sends *De Salex* this Challenge.

UAVMARTIN to DE SALEX.

IF thou seeke the cause of my malice, thou mayest finde it in the Lady *La Franges* affection to thee, and hatred to my selfe: wherefore hold it not strange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy sword to meet me to morrow on horse-backe without Seconds; 'twixt five and sixe in the morning behinde the *Lucobins Garden*. Love and Valour thou knowest, are never capable of much expostulation; as desirous rather to be tryed in action, than scene in words. Could that sweet Lady, (who will not be mine, because thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee less, wee might have proved as true friends, as now our reputations comiure us either to live or dye, Honorable enemies.

VAVMARTIN.

De Salex having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the *Baron of Vanmartins* strange passion and resolution, in sending it him, especially, fith hee knowes that the motives and grounds of his malice were so unjust and frivolous: so, how to answer him, as yet hee knowes not; for as his Generosity one way invites him to fight, so his discretion another way perswades him from it: But considering the poore esteeme he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection, thinking it folly to fight without cause, and to hazard his life without reason, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wise, yet valiant Gentleman, by his owne Lackey, returns the *Baron of Vanmartin* this answer.

DE SALEX to VAVMARTIN.

I Have scene many Challenges, but none of the Nature of thine now sent me: for to write thee the truth the grounds and foundations thereof are unjust, false, or both: for bring but the eyes of thy Judgement, and not of thy passion, to be Judge and Umpire betwixt us, and thou shalt both see and finde, that I not onely disclaime the Lady *La Franges* affection, but her selfe; fith I asperse to another, and shee shall never to me. I heere shew thee my love through this true prospective of my heart: & which if it will not satisfy thy malice, then know that my weak Valour is neither capable nor desirous of further expostulation then that my Sword is as willing to bring thee dead, as thy Pen was to send mee words: for either single, or with Second, either on foot or horse-backe, I will still be ready to give reason to those who will not relish nor receive any but their owne: and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with Reputation, or dye with Honour.

DE SALEX.

Vaumartin having received and perused this Letter of refusall from *De Salez*, hee out of the heat of his passion, & height of his folly, repures it rather to cowardise, than discretion in him; and so his courage and revenge the more insulting and inflam'd thereat, hee bending his browes (as if *Contempt* and *Envie* late wreath'd in the furrowes thereof) very speedily againe returnes him his Lackey, with this rash answer:

Vaumartin to De Salez.

Thy Answer gives mee no satisfaction, sith I know that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, is to deny the light of the Sunne in his brightest and hottest Meridian; neither are the grounds or foundations of my Challenge either unjust or false, as thou in thy false Prospective endeavourest to make mee see or beleve: for being ignorant who is thy Mistris, I know thou resolvest to make no Lady of the world thy wife but La Frange, so as I cannot rightly define whether thy proceeding with mee bee more subtil or malicious, or to what end thou shouldest attempt the one, or practice the other towards mee, unlesse out of a premeditated resolution and purpose, thereby to make thy glory the more apparent and conspicuous in my shame: Wherefore sith thy friendship is false to mee, I must, may I will see if thy valour will prove true to thy selfe, and whether the effects of thy Sword bee as great in substance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in shew, and ostentation: so my Challenge is still my Resolution, and the performance thereof must bee mine, except thou resolve to live with as much Infamy, as the conclusion of thy letter promiseth thou art ready to dye with Reputation and Honour.

De Salez having received and runne over this Letter, and seeing that *Vaumartin* was still wilfull and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from himselfe, his Blood, and Profession, if hee did not now accept and answer this his Challenge: wherefore calling for *Vaumartin*'s Lackey, hee rounds him thus in the eare, Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not faile to breake fast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation. Thus we see these two inconsiderate Gentlemen agreed, their match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting, as if their glory consisted in their shame, and as if Nature had never taught them how to preserve their lives, nor Grace, their soules.

So the Morne peeping forth through the windows of Heaven, as soone as the Sunne with his glittering beames began to salute the woods and mountaines, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted with each his Chariageon, are in the field at the assignd Rendezvous; and first comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediately *De Salez*, when their Chariageons performing the dutie and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give spurs to their Steeds, and so drawing their swords, swiftly part, like two flashes of lightning each towards other. At their first meeting, *De Salez* gives *Vaumartin* the first hurt in the right shoulder, and hee *De Salez* another in requital, in the right side of the necke: when being both good Cavaliers, (and wel heere as equall in yeeres as courages) they turne short, and then fall to it againe with bravery and resolution, when againe *Vaumartin* runs *De Salez* through the left arme of a deepe and wide wound, and he onely sleightly cuts his shirt upon his ribbes, giving him onely a raze or scar, but as yet both free from any danger of death, so they mutually consent to breath: but their ambitions and courage of both sides, are so exasperated and inflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will will not suffice: so they fall to it againe, and in this close *De Salez* his horse stumbles with him

him; whereat *Vaumartin*, (though a dwarfe in stature, yet not in Valour and policy) taking the aduantage of this accident, gives him first a licke ore his pate, and then runnes him at the short ribbes: but *de Salez* rayning up his horse, procured fauourable to him; for by that meanes *Vaumartin*'s sword met and glanced on a rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez*, seeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage, and disdainig thus to be outbraved and beaten by a *Pigmy*, he lyes home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next close, runnes him thorow the body, of a deepe and mortall wound, a little aboue the navell; whereat his sword presently falls out of his hand to the ground, and hee immediately likewise from his horse starke dead, without having the Grace or happinesse, either to call on, or name *God*. O what pittie, what misery is it, that a *Christian* should die like a beast, hauing neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we see the Challenger killed, and hee who would haue murdered a stranger, murdered himselfe by a stranger: a Lesson to teach others to beware, by the *Tragicall* and mournfull end of this rash Nobleman. *De Salez* seeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiseth *God* for his victory; and so leaving his breathlesse corps to his sorrowfull *Chirurgian*, he gallops away to the next Village, where he caueth his wounds to be dressed, and from thence provides for his safety.

All *Tholouse* rings and refounds of this disastorous and *Tragicall* accident: *De Clugny* is glad, that *De Salez* hath escaped death, yet sorrowfull that *Vaumartin* is killed, in respect hee feares hee undertooke this quarrell for his daughter *La Franges* sake: who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortall, infinitely reioyceth, and triumpheth thereat, flattering her selfe (though with this false hope) that he affected her farre more dearer than he made shew of, or else that he would neuer haue fought with *Vaumartin* for her sake; nor haue killed him but for his owne. And thus, though humanitie made her grieve for *Vaumartin*'s death, yet that griefe of hers was as suddenly converted into ioy, when she saw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom she respected and affected more dearer then all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his father *Argentier*, the life of his sonne likewise wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartin*'s death, and yet it grieved him inwardly that he to whom he gave life, should give death to another: and farre the more, in that this unfortunate accident must now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave *Court of Parliament*, for this murder perpetrated by his son, sith he had formerly so often pleaded for justice against others, for the like crime and offence; But all these joyes of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his daughter *La Frange*, are nothing to those of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her deare *De Salez*: leaping as it were for meere content and pleasure, that shee should shortly see, and inioy him for her husband, and that *God* hath both reserved and preserved him to crowne her with the sweetnesse of this desired felicitie.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the returne of *De Salez*, so *Argentier* publikely, and *De Clugny* privately, imploy their chiefest power, friends and authoritie, to procure his pardon first from the King, then from the *Parliament*, whereof they are two famous members. Which at last, (by the meanes and fauour of the *Duke of Ventadour*) they obtaine: So this murder of his, is remitted in Earth, but I feare me, will not be forgotten in *Heaven*: for though men be inconstant in their decrees, yet *God* will be firme and upright, aswell in the distribution, as execution of his judgements. Men as they are men may erre, but as they are *Christians* they should not; but *God* (either to please or displease them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no longer hath escaped this danger, but forgetting his former follies, and his fathers aduise and house, he againe, in a manner voluntarily imprisoneth himselfe with his mistris *La Hay* in hers; whereat as his father stormes, so *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bite the lip: hoping that this good office in procuring him his pardon, would more strictly haue united him to her selfe, and consequently sequestred him from *La Hay*; but nothing lesse, for he sings his old rune, and will rather run the hazard of his fathers displeasure, than

than leave *La Hay* to take *la Frange*: whereat his father *Argentier* reneweth his choller, and revives his indignation against him, as desiring nothing so much in this life, as to see him married to *la Frange*, but he shall never live to see it; for there are too many disastrous accidents preparing to crosse and prevent it.

Whiles these things happen in *Tholouse*, there betides an unexpected and unwished businesse, which must call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: For the Lords of the Privie counsell of *France* having received some informations & grievances against the body of the Court of *Parliament* of *Tholouse*, command them speedily to send up some Deputies to answer such matters as shall be objected against them: whereupon, the gravitie and wisdom of that Court, in obedience to their superiours, elect two *Presidents* and foure Counsellours to undertake that journey and businesse, among whom *De Clugny* is chosen for one of the *Presidents*, and *Argentier* for one of the Counsellours: as indeed their integritie and profound *Wisdom* and *experience* had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny* at his importunate request (made to the Court) he was dispensed with, from that journey; by alledging that his age and sicknesse made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evasions and excuses, which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he must needs see *Paris*. But first, before his departure he had a long and serious conference with *de Clugny*, how to effect the so long desired match of his sonne and daughter, the finishing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which sweet newes infinitely rejoyced and delighted the young Ladie *La Frange*, and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, hee calls his sonne *de Salez* to him, and with a perswasive and powerfull speech, requested him in his absence to Love *la Frange*, which hee in plaine termes protested and vowed to his father, he could not; then hee conjures him, never to marry *la Hay*, which likewise he would not grant: and to conclude, sith his father could not prevaile in the two former, he commanded him upon his blessing, that he would never marry any wife whatsoever without his consent, the which indeed *de Salez* could not denie, but faithfully promised his father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet still hoping, that it was as possible for him to draw his father to consent hee should marry *la Hay*, as it was as impossible for his father ever to perswade him to marry *la Frange*: and so that night the father takes leave of the sonne, and hee the next morning of his father, wishing him a prosperous journey, and a speedy returne: who suspecting, and fearing, that in his absence, contrary to his requests and prayers his Sonne would onely abandon *la Frange* to frequent *la Hay*; hee being arrived to the Citie of *Toures*, thought him selfe bound in Nature, aswell for his owne content, as his sonnes tranquillitie and prosperitie; againe, to signifie him his mind in some few lines of advise and counsell, and to send it him by the ordinary Carrier of *Tholouse* which was then in that Citie, bound thither from *Paris*: his letter spake thus.

ARGENTIER TO DE SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may say) a religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these few ensuing lines, for thy Youth cannot see that which my Age knowes, how many miseries are subiect, to waite and attend on Vice, and how many blessings on Vertue; if *La Frange* be not faire, yet shee is comely, not contemptible: but sith her defects of Nature are so richly recompensed with the Ornaments of Fortune, and the excellencies of Grace; why should thy affection preferre *La Hay* before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overvaile the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a Saint to marry a strumpet, then take *La Hay*, and forsake *La Frange*; but if thou wilt forsake

for sake a strumpet to take a Saint, thou marry La Frang: and leave La Hay, for looke what difference there is betwixt their births, thou shalt finde tenn times more betwene the chastity of the one, and the vilitie of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt finde Content and Honour; if the second, shame and repentance: for I know not whether La Frange will bring thee more happiness, or La Hay misery. This letter shall serve as a witness betwixt God, my selfe, and thee: that if thou performe not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his fathers letter in *Tholouse*, exceedingly grieves to see him disgrace his mistress, by the scandalous name of a strumpet, which hee knowes shee is not, and therefore will never beleieve it; yea, hee vowes, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intollerable affront, hee would revenge it, though with the price and perill of his life. *La Hay* perceiving this discontent and alteration of mirth in him, but from what point of the Compass this wind proceeds, shee neither knowes, nor as yet can conceive: but withall, determineth to make the discovery thereof her greatest *Ambition*, and not her least *Care*; which shee now well knowes it behooves her to doe, sith shee finds *De Salez* lesse free, and more reserved and pensive in her speeches than accustomed: But when in vaine shee had hereunto used many smiles and fetches, loe here falls out an unlookt for accident, which bewrayes her the very pith and quintessence of the Mystery: For on a time, when hee lay slumbring on the table, shee as accustomed, diving into his pockets for sweet meates, or rather for gold (of both which, hee many times went well furnished) shee findes his fathers (afore said) letter, which shee knew by the direction; and so flying into another chamber, and bolting the doore after her, shee there reads it both with griefe and choller; when stung to the quicke, and bitten to the heart and gall, to see her reputation and Honour thus traduced and scandalized by the father of her pretended husband; shee with teares and interjected sighes and grones, flies backe to *De Salez*, and holding the letter in her hand, like a dissembling and impious strumpet as shee was, shee shewes it him, takes Heaven and Earth to beare witness of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extreame wrong his father hath offered her, in seeking to eclipse the Glory of her chastity, which shee swears shee will beare pure and unspotted, not onely to his bed, but to her owne grave. But *Alas, alas*, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her prophane nesse, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *De Salez*; though now her beauty and teares bee so predominate with his judgement and folly, as hee cannot, because hee will not see it: So being still as constant in his sottishnesse, as shee in her hypocrisie; hee gives her many sweet kisses, and with a Catalogue of sugred words, seekes to appease and comfort her, whom hee hath farre more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted, for remembering herselfe, still her wits are her owne, and so remembering the conclusion of the letter, and fearing that *De Salez* his promise and oath to his father, might infringe and contradi& his to her, shee tels him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as shee can give no intermission, nor truce to her teares, before he reveale her his oath and promise, which his fathers letter informed her hee had formerly made him.

De Salez seeing himselfe put to so strict an exigent and push, doth both blush for shame, and againe looke pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to beare himselfe in a matter of this different Nature, wherein hee must either violate his obedience to his father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his mistress; hee at last (consenting with folly, not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Iudgement) doth so adore her beauty

beauty, and commiserate her teares, as he sottishly reveales her his oath, given his father (Verbatim as wee have formerly understood it) adding withall, that she hath far more reason to reioyce, than grieve hereat ; That a little time shall cancell his said late promise and oath to his father, and confirme his former to her : For sweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what will, two moneths shall never passe, ere I marry thee, when sealing his speeches with many kisses, our hypocriticall afflicted *Gentlewoman* is presently againe come to her selfe, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her choller pacified, her teares exhaled, and her sighes evaporated and blowne away.

But all this is false, like her selfe, and treacherous like her beauty ; For this letter of *Argentier* to his sonne, and his promise and oath to his father, hath acted such wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as she cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatsoever shee speake or make shew of to the contrary, for thus she reasoneth with her selfe : That her whoredomes are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing she knowes, may likewise bee discovered to his son, how closely toever she either act or conceale them. That *La Frange* descent, wealth, and vertues, will in the end overprise and weigh downe her meane extraction, poverty and beauty, and in the end that the wisdom of the father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the sonne, except her policy interpose, and her vigilancy prevent it ; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor barre to her preferment, but onely *La Frange* : for, quoth shee, if *La Frange* shine in the firmament of *De Salex* affection, *La Hay* must set ; or if *La Hay* will shine, *La Frange* must set : againe, if she fall not, I cannot stand ; and if she stand, I must needs fall ; and as the skie is not capable of two sonnes, so both of us cannot shine in the Horizon of his heart and thoughts at once : except thus, that *La Hay*, may live to see *La Frange* his wife, and herselfe his strumpet, when burning with false zeale to *De Salex*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, she forgetting God, swaps a bargain with the Devill, that *La Frange* must first goe to her grave, ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and so resolves to sacrifice her as a *Villaine* to her malice and jealousy, and to send her out of this world in an untimely and bloody Coffin, Hellish *Aphorismes*, Infernall *Positions*, odious to Earth, and execrable to Heaven.

For wretched and impious strumpet, wilt thou needs not onely gallop, but fly to hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments ; as first of whoredome, then of murther : Wretched, yeathrice wretched woman, how dar'st thou see earth, or thinke of heaven ; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut forth of the one, and spewed out of the other : For alas, consider what this poore Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou should'st doe this to her ; She beares the image of God, and wilt thou therefore beare that of the devill to destroy her : Ah me, where is thy religion, thy conscience, thy soule ; that thou wilt thus hellishly imbathe thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murther : If it bee not that her vertues cry sic on thy vices, thou hast no reason in Nature, and lesse in Grace, to attempt a deed so Tragically, an act so inhumane and execrable : But rest assured, that if thou proceed and finish this infernall and bloody stratagem of thine, although thou chance goe unpunished of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will finde thee out, and both severely scourge and sharply revenge and chastize thee.

The effects of malice, and revenge in men, are finite, in women infinite ; theirs may have bounds and ends, but these none, or at least, seldome and difficultly : for having once conceived these two monsters in their fantasies and braines : they long till they are delivered and disburthened of them ; and so to bring their abortive issue to perfection, they (for the most part) are sharpe and severe in their designs, and sudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delays, so it be not to doe evil : So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is resolved to advance, and not to retire in this diabolically businesse of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, shee thinks none either so sure and secret as poyson ; whether shee consider the manner, or the matter ;

matter: If the Divell himselfe had not invented this unparalleld cruelty, his agents and members had never knowne how to have administred and practised it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, shee now bethinks her selfe of some hellish Empericke or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her, and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the research and inquiry thereof: she is at last advertised, that there is an old *Italian Empericke* in *Mompellier*: tearmed *S. Bernardo Michael*, who is his *Ass* master in that infernall profession, when wholly concealing this mystery and businesse from *De Salex*, shee by a second meanes, (with promise of store of gold) sends away for *Michael* from *Mompellier*: who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three day arrives at *Tbolouze*, where shee thinks no where so fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody busines, the houre is eight the next morne, and the place the *Cordeliers*, (or *Grey Fryers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet, but shee (the better to disguise her selfe, and to blear the eyes of the world) wraps her selfe about in a great furred cloake, and muffles her selfe up with a large coyte of velvet; and a rich tassata scarfe over it, as if shee were some grave and reverend old Matron: so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his booke, and she to her beads, she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the *President de Clugny*, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred crownes of the Sunne to performe it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. *Michael* like a limbe of the Divel, being deeply in love, and allured with this gold, undertakes it; when swearing secrecy, and withal to performe it within ten dayes, she gives him the hundred crownes tyed up in her handkercher, and so for that time they part.

Good God, what prophane *Christians*, what monsters of *Nature*, and Divels incarnate by profession are these, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordain'd for prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood, a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sinne so odious or execrable to God, as that which is masked with piety, and overvayled with the cleake of sanctity? And what a damnable young strumpet, and old villaine are they, in so holy a place to treat and conclude so hellish a businesse? but beware, for the sword and arrow of Gods just revenge, and revenging Iustice, threatens yee with no lesse, then utter confusion and destruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returnes from the Church, and *Michael* as glad of her gold, (being informed of *La Franges* deformity, and to lose no time) trips away towards *President de Clugny* his house, taking that for a fit occasion to assay to make his daughter become his Patient, and hee her *Empericke*: who fleetingly insinuating, & skrewing himselfe into his knowledge & acquaintance, (in which profession the *Empiricks* and *Mountebanks* of *Italy*, come no way short, but rather exceed all other Nations of the world) hee proffers him his best service & skill, to redresse & reforme the body of the young Lady his daughter, adding withal (thereby to ad the more believe & credit to his speeches) that hee is so farre from despairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and in the phrases & mysteries of his profession, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. The good old *President* who preferring the cure of his daughter before any other earthly respect, having heard of *Michael*s fame, begins to reliish his reasons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebanks* and *Charlatans* of *Italy*, are Cousin *Germans* to the *Alchemists* of *France*, who promise to make gold of drossie, and yet only bring forth drossie for gold, hee holds it fit to take a consultation of the learnedst *Physicians*, and expert *Chirurgions* of the Citie,

City, whereunto *Michaele* willingly consents, so they sit, being six in number, *Michaele* delivers them his reasons to redresse the deformity of this yong Ladies body (the *President* her father being present) whose reasons are heard, and controverted of all sides betwixt them the conclusion is, foure are of opinion that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of *Physicke*, and the principles of *Chirurgery*, and therefore impossible to be effected: the other two are of a contrary judgement, and held it feasible, and that many times God blesteth the Art and labours of a man, not onely beyond expectation, but also beyond hope and reason: so *De Clugny* seeing that these two with *Michaele* were three against foure, he in respect of the tender care and affection he bore his daughter, resolves to imploy him, and gives him an hundred double pistollers in hand to attempt it, with promise of as much more, when he hath performed it; whereof this miscreant and hellish *Empericke Michaele* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himselfe to his businesse, visits the yong lady, who promiseth him to redouble her fathers sum, if he make her body straight: when to reduce his impious contemplation, into infernall a ction, he outwardly applieth playsters and seare-cloths to her body, and inwardly administrith her pills and potions; and (O griefe to write it) therein infuseth deadly poyson, which hee knows at the end often days will assuredly make a divorce betwixt her body and soule, and so send that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this sweet and innocent *Lady* (wishing good to her selfe, and hurt to none in the world) first finds a giddin esse and swimming in her head, and within some six dayes after (in which time the poyson had disperfed it selfe throughtout all the veins and pores of her body) many sharpe gripes, and bitter throwes and convulsions, whereat her father grieves, and she weeps; onely that gracelesse villaine her *Emperick*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and griefe she suffered, the better and speedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his devillish heart, knowes that the poyson effectually operated and wrought with her as hee desired and expected, and that by these intalible signes and symptomes, his patient drew neere towards the period of her end. Whereupon he repaires secretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the rest of his money; for that *La Frange* could not possibly live two dayes to an end, whereat she triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, againe promiseth it him: and indeed the hellish Art of this execrable *Empericke* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the devill his Doctor will: for just as the tenth day was expired; this harmelesse sweet young *Lady* dies, to the incomparable and unspeakable griefe of the good old *President* her father; for that she was the Staffe of his age, and the chiefe and onely comfort of his life, who disconsolately and mournfully seemed to drowne himselfe in teares hereat, cursing the houre that he first saw this accursed *Empericke Michaele*, who had robbed him of his onely joy and delight, of his deare and sweet daughter *La Frange*. But this murderous *Michaele* having learnt of the devill to feare no colours, meanes to step a foot from *Tholouse*, and so sends privately for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promise, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crookbackt dwarfe *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michaele*) to her eternall rest: when *La Hay* not able to retaine herselfe for excesse of joy, runnes to him, gives him the other hundred crownes, together with many kisses, which take (quoth shee) as a pledge of my continuall good will towards thee, when againe swearing secrecie, they both take leave each of other and part.

The newes of *La Franges* death, rattleth and resoundeth over all *Tholouse*, her kinsfolke grieve at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewaile it, onely *De Salez*, and execrable *Lay Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have been onely stop and hinderance of their marriage, they are so ravished with joy

joy hereat as they seeme to contest and envy each other, who shall first bring the newes hereof each to other : yea, the excesse of *De Salez* his joy is as boundlesse, as that of *La Hayes* delight, so that he seemes to flye to her fathers house, where shee with out-spread armes receives and entertaines him ; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death, he affirming and shee believing, that *La Frange* being gone to heaven, it shall not bee long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the meane time, he being wholly ignorant of her poysoning, and yet the old *President* her father, and the rest of her friends suspecting it, they cause her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyson, yet remarking a little kinde of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as also some shew thereof through her frozen veines: They cause *Michaele* to be apprehended and imprisoned, and so procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the newes whereof, *La Hay* is extreameyly tormented and perplexed, as well foreseeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his secrecie, and thereby to secure her owne feare and danger, she by a confident friend of his, sends him a hundred french crownes more, and promileth him to give him a rich Diamond worth as much againe ; who (as before) being extreameyly covetous, and the Devil (resembling himselfe) still harping to him on that string which most delights him, his heart is so devillishly obdurate, and his fortitude so armed and prepared, as his patience and constancy not onely indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and so he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* resolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his fathers consent that he may marry *La Hay*, but the wisdom of the Father shall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and stil fearing, that because of his frequent familiarity with that strumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her. Hee in *Paris* buyes a Captaines place for him in the Regiment of the Kings Guard, and likewise dealt with a very rich Counsellour of that Court of Parliament, named *Monsieur De Brianfon*, that his sonne may marry his eldest daughter *Madamoysele de Plessis*, a very sweet and faire young Gentlewoman ; and the old folkes are already agreed on all conditions, onely it rests, that the young, sees and loves ; To which end *Argentier* writes away with all speed to *Tholouse* for his sonne *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his fathers letter, (as wee have formerly understood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitely fearefull and jealous to lose her prey, with *Crocodile* teares in her eyes, and *Hyena* aspects in her lookes ; informes *De Salez*, that she feareth that his father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*, but he vöwes and sweares to her, that neither his father, nor the whole world, shall make him marry any other than her selfe, and so after many embraces and kisses, he takes horse and leaves *Tholouse*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his father very joyfully bids him welcome, and referres to conferre with him till the next morning, but such is *De Salez* rashnesse and folly, as hee hath no sooner supped in company of his father, but he prayes to speake with him. When the servants voyding the chamber, hee earnestly and humbly beseeching him, sith that *La Frange* is dead, hee will now bee pleased that hee may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth hee, I onely affect and love before all the maides of the world: His father exceedingly incensed hereat, vöwes that he had rather see him fairely buried in his grave, and that of all the females of the world, hee shall not marry *La Hay* : and so for that night they betake themselves to their beds, the father grieves with his sonnes folly, the sonne with his fathers aversenesse: The next morne *Argentier* calls for his sonne. When the doores shut, he bids him shut his eyes to his foolish familiarity with *La Hay*, and now to open them to the preferment, he hath purchased him, and so relates him how hee hath procured him the honour of a Captaines place, in the Regiments of the Kings Guard, as also a very faire young Gentlewoman for his wife, tearmed *Madamoysele De Plessis*, the eldest daughter of *Monsieur De Brianfon*, one of the richest Counsellors of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes

and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a discontented looke, returns his father this perverse and disobedient replie.

That he will not accept of the *Captaines* place, nor once see *De Plessis*, but that hee is constantly resolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his grave, whereat his father is so extreemly incensed, as with much passion and choller, he commands him henceforth, not to dare so much as to name him *La Hay*, swearing by his *Saviour*, that if he do, for his obstinacy & disobedience, he will disinherite him, as indeed he might, having himselfe purchased three parts of his lands and renewes, through his care and industry in his profession, and so much discontent and choller, leaves in his *Coleagues* of *Thoulouze*, who are already wayting and attending his comming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his fathers bitter resolution against him, and stormes and fumes, not only beyond the bonds of reason, religion, and humanity; but also beyond himselfe. For sith *La Hay* is his sole delight and joy, and that his father hath vowed hee shall never marry her, his affection to her, makes him resolve to dispatch his father, yea, his head conceives such murtherous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and assumes such degenerate and devillish blood against him, that like an execrable wretch, and a hellish sonne, disdayning to take Counsell from *God*, and therefore taking it from the devill his bloody *Tutor* and *Abettor*, he vowes he will forthwith rid his hands of his father, and that he will therefore send him into another world, because he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monster of *Nature*, Limbe of the devill, nay a very devill thy selfe, thus to resolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foule staine of mankind, bloody Paracidious miscreant, can no respect either of thy naturall and filiall obedience to thy kind and deere father, or of his white haire, and venerable old age, restrain thee? or no consideration of thy conscience or thy soule, of heaven or hell deterre thee from this bloody, inhumane, and damnable designe of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy senses; where thy heart, thy soule, to act so execrable and infernall a *Tragedie*, on him without whom thou hadst not been: on thy father, whom by the lawes of *Heaven* and *Earth*, thou oughtest both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being resolute in this inhumane rage, and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finish this his bloody business, and one night after supper, hearing his old father complaine that hee found himselfe not well, and commanding his Clarke *De Buissie*, very early in the next morning to carry his water to *Doctor Salepin*, a famous *Physician*, whose chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himselfe lying in *Grennelles* street: *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to dispatch his father, the which, O a thousand griefes and pitties to speake of; he accordingly performeth. For the morne appearing, his father having sent away his Clark with his water, & betaking himselfe to sleepe till he returne; His watchfull and murtherous son; having purposely made himselfe ready; and through the key hole and crannies of the Chamber doore, espying his father sleeping, he intends that this shall be his last sleepe: When softly stealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the devill) & approaching his bed, as exempt of feare or grace, without any more delay or circumstance, stifles his father betwixt two pillows; when leaving him breathlesse in his bed, his face exposed to the ayre, and the doore shut, goes downe, gives the master of the house, the good morrow, and so trips away as fast as he can, to the signe of the swan within Saint *Homoyes* Gate; and from thence rides away to Saint *Clow*, (two leagues distant from *Paris*) to see *Gondyes* gardens, fountaines, and house wherein that execrable and damnable *Iacobine* Frier, *Iagues Clement* murthered *Henry the third King of France*; but with an intent to returne to his fathers lodging immediatly after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact, and withall if occasion serve, to stand upon his innocency, and justification, as indeed he did. Now his fathers Clarke *De Buissie*,
returning

returning in the morning from Doctor *Salepin*, entering his masters chamber, finds him stark dead, and almost cold in his bed: whereat hee makes many bitter outcries, and grievous exclamations: the man of the house hereat ascends the chamber, infinitely laments, grieves at this sorrowfull accident and spectacle, vowes to *De Buiffy* that hee saw none whosoever in his house, much lesse in his masters chamber, and that his son *Monsieur de Salex* departed as soone as he himselfe: they search his body, and finde it no way wounded, so they beleve and resolve that some ague hath carried him away: yet they hold it rather wisdom than folly to acquaint the *Lieutenant Criminall* therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson: So hee comes, confers with his son *De Salex*, with his Clerk *De Buiffy*, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead body, findes only his head somewhat swollen, which his Physicians asseure, may bee his striving and struggling with death. When the Lieutenant, out of his zeale and integritie to Justice, having informed himselfe of Doctor *Salepin*, of *De Buiffy*, being with him, as also from Saint *Clon* of his sonne *De Salex*, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunkes were all safe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspicion, and without farther enquire, or doubt, commend the dead corps to the grave: whose funerall, with exteriour shew of extreme grieve and sorrow, *De Salex* performes in *Paris*, with all Decencie and Decorum, answerable in all respects to his fathers ranke and qualitie. But wee shall shortly see this maske of his devillish hypocrisie pulled off, and this inhumane, parricide of his, both shamefully, and sharply revenged, by the just judgement and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmelesse and innocent old father *Argentier*, is no sooner laid in his untimely grave, but his bloody and execrable son *De Salex*, within eight dayes after leaves *Paris*, and returnes to *Tholouse*: where already this sorrowfull newes is dispersed and divulged, being for his vertues and integritie of life, generally bewailed of the whole Citie, onely gracelesse and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her verie heart & thoughts dance for joy hereof: she welcomes home her *De Salex* with a world of sweet and sugred kisses, who as glad of her presence, returnes her them with a plentifull and prodigall interest; but his lustfull love to her is so fervent, and his folly in himselfe so perverse and obstinate; as he hath scarce the patience, much lesse the respect and modesty to weare blacks for his father six weekes, but casts them off, takes on gaudie, and scardles apparrell, and verie solemnely marries *La Hay*. Whereby in respect of the inequality of their descents and meanes: but especially, of her whorish conditions, he makes himselfe the laughter and May-gamb of all *Tholouse*.

But good God, what a prodigious and hellish match is this, fifth man and wife, and both are Murthurers; O execrable and miserable wretches, O bloody and impious miscreants, for sure if this marriage of yours prove happie, I may boldly and truly say, there will never any prove unfortunate and miserable. For alas, alas, what doe those impious and damnable crimes of theirs deserve and portend, but miserie, ruine, and confusion of all sides: neither shall the curiositie of our enquire carrie us far, before we see it surprize and befall them.

For before they had bene fully married three moneths, *De Salex* reaping his desires, and feeding himselfe with the pleasures of her youth, hee directly, contrarie to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to see and know, that which before hee would have thought never to have knowne or seene: for thinking his wife to have beene a modest and chaste *Diara*, hee now sees shee is a debauched *Lays*. yea, his miserie is so great, as hee needs no spectacle to see, that shee daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almost every houre, despite of his care and jealousy, claps a Cuckowes feather in his hat: which to prevent and remedie, hee first admistrereth requests and persuasions, and then complains to her father; But these are too weaker reasons, and too gentle motives, to prevaille with so insatiable a Strumpet; so as hee is constrained to adde threats to his requests, and in the end blowes to his threats.

But as it is impossible for the Leopard to change his skin, and the *Aethiopian* his hew, so *de Salex* sees it labour lost to thinke to reclaim his wife from her beastly sinne of adulterie, wherein (notwithstanding all that possibly he can doe) shee takes such a delight and habit, as by this time she is growne so extremely impudent, as when her husband is at home, she is abroad ranging; and he is no sooner abroad, but she is instantly at home revelling with her *Ruffians*: Yea, shee is growne to that height of obscenitie, as she contemnes and sleights her husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, she will play the whore before his face with open doores: which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the gall: and now it is that he a thousand times thinks of his fathers advice and counsell in forsaking her; and as often wisheth he had followed it. Now it is that his unnaturall murthering of his father, thunders forth horror, terror, and repentance to his foule and guiltie conscience; and now it is that he wisheth from his heart and soule, that he had beene blind when he first saw her, and fairely laid in his grave before he first lay with her in bed. But these his complaints and griefes, bring him only vexation and miserie instead of comfort; for now he utterly despaires, and sees no hope of his wifes reformation: Whereupon he resolves to divorce himselfe from her; and to that end takes counsell thereon: but it is not so secretly managed by him, but the strumpet his wife hath present notice and mickling thereof, whereupon seeing her husband exceeding rich, both in lands, coyn, plate, and other rich household-stuffe, she yowes not to quite her great joynter, share and interest hereof thus. But before he had inrolled his suit in the *Spiritual Court*, or any way vented his owne shame, and his wifes infamy in publike, she like a true Courtisan, and debauched Strumpet as she was, yowes to prevent him that would prevent her, and to send him to his death, that would seeke to divorce her; and in respect of his jealousy and malice, that as shee had formerly poysoned *La Frangois* for her husbands sake, so she would now murther him for her owne.

But miserable and execrable wretch, Oh to what a monstrous height and huge sum will all these thy beastly sins, and bloody enormities arise and amount unto? But *Lust*, *Malice*, and *Revenge*, like three infernall Furies, so possesse and preoccupate her senses, as she will not retire, till she hath sent her husband into another world in a bloody winding-sheet. To which end, watching the time when most of her servants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, she softly opening her husbands chamber doore, steales in, and finding him soundly sleeping, approcheth his bed, when drawing forth a rasor from her sleeve, which she had purposely provided, shee with an implacable and damnable malice steps to him, and cuts his throat, speaking onely these words to her selfe: *Thus bere the inward of thy jealousy*; when shittwining the knife, and her outward Tassata Gowne into the house of office, shee leaving him woltring in his blood, verie secretly conveys her selfe thorow the Gallerie to the Garden, where her Waiting Gentlewoman attends her, and so flies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impetue to cloake this her second murther, at her former, under the velle of religion and pietie: but her hopes, and the Devill that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salex her husband striving & struggling for life against the pangs of death: feare and haste (contrarie to her intent and minde) had so made his murtherous wifes hand shake and tremble, as she did not so fully cut his throat: bole; but he could yet both cry and groane, which he did verie mournfully, and which indeed was soon overheard by a man and a maid-servant of his, who only remained in the house, who hearing their masters voyce, and hastily running up, at these his pitifull and lamentable out-cries, stepping to his assistance, they heare him with his best power utter these fearfull speeches: *That strumpet my life hath kill'd mee*; *O that shee Devill my wife hath murthered mee*. Whereat they cry out at the windowes to the neighbours for help, alledging that their master is murthered: The neighbours assemble, and heare him report so much: so they send away for his Confessor, and the *Litutenant Criminall* to both whom he againe confesseth, *That it is she strumpet his wife who hath murthered him*: And then raising him-
selfe

selfe up in his bed (with as much strength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite sighes and teares reveales to them, that hee it was, who at the seducing of the Devill, had stifled his father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*, that he did it onely to marry this whore his murderous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his father, yea the very remembrance thereof infinitely grieves his heart and soule, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himselfe, and beseecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewise prayed all that were present to pray unto God for him; and these were his last words, for now his fleeting & fading breath would permit him to say no more.

All that were present are amazed at this lamentable confession of his, to see that he should murder his father, and his execrable wife, well neere himselfe; so they all glorified God for the detection and discovery hereof: But the *Lieutenant Criminal*, and the *Counsellors* his associates step to the window, and consult to have him hanged, whiles hee is yet living, for the murdering of his father. But *De Salex* saves them that labour: for there and then he sinks into his bed, and dyes away before them; so they instantly search the house and Citie for this wretched Murderesse *La Hay*, whom impious and bloudy strumpet they at last find in the *Dominican Friars Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to prison, where they charge her with the murder of her husband *De Salex*, which the Devill as yet will not permit her to confesse; but being adjudged by them to the Racke, shee at the very first torment confesseth it.

Upon which severall Murthers, the *Criminall Judges* of the *Townell*, proceed to sentence; so first they adjudge the dead body of *De Salex* for so inhumanely murdering his father *Argentier*, to be halfe a day hang'd by the heeles to the common gallows, and then to be burnt to ashes, which is accordingly executed: then they adjudge his wife *La Hay* for murdering him, the next day to be strangled, then burnt: so that night some Divines deale with her in prison about the state of her soule, whom they finde infinitely obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptations of the Devill; but they worke effectually with her, and so at last (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance, when willing her not to charge her soule with the concealing of any other crime; and shewing her the dangers thereof, she very freely, yet sorrowfully, confesseth; how she it was, that for three hundred crownes had caused the *Emperick Michaele* to poyson *La Frange*, for the which she told them she was now exceedingly repentant and sorrowfull: Whereof the Divines (sith it was not delivered them under the seale of Confession) advertising the Iudges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to see how all these murthers are discovered and burst forth, one in the necke of the other; so they alter her sentence, and for these her double murthers, they condemne her to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and so they make curious inquiry and research to apprehend this old bloudy varlet *Michaele*.

In the meane time, that very afternoone, this miserable and murderous Curtesan *La Hay*, though to the grieve of her sorrowfull father and sisters, yet to the joy of all *Thoulouse*, is brought and fastened to the stake, where her hand being first stricke off, she with many sighes and teares delivereth these few words: That her crimes were so foule and odious, as she was ashamed to looke either God or man in the face: That shee was very sorrowfull for causing *La Frange* to bee poysoned, as also for murdering of her husband *De Salex* whose wealth shee onely affirmed shee loved, but not himselfe, the which shee wholly attributed to the lust and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer and forsaking of God; which made the Devil so strong with her, and shee with the Devil: and which was the sole cause and ground of this her miserable ruine and destruction; shewith teares and prayers besought the Lord to bee good unto her soule; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewise beseeches the whole assembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when recommending her soule into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was soone consumed to ashes, whose lamentable;



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Albemare had Pedro and Leonardo to murder Baretano, and he after marryeth Clara,

whom Baretano first sought to marrye. He causeth his man Valerio to poyson Pedro in pri-

son, and by a letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceiveth that her husband Albemare

had loved and sought Pedro and Leonardo to murder her first Baretano, which letter she re-

vealed to the Judge so he changed, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo for thge their bloody

deeds. And thus the Judge sent them to the gallies, and they were hanged by the necke for both

with what face can wee presume to tread on the face of Earth,

or dare lift up our eyes to that of Heaven, when our thoughts

are so rebellious to conspire, and our hearts and resolutions

so cruel to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our

neighbourly and Christian brethren? Though they are, which

in seeming to please our senses, poyson our hearts, (and doe

therefore cruelly poyson our soules, because they so falsely

please our senses.) Resolutions they are, which wee cannot

conceale, or attempt, with more inhumanity, than smite with

miserie. Sith in thinking to send them to their untimely

graves, we actually send our selves to our owne miserable and infamous end, where-

of in this ensuing History, we shall finde many wofull, sad, and mournfull exam-

ples, in divers unfortunate and wretched persons, who were borne to happinesse, not to

infamy, to prosperitie, not to misery. If they had so much regard to secure their lives, as vi-

lity, and simplicity to ruine them. It is a History purposedly produced and penned, for our

derivation, not for our imitation. Sith it is a poeme of true and happy wisdom in all

men to beware by other mens harms, Reade it with a full intent to profit thy selfe

thereby, and so thou mayest boldly and safely reassured, that the sight of their finnes

and punishment, will prove the reformation of thine owne.

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Fruitfull, and faire *Lombardy* is the Country, and the great populous, and rich *City* of *Millan* (the Capitall of that *Duchie*) the place where the Scene of this mournfull and *Tragical History* is layen, where perpetrated: The which to refresh from its first spring and *Originall*, thereby the more truly to informe our curiosity, and instruct our knowledge. We must then understand, that long since the *Duke of Ferris* succeeded the *Count De Fuentes*, as *Viceroy* of that potent and flourishing *Duchie*, for *King Philip the third of Spaine* his master: There was native and resident in that *City* an ancient *Nobleman*, tearmed *Seignior Leonar de Capello*, who in his younger yeares had married a *Spanish Lady*, and brought her from *Spaine* to *Millan*; tearmed *Dona Maria de Castiana*: He exceeding rich and noble, and she as noble and faire; he by his fathers side allyed to *Cardinall Charles Borromeo* (since Sainted by *Pope Paul V.*) she by her mother to the present *Duke of Alburquerque*, he infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth: she no lesse beloved and respected for her beauty and vertues: and although there are but few marriages contracted betweene the *Millanenses* and *Spaniards*, and those very seldome prove successfull and prosperous, in respect of the antipathy, which for the most part is hereditary betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the subjection of the *Millanenses*: yet it seemed that this of *Capello* and *Castiana* was first instituted in heaven, ere consummated on earth; for so sweetly did their yeeres, humours, and affections conjoyne and sympathize, as although they were two persons, yet I may truly affirme and say, they had but one heart, affection and desire, which was mutually to please, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not blessed and crowned with the blessings of children, (which indeed is not onely the sweetest life of humane content, but also the best and sweetest content of our humane life.) so they had not beene long married, ere *God* honoured them and their nuptiall bed, with a beautifull and delicate and young daughter, tearmed *Dona Clara*, the onely childe of their loynes, and heire of their lands and vertues; being indeed the true picture of themselves, and the joyfull pledge and seale of their intire and invaluable affections: who having overpast her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth yeere of her age, she was so exquisitely adorned with beauty, and so excellently endued and enriched with vertues; as distinctly for either or joyntly for both, she was, and was truly reputed, the *Paragon of Nature*, the *pride of Beauty*, the wonder of *Millan*, the glory of her sex, and the *Phoenix* of her *Time*. And because the purity and perfection of her beauty deserves to bee scene through this dimme *Perspective*, and the dignity of her vertues knowne of the Reader in this my impolished relation. For the first, she was of stature indifferently tall, but exceeding stright and slender; her haire either of a deepe *Chestnut Colour*, or rather of a light blacke, but to which most adorning and inclyning fancy brought, but curiosity could difficultly distinguish; her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely browne, than of a *Rose*, and *Lilly* die; but yet so sweetly pure, and purely sweet: (and withall rather fat than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and please the eye, or ravish the sense. And for her eyes, those two reluctant lamps and flares of love, they were so blacke and piercing, that they had a secret and imperious influence, to draw all other eyes to gaze and doe homage to hers; as if all were bound to love her, and shee so modest, as if purposely framed to love none but her selfe: Neither did her Front, Lipper, Necke or Paps any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of *Nature*: For the first seemed to be the promontory of the *Graces*, the second, the Residence of delight and pleasures. The third the *providence*, of *State and Majesty*: And the fourth the *Hill*, and *Valley* of love. But leave we the dainties of her body, now to speake of the rarities and excellencies of her minde, which I cannot rightly define, whether the curiositie and care of her parents in her education, or her owne ingenious and apt inclination

nation to *Virtue* and *Honour*; were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, (she was so exquisite and excellent, that in *Language*, *Singing*, *Musick*, *Dancing*, *Wisdom*, *Temperance*, and *Moderation*, she was so fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due and no more, shee could not be paralleld by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equall'd but by her selfe.

Thus if her noble extraction, and fathers wealth made her surmount others, and her delicious sweet beautie and vertues excell her selfe, no marvell if those *Admirers*, and these excellencies draw divers of the best *Cavaliers*, and chiefeft *Gallants* both of *Milan* and *Lombardy*, to effect and seeke her in marriage; and indeed although she be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all regard to her rank and qualitie; yet neither her parents, or selfe, are so much importuned by any, as by *Signior Giovanni Albemarle*, a young noble Gentleman of the Citie, who was adorned and fortified with these humane privileges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twentie five yeares old; a match in the eye and censure of the world, yea, and in all outward apparances correspondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and vertues had paralleld hers, or if the candour and sinceritie of her affection had not justly transported her thoughts and heart from him, because shee had formerly fixed and settled them on another Gentleman, younger of yeares than *Albemarle*, but in all other respects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, everie way his superiour, named *Signior Alphonsus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the noblest families of *Milan*, of some eightene yeares old, whose father was lately deceased, and had left him sole heire to many rich lands and possessions; but (withall) exceedingly entangled in Law, and ingaged in many debts and mortgages, whereunto the vanitie and prodigallitie of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him: which consequently reflecting and falling on his son, who shall see will prove a hindrance to his marriage, and an obstacle to his content and preferment. But to observe some order and decorum in the conduction and relation of this historie, we must briefly be informed, that as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemarle* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; so of all the *Cavaliers* of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*; for as conformitie of yeares, manners, and inclinations, breed a sympathy in affections; so they in their tender youth often frequented one the others company, sometimes at the Dancing, and Musicke Masters, but many times at Weddings, Feasts, and noble Assemblies: being well neere as equall in degrees in complexion and stature. Again, the vicinitie of their residence added much to the combining and inflaming of their affections: for they were opposite in position, but in their mansion houses, from whose galleries and windows many times publickly, but more often by stealth, their eyes could not refrain to sit at each other, with the invisible lance of love and affection, which bred such a habit, and that habit so powerfull a second Darlings, that it was now become impossible for them not to gaze each on other: so as if the innocencie of their puerilitie, made them delight in each others sight and company with desire; so now their more ripe yeares inforced them to desire it with deliration: for when as yet they were so young, as they knew not the instinct and influence of *Nature* (which cannot be taught by a more powerfull or ingenious *Tutrix* than herselfe) yet they never met but kissed, and kissed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checke the lips for taking such swift farewells each of other: But now when their yeares had proclaimed them both ripe capable to marry under the standard of *Hymeneus*: This *renewed* & *renewed* forso her fresh beautie, & his flowing shining youth (with so much vigour as came in *Milan*) generally enraptured them: They felt some pleasure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore not marvell, if they desired to find that which they wanted: So as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing spoken of a husband, inwardly wished that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a wife, he ardently longed, and fervently desired that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly say, whether hee were more affectionate in his constancie to her; or she constant and resolute in her affection to him: but that as hitherto they hardly

knew

knew the way to kisse; now time (running on her sweet careere) had taught them to desire to marry; and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only tearmed *Clara* his sweet Maid, and she him her deare Friend: Now love had suggested and given them new desires, and therefore new Epithetes: for sometimes, as well in earnest as in jest, he could not refrain to tearme her his sweet wife, nor she him her deare husband; and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more secret and retired desires. And as fervent love, and true discretion, verie seldom concurre and meet; so although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kisse: yet they were so poore, or rather so blind in discretion, as they could not beare their affections in secrecie and silence: but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance: but if any grieve and storme at this unexpected newes, it is first *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Castiana*; betwixt whom there was a secret promise, and verball contract, that hee and no other should maierie their daughter.

Thus we see that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections; for either of them affect *Clara* as the Mistresse of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queene Regent of their desires. But as they sympathize in their hopes to purchase her to their wife: so they differ in the meanes and progresse of their resolutions, how to obtaine her. For whiles *Baretano* sues the Daughter before her Parents, so doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter: but what effects and ends these beginnings will produce, yee shall shortly see, and they themselves verie soone both feele and find.

As *Capello* and *Castiana* (as wee have formerly said) with much affliction and griefe, understanding of their daughters affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and passion) relate it to *Albemare*, whose affection to *Clara* hath made him so subtil towards them; as although his heart knowes this newes, yet hee makes his tongue deny the knowledge thereof; when protesting of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that hee must either wed her or his grave: they consult on their important businesse, how they may dethronize *Baretano*, and enthrone *Albemare* in the chaire and choyce of *Clara*'s affection. As for *Capello* and *Castiana*, they so highly affect *Albemare*'s great and free estate, and so disdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of *Baretano*'s, as they vow their resolutions shall faile by the compasse of his desires; and he in exchange, that his affections and desires, shall still steere their course by that of their resolutions: So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it. To which end her father and mother single their daughter apart; and in mild and faire tearmes demand of her, what hath past betwixt her and *Baretano*; and whether shee be so simple and inconsiderate to take so poore a Gentleman for her husband, whose estate is so weak and small, as it cannot well maintaine himselfe much lesse her; *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these, or the like speeches from her Parents; having twice or thrice metamorphosed the Lillies of her cheekes into Roses, verie temperately and modestly returns them this discreet and respective answer.

That as she must needs affirme shee is confident of *Baretano*'s affection to her, so shee must as truly denie, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, considering that his birth, meanes, and vertues were such as everie way deserved not only her equall but her superiour, she is enforced to reveale them, that shee loves him so tenderly and deately, as if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy but her felicitie, to accept and take him for her husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptorie for a child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it favoured more of irregular zeale to *Baretano*, than of due respect and obedience to themselves, yet the sooner to divert her from her owne desires and resolutions to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue

mild

mild than imperious towards her, and so by depraving the deserts and debasing the merits of *Baretano*, to seeke to extoll and magnifie those of *Albemare*, as if the first were only a foyle, and the second a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed so exquisite and excellent a Cavalier, they depaint him to her in the richest frame and poimp of all his praises, aswell of the endowments of mind, as of those of Fortune, that they leave no insinuating Oratorie unessayed, nor perswasive attempt unattempted, to make her shake hands with *Baretano*, and consequently to extend her armes and heart to receive and retaine *Albemare*: But although shee were young in yeares and experience; yet love in this fragrant and flourishing spring of her youth, had so refined her judgement, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts commanded and marshalled by her heart, and both by her desires and affection to *Baretano*, shee confusedly intermixing, and interrupting her words with many far fetched broken sighs, againe returns her Parents this reply.

If your age will not, yet my youth, or rather my heart informes me, that *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the privileges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in those of Fortune, but that my resolutions and answers may answer and correspond with my obedience, although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my husband, or my selfe his wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it: And I humbly beseech yee, that this may rest your resolution; as I assuredly thinke it shall and will remaine mine.

Capello and *Castiana* (like discreet parents) seeing their daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the singulartie of her owne will, they yet conceive it to be farre more requisite to revert her reasons by faire meanes, than refute and refell them by force, sith love and discretion hath still reference to that, and this relation still to choller, many times to repentance: whereupon minding her of the blessings which infallibly attend filiall obedience; and the miseries and curses which individually wait on contempt and disobedience, hoping that time will effect that which Importunitie cannot, they as then leave her to her thoughts, and shee them to their care; caring for nothing so much, nay, I may well say, for nothing else, than to see her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correspondence and intelligence with them, hee is ever and anon ascertained, not onely what hath, but what doth passe betwixt them and their daughter; and withall, is advised by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghost and shadow; yea, and no more to conceale his affection and suit from her, but acquaint *Millan* therewith, sith it was no disparagement, but rather an equall honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Castiana*, *Albemare* is so farre from rejecting this advice and counsell, as hee embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vowes (though with the perill of his life) to persevere and pursue her in marriage: To which end, authorized as well by his owne affection, as their authoritie, *Clara* is neither abroad nor at home, but hee meets her, gives away all time from himselfe, to give himselfe to her: so as it seemes to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* house is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewise shortly shall bee: yea, hee addes such curiositie to his care, and such care to his affection in courting her, as shee cannot bee either at Masse, or Vespers, but hee is either with her, or neere her; and when in solemne pompe or zeale shee visits the *Dome* (or Cathedral Church) of that Citie, and in it the Shrine of the new *Saint Charles*, then hee waits and attends on her at the Porch staires, sometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the custome of *Millan* is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing Barbarie Horse, to conduct her home: yea, and not to faile in any Complement of an accomplished Lover, besides the harmony of his owne insinuation and solicitation, hee greets her with rich presents, and salutes her with all varietie of melodious Musicke, and mellifluous voyces: but all this notwithstanding, although hee every way use his best art and industrie, and her father and mother their best skill to make her

Her flexible to his desires, and their pleasure; yet she, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her deare and sweet *Baretano*, lookes haggard and averse on *Albemare*, giving him such generall answers, and cold entertainment, as he seeth hee hath far more reason to despaire than hope to obtaine her. Whereupon doubting of her affection, he hath againe recourse to her parents love, who to confirme and seale it him, seeing faire meanes will not prevaile with their daughter, they resolve to use force, and so to adde threats to their requests, and choller to their perswasions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the first prevaile not with her, the second cannot; for she now tels them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her husband but *Baretano*; and yet she is so farre from any determinate resolution to marrie him, as she affirms, that their will shall be her law, and their pleasure her resolution. Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage seeks our faire and sweet *Clara* publicly, no lesse than *Baretano* privately; and although with lesse vanitie and ostentation, yet he hopes with farre more fortunacie and successe; as grounding his hopes upon these reasons: That in heart and soule *Clara* is onely his, as both in soule and heart he is hers: so hee entertaines her many times with his letters, and yet not to shew himselfe a novice in discretion, or a coward in affection; hee making her content his commands, as she did his desires her felicitie; he in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whose number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happinesse and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the sanctitie of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections, yet they sanctifie their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chappell might invest and crowne them with the religious honour, and holy dignitie of marriage. For having jested of Love heretofore, now like true Lovers, they henceforth resolve to love, not in jest, but in earnest; and as of their two hearts they have already made one, so now they meane and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two: And this is their sole desire, and this, and onely this is their chiefe delight, and most pleasing't desires and wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to desire to see none but themselves, and yet are seene of many: so this their familiaritie and frequent meeting is againe reported to her father and mother, whereat they murmur with grieve, and grieve with discontent and affliction: and now not to substract, but to adde to their vexation, it is resolved between our two young amorous Turtle Doves, *Baretano* and his faire *Clara*, that hee should publicly motion them for her in marriage; which hee in wonderfull faire tearmes, and orderly Decorum, (as well by his friends as himselfe) performeth. When contrarie to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, & his suit such poore and sharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeale to *Albemare*) not onely deny him their daughter, but their house; an answer so incivill, and therefore so unjust, as might give a testimony of some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their daughter. And here I must confesse, that I can difficultly define, whether this resolution and answer of *Capello* and *Castiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, discontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*: who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes seem'd to be nipt, and their desires crost by the frowns of their parents, yet they love each other so tenderly and dearely, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progresse of this their chaste and fervent affections, and although their commands endeavour to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is so inforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as despite her parents malice and jalousie towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and hee with her; oftentimes walking and talking in the Arbours, and many times kissing and billing in the close galleries of the garden; which they cannot conceale or beare so closely, but her father and mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by some of their trustie servants, whom they had purposely appointed as Sentinels to espy and discover their meetings. Whereupon

(as much in hatred to *Baretano* as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cause be once removed, the effect is subject soone to follow and ensue; they very suddenly and privately send away their daughter from *Millan* to *Modena* by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt, and besides her Waiting-gentle-woman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her but onely *Albemare*, hoping that a small time, his presence & importunate solicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to engrave his owne in the heart and thoughts of his sweet *Clara*. Who poore soule, seeing her selfe exiled and banished from the society of her *Baretano's* sight and company; wherein under heaven she chiefly and onely delighted; shee hereat, doth as it were drowne her selfe in the Ocean of her teares; storming as well at the cruelty of her parents, as at her owne affliction and misfortune; and no lesse doth her *Baretano* for the absence of his sweet Saint, and deare Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, so their afflictions is equall; now mourning as much at each others absence, as formerly they joyced and triumphed in their presence. But although the jealousy of *Capello* and *Cassiana* were very carefull to watch and observe *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeale and affection of *Albemares* safety to guard, and sweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: Yet as fire suppressed, flames forth with more violence; and rivers stopped, overflow with more impetuosity; so despite of the ones vigilancie, and the others jealousy, though *Baretano* cannot bee so happy and blessed to ride over to *Modena*, to see and salute his *Clara*: yet love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the polisher of judgement, cannot yet detain him from visiting her with his Letters, the which in respect of the hard access and difficult passage to her, he is enforced to send her by subtil meanes, and secret messengers: and the better to overshadow the curiosity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein, hee among many others, makes use of a Frier and a Hermite, for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena*, to his Lady: which (as fit agents for such amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeale, and Religion) safely delivered her, and likewise returned him her answers thereof. And because the fervency of their affections and constancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and represented in these two than in any other of their Letters; therefore I thought my selfe in a manner bound, here to insert them, to the end to give the better spirit and Grace to their *History*, and the fuller satisfaction and content to the curiosity of the Reader: That which *Baretano* sent *Clara* upon her departure from *Millan* to *Modena* by the Frier, spake thus:

BARETANO TO CLARA.

How justly may I tearme my selfe unfortunate, Sith I am enforced to be miserable before I know what belongs to happynesse: For if ever I found any content, or heaven upon Earth, it was onely in thy sweet presence; which thy sudden absence, and unexpected exile, hath now made; at least, my Purgatory, if not my hell. Faire *Clara* judge of thy *Baretano* by thy selfe; what a matchlesse grieve it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terrour to my thoughts, to see thee made captive to my rivall; and that the Fates and thy Parents seeme to be so propitious to his desires, and so inexorable and cruell to mine: That I must live alone in *Millan* without thee, and be alone in *Modena* with thee: which makes that, I know not, whether I more envie his joy, or lament and pittie mine owne sorrowes and afflictions. But if I have any sense or shadow of comfort in this my calamity, it onely consists in this, that as thou carriest away my heart with thee; so thou wilt vouchsafe to returne me thine in thy letter by a reciprocall requitall and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy selfe, nor send me that; I may be sought in *Millan*, but found no where but in heaven: were I privileged by thy consent, much more authorized by thy command; I would speedily rather flie than post to thee: For Faire and Deere *Clara*, as thou art my sole joy, and Sovereigne felicity, so whiles I breathe this aire of life, thy will shall be my law, thy command my compassse and thy pleasure my resolution.

Her answer returned by the Frier to Baretano at Millan, was to this effect.

CLARA TO BARETANO.

IT is for none but our selves to judge how equall we participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each others presence. Thou tearmest mine absence either thy purgatory, or thy hell, and my afflictions and torments for thine are so great, and withall so infinit, as I have all the equity and reason of the world to repute them not onely one, but both: Thou art mistaken in the point of my thraldome, for whiles Albemare vowes himselfe my captive, I disdaine to be his, and both vow and triumph to be onely Baretanos: I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to Modena, but sure I am, I left mine with thee in Millan: If my Parents seeme now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so farre from dispaire, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruell or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my selfe: but rather that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If Clara be thy sole joy and soveraigne felicity, and no lesse is Baretano hers: and albeit, I could wish either thou here with my selfe in Modena, or I there with thee in Millan. Yet such is my Aunt Emelias care, and Albemares jelsonie over me, that wert thou in this City thou couldest difficultly see me but impossibly speake with me; wherefore refraine a whiles, and let thy journey hither to me be ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be began never to be ended: and thinke that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best Art in my selfe can invent, or truest zeale to thee suggest. In which Interim let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our hearts, I meane our letters: And this resolve my deare Baretano, that during our absence whiles thou dost feast on my Idæa, I will not faile to surfeit on thine.

CLARA.

Baretano's other letters sent Clara to Modena by the Pilgrime, was couched and penned in these tearmes.

BARETANO TO CLARA.

HAd not thy requests (in thy last letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left Millan to have seene Modena, and in it thy selfe my sweet and deare Lady; but I speake it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excessive, not want of affection which infuseth this provident care and carefull providence to thy resolutions, so the end that thy returne make us as joyfull as thy departure sorrowfull, and consequently that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter: And yet believe me deere Clara, that my affection is so intire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my selfe: that I deeme it not onely capable to make difficult things easie, but which is more, impossibilities possible: For, for thy sake what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit mee to come to thee to Modena, nor yet speedily resolve to returne to me to Millan: Sorrow will then prevent my Joy, and Dispaire my Hope; For if thou hasten not thy arrivall and our interview, sickness will be my death; wert thou as kind as faire, or as affectionate as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to die for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot Nature this tribute, my affection this homage, or thy beauty this sacrifice.

BARETANO.

And Clara her answer hertunto returned to Millan to Baretano, by the foresaid Pilgrime was traced in these words;

CLARA

CLARA TO BARETANO.

THe last command of my Parents, and the first resolution of my Aunt Emelia, and my sutor Albemare, have now reduced me to so strict a Sequestration (or rather captivity) as onely my thoughts, hardly my pen hath the freedome and power to signifie thee so much. But as calmes ensue tempests, and sun-shine showres, so I beseech thee to brooke it with as much patience, as I doe with grieffe; and not onely hope, but resolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extreames subject to revolution and change. Wherefore my deare Baretano, consider and thinke with thy selfe, that my stay from Millan, and thy prohibition from Modena, hath his two-fold excuse, that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to performe; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; Sith a little time may effect that with my parents, which I feare importunity will never; neither can thy heart so much long for my sight, or wish for my presence, as my soule doth for thine: Sith to give thee but one word for all, thy selfe, and onely thy selfe, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thousand times a day I wish Modena were Millan, and againe, as often that Albemare were metamorphosed into Baretano. Therefore I am so farre from preventing thy joy, as though at the price of my death, I am ready to sacrifice my life for the preservation of thine; as also for the banishing of thy despaire: Write me not then of thy sicknesse, least thou as soone heare of my death, and I knew not what request to deny thee, sith I have already granted and given thee my selfe, which is all that either I can give, or thou desire; cherish thy selfe for my sake, and I will thy remembrance for mine.

CLARA.

By these loving Letters of these our Lovers, the Reader may observe and remarke, what a firme league, and strict and constant friendship there was contracted and settled betwixt them, and what a hell their absence was each to others thoughts and contemplations: In the meane time, whiles Baretano entertaines Clara with Letters, Albemare doth with words, wherein he useth his best Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his desires; and withall, to listen and espie out, if there passe any passages of Letters, or other correspondency betwixt them. Which although Clara her affection to Baretano vow, and her discretion to her selfe resolve to conceale and obscure from Albemare, yet loe here falls out a sinister and unexpected accident, which will discover and bewray it; yea, and of all sides, and to all parties produce grieffe, sorrow, choller, and repentance, which in effect (briefly) is thus:

Clara had reason in her former Letter sent by the Pilgrim, to tearme this her sequestration in Modena a captivity, sith the bounds of her Aunt Emelias two small Gardens, and the walles of her little Parke, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her selfe as it were, immured: for farther she was not permitted to goe, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but still accompanied by Albemare, who left no minutes or occasions, as well to see her, as to be seene of her. Now to give some truce (though not peace) to her discontents, and thereby somewhat to calme the impetuosity of those tempests, which love had stirred up in her heart and thoughts for the absence of her Baretano, she never better accompanied then when alone, some time past away, the irksomenesse of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Parke close shut, followed onely by her Wayting-gentlewoman Adriana: for in respect of her Aunts unkindnesse, and Albemares jealousy, she would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the neere end of the Parke, not farre distant from the second Garden, was a curious walke, ranked about with many rowes of Sycamore trees, and at the farther end thereof a close ore-shadowed Bower; yea, so closely veiled, that the raies of the Sunne could neither peepe in, to scorch the purenesse

of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing lustre and resplendency of her eyes: and to this Bower, in a faire and cleare day, *Clara* (about three of the clocke after dinner) repaires, having in her hand to delude the time, the old amorous History of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illustrated, and newly reprinted in *Millan*, and where in indeed for the conformity of their loves with her owne, shee tooke a singular delight to read: but that which gave sweeter musicke to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart, and mind, were her *Baretano's* two Letters, (which we have formerly seene) and which as then she had purposely brought with her to survey and peruse; yea, she reads them ore againe and againe; and to write the truth, more oftner than there are words, or I thinke sillables therein contained: but when she descends to his name, she cannot refrain from kissing it; yea, and such is her tender love to *Baretano*, as she bedewes it with her teares; a thousand times she wished her selfe with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her parents, for separating their bodies, sith she not onely hoped, but assured her selfe, that God had conjoynd, and united their hearts. But whiles she in the middest of these passionate extasies seemes to be rapt up into the heaven of joy, at the perusall of these Letters of *Baretano*; and then againe to be plunged into the hell of sorrow, at the consideration and remembrance of his absence, she heares a voyce, which she thinkes is not farre off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and deeming it to be that of her Wayting-gentlewoman, whom shee saw somewhat neere her gathering of Strawberries, and wild Lillies, shee within a flight shoot from her, perceives it to be her *Lover*, (but not her love,) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talke, speaking to the Eccho, shee guessed by his course, (wherein shee was not deceived) that hee had an intent to salute and speake with her; which to prevent, because it wholly displeased her, to bee cumbred with the company of so unwelcomed a guest as himselfe, she hastily folds up her letters in her handkercher, and clapping them (at least as shee thought) into the pocket of her gowne, takes her booke in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away backe towards the garden, by the other side of the Parke, purposely to eschew and avoyd him, as indeed shee did.

Albemare grieves to see *Clara's* coyneffe and cruelty toward him, although she were departed forth the Parke from him, yet his affection is so fervent to her, as he will needs ascend the Bower, esteeming it not only a kind of content, but a blessing to his thoughts; sith he cannot be where she is, yet to be where she hath beene: when thinking to mount the staires of the Bower, he unexpected at the foot thereof, finds the two Letters whereof we have formerly spoken, which it seemes slipt forth of *Clara's* handkercher, as she was putting it into her pocket: *Albemare* taking up the Letters, and seeing them directed to his sweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extreames of love and joy, kisseth them againe and againe for her sake: when sitting downe in the Bower, he betakes himselfe to read and peruse them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and draw something from them which might tend to advance the proceffe of his affection towards her: But when he had read the first, he was so extreamely perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second; and yet at length hastily and passionately running it over, and seeing by all the circumstances thereof, that it was in vaine for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, sith shee was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, hee like one Lunaticke, stamps with his foot, throwes away his hat, teares his haire for very grieve and chollier, now thinking to teare the Letters, and then to offer violence to himselfe: But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were over-blowne, and that hee had againe recalled his wits to take place in the proper seate of his judgement and discretion; then taking up his hat, and pulling it downe his eares, hee leaves the Bower and Parke, and so going into the house, shewes them the Lady *Emelia* her aunt, who prayses him not to dispaire, but that *Baretano's* Letters notwithstanding, hee himselfe shall shortly marry her Niece *Clara*; onely shee prayses him for the two Letters, because shee affirms, shee will tomorrow send them to *Millan* to her father and mother.

Wherein

Wherein hee saith, hee will take advise of his pillow; when fasting out his supper, he betakes himselfe to his bed, to see whether he can sleepe away those his passions and vexations. And by this time *Clara* going to locke up these two aforesaid letters in her trunke, she finds her handkercher, but misleth her letters, whereat blushing for shame, and then againe looking pale for sorrow, grieve and anger, shee speedily sends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to looke them, who returnes without them, and then she knowes for certaine that *Albemare* hath found them: whereupon for meere grieve and anger, feigning her selfe sicke, she withdrawes her selfe to her chamber, and there presently betakes her selfe to her bed.

I may well say that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themselves to their beds; but I am sure not to their rest: For grieve and love so violently act their severall parts in their hearts and thoughts, as sigh they doe, but sleepe they cannot: Yea their passions and sorrowes are as different as their desires: for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found these letters; so doth *Clara* that she hath lost them; and as he vowes not to restore her them, so she neither dares, and yet disdayneth to demand them of him: Yea againe, which is more, as their sorrowes are different, so are their pretended consolations, at least if I may properly and truely tearme them consolations: For as *Clara*, although she have lost her *Baretano's* letters, doth yet rejoyce that shee still retaines the Writer and Authour thereof ingraven and characted in her heart: so doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano* to be his rivall, and who by all probability is like to beare his mistris from him, he hath (as he unjustly conceives, a just reason to be revenged, and a true occasion to fight with him: but as *Clara's* comfort and consolation herein proceeds from true affection, so doth the vanity and impiety of this resolution of *Albemares* from hellish malice, and devillish indignation: yea, although the night doth or should bring counsell, yet as *Clara* passeth it over onely with sighes, so doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge against *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morne towards *Millan*, and there trie his fortune, either to kill him, or to be killed of him, in a Duell; to which end he is no sooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his resolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the same hee doth to the Empresse of his thoughts, and Queene of his desires) *Clara*, demaunding her if shee please to command him any service for *Millan*, who both blushing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano*, having now made her expert in the subtilties of love, she well knowes what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*: and therefore guided by discretion, and not by passion, shee returnes him this answer: That having neither reason nor desire to command him, she onely prays him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and so wisheth his journey prosperous: which answer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kisse her at parting; which her civility though not her affection granted him; not so much as once dreaming or suspecting that hee conceived the least thought or intent to fight with her sweet *Baretano*, and so hee takes horse, having onely one servant with him.

Albemare being arived at *Saint Remie*, a small Towne within fifteene miles of *Millan*, he resolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoyd the heat of the day, then betakes himselfe to sleepe an houre or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horse, and seeing the host of the house in his chamber, inquires of him if there were any Gentlemen in the house riding for *Millan*, who as soone turnes him this unlookt for and unexpected answer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the house named *Signior Baretano*, who was to ride thither some two houres hence. *Albemare* no sooner heares the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart blood flasheth up in his face, when demanding him againe what manner of Gentleman he was, hee told him hee was a tall slender young Gentleman, with never a haire on his face, and out of this window, quoth he, you may now see him walking in the garden; when *Albemare* looking forth sees indeed that it was his very rivall *Baretano*; when enquiring further of the Host what followers he had with him, he told him that then he had none, but sometimes

when he came thither, either to take the aire, or breathe his horse, hee was attended by two or three, and so the Host leaves him, not once suspecting of any difference betweene them. *Albemare* seeing his enemy (because his rivall) brought to him whom he formerly resolved to seeke and finde out, assumes a base and a bloody resolution to set upon him in the high way disguised, and there to venter his owne life, to deprive him of his: which to effect he will have no eye-witnesses of this his ignoble and trecherous businesse; and therefore purposely sends away his man to *Millan* before him, and so slipping into the towne, provides himselfe of a maske or visard; then takes his horse, and rather like a theefe than a Gentleman, lurkes behind a Grove (some three miles from *Saint Remy*) attending *Baretano's* coming, who poore harmelesse young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wishes than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his faire and deare *Clara*, likewise takes his horse, and drawes homeward toward *Millan*, when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* secretly lay in ambush for him, he furiously and suddenly rusheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn in his hand, runnes *Baretano* into his right arme, who feeling the wound almost as soone as he saw his enemy who gave it him, he is at first, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his maske to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very busie in *Lombardy*, but especially in the Dutchy of *Millan*, he told him that all the coyne he had, which was some ten double Pistols in gold, and two Duckats in silver, were at his service, but to fight in his defence, he would not: Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that hee affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady: so that he perfectly knew that her affection was so deare and tender towards him, as eyther the losse or preservation of his life would be that of hers: *Albemare* galled and touch't to the quicke with this his heart-killing answer to him, is wholly inflamed with choller against him, when rushing towards him, he delivers him these words: Villaine, it is not thy gold, but thy life which I seeke, and then straying himselfe to runne *Baretano* thorow, loe the string of his Maske breaks, where *Baretano* apparently sees it is his Rivall *Albemare*: whereat such is his tender affection to his sweet and faire *Clara*, that he who before turned craven, and would not fight for his owne sake, is now cheerfully resolved not onely to fight, but if occasion require, to die for hers: and so returning the villaine to *Albemar's* throat, he instantly draws, and joynes with him: and if *Albemare* be resolute in fighting, no lesse valiant and couragious is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara's* sweet Idea, and fresh delicious beauty, infuseth such life to his valour, and such generosity, and animosity to his courage, as he deales his blowes roundly, and his thrusts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his heart of a better: And *Albemare* seeing he must buy his victory dearer than he expected, and disdaining to be outbraved and beaten by a boy, pluckes up his best spirits and courage to him, and so likewise behaves himselfe manfully and valiantly: in such sort, that within lesse than a quarter of an houre, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three, when the Count of *Martingue* passing that way in his Coach towards *Millan*, and seeing two Gentlemen so busily fighting, he cries out to his Coach-man, to gallop away with all celerity, and so parts them; when seeing them full of blood, sweate and dust, having his Chirurgion still in his traine with him, he out of an honourable courtesie and charity, intreats and accompanies them to the next house, where hee causeth their wounds to be drest and bound up; when by their apparrell seeing them to bee *Millan's*, is desirous to know their quarrell, and proffers his best assistance to reconcile and make them friends: but their hearts are so great, and their mallice so implacable, as they both thanke the Count for his noble courtesie, but beseech him to pardon them, in obscuring their names and quarrell; and yet hee is so Noble and generous, as hee will not so leave them, but seeing them shewdly wounded (though not he thinkes mortally) he for their greater ease and safety, causeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their horses, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and so brings them within the Gates of *Millan*, where after they had severally rendered

rendred him many thanks for his *Courtesie* and *Honour*, hee commends them both to their good Fortunes, and so leaves them.

Baretano, and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millan*, they conceale their fighting, and so keepe their chambers, till they have secured their wounds; when *Albemare* visits *Capello* and his Ladie *Castiana*, and reports to them the health and dutie of their daughter; as also her avernesse towards him, and withall shewes her *Baretano's* two Letters to her, whereby it is apparant, that shee is so wholly his, as he himselfe is sure never to obtaine or enjoy her. Her father and mother at the first, seeme to hang their heads at this newes, and the perusall of the Letters; but at last bid him not despaire, but be courageous, for hee, and onely hee shall be their sonne in law. But *Albemare* considering that for the terme of at least fixe moneths, hee, *Camelion*-like, had onely beene fed with the aire of their vaine promises, and that hee perfectly knew, that *Clara* onely intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him; his love to her was so tender and fervent, as hee cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtaine her for his wife in this world; before he have sent *Baretano* to another; when he being constant in his resolution thereof to himselfe, because he was resolute in his constancie and affection to *Clara*; no reason, no Religion, not his Conscience, not his Soule, can divert him from this bloodie designe, from this murtherous and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on Malice, and boiling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, hee, not as a Gentleman, but rather degenerating from the vertue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himselfe either by pistoll or poison, how hee may trecherously dispatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as malice and revenge may perchance flumber, but difficultly sleepe) the *Divell*, who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him meanes (though by a contrary course) how to dispatch him: For on a day, descending the staires of the *Domo*, he sees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*) passe by him, with whom he had beene formerly acquainted, but so poorely apparelled, as weighing their bloodie humours by their necessity, hee (in favour of money) thinks them very fit *Agents* and *Instruments* to murther and make away *Baretano*, to which end, to play the *Practique* part, as well as the *Theorique*, and so to reduce this his bloodie contemplation into action, hee sends his man *Valerio* after them, and prayes them to repaire to him in the *Cloysters* of *Borromeos* Palace, for that he hath a businesse to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Masters pleasure; who netled with this word Profit, they repaire to the *Rendevous*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreshed their acquaintance, and hee sworne them to secrecie, as hee was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his desire, some ten daies hence to have them murther *Seignior Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some *Spaniards* of the *Viceroyes* Guard, and that hee will give them an hundred Duckatons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatch'd him; and for his owne part, some foure or five daies hence he will away for *Modena*, to cast the better varnish and colour that hee was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the businesse.

Pedro and *Leonardo* seeing that *Albemare* proffered them gold, which they so much wanted and desired; like two limbes of the *Divells*, and as a couple of hellish Blood-hounds, not onely promise, but sweare to him punctually, in all respects to performe his desires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatons, which being the pledge and price of innocent blood, it will assuredly cost them deare, and draw downe vengeance, ruine and confusion on their heads from heaven, when they least thinke or dream thereof. *Albemare* having settled this his bloody and mournfull businesse with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, hee is againe solicited by *Capello* and *Castiana*, to returne to their daughter in *Modena*: whereunto hee willingly consenteth, when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and blessing, to dispose her selfe to affect and marry him, he within foure daies departeth: But having secretly revealed his fight

with

with *Baretano* to some of *Capello* his chiefeft and moft confident fervants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* fo well in her abfence, as they fend her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknowne to him, he is no fooner arrived there, but hee falutes firft the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Neece, and his Miftrefle *Clara*; to whom having delivered her Parents Letters, ſhe ſtepping afide to the window, reads them, and fo returning to him againe, gives him this ſharpe and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother command me to love thee; but how can I, ſince upon the highway, thou baſely and treacherouſly attemptedſt to kill my deare Baretano, whom I love a thouſand times dearer than the whole world?* when with teares in her eyes, and choller in her lookes, ſhee very ſuddenly and paſſionately flings from him, whereat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both ſtormes and grieves; and ſo they betake themſelves to their chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himſelfe on his bed, ſaith thus to himſelfe: Unkinde and cruell *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brooke the newes of his death? On the other ſide, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano*'s wounds, as ſhee rejoyceth at his ſafety and recovery; yea, ſo tender is her affection to him, as ſhee a thouſand times wiſhes, that the blood hee loſt, had ſtreamed from her owne heart. Againe, knowing his wounds free from danger, ſhee cannot but ſmile, and delight to ſee his deare and true affection to her, in remembering that hee would not fight for his owne ſake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to loſe his life for hers; and in theſe amorous conceits and contemplations ſhe penſively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while ſhee heares not from her *Baretano*; But alas, alas! ſhee ſhall heare too too ſoone of him, though indeed never more from him; for theſe execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, ſome foure daies after *Albemarks* departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promiſe and oath given him, like two moſt bloody and butcherly villaines, cruelly aſſault and murder this harmeleſſe and innocent young Gentleman, *Baretano*, in the ſtreets of *Millan* by night, with no leſſe than ſeven ſeverall wounds, whereof foure were cleane thorow his body; and ſo give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murdered by ſome *Spaniards* of the *Vice-royes* Guard: when the ſame night they repaire to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatons, and ſo provide for their ſafety in the City: but that bloody money and this cruell murder, will in the end coſt them dearer than either they imagine or dreame of.

Whiles *Millan* ratleth with the newes of *Baretano*'s bloody and untimely end, as his owne friends infinitely lament and grieve, ſo *Capello*, and his wife *Caftiana*, cannot refrain from rejoycing thereat, as now aſſuring themſelves, that *Albemare* ſhall ſhortly be their ſonne in law; and for *Valerio*, hee with all poſſible ſpeed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Maſter, who entertaines this newes with infinite joy and delectation, and preſently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith; whereat ſhe rejoyceth, and he triumphs: but they both reſolve as yet, to conceale it from *Clara*, becauſe they know ſhe will even diſſolve and melt into teares thereat. But foure daies after are not fully expired, but her father and mother advertiſe their daughter *Clara*, their ſiſter *Emelia*, and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman, a ſervant of theirs, whom they purpoſely ſend to *Modena*, to bring backe *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millan*. But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judge, with what extreme exceſſe of grieve and immoderate ſorrow our poore *Clara* underſtands this heart-piercing newes of her *Baretano*'s mournfull and ſorrowfull death: for ſhee is no ſooner advertiſed thereof, but ſhe throwes off her attire, teares her haire, and twice following falls to the ground in a ſwound; ſo as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her fathers Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keepe life in her; but being come again to her ſenſes and ſelfe, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamoured of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her: ſhee wringing her hands, then croſſing her armes, and laſtly, looking up towards Heaven, betwixt ſighing and ſpeaking, breathes forth theſe mournfull paſſionate and affectionate ſpeeches:

O my *Baretano*, my sweet and deare *Baretano*, and shall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? when the violence of her affection and sorrow making her forget her selfe, and her God, she secretly unsheathes her knife, and then and there would have stabbed her selfe to death; had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* speedily stept to her assistance, and prevented her, by wresting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the aire, shee praies *Albemare* to leave her, and in his absence often againe repeating the name of her deare *Baretano*, she a thousand times wisheth that her life had ransomed his, vowing, that although she were a woman, yet if shee knew his murderers, shee would flie to their eyes, and teare out their hearts, in meere revenge of this inhumane and cruell death; when her sorrowes are so infinite, and her griefe so unsupportable, as she cannot long remaine in one place, but withdrawes her selfe from the garden to her chamber, whither her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poore afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; so as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and stopped her, shee had then undoubtedly, entred the Nunnery of her owne name, *Saint Clara*, and in that retired and obscure life, there ended her daies in *Modena*; resolving in true affection and zeale to her dead *Baretano*, never thenceforth, either to see her parents, or *Millan*; but being diverted and comforted by some Divines, and many Ladies of that City, shee brooking her sorrowes as patiently as shee may, (with much solicitation) after ten daies, permits her selfe to be conveyed home to *Millan*, where, although shee were very cheerefully received, and joyfully entertained of her father and mother, yet shee likewise went neere to have there mewed her selfe up a spirituall sister in the Nunnery of the *Annunciation*; but that againe she was prevented; whereat grieving, shee takes on mourning attire, and vowes to weare it a whole yeere for his sake: when to make her selfe (as shee was) both a true Lover, and a true mourner to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, shee oftentimes steales into *Saint Euphemias Church*, where hee was buried, and there bedewes his tombe with teares, living so pensively, and disconsolately, that although shee live in the world, yet it seemes shee neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as Time is a soveraigne remedy for all diseases and sorrowes; so about some ten moneths after, the incessant importunity of her father and mother, and the continuall tender respect and observant courtesie of *Albemare* towards her, make her somewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to looke on him with a more pleasing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a consideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almost as soone as it begins to live: For why (quoth shee) should she affect or love him, who at *Saint Remig* gave her *Baretano* three severall wounds? But then Love againe, steps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*: That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him lose far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his, was only occasioned through his affection to her, and onely for her sake, as loving her dearer than his owne life; which againe gave her thoughts such satisfaction, as weighed downe and vanquished, as well by the power and prayers of her Parents, as also by the endlesse figties, letters, and presents of *Albemare*: the yeere is no sooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their owne hearts content, and the unspeakable joy of their parents, they in *Millan* (with great pompe and bravery) are very solemnly married. But this marriage of theirs shall not prove so prosperous as they expect and hope: For God in his all-seeing Providence, hath decreed to disturbe the tranquillity and serenity thereof, and to make them feele the sharpe and bitter showers of affliction and misery, which briefly doth thus surprize and befall them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly beene married together a yeere and quarter, but his hot love begins to waxe cold and frozen to her, yea, albeit shee affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the sweetnesse of her youth, and the freshnesse of her beauty, his lustfull eyes and thoughts carry his lascivious

lascivious selfe abroad among Curtezans, when they should be fixed on her, and resident at home with his chaste and faire Lady: so as his infidelity proving her grieve and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude her unspeakable affliction and vexation; shee with infinite sighes and teares repents her matching him, and a thousand times wisheth she had beene so happy and blessed to have died *Baretano's* Martyr, and not so unfortunate and accursed to live to see her selfe *Albemares* wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, she should then prefixe bounds to her calamities and sorrowes: But seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkinde to her than other; her hopes are now wholly turned into dispaire, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparantly bewray themselves in her outward sorrowfull complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheekes are metamorphosed into Lillies, and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprised with sorrow, as shee wisheth that her bed were her grave, and her selfe in Heaven with God; because she could finde no comfort here on Earth with her husband: But beyond her expectation, God is providing to redresse her grieve, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked for accident.

The Providence and Justice of God doth now againe refetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the Stage and Theater of this History: For having spent that mony lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murtherer before, hee makes no conscience nor scruple now to play the thiefe, and so by night breakes into a Jewellers shop, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a small Trunke or Casket, wherein were some uncut *Saphyrs* and *Emeralds*, with some *Venice* Chystrall pendants for Ladies to weare in their eares, and other rich commodities: but *Fiamata* lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his doore to him for feare of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarum forth the window, which ringing in the streets, makes some of the neighbours, and also the watch approach and assemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arme, hee is presently hemb'd in, apprehended and imprisoned, and the Casket tooke from him, and againe restored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that hee shall die for this robbery, as a just punishment and judgement of God, now sent him for formerly murthering of *Baretano*, hee having no other hope to escape death, but by the meanes of *Albemare*, he sends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the prison to him, whom hee bids to tell his Master *Albemare* from him, that being sure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if hee procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his soule any longer with the murder of *Baretano*, but will on the ladder reveale, how it was he who hired himselfe and *Leonardo* to performe it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Master, it affrightes his thoughts, and terrifies his conscience and courage, to see himselfe reduced to this misery, that no lesse than his life must now stand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro's* tongue. But knowing it impossible to obtaine a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own safety, by stopping of *Pedro's* mouth; he resolves to heave *Offa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murther to murther, and now to poyson him in prison, whom he had formerly caused to murther *Baretano* in the street, to the end he might tell no tales on the ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or sin, but rather a just reward and recompence for his former bloody service; so to feed *Pedro* with false hopes, thereby to charme his tongue to silence, and to lull his malice asleepe, hee speedily returns *Valerio* to prison to him, who bids him feare nothing, for that his Master had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually heare from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoyceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Master *Albemare* is the most generous and bravest Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joyes in their untimely blossomes, and to disturbe the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soone as he hath dined, he is tried and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparantly convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morne, at a Gibbet purposely to be erected before

Fiamata's house, where he committed his delict and crime : which just sentence not onely makes his joy strike faile to sorrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacocks plumes to humility and feare : But his onely trust and comfort, yea, his last hopes and refuge is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning; he is enforced to play his bloody prize that night, and so in the evening sends *Valerio*, to prison to him, with a Capon, and two Fiascoes (or bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that hee hath obtained his pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Viceroyes* signe to it, which he shall have to morrow at breake of day. But the Wine of one of the bottles was intermixed with strong and deadly poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carried no distastefull, but a pleasing relish to the paltate; *Valerio* like an execrable villaine, proving as true a servant to his Master, as rebellious and false to his God, he punctually performs this fearefull and mournfull businesse; and having made *Pedro* twice drunke, first with his good newes, and then with his poisoned Wine, hee takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his rest, promiseth to be with him very early in the morning with his pardon. When this miserable and beastly prophane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God or his soule; of Heaven or Hell; betakes himselfe to his bed, where the poison spreading ore his vitall parts, soone bereaves him of his breath, sending his soule from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he findes him dead and cold in his bed; and thus was the miserable end of this bloody and inhumane murtherer (and thiefe) *Pedro*, who yet for example sake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, because his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poisoned & made away himselfe. And now doth *Albemare* againe rejoyce and triumph, to see he hath avoided that dangerous shelve and rocke whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwrack, yea, and now he thinks himselfe so absolutely safe and secure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murthering of *Baretano*, or his poisoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any further stormes or tempests: but his hopes and joyes will deceive him, for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood, will not so leave him, but ere long when he least thinks or dreames thereof, not onely in his providence detect these his foule crimes, but in his justice severely punish them; and the Readers curiosity shall not goe far to see it: for as to a guilty conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one misery befall him in the necke and nicke of the other, so *Albemare* is no sooner freed of *Pedro* in *Millan*, but behold he is afresh intangled and assaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murtherer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatons, and also run himselfe farre in debt; his Creditors joyne together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedome and liberty, but to relie on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millan*, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and misery, and praies him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatons: *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former services, as also thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for so many Duckatons, as God would have it, hee very inconsiderately burnes this his Letter, and answereth it with silence; but he shall repent it when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiscretion.

Leonardo having at least fiftene daies expected an answer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extremely incensed and intraged to see himselfe thus sleighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extreme poverty and indigence, in that he is now inforced to sell away his apparell, and so to uncloth his backe, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quicke, the which he doth in these few lines which he sends him to *Millan* by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO

LEONARDO TO ALBEMARE.

If my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loane or gift of fifty Ducatons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment, I make no doubt but this my second will, for being a souldier, I give thee to understand that I hold it farre more generous to hang than sterue; sith as a halter is onely the beginning of my friends sorrowes; so it will likewise be the end of my owne miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost mee my life, I will no longer conceale, how thou didst hire Pedro and my selfe, for two hundred Duckatons, to give Signior Baretano his death, which at thy request we performed: Thinke then how neere my secrecy concernes thy life, sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short and poore time left thee to survive mee; Therefore thanke thy selfe if thy ingratitude turne my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.

LEONARDO.

Now, although *Leonardo* meane not as he write, yet this his messenger comming to *Millan*, and not finding *Albemare* at his house, hee knowes not (and is resolute) what to doe, either to stay his comming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants: But waiting at his doore till late in the evening, and hearing no newes of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prayes him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repaire thither the next morning for an answer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Masters comming; but he is so bad a husband to himselfe, and so disloyall and unkinde a one to his chaste and faire wife, as he was out all night with his Curtizans, which good and vertuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grieve and sorrow. Now *Valerio* seeing his Master absent, his comming uncertaine, and himselfe inforced to goe forth about his affaires, hee placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard neere his Masters study, that it might be apparant to his eye when he came in, and so departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invites the Christian Reader to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter: for as *Albemare* (more for sport than charity) kept a man-foole of some forty yeeres old in his house, who indeed was so naturally peevish, as not *Millan*, hardly *Italy* could match him for simplicity. It so chanced, that this harmelesse foole gate into the roome after *Valerio*, and saw him put up this Letter on the Cupboard: Now, as Children and Fooles may in some sort be termed Cousin Germaine to Apes; so as soone as *Valerio* was departed, this Foole (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his owne proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the chamber, and taking a stoole to ascend the Cupboard, hee brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard hee tosses and dandles in his hand, as if this new-found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and simple thoughts: when, behold our sweete and vertuous *Clara* comming from Saint *Ambrose* Church, where she had beene to heare *Vespres*, and seeing a faire Letter fast sealed in the Fooles hand, shee enquires of him from whence he had it? who singing and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, shee could get no other answer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had sent it him, that God had sent it him*: which speeches of his he often redoubled. When *Clara* weighing his words, and considering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her colour to rise, as if God and her soule prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter; whereupon snatching it from the Foole, whom shee left crying in the Hall for the losse thereof; shee seeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there sitting downe in a chaire, and breaking up the scales thereof, shee begins to read it; but when shee drawes toward the conclusion thereof, and findes that it was her Husband *Albemare*'s, who had caused her deare Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murthered; then not able to containe her selfe for sorrow, shee throwes her selfe

on the floore, and weepes and sighes so mournfully, as the most obduratest and flintiest heart could not choose but relent into pity to see her : For sometimes she look'd up to Heaven, and then againe dejecting her eyes to earth, now wringing her hands, and then crossing her armes, in such disconsolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewise refraine from teares to behold her ; when after a deepe and profound silence, she bandying and evaporating many velleys of far fetcht sighes into the aire, she commanding *Adriana* forth, the doore shut, with the two extremities of passion and sorrow, she alone utters these mournfull speeches to her selfe.

And shall *Clara* live to understand, that her *Baretano* was murdered for her sake, and by her unfortunate Husband *Albemare* ? and shall she any more lie in bed with him, who so inhumanely hath laine him in his untimely and bloody grave ? And *Clara, Clara*, wilt thou prove so ungratefull to his memory, and to the tender affection hee bore thee, as not to lament, not to seeke to revenge this his disastrous and cruell end ? When againe, her teares interrupting her words, and her sighs her teares ; shee entring into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soule at last continues her speech in this manner : O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what speakest thou of revenge ? for consider with thy selfe, yea forget not to consider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Husband ; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must love him ; and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection ; yet yee two are but one flesh, and therefore consider, that malice is a bad advocate, and revenge a worse Judge : But here againe remembring what a foule and odious crime murther was in the sight of the Lord, that the discovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour, and that the poore Foole was doubtlesse inspired from heaven, to affirme that *God* sent the Letter ; she knowes that her bonds of conscience to her *Saviour*, must exceed and give a Law to those of her duty towards her Husband ; and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, shee immediately calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Uncle, *Seignior Giovan de Montefiore*, and with sighs and teares shewes him the Letter, who formerly, though in vaine, had most curiously and exactly hunted to discover the murderers of his Nephew. *Montefiore* first reads the Letter with tears, then with joy ; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commends her zeale and Christian fortitude towards *God*, in shewing her how much the discovery of this murther tended to his glory, and so presently sends away for the *President Criminal*, who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, shewes him the Letter, and prayes him to examine the Lady *Clara* thereon ; which with much modesty and equity he doth, and then returnes with her to her house, and there likewise examineth the Foole where he had the Letter : who out of his incivility and simplicity, takes the *President* by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tells him ; *Here God sent the Letter, and here I found him* : when *Valerio* being present, and imagining by his Ladies heavie and sorrowfull countenance, that this Letter had, perhaps, brought her into some affliction and danger, he looking on the direction of the Letter, as also on the seale, hee reveales both to the *President* and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purposely on the Cupboard for his Master, against his comming. The *President* being fully satisfied herein, admires at *Gods* providence, revealed in the simplicity of this poore harmelesse Foole, in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light, (when knowing that *God* doth many times raise up the foolish and weake, to confound the wise and mighty things of the world) he presently grants out a Commission to apprehend *Albemare* ; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the most famous Beauties, and reputed Curtezans of *Millan* : Hee, both astonished and amazed by the just judgements of *God*, is drawne from his beaustly pleasures and adulteries, to prison ; where being charged to have hired *Fedro* and *Leonardo* to have murdered *Baretano*, he stoutly denies it. But *Leonardo's* Letter being read him, and hee thereon adjudged to the Racke, his Soule and Conscience ringing him

him many thundring peales of terrour, hee there at large confesseth it : when for this foule and bloody fact of his, hee the same afternoone is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which administred matter of talke, and admiration thorowout all *Millan*; when Serjeants are likewise sent away to *Pavia* to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not so much as once dream'd or thought that ever this his Letter would have produced him this danger and misery.

And now *Albemare* adverted of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo's* was brought to light, (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance justly befell him for his sins) he curseth the cruelty of his wife, the simplicity of the Foole, but most bitterly exclaimes against the remissnesse and carelesnesse of his servant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the onely cause of his death : yea, he is so far transported with choller against him, as although he hath but a few houres to live, yet he vowes he will assuredly cry quittance with him ere he die.

Now the charity of his Judges send him Divines that night in prison, to prepare and cleare his conscience, and to confirme and fortifie his soule against the morne, in his last conflict with the world, and her flight and transmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiously admonishing him, that if hee have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he should now doe well to reveale it; He likewise there and then confesseth, how he had caused his man *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* with Wine in prison, the very night before hee was executed; whereupon this bloody and execrable wretch (according to his hellish deserts) is likewise apprehended and imprisoned.

And now Gods mercy and justice brings this unfortunate (because irreligious) Gentleman *Albemare*, to receive condigne punishment for those his two horrible murtheres, which he had caused to be committed on the persons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*, who ascending the ladder, in presence of a world of spectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world : The sight and remembrance of his foule crimes, having now made him not onely sorrowfull, but repentant, he briefly delivered these few words.

Hee confesseth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the street, and seduced his servant *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* in prison; whereof, with much grieve and contrition, he heartily repented himselfe, and besought the Lord to forgive it him : he likewise besought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in respect he knew hee was the cause of their deaths; because he was sure they should not long survive him. He likewise forgave his Foole, as being assured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him that had revealed the Letter for his just punishment and confusion. And lastly, hee with many teares, forgave his wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by far too vertuous for so dissolute and vile a husband as himselfe. Hee blamed himselfe for neglecting to love her, and cursed his Queans and Curtizans, as being the chiefe cause of all his miseries, when requesting all that were present, to pray for his soule, hee was turned off.

But his Judges seeing that he had added murther to murther, they held it Justice to adde punishment to his punishment; and so hee is no sooner cut downe, but they cause his body to be burnt, and his ashes to be throwne into the aire, which is accordingly performed.

Now, because the Lord in his Justice, will punish as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther : whiles *Albemare* is acting the last Scene and Catastrophe of his Tragedy : His wretched hireling *Leonardo*, and his execrable servant *Valerio* are likewise arraigned, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their severall murtheres of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and so the very same afternoone they are brought to their Executioners, where *Leonardo* his former life and profession having made him know better how to sin than repent; he out of a souldier-like bravery (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death should terrifie him; begging pardon for his sins in generall of God and the world, and then bidding the hang-man do his office, takes his last adiew of the world.

When

When immediately *Valerio* ascends the ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and griefe and sorrow in his lookes; as neere as could be observed and gathered, spake these words:

That being poore both in friends and meanes, the onely hope of preferment under his Master, made him at his request to poison *Pedro* in prison; That many times since hee hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very soule repents himselfe of it, and beseeching the Lord to forgive it him, That hee was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of *Baretano's*; yea, or of the knowledge thereof, before his Master was imprisoned for the same; and that as this was his first Capitall crime, so sith hee must now die, he rejoyced it was his last, and so praying all servants to beware by his miserable example, not to be seduced to commit murther, either by their Masters or the Divell; and beseeching all that were present, to pray for his soule, he resigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewise turned off.

And these were the miserable (yet deserved ends) of these bloody murthers; and thus did Gods justice and revenge triumph over their crimes, and themselves by heaping and raining downe confusion on their heads from heaven, when the Divell (falsely) made them believe they sate secure; yea, when they least dream'd thereof on earth: Oh that the sight and remembrance of their punishments, may restraints and deterre us from conspiring and committing the like crimes! so shall wee live fortunate, and die happy; whereas they died miserably, because they lived impiously and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and shut up this History, and therein as I thinke to give some satisfaction to the curiosity of the Reader, who may perchance desire to know what became after of the faire and vertuous *Clara*. Why her sorrowes were so infinite, and her quality and nature so sorrowfull, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed downe with the incessant vanities, crosses and afflictions thereof: shee (notwithstanding the power and perswasions of her parents) assumes her former resolution, to retire and sequester her selfe from conversing with the world, and so enters into the Nunnery of the *Annuntiation* (so famous in *Millan*) where for ought I know, or can since understand to the contrary, shee yet lives a penfive and solitary Sister.

X 2

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vasselay poisoneth her waiting-maid Gratiana, because shee is jealous that her Husband **De Merlon** is dishonest with her; whereupon hee lives from her. In revenge whereof she causeth his man **La Villette** to murder him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The said **La Villette** a yeare after, riding thorow the same Wood, his horse falls with him, and almost kills him, when hee confesseth the murder of his Master **De Merlon**, and accuseth his wife **La Vasselay** to be the cause thereof: So for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and shee burnt alive.



Ow falsly, nay, how impiously doe we terme our selves *Christians*, when under that glorious and sanctified Title, wee seeke to prophane and deface the glory of *Christ*, in cruelly murdering our brethren his members; effects, not of Zeale but of Rage; not of Piety, but of madnesse, invented by the Divell, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents, lamentable effects; yea, I say, bloody and infernall crimes, which still ruine those who contrive, and confound those who finish them: For let us but looke from Earth to Heaven, from Satan to God, from Nature to Grace, and from our Hearts to our soules, and wee shall assuredly finde it very difficult for us to define, whether *Charity* be a sweeter Virtue, or *Malice* a fouler Vice; whether that be more secure, or this pernicious, fatall, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent testimony of Gods saving Grace towards us, or this of our owne inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious sinne, and displeasing sacrifice in the sight of God, for one stranger to kill another: O then, how much more execrable and diabolicall must it be, for a *Gentleman* to poison her waiting-maid, and for a servant to pistoll his Master to death, at the instigation of the same *Gentleman*, his wife, for murders, no lesse ingratefull and cruel, doth this subsequent History report and relate; wherein we shall see, that God in the triumphs

of his revenging Justice, and out of sacred providence, hath in all points made their punishments as sharpe and severe; as their crimes were bloody and deplorable: May wee then reade it to Gods glory, and our owne consolation, which wee shall assuredly performe if wee hate the like crimes in others, and detest them in our selves.

IN the faire and pleasant City of *Mans*, (being the chiefe and Capitall of the Province of *Maine* in *France*, in the very latter yeeres that the *Marshall of Boys-Dauphin* was Governour thereof, under the present King *Lewis XIII.* his Master there dwelt a *Gentlewoman*, (aged threescore and three yeeres) termed *La Vasselay*, being well descended, and left very rich, (as well in lands as moveables) by her late deceased husband *Monfieur Froyset*, who was slaine in the behalfe of the *Queen Mother*, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, assaulted and taken by the King her sonne. Now, although this old widow *La Vasselay* (in respect of her Age) was farre more fit to seeke God in the Church, than a new Husband in her bed; yet shee is weary of a single life, although it be not fully six moneths since shee hath buried her second husband; (for the Reader must understand, shee had formerly buried her first, at least five and twenty yeeres before, and is now againe resolved to take a third) and albeit shee knew that the civility of the widowes in *France* was such, that they seldome marry, but almost never within the terme of a whole yeere; yet her conceit and fancy thinkes it not onely lawfull, but fit to breake this too austere custome; and therefore she peremptorily resolves to live a wife, and not to die a widow. But this resolution of hers, were shee either in the *Summer* or the *Autumne* of her yeeres, had beene as excusable and praise-worthy, as now it favoured of undecency and inconstancy, sith shee was in the *Winter* thereof: For Age, despite of her *Youth*, and youthfull desires, had throwne snow on her head, and new died the colour of her haire from blacke to white; yea, shee was so farre from retaining any signes or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrowes of her face could not justly shew any ruines or demolitions thereof; and yet (forsooth) she will marry againe. Now her Birth and Wealth, rather than her Vertues and Personage, invite many old Widowers, and some rich *Gentlemen* and Counsellours of the famous *Presidiall Court* of that City to seeke her in marriage; and indeed, both for lands and money, none her inferiours; but all at least her equals, and some her betters: But in vaine, for the vanity of her thoughts suggests her, that either shee is too young for them, or they too old for her, and therefore shee will have none of them; yea, her lust seemes so youthfully to give a law to her age, and the lye to her yeeres, as she casts off her mourning attire, deckes her selfe up in gay apparell, powders her haire, paints her face, with a resolution (forsooth) to have no old *Donaud*, but a young *Gallant* to her Husband, as if therein shee wholly placed, not onely her content, but her felicity: But we many times see such irregular desires, and such incontinent designes, met with unexpected misery, and unthought of repentance.

Now during the time that the vaine carriage and deportment of this old Gentlewoman and widow, *La Vasselay*, made her selfe the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*; home comes a young Gentleman of this Countrey of *Maine*, termed *Monfieur de Merson*, from his travell in *Italy*, whose father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Monfieur De Mansfelle*, being a Gentleman well descended, and rich, and to whom *De Merson* was second sonne, who in a yeeres absence in *Italy*, being purposely sent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity, (which is the true essence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to serve his Prince and Countrey, as also to be a comfort to his age, and a second prop to his House and Lineage) he had made such poore and unprofitable use of his travells, as forgetting the obtaining of the language, and all generous exercises, perfections and qualities (so requisite and gracefull in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing so much, nay, in nothing else, but to passe his time with Curlians and Trumpers, especially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, where for their sakes and his lascivious pleasures, he built up the greater part of his *Requiescence*; where he so prodigally

prodigally spent and exceeded his fathers exhibition, as he returns into *France*, not laden with *Vertues* and *Experience*, but with *Vices* and *Debts*; being otherwise ignorant in all things which he should know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he should be ignorant. Onely to the end he might thereby set the better counterfeit tincture on himselfe, and false lustre on his *Endowments* and *Proficiencie*; hee superficially brought away, or rather borrowed some *Italian* Phrases and complements, which hee thought would not onely passe current with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but also draw them into admiration, as well of himselfe as them: When immediately upon his arrivall, that he might the better see and make himselfe scene of the world, hee flaunts it out in brave apparrell, both in *Lavall*, *Angiers*, and *Man*; Yea, there is scarce any great feast or marriage in all those parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purposely invites himselfe thereat, thereby to make himselfe the more conspicuous and apparant to the eyes of the world, especially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whose acquaintance and favour he not onely endeavours to initiate, but strives to ingraft himselfe: But his old father *Manfrelle*, judiciously observing the vaine behaviour, and light deportment and carriage of this his sonne, he exceedingly grieves thereat, because he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and discreet, as now hee finds him ignorant, and which is worse, debosht; sith he well knew that either of these two vices was enough sufficient and powerfull, not onely to ruine his reputation, but his fortunes.

Againe, to adde more sorrowes to his griefe, and more discontent to his sorrows, for the vanity and levity of this his sonne, every weeke, nay, almost every day, brings him in new bills of his debts; a third falling in upon the necke of first and second, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his estate, or at least his pleasure would permit him to pay, he takes his sonne *De Merson* aside, and very sharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities; vowes that he will neither sell nor mortgage his lands to discharge his foolish debts; and therefore he bids him looke to satisfie them, for that he is resolved not to see, much lesse to speake with any of his Creditours, how great or small soever the summes be he owes them. This cooling card of *Manfrelles* makes his sonne *De Merson*, not onely bite his lips for sorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation, yea, his folly doth so eclipse and overvaile his judgement herein, as in stead of making good use hereof, he takes a contrary resolution, and so resolves to embrace and follow the worst: for whereas he should have made his pride and prodigality strike saile, and now rather seeke to reintegrate himselfe into his fathers favours, than any way futurely attempt to incense or exasperate him against him, he onely taking counsell of his *Youth*, *Passions*, and *Choller*, (which as false and treacherous guides, most commonly lead us to misery and repentance:) againe precipitates and ingulphs himselfe afresh in new debts, both with his *Worser*, *Mercer*, and *Taylor*; and no longer able to digest his fathers checks and frownes, he very inconsiderately and rashly packes up his baggage, leaves his house, rides to *Man*; and there resolves to passe his time that Winter: partly hoping that his father will discharge his debts in his absence, but more especially to become acquainted with the beauties of that City, thereby to obtaine some rich young heire, or old widdow for his wife, whose estate and wealth might support his pride, and maintaine his excessive prodigality and voluptuousnesse: and indeed although the two former of these his hopes deceive him, yet he shall shortly finde and see, that the third and last will not.

Living thus in *Man*, the bravery of his apparell and equipage, the freenesse of his expences, his comely talke, personage, blacke beard, and sanguine complexion, makes him as soone acquainted and affected, as knowne of many Ladies and Gentlewomen, and farre the more, because they know his father *De Manfrelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Countrey of *Man*, and although he is not his heire, yet in regard he is his second son, as also a Traveller, he was the more honoured and respected of all those hee frequented: so that the very fame and name of *Monfieur de Merson* be-

gan to be already divulged and knowne in the City; yea, and because he was a great *Balladine*, or *Dancer*, there was no solemne assembly, either publike or private, but still *De Merfons* made one; and there was not a reputed beauty, or supposed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but such was his vanity, as hee soone wrought and insinuated himselfe into her acquaintance and familiarity, the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a small time, the wiser sort of the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the City found his wit and experience to come infinitely short of his brave apparrell; yet the more illiterate and ignorant of them, who esteeme all men by their lustre, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay apparrell, and the comelinesse of the body, before the exquisite endowments and perfections of the mind; they hold him in so high a repute and esteeme, as they thinke him to be the most absolute Gallant, not onely of *Mans*, but of all the Countrey of *Maine*; so easie it is to captivate the conceits and judgements of those who onely build their judgements, in their conceits, and not their conceits in judgement.

And of this rank and number was our old widow *La Vasselay*, who having many times heard of *De Merfons* fame, and comely personage, and seene him once at a Sermon, and twice at two severall Nuptiall feasts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers, she is so farre in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart, she wisheth she had given halfe her estate and dowry, conditionally that she were his wife, and he her husband; yea she is so ravished with the comelinesse of his feature, and the sweetnesse of his complexion and countenance, as all the world is not halfe so deare to her as *De Merfon*, nor any man whatsoever by many thousand degrees, so delicious to her eye, and pleasing to her heart and soule, as himselfe. And although shee be in the frozen Zone of her age, yet her intemperate lust makes her desires so youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reason and modesty, (that the best vertue of our soule, and this the chiefest ornament of our body) she a thousand times wisheth, that either *De Merfon* were impaled in her armes, or the incloystred in his.

But doting (yea I may well neere truly say) dying old Gentlewoman, is this a time for thee to thinke of a young husband, when one of thy old feete is, as it were, in thy grave; or being in thy *Clymactericall* yeere of threescore & three, art thou yet so fraughted with levity, & exempt of continencie, as thou wilt needs seeke to marry one of five and twenty? Foolish *La Vasselay*, if it be not now time, yea high time for thee to sacrifice thy desires to continency, when will it be, if ever be? Didst thou resolve to wed a husband neere of thine owne age, and so to end the remainder of thy daies with him in chaste and holy wedlocke, that resolution of thine were as excusable, as this in desiring so young a one, is worthy, not onely of blame, but of reprehension, and I may say, of pitty. Consider, consider with thy selfe, what a preposterous attempt and enterprize is this of thine, that when thou shouldest finish thy daies in devotion and prayer, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence and lust. O *La Vasselay*, mocke at those rebellions and trecherous pleasures of the flesh, which seeme to mocke at thee, yea to betray thee; and if there be yet any sparke of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age, why if thy chaste thoughts cannot yet let modesty, or at least piety extinguish them. God hath already given thee two husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy selfe to God? Hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy, and wilt thou now permit that the lust of thine age make thee unfortunate or peradventure miserable; and that the purity and candour of that be distained and polluted by the foulness and obscenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, of a grave Matron, become not a youthfull Giggler; or if thou wilt not suffer the eyes of thy body at least permit those of thy soule to looke from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow-white haire; who can informe and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for heaven than earth, sith those pleasures are transitory and these eternall for God, than a husband sith he onely can make thee blessed, whereas (to reward of thy lascivious lust) this peradventure may be reserved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewomans thoughts and desires, doe so violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young, and (as she immodestly tearms him) faire *De Merson*, as the onely consideration of her delight and pleasure, weighes downe all other respects; so that neither reason nor modesty, advice nor perswasion, can prevaile with her resolution, to divert her affection from him; but love him shee doth, and (which is repugnant, as well to the instinct of Nature, as to the influence of modesty, and rules of civility) seeke him for her husband she will; yea, she is already become so sottish in her affection, and so lasciviously fervent in her desires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her soule by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity, and this adores him as the onely content and glory of her life: she will not see the greatnesse of her owne estate and wealth, nor consider the smallnesse of his meanes and hopes, in that he is not an heire, but a second brother; she will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what those may be, what these are; she will not thinke what a preposterous disparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of discontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: she will not consider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that she thereby impoverisheth many, as well of her owne kindred, as of those of her two former husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more justly and properly belongs; and to conclude and shut up this point, she will not imagine or dreame, to how many laughters and scandals of the world she exposeth her selfe, who will not onely call her discretion, but her modesty in question, for matching with so young a Gentleman as *De Merson*; to whom for age, she may not onely well be mother, but (which is more) grandmother: But contrariwise, this foolish old Gentlewoman having sent her wits a wool-gathering on his sweet and comely personage; his youth and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, beate downe all other respects and considerations before them: yea, they so submerge her reason, and quite drown her discretion, as she hath no eyes unshut to see the one, nor eares unstopped to heare the other, so that if shee desire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is obserued) that she live to see *De Merson* her husband, and her selfe his wife: which to effect and accomplish, she knowes no better nor fitter Agent to employ herein, than one *Mounsier de Pruneau*, an ancient Counsellour, of the *Presidiall Court* of that City, who was the onely Counsellour both to her last husband and her selfe, and of whose discretion, integrity and fidelity, shee had all the reasons of the world to rest confident and assured.

Now although the *Wisdom* and *Experience* of *De Pruneau* suggested him what an extreme inequality there was betwixt *De Mersons* youth, and *La Vasselayes* age, which he could not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and harvest: and therefore how many afflictions and miseries were subject to attend and waite on such preposterous marriages, whereof he had formerly seene divers lamentable examples, and woefull instances, as well of men as women, who had suffered shipwrack upon that *Sylla*, and this *Charibdis*, he like an honest man, and indeed a truer friend to her than she was to her selfe, produceth some of the former alledged reasons to her consideration, thereby to divert the streame of her ill grounded affection from *De Merson*, and (in generall tearmes) to convey and conduct it to some elder personage, whose yeares (and therefore their dispositions and affections) might the better agree and sympathize. But when hee sees that her love to *De Merson* was so firmly and immoveably settled, as that it not onely appeared to him to be her griefe, but her torment to be any way crossed or contradicted therein: then he changeth his language, and because she will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her resolution, promising her his utmost power, and best endeavours speedily to effect and compass her desires, when taking leave each of other, at last *La Vasselay* remembering shee had forgotten something, calls him againe, and prayes him that if *De Merson* be inquisitive to know her direct age, that he substract away at least ten yeares thereof: so that where as she is sixty three, to affirme that shee is very little above fifty: whereunto shee her selfe

selfe blushing, *De Pruneau* not able likewise to refraine from smiling, promiseth her to be very mindfull thereof. To which end, hee (with the first conveniencie) finds out *De Merson*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madamoyelle La Vasselay*, for her affection to him, layes before him the Nobility of her descent and blood, the greatnesse of her Estate and meanes, as also the excellencie of her vertues; that fifty yeeres is the most of her age, and that shee is not by farre so old, as pleasing and lovely; that she affects him above all the men in the world, yea, and desires no man of the world for her husband but himselfe; and that when hee pleaseth, shee desires the honour of his company to her house, with many other intimations and insinuations conducing that way.

De Merson having formerly understood of *La Vasselayes* rich Estate and Dowrie, as also of the truth of her age, he likes the first well, and although hee distaste, yet he will dissemble the second. he thankes *De Pruneau* for his paines, and *La Vasselay* for her love toward him; promiseth to requite the first, and if her wealth and vertues correspond with his relation to deserve the second; alleaging further, that although there bee a great inequality in their age, yet sith he is no heire but a second brother, that it is rather likely than impossible for it to bee a match betwixt them; and in the meane time to require part of her affection, hee promiseth to Suppe with her the night following at her house, where hee onely desires his company and assistance, that they may the more effectually and secretly consult of this businesse, which hee hopes will so much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good; and so for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received his pleasing and discret answere from *De Merson*, hee returnes with the relation, and repetition thereof to *La Vasselay*, vowes that his exterior feature is no way answerable, but comes farre short of his interiour Vertues and discretion; and that by all which he eyther can collect from his speeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, hee is in his conceit the most accomplished Gentleman, not onely of *Maine*, but of *France*; and so bids her prepare her Supper, and her selfe to entertaine him the next night. Which answere of *De Mersons*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is so pleasing to her heart and thoughts, as her age seemes to bee already ravished with joy at the conceit of his youth: when thinking every minute a moneth, and every houre a yeare, before she be made happy, and her house blessed with his presence, shee leaves no cost unspared, or unspent, to make his entertainment answerable to his welcome: whereof whiles she is not onely carefull, but curious in providing, let us cursorily speake a word or two how *De Merson* entertaines and digesteth this unexpected motion and affection of *La Vasselay*.

He laughs in his sleeve to see her youthfull affections so flourishing in this *Autumne*, nay, in this *Winter* of her age, as to desire and seeke so young a Gentleman as himselfe for her husband, but hee understands shee is exceeding rich, and therefore resolves that this vertue is capable to overvalue and ransom that defect and error of hers. He sees that his father will not pay his debts, and that he of himselfe cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will shortly become scandalous: which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruine his fortunes. Hee considereth how displeasing her age will be to his youth, as also that there is no hell comparable to that of a discontented bed, and then againe, his debosh and lustfull thoughts, suggest him this remedy: That *Mans* hath beauties enough for him to recreate himselfe, and to passe his time with; and that although she have him sometimes in her bed, yet he may have younger Lasses and Ladies in his armes, both when, and where he pleaseth. He considereth that rich widowes are not so soone found as sought, nor so soone obtained as found; and that if he refuse *La Vasselay* this day, hee may not onely repent it to morrow, but perchance all the daies of his life; and although his will may, his power shall not be able to repaire or redresse this error of his, all his life after. He is not ignorant that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth are subject to be as soone lost as wonne in a humour: and therefore then lost, because not then

then wonne. Againe that the elder she is, the sooner she will die, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaseth, and that her wealth would then prove a true prop, and sweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finish this consultation of his, she is without children to molest and trouble him, and therefore to be desired, she is virtuous, discreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deserves to be accepted and not refused.

Upon the grounds of which reasons and considerations, he makes good his promise to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to visite, and suppe with *La Vasselay*; who having purposely deckt her selfe up in her youthfull and gayest apparrell; receives him, with all demonstrations of affection and joy. At his first arrivall hee affords her two or three kisses; whereat shee infinitely both rejoyceth and triumpheth: and in a word, he findes that his welcome not onely exceeds his deserts, but his expectations; and believe mee it was worth the observation, to see how superficially his youth looked on her age, and how artificially and lustfully her age gazed on his youth. Now, by this time supper is served in, where in her affection was againe discovered him in the curiosity and bounty thereof. Where *De Pruneau* to give life to their mirth, tels them both, that hee hopes this their first meeting and interview will produce effects answerable to both their contents and desires; Whereat *De Merson* cannot refrain from blushing, nor *La Vasselay* from smiling: They are all very pleasant and incond at table, and she to give the better edge and relish to his affection, strives to seeme farre younger then indeed she is, and then he knows her to be; yea, she doth so cunningly entermixe and disperse youthfull speeches amidst her aged gravity, as if shee were not old, or at least, newly made young. Now whiles she feasted her eyes on his fresh countenance and faire complexion, he sends his abroad to looke on her plate, rich hangings, & household-stuffe, wherewith he saw her house was richly and plentifully furnished: Supper ended, & the cloth taken away, they are no sooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talke. *De Merson* kindly and familiarly taking his new old *Mistress* in his *Armes*, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her beyond her selfe, both merry and joyfull. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what speeches & complements here past betwixt them; because in this, and my future Histories I will follow the same method of brevity which I have proposed & observed in my former. Let then his inquisitive curiosity understand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this first time: and *De Merson* although he were a debosht *Gentlemen*, yet he is not so simple to omit, but rather so well advised to prie into the true depth, and naked truth of her estate; and the rather, for that he hath knowne many *Gentlemen* who have beene fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one widdow have match't themselves to two thieves, and credulously thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very begger: Whereupon he takes three daies respite to resolve, and so with some kisses and many thanks for her affection, and her kind entertainment and great cheere, hee for that night takes his leave of her, whose faire carriage and discreet resolution in temporizing, *La Vasselay* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves: So *De Merson* having spent the first and second day in surveying the writings of her Dowry, the Leases of her Lands and houses, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her estate to answer his expectation and her report, and that she is really worth in land, six thousand Frankes yearly, and her moveables worth at least 18 thousand more, he the third day publicly contracts himselfe to her; and having advertised his father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the widow, within 8 daies after privately marries her, which administred cause of speech and wonder in & about *Manis*: some blaming her of indiscretion & levity, to match so young a *Gentleman*, others taxing him of folly to marry so old a widdow, some extolling and applauding his judgement, in enriching himselfe with so great an estate, which would not only deface his debts, secure his youth and age from the storms of want, and the tempests of necessity, but also in the one and the other maintain him richly, prosperously, and gallantly. And others againe believing

beleeving, and presaging, that this their great inequality and disparity of yeeres, would either of the one side or other, or both, produce many discontents and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joyes and prosperities. Thus every one speaks differently of this preposterous match, according as their passions and fancies dictate them: but which of all these opinions and judgements speakes truest, we shall not goe far to understand and know.

Wee have seene the consummation of this marriage, *Youth* wedded to *Age*; *May* to *December*, and young *De Merson* to old *La Vasselay*; in which contract and nuptials, either of them are so vaine, and both so irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleasures of their bodies, they have not therein so much as once thought of their soules, or of Heaven: Yea, *God* is not so much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of marriages are onely two; *Gods glory*, and the propagation of children; and because they cannot hope for the second, must they therefore needs be so impious, as to forget the first? *Aye me*, if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retaine no more goodnesse; or how can they flatter themselves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can possibly prosper, when onely her aime and end therein is lust and his wealth? If a building can subsist and flourish, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may prosper, otherwise cannot: for what more rotten, than the beastly pleasures of her lustfull, and yet decayed age, and what more reeling and fickle, than the constant inconstancy of his lascivious youth? which make my thoughts justly feare, and my heart truly presage and apprehend: that repentance, not pleasure; affliction, not joy; misery, not prosperity, is at the heeles to attend and follow these their Nuptials: As marke wee the sequell, and it will briefly informe us how.

De Merson hath not beene married two whole moneths to *La Vasselay*, but he begins to repent himselfe that ever hee matched her, for hee now sees, though before hee would not, that it is impossible for youth to fadge and sympathise with her age, hee sees that she hath a discrepitt, sickely and decayed body, and that shee is never free of the Cough and Rheume, as also of an issue in her left arme, which is not onely displeasing, but loathsome to him. Yea, when she hath taken off her ruffe and head attire, and dighted her selfe in her night habiliments, then he vowes hee is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred cap and waste-coate; and takes her withered face for a *Vizard*, or a *Commet*, which yeelds no delight but terrour, to his eyes, swearing that he serves onely for a bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it selfe is farre colder than a *Marble Statue*: Yea, hee is so farre out of love with her, because, to write the truth, hee never truly loved her, that her sight is a plague to him, her presence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very Hell.

But deboshed and dissolute *Gentleman*, these vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediatly from *Hell & Satan*, and are no way infused in thy thoughts by *Heaven* much lesse inspired in thy heart by *God*: Consider, consider with thy selfe; that if *La Vasselay* be old, yet she is now thy wife, and that whatsoever *De Pranceau* or her selfe informed thee of fiftie yeeres, yet thou knowest shee could not be lesse than sixtie three, and more shee is not. In which regard marriage (the holy Institution of *Heaven*) having now made you of two, one; if thou wilt not love her age, at least thou shouldest reverence it; or if thou canst not affect her, thou shouldest not hate her. Hath she imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is she pestred with diseases, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou hast vowed in the Temple of the Lord, and in the presence of him and his people, not onely to love, but to honour her; and is thy inconstancy and impiety already such, as forgetting that promise and vow of thine, thou dost now not onely dishonour, but despise and contemne her; and that thou onely madest that vow purposely to breake it: O *De merson*, if thou art not capable of Counsell, yet doe but believe the truth, and thou wilt finde, that if thou wilt not love her, because she is too old to be thy wife; yet thou shouldest respect and regard her, because she is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence

Age; so it is impiety to disdain and maligne it: and if in any man towards a meere stranger, how much more a husband to his owne wife? And because it is easier to espie our wives imperfections, than to finde out, or reforme our owne; if thy wife *La Vasselay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is because she loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearly.

Wee have seene *De Mersons* distaste of his wife *La Vasselay*: Let us now see how shee likes, or rather why she soone dislikes him: for hee beares himselfe so strangely, and withall, so unkindly towards her; as her desires of his youth comes farre short both of her expectation and hopes: for if helle with her one night, he wanteth sixe from her; is still abroad, and seldome or never at home with her; yea, hee is of such a gadding humour, and ranging disposition; as his thoughts and delights are transported elsewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with her selfe; and the vanity of his pleasures doe so farre surprize and captivate him, that hee is already become so vitious, as hee makes day his night, and night his day, living rather like a voluptuous Epicure, than a temperate or Civill Christian: Neither, quoth shee, is it jealousy but truth which makes her prie so narrowly into so lewd and lascivious actions, wherein the further she wades, the more cause she finds both of grieve and vexation; which makes her wish, shee had beene blind when shee first saw him; and either he or her selfe in Heaven, when they so unfortunately marryed each other here upon Earth.

How now fond and foolish old *Gentlewoman*, are thy joyes so soone converted into sorrows, and thy triumphs into teares? why, thou hast just cause to thanke none but thy selfe, for these thy crosses and afflictions; sith thy lustfull and lascivious desires were not onely the authour, but the procurer of them: for hadst thou beene more modest, and lesse wanton, thou mightest have apparantly seene, and providently foreseene, that *De Mersons* youth was too young for thy age, because thy age was too old for his youth; so that hadst thou beene then but halfe so stayed and wise, as now thou art sorrowfull, thou needst not now grieve for that which thou canst not redresse, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But rash and inconsiderate woman, how comes this to passe, that thou art ready to entertaine jealousy, when death stands ready to entertaine thee? Could all the course of thy former youth bee so happy, not to bee acquainted with this vice, and doth now thy frozen age thinke it a vertue to admit and imbrace it? Ay me, I grieve to see thy folly, and lament to understand thy madnesse in this kind: for what is jealousy, but the rage of our thoughts, and braines, the disturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happinesse, the traitour to our judgement and understanding, the plague of our life, the poyson of our hearts, and the very bane and Canker of our soules? Jealousie, why, it is the daughter of frenzie, and the mother of madnesse, it is a vice purposely sent from hell, to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not; yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it bee more easie to admit, or difficult to expell, being admitted. But *La Vasselay*, expell it thou must, at least, if thou thinke to live fortunate, and not to die miserable. Wert thou as young as aged, thy jealousy might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now not deserving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wise and happy, who winke at the youthfull escapes of their husbands; so thy jealousy makes thee both meritorious, & guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espie, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is *De Merson* given and addicted to other women? why pardon him, because hee is a young man: and as hee is thy husband, and thou his wife, believe that hee is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envie.

Thus wee see upon what fatall and ominous termes these late married couple now stand; *De Mersons* youth scorning and spurning at his wife *La Vasselayes* age, and wholly addicting himselfe to others; and her age growing infinitely jealous of his youth: so

that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deepe and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not onely the shipwracke of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to finde out the particular object of *La Vasselayes* jealousy, as her foolish curiosity hath already the generall cause, we must know, that shee hath a very proper young *Gentlewoman* who attends her, of some eightene yeeres of age, tearmed *Gratiana*, of a middle stature, somewhat enclining to fatnesse, having a fresh sanguine complexion, and bright flaxen haire, shee being indeed every way exceeding lovely and faire; and with this *Gratiana*, she feares her husband is more familiar than either modesty or chastity can permit; and yet shee hath onely two poore reasons for this, her credulity and jealousy, and God knowes they are poore and weake ones indeed: The first is, that she thinks her owne withered face serves onely but as a foyle, to make *Gratiana's* fresh beauty seeme the more pretious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that she once saw him kisse her in her presence in the garden, when she brought him a handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and triviall reasons, for her to build her feare, or erect her jealousy on, or to invent and raise so foule a scandall and calumny; and yet not to suppress, but to report the whole truth, *De Merson* was lasciviously in love with *Gratiana*, had often attempted her deflouration, but could never obtaine her consent thereunto: for shee was as chaste as faire, and impregnable either to be seduced by his gifts and presents, or to be vanquished and wonne by his trecherous promises, protestations, and oathes: for shee told him plainly and peremptorily, when she saw him begin to grow importunate, and impudent in this his folly, That although she were but a poore *Gentlemans* daughter, yet shee thanked God, that her parents had so vertuously train'd her up in the Schoole of Honour, that shee would rather die, than live to be a strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the world: which chaste answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lascivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her, and vowed, that hee would both respect and honour her as his sister. Now although they both kept the passage of this businesse secret from his wife her Mistris, yet notwithstanding, as it is the nature of jealousy, not to hearken to any reason, nor approve of any beliefe but of her owne: therefore she is confident, that he lies with *Gratiana* more oftner than with her selfe; which she vowes shee cannot digest, and will no longer tolerate. To which end, (with a most malicious, and strange kinde of treachery) shee makes faire weather with *Gratiana*; and (thinking to coole her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day stedfastly in her face, she tels her that she hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Fever: whereunto, although chaste and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, she notwithstanding willingly consents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vasselay* (like a base Mistris, and a treacherous stepdame) sends for an Apothecary, named *Rennce*, gives him a watchword, in his eare, to draw at least sixteene ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that she was strongly entred into a burning Fever: But he being as honest as she was treacherous and cruell, told her, that the drawing of so great a quantity of blood from her, might not onely impair her health, but endanger her life. But she replies, it was so ordered by a *Doctor*: whereupon he opens her right arme veyne; and as he had neede drawn so much from this poore harmlesse yong Gentlewoman, she faints twice in a chaire betwixt their arme, & all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refetch her, and keep life in her: this old hard-harted hag still notwithstanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reason for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed she thought it not enough, or sufficient to quench the unquenchable thirst and flame of her jealousy: of which this is the first effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman, but we shall not goe farre to see a second. *Gratiana* is so farre from dreaming of her Mistris jealousy towards her Master, and her selfe; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as she thanks her

her, for her affection and care of her health: and now the very next day after *De Merfou* dying at home with his old wife, (which he had not done in many daies before) and seeing *Gratiana* looks so white and pale, demands her if she be not well, and then questioneth his wife what ayles her Gentlewoman to looke so ill, which shee seemes to put off with a feigned excuse: but withall (as if this care of her husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their dishonesty, and her jealousy) she retaines the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts: yea, it is so frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as shee cannot; shee will not any longer suffer or endure this affection of her husband to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana's* youth shall wrong *La Vasselay's* age in the rites and duties of marriage. Wherefore casting sad aspects on him, and malignant looks on her, she to please and give satisfaction to her jealousy (which cannot be pleased or satisfied with any thing but revenge) resolves to make her know what it is, for a waiting maid to offend and wrong her mistress in this kind: when not to diminish, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her. Her husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves which abound in those vast and spacious woods of *Maine*: she under pretence of some other business; calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner chamber, when bolting the doore after her, she with meager and pale envie in her lookes, and implacable fury and choller in her speeches, chargeth her of dishonesty with her husband; calling her whore, strumpet, and baggage: affirming that the time and houre is now come for her to bee revenged of her. Poore *Gratiana* both amazed and affrighted at this suddon and furious (both unexpected and undefiled alarm of her Mistress, seeing her honour, and (as shee thinkes and feares) her life called in question; she after a world of sighes and teares, tearmes her accusers devils and witches, swoves by her part in heaven, and upon the perill of her owne soule, that she is innocent of that crime whereof she accused her, and that neither in deed or thought, she was ever dishonest or unchast with any man of the world, much lesse with her Master: But this will not satisfie incensed *La Vasselay*, neither are these speeches or teares of *Gratiana* of power to passe current with her jealousy; but reputing them false and counterfeit, shee calls in her chamber-maid, and cooke-maid, when shee had purposely led there, and bids them unstrip *Gratiana* naked to her waste, and to bind her hand and foote to the bed post, which with much repining and pittie, they are at last enforced doe. When commanding them forth the chamber and bolting the doore after them, shee not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poore innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great butchen rod, doth not only raze but scarifie her armes, backe and shoulders: when harmeless soule, she (though in vaine) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cries aloud to heaven and earth for succour. But this old hag as full of malice as jealousy, hath no compassion of her cries, or pittie of her sighes: yea, neither the sight of her teares or blood, (which trickling downe her cheekes and shoulders, doth both bedew and ingratiate her smocke) are of power to appease her fury and envy, untill having spent three rods, and tyred and wearied both her armes, she in the heat of her choller, and the height of her revenge, delivers her these bitter and scoffing words: *Minion, this, this is the way, yea the only way to coole the heats of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust*; When calling in her two maids, shee commands them to unbind *Gratiana*, and to helpe on her clothes. When triumphing in her cruelty, shee furiously departs and leaves them; who cannot refraine from teares, to see how severely and cruelly their Mistress had handled this her poore Gentlewoman.

Gratiana the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruell wrongs, holds it discretion to defende them, and so providing her selfe secretly of a horse and man, she the next night steals away, rides to *La Ferté*, and from thence to her father at *Nogent le Roy*, where hee was Superintendant of the Prince of Condé house and Castle in that Towne; and where the Prince's Dowager his mother built up the greatest part of her sorrowfull Residence, where shee whilst shee was detained prisoner in the Castle of *Bois de Vincennes*, never durst. As by this you see at this her sudden, and unexpected departure

ture, the which she feares her husband *De Merson*, and her father *Monsieur de Brema*, will take in ill part; wherein shee is no way deceived, for the one grieves, and the other stormes thereat: yea, when *De Merson* (through flattery and threats) had drawne from the Chamber-maid and Cooke-maid, the truth of his wives cruell whipping of *Gratiana*, as also the cause thereof, her jealousy: He justly incensed and enraged, flies to this his sottish and cruell wife, tels her, that jealousy comes from the devill, whose part he affirms she hath acted, in acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, then whom their lives not a chaster maid in the world, That although she were poore, yet, that she was as well descended as herselfe. In which regard, if she did not speedily right and redeeme her wrongs, and seeke means to pacifie & recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forsake her: which cooling-card of his to his wife, makes her looke on her former erroneous cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward grieve, than inward repentance. But seeing that her jealousy must now stoop and strike saile to her husbands *Choller*, and that to enjoy his company, shee must not be exempted and deprived of hers: she contrary to her desire and will, (which still retaines the fumes and flames of jealousy as that doth of revenge) is inforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so to beare up with the time, feigning herselfe repentant and sorrowfull for what she had formerly done to *Gratiana*: shee to reclaime her, buyes her so much wrought blacke Taffety for a Gowne, and so much Crimson Damaske for a Petticoate; and with a bracelet of Pearle which she accustomed to weare upon her right arme; she sends it to *Nogent* to her by *La Vilotte*, a Gentleman of her husbands; and accompanieth it with a letter to her father, *Monsieur de Brema*, which contained these words:

LA VASSELLAY TO DE BREMAY.

HAVING vindicated Truth from Error, and metamorphosed Jealousie into Judgement, I finde that I have wronged thy daughter *Gratiana*, whereat I grieve, with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, sith my husbands vower and oathes have fully cleared her Honour and Chastity, which my foolish incredulity and feare, rashly attempted, both to eclips and disparage: In which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy selfe to forget that wrong; I earnestly desire her speedy returne by this bearer, and ye both shall see, that I never formerly hated her so much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her: I have now sent her some small tokens of my affection, and ere long she shall finde greater effects and testimonies thereof for knowing her to be as chaste as faire; In this *De Brema* I request thee to rest confident, that as shee is now thy daughter by Nature, so she shall be henceforth mine by adoption.

LA VASSELLAY.

De Brema having received this Letter, and his daughter *Gratiana* these kind tokens from her Mistris *La Vassellay*: his choller, and her grieve and sorrow is shone defaced and blowne away: so he well satisfied, and she content and pleased, he sends her backe from *Nogent* to *Mans* by *La Villette*, by whom hee writes this ensuing Letter to his Mistris *La Vassellay* in answer of hers.

DE BREMAY TO LA VASSELLAY.

THy Letter hath given me so much content and satisfaction, as thy undeserved cruelty to my daughter *Gratiana* did grieve and indignation. And had shee beene guilty of that crime, whereof thy feare made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my daughter, and deprived her of my sight: for as her Vertues are her best wealth, and her Honour her chiefest revenue: so if she had failed in those, as failed in this, I should then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I doe now to love her. But her Teares and Oathes have cleared her innocency, and in hers, thy husbands. In which regard, relying upon her own merits, and thy professed kindness, shee forgetting, & I forgiving things past, I now returne her thee by thy servant *La Villette*, hoping

hoping that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted Daughter, yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and obedient handmaid,

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's hopes, and her fathers credulity of *La Vaſſelay's* future affection towards her, as alſo her gifts and promiſſes; ſo farre prevaile with them, as ſhee is now returned to her, From *Nogent* to *Mans*; But I feare ſhe had done farre better to have ſtill remained with her father; for ſhee might conſider, and he know, what little ſafety, and apparant danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incenſed jealousie: *La Vaſſelay* (in all outward ſhew) receiveth and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expreſſions of love, and demonſtrations of joy, thereby to pleaſe her husband; who indeed likes ſo well of her returne, as he likes his wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to humane conceit and ſenſe, all three parties are reconciled and ſatisfied; as if *La Vaſſelay's* Jealouſie had never heretofore offended her husband; nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*: Or as if he had never knowne the one nor ſhe felt the other. But wee ſhall not goe farre to ſee this calme overtaken with a tempeſt, and this Sunſhine ſurprized with a diſmall and diſaſtrous ſhower.

For three moneths were not fully expired, ſince *Gratiana's* returne to *Mans*; but *La Vaſſelay's* old jealouſie of her, and her husband *De Merſon*, which ſeemed to bee ſuppreſſed and extinguiſhed, doth now flaſh and flame forth anew with more violence and impetuofity; yea, hee cannot looke on *Gratiana*, much leſſe to ſpeake to her, but preſently this old jealous Beldame in her heart and thoughts, proclaimeth them guilty of Adultery: whereat ſhee indifferently ſuffers her ſelfe to bee ſo farre transported with Indignation and Envy, as ſhe vowes ſhee will no longer tolerate or digeſt it. And now it is that like a fury of hell ſhe firſt aſſumes damnable and execrable reſolutions, not only againſt the Innocency, but againſt the life of innocent and harmeleſſe *Gratiana*; who poore ſoule is the neerer her danger, in reſpect ſhe holds her ſelfe fartheſt from it; yea, this jealous old Hag, this Fury, nay, this ſhe-Deville *La Vaſſelay*, hath not onely conſulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that ſhee will ſpeedily ſend *Gratiana* into another world; becauſe her youth ſhall no longer abuſe and wrong her age in this. When forgetting her ſelfe, her ſoule, and her God, thereby purpoſely to pleaſe her ſenſes, her jealouſie, and her Tutor the Devill, ſhe vowes, that no reſpect of Reason or Religion, no conſideration of Heaven or Hell, ſhall be capable to divert her from diſpatching her: yea, and as if ſhe not onely rejoyced, but glorified in this her pernitious and bloody deſigne, ſhe thinks every houre a yeare before ſhe hath performed it: To which end, providing her ſelfe of ſtrong poyſon; and watching, and catching at the very firſt opportunity, as ſoone as ever *Gratiana* found herſelfe not well, ſhee under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her ſome white broth, wherein infuſing and intermixing the aforeſaid poyſon, ſhe (graceleſſy and cruelly) gives it her, the which within ſix daies fainting and languiſhing, makes a perpetuall divorce and ſeparation betwixt her ſoule and her body, leaving this to deſcend to earth; and that to aſcend to heaven, to draw downe vengeance to this helliſh and execrable *La Vaſſelay*, for ſo inhumanly and cruelly murdering this her harmeleſſe and innocent waiting Gentlewoman *Gratiana*.

De Merſon underſtanding of *Gratiana's* death, almoſt as ſoone as of her ſickeſſe, hee very ſorrowfully bites the lip thereat: for conſidering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts ſuggeſt him, and his heart and ſoule prompts him, that his wife *La Vaſſelay* had undoubtedly occaſioned her death, and ſo metamorphoſed her jealouſie into murder; yea, and norwithſtanding the faire and ſorrowfull ſhew which ſhee puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premies conſidered, he is very confident in this his beliefe and feare: when grieving at the cruelty of this diſaſter, and abhorring the authour of ſo monſtrous and bloody a fact; the very ſight of this his old wretched wife is odious, and

the remembrance of this her cruell crime, detestable and execrable unto him. Againe, when he considereth *Gratiana's* beauty and chastity, and that shee was sent to her untimely grave for his sake, this doth not onely redouble his sorrows, but infinitely augment and increase his afflictions: so that beginning to feare his wives envy, as much as he hated her jealousie, in that it was not onely possible, but likely, that it might also futurely extend, and reflect on him, as well as it already had on harmelesse and innocent *Gratiana*, he assumes a resolution to leave and forsake her, the which we shall shortly see him put in execution; when the better to curb and vex her, he secretly packes up all her Bills, Bonds, Leases, and Conveyances, as also, all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richest Householdstuffe; and so giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any rent, he allowing her onely a bare maintenance, very suddenly (when she least expected or dreamt thereof) takes horse and rides home to his fathers, where he resolves to make the greatest part of his residence; and all the teares and prayers of his wife, are not of power to reclaime or retaine him.

La Vasselay seeing the unkindnesse of her husband *De Merfon*, in making her a widdow, almost as soone as a wife; as also his ingratitude, in depriving her of the use and fruition of her owne estate and meanes, and leaving her to poore allowance, as could scarce warrant her a competent maintenance, she is almost ready to die for meere griefe and sorrow thereof, but how to remedy it shee knowes not: And now shee repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged selfe to so young a man as *De Merfon*: now shee doth not onely accuse, but condemne her owne jealousie, which drew her to this foule fact of murdering her harmelesse, and as shee now believes, her innocent Wayting-maid *Gratiana*; for which, this ingratefull departure, and hard usage of her husband, is but the least, and as shee tearmes it, but the forerunner of greater punishments, which God hath ordained and reserved for her: yea, it is not onely a griefe to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and soule, to see her selfe made the mockingstocke and laughter of all *Mans* and *Maine*, who rather excuse her husbands youth, then any way pittie or commiserate her age; and to see that the friends of her prosperity turne their backes and faces to her, in her affliction and poverty: and if she have any hope yet left, to assist and comfort her in these her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaime her husband to her by Letters: when taking pen and paper, she within a month of his departure sends him these few lines:

LA VASSELAY TO DE MERSON.

Since at thy request I both recanted my Jealousie to thy selfe, and repented my cruelty to my Maid *Gratiana*, what have I committed or done, that should deserve this thy ingratefull, and as I may truly say, Heart-killing departure? for having made a most exact Scrutiny in my thoughts and soule; either of them informe me, and both assure me, that the freenesse and fervency of my affection, towards thee, deserved not so cruell but a farre more courteous requitall. If my Age be any way displeasing to thy youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy sight and presence, wherein I not onely delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou surfeit with my wealth, yet make me not so miserable, as to starve both in and for thy presence. If any have given thee any sinister or false impressions, either of my selfe or actions; why if thy affection to me will not deface them, at least let thy pity: Tea, returne my sweet and deare Husband, and what errors or faults soever thou saiest I have committed, I will not onely redeeme them with kisses, but with teares.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merfon having received this his wives Letter, it workes such poore effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce then commiserate her estate and sorrowes; yea, he so sleights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have answered her Letter with silence; but at last he (some eight daies after) returnes her this answer:

DE MERSON TO LA VASSELAY.

WHat hope can I have of thy Affection, when I see thou art inviolably constant to thy Jealousie, and if the Scrutiny of thy thoughts and soule be as true as thou pretendest, yet I feare, that this Jealousie of thine, is not the greatest, but the least of thy crimes. Thou writest to mee, that I give a cruell requitall to thy affection, but pray God, thou have not given a more sharpe and inhumane one to Gratiana's service and Chastity: Neither is it thy Age, but thy Imperfections and Vices, which are both displeasing and odious to my youth: for I could brooke that with as much patience, as I can digest these with impossibilities. If thou wantest means, I will grant thee more; but for my presence, I have many reasons to deny thee. I know none but thy selfe, which hath given mee any impressions of thy actions; and if those were false, they would prove thy true happinesse, as now they doe thy misery, which, my affection doth pity, though cannot redresse it. It is but in vaine for thee, either to expect or hope for my returne; and sith thy faults and errors are best knowne to thy selfe, let thy repentance redeeme them towards God: for neither thy kisses nor teares, can or shall to mee.

DE MERSON.

This Letter of De Merson to his wife La Vasselay, is so farre from comforting, as it doth extremely afflict her: And although his discontents be such, as she sees it almost impossible to reconcile and reclaime him; yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her solitary and discontented life, she yet hopes, that a second Letter may obtaine that of him, which her selfe could not: when sixe moneths time being now slipt away since his departure, shee faigning her selfe sicke, writes unto him againe to this effect.

LA VASSELAY TO DE MERSON.

THy absence hath so deprived my joyes, and ingendred my sorrowes, that sicknesse threatens my life to be neere her period: So among a world of discontentments, let mee yet beare this one Content, to my grave, that I may once more see thee, whom so tenderly I both desire, and long to see: and if I cannot be so happy as to live, at the least make me so fortunate, as to die in thine Armes; which I know not whether it be a greater Charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny mee this request of mine: For my deare De Merson, if thou wilt not be pleased to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember that I am thy wife; and withall that as I desire thy returne, so that I have not deserved thy departure: But if thou wilt still be inexorable to my requests, these Lines of mine, which I write thee, rather with Teares than Inke, shall beare witnesse betwixt thy selfe and me, of my Kindnesse, of thy Cruelty, and how my Life sought thy Affection, though my Death could neither finde, nor obtaine it.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson reads this Letter with laughter; yea, he is so insensible of her Lines, Requests and Teares, as if another had sent him newes of her death, as she her selfe did of her sicknesse, it had beene far more pleasing, and better welcome to him. But thinking how to gall her to the quicke, to the end hee might henceforth save her the labour to write him any more Letters, and himselfe to receive and peruse them, hee returnes her this sharpe and bitter answer:

DE MERSON TO LA VASSELAY.

IT is thy Error, not my Absence, which hath exchanged thy Joyes into Sorrowes; and if thy life draw neere her period, they cannot be furre from theirs: My sight is a poore content for thee to beare to thy grave, sith as a Christian, thou shouldest delight to see none but thy Saviour, nor

be Ambitious to live in any armes but his; and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy Husband I grant, and that thou art my Wife I not deny: But yet I feare thy heart knowes, though thy Pen affirms the contrary, that I have farre more reason for my departure, than thou to desire my returne: And if thou wilt yet know more, if the place wherewith thou writest thy Letter be Teares, pray God thou dost not bedew Gratiana's winding-sheet, and Coffin, both with her Teares and blood: for hadst thou not been cruelly, yea, inhumane to her, I would never have been unkind to thee: And so conclude I live us happy, as I feare her death will make thee die miserable.

DE MERSON.

The receit and perusall of this Letter, doth not onely grieve, but afflict and torment *La Vasselay*: for the very remembrance of *De Merson* his suspicion and apprehension that she had a hand in the death of *Gratiana*, doth, as it were, pierce her heart, as well with feare as sorrow: For as her poverty lay before at his mercy, so now she knowes doth her life; and that sith he will not love her, hee may chance to maligne and hate her, as to reveale it. Whereupon, to secure her selfe, and to warrant the safety of her life, she soone exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealousie into envie towards him; yea, her enraged and incensed thoughts, ingender and imprint such bloody designs of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the feare and grace of God, she impiously concludes a match with the Divell, to dispatch and murther him; and from which bloody & damnable designe, no regard of God or her soule, nor respect of Heaven or Hell, can, or shall divert her: when overpassing a small parcel of time, wherein she ruminates and pondered, how she should send him from this life to another; at last her malicious curiosity makes her thoughts fall on *La Villette*, being his Gentleman, who still followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and instrument to finish this bloody business, which so much imported her content and safety, grounding her reasons upon the greatnesse of his heart and mind, and the weaknesse of his purse and means; as if poverty were a sufficient cause and privilege to commit so treacherous and bloody a fact: When knowing him to be then in *Mans*, receiving up his Masters Rents, she sends for him; to whom (the doore bolted) she tells him she is to request his secrecy in a business which infinitely tends to his good. He promiseth it her: but she will have him swear thereunto, which he doth; when with sighs and teares making a bitter invective, and recapitulation of her Husband, his Masters undeserved indignity and cruelty towards her; she then and there, makes a proposition to him, to murther him for her; and that she will give him a thousand crownes to effect it. *La Villette* seeing the greatnesse of the danger in that of the crime, seemes not onely discontented, but amazed hereat: for although he love gold well, yet he will not purchase it at so deare a rate, and base and damnable a price, as that of his Masters blood: when seeing she could not prevaile, she againe puts him in minde of his oath to secrecy; which hee againe vows never to infringe or violate; and withall, like a good servant, seekes to dissuade and divert her from such bloody thoughts and attempts. Had *La Villette* remained in the purity and candeur of this his Religious and Christian Resolution, not to imbrue or distain his hands in the innocent blood of his Master, it would have made him as happy, as we shall shortly see him miserable in attempting and executing the contrary: for as a propension and resolution to *Vertue*, breeds not onely Honour, but safety; so the contrary effects thereof produce not only shame, but misery. To foresee sin, is a pious wisdom; but to prevent and elchew it, is alwaies a most wise and blessed piety.

And whereas time should rather decreafe than increafe, and rather root out, than plant Malice in our thoughts, and Envy in our resolutions, yet directly contrary, that of *La Vasselay* to her husband *De Merson*, doth not die, but live, will not fade, but flourish: for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* againe in *Mans*, her malice unto her husband is so inveterate & implacable, as she againe sends for him to her house, where (in great secrecy and intended affection) she tells him that if he will murther his Master,

Master,

Master, she within six moneths will marry him in requitall, and not only live his faithfull wife, but die his obedient and constant hand-maid. Now, although her first proffer of a thousand crownes could not procure of *La Villette*, these her sugred speeches, which she intermixeth with kisses, and the consideration of so many thousands, which her estate not onely promiseth, but assureth, doth; so as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable villaine) sweares to her to effect it; which wretched Verball contract, they interchangeably seale with oathes and kisses, which (if they had had any feare of God, or care of their salvations) they should have detested with horror, and abhorred with detestation; neither will his malice (or the Divell the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or deferre it: for having resolved to murder him as he rides abroad; his Master on a time being invited to a generall hunting, by the *Baron of Saint Susanna* (sonne and heire to *Monsieur de Varennes*) at his said Towne of *Susanna*, as hee came riding homewards towards his Fathers house of *Manfrelle*, he in the midst of a great wood, neere unto the small village of *Saint Georges*, riding behind his Master, dischargeth his Pistoll, loden with a brace of bullets thorow his reynes, which makes him instantly fall off dead from his horse to the ground. When this hellish servant *La Villette*, seeing his Master devoyd of breath, and groveling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a sinfull Divell, in committing this cruell murder, now resolves to assume and represent that of a subtil Hypocrite in concealing it: when determining to report that they were both assaulted, and his Master slaine by thieves; hee to make all his actions conduce and looke that way, chargeth his Pistoll againe with another brace of bullets, and shoots thorow his owne hat, gives himselfe a cut ore his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier, takes his owne Pistoll, and his Masters Rapier, and throws it into a Pond close adjoyning; takes likewise his Masters purse and watch out of his pocket, and hides it secretly; and then the more cunningly and knavishly to bleare and deceive the eyes of the world, thereby to make this his hypocrisie passe the currenter, hee having purposely provided himselfe of two small cords; with the one he binds both his owne feet, and with the other (by a pretty sleight) slips there in his armes behind his back, and then setting himselfe against a tree, hee very pitifully weepes, groanes, and cries out upon the thieves and murderers of his Master *De Merson*: when three *Gentlemen* of Brittain, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repaire to his assistance, whom they finde out by his cries; to whom he relates, that five thieves had assaulted his Master and himselfe, that hee fought in the defence as long as his sword held; that his Master was killed with a Pistoll, then robbed, and himselfe shot thorow, and wounded, and bound as they saw. When these three *Brittish Gentlemen*, grieving at this mournfull accident, and bloody spectacle, they instantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound, and so having conveyed the dead corps to the next Cottage, they runne up and downe the wood to finde out these thieves and murderers, but in vaine: so *La Villette* having thanked these *Gentlemen* for their affection and charity towards his dead Master, and living selfe: Hee with a wonderfull exterior shew of sorrow, takes care for the speedy and decent transporting home of his breathlesse Master to *Manfrelle*; where his mournfull Father receives and buries him with infinite griefe, lamentation and teares.

In the meane time, this murderous *La Villette* gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vasselay*, who although shee inwardly receives this newes with extreme content and joy, to see her selfe freed of so unkind and ingratefull a Husband; yet publickly to the eye of the world (thereby the better to delude and deceive the world) shee contrariwise takes on blacks, seeming to be exceedingly mournfull, penfive and sorrowfull thereat; but God will shortly discover the falshood of these her teares, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the maske of this her dissembling and treacherous Hypocrisie: For as *Mans Leball*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Townes and Countreys grieve at this lamentable murder of *De Merson*: so they as much admire and wonder to see his old widow *La Vasselay* so shortly married and espoused to his *Gentleman La Villette*;

whose

whose Nuptialls are celebrated and consummated far within the terme of six moneths after. For the curious wits of these Cities and Countries, considering what a preposterous course and resolution this was for her to marry her Husbands man, and withall, so soone as also that there was none other present but himselfe, when his master *De Mersen* was murdered, it is umbragious; and leaves a feare, and sting of suspition in their heads; that there was more in the wind than was yet knowne, and therefore knowing no more, they deferre the deteccion thereof, to the providence and pleasure of God, who best, yea, who onely knowes in *Heaven*; how to conduct and manage the actions here below, on *Earth*; and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit these their cruell and bloody murtheres to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condigne punishment; and for want of other evidence and witnesses, they themselves shall be witnesses against themselves. And although *La Vasselays* poisoning of *Gratiama*, and *La Villette* pistolling of his Master *De Mersen*, were cunningly contrived, and secretly perpetrated; yet we shall see the last of these bloody murtheres, occasion the discovery and deteccion of the first, and both of them most severely and sharply punished for these their bloody crimes and horrible offences. *The manner is thus*:

These two execrable wretches, *La Villette* and *La Vasselay* have not live married above some seven or eight months, but he being deeply in Law with *Monsieur De Mansfelle*, his Predecessors father for the detention of some lands and writings hee takes an occasion to ride home to his house of *Mansfelle*, to him, to conferre of the differences, and by the way falls into the company of some Merchants of *Lauall*, and *Vittry*, who were returning from the faire of *Chartres*: when riding together for the space of almost a whole daies journey, the secret providence and sacred pleasure of God had so ordained, that *La Villette*'s horse who bore him quietly and safely before, on a Sunday, first goes backwards, in despite of his spur or swich, and then standing an end on his two hind legges, falls quite backe with him, and almost breakes the bulke and trunke of his body; when having hardly the power to speake, his breath failing him, and he seeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparantly before his eyes, the Spirit of God doth so operate with his sinfull soule, as he there confesseth how his wicked wife *La Vasselay*, had caused him to murder his Master *De Mersen* whom he shot to death with his Pistoll; that shee first seduced him with a thousand Crownes to performe it; which he refused; but then her consent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finish that bloody business, whereof now from his very heart and soule hee repented himselfe, and beseeched the Lord to forgive it him.

But here, before the Readers curiosity carry him further, let me, in the Name and feare of God, both request and conjure him, to stand amazed, and wonder with me at his sacred providence, and inscrutable wisdom and judgement, which most miraculously concurs and shines in this accident; and especially in three essentiall and most apparant circumstances, thereof: For it was on the very same horse, the same day, twelve moneths and in the very same wood and place, where this execrable wretch *La Villette* formerly murdered his Master *De Mersen*: Famous and notorious circumstances, which deserve to be observed, and remarked of all the children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and engraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deterre us from the like crimes of murther.

Now these honest Merchants of *Lauall*, and *Vittry* (as much in charity to *La Villette*'s life, as in execration of that confessed murther of his Master *De Mersen*) convey him to an Inn in *S^t. Georges*, when expecting every minute, that he would die in their hands, they send away post to advertise the *Presidiall Court* of *Paris* hereof, (within whose Jurisdiction *S^t. Georges* was) who speedily command *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead. But God reserved him from that naturall, to a more infamous death, and made him live till he came thither; where againe hee confesseth his his foule murder of his Master *De Mersen*, and likewise accuseth *La Vasselay* to be the sole instigator thereof, as we have formerly heard & understood. When upon he is no soone examined, but this bloody

old Hag is likewise imprisoned : who with many asseverations and teares, denies and retorts this foule crime from her selfe to him. But her Judges are too wise to believe the weaknesse and invalidity of this her foolish justification : So whiles they are consulting on her, *De Bremay* having notice of all these accidents, but especially, of *La Vasselay's* imprisonment ; he (still apprehending and fearing, that shee undoubtedly was the death of his daughter *Gratiana*) takes post from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where he accuseth her thereof to the *Criminall Judges* of the *Presidiall Court* : who upon this her double accusation, adjudged her to the Racke, when at the very first torment thereof, shee at last preferring the life of her soule, before that of her body) confesseth her selfe to be the Actor of her first crime of *Murther*, and the *Author* of the second : when, and whereupon the *Judges* (resembling themselves) in detestation, and for expiation of these her foule crimes, condemne him to be hanged, and shee to be burned alive ; which the next day, at the common place of Execution (neere the *Halls* in *Mans*, is accordingly executed, in the presence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhorre the enormity of these their bloody crimes, as they rejoyce and glorifie God, for this their (not so severe, as deserved) punishments.

As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Christian) said little else, but that which he had formerly spoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall : onely he said, That he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vasselay*, would have sheltred and preserved him from this infamous death for murdering her Husband, and his Master, *De Merson*.

But as for this bloody Beldarne, and wretched old Fury, *La Vasselay*, shee was content to grieve at *Gratiana's* death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Mersons* : yea, and although shee seemed to blame her jealousy towards her ; yet her age was so wretchedly instructed in piety, as she could not finde in her heart, either to make an *Apology*, or any way to seeme repentant for her inhumane cruelty towards him : For as she demanded pardon of *De Bremay* for poisoning his daughter ; so she spake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for causing his sonne to be pistoll'd ; onely in particular termes, shee requested *God* to forgive the vanity of her youth ; and in generall ones, the world to forget the offences and crimes of her age : And so conjuring all old Widowes and Wives, to beware by her mournfull and execrable example ; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body, and her soule mounted and fled to *Heaven*, to crave remission and pardon of *God*, who was the onely *Creator* of the one, and *Redeemer* of the other.

And such were the deplorable, yet deserved ends of this bloody, and wretched couple, *La Vasselay* and *La Villette*, for so cruelly murdering harmelesse *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Merson* : and thus did *Gods* all-seeing, and sacred Justice, justly triumph ore these their crying and execrable crimes. O that their examples may engender and propagate our reformation ; and that the reading of this their lamentable *History*, may teach us, not onely how to meditate thereon, but also how to amend thereby.

GODS

2403



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia and Cælestina cause Carpi and Monteleone, with their two Laquayes, Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murther their father, Captaine Benevente, which they perjo me. Monteleone, and his Laquay Anselmo are drowned, Fidelia hangs her jelfe, Lorenzo is hanged for a robbery, and on the gallowes confesseth the murthering of Benevente, Carpi hath his right hand, then his head cut off; Cælestina is beheaded, and her body burnt.



Ur best parts being our Vertues, and our chiefe and Sovereigne Vertue, the purity and sanctity of our selves; how can wee neglect those, or not regard this, except we resolve to see our selves miserable in this life, and our soules wretched in that to come: and as charity is the cymment of our other vertues, so envie (her opposite) is the subversion of this our charity; from whence flowes rage, revenge, and many times murther, (her frequent (and almost) her inseparable companions:) but of all degrees of malice and envie, can there be any so inhumane and diabolicall, as for two gracelesse daughters to plot the death of their owne father; and to seduce and obtaine their two Lovers to act and performe it: whereof in this ensuing History, we shall see a most barbarous and bloody president, as also their condigne punishments afflicted on them for the same. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the sight of these their fearefull crimes and punishments, to reforme and prevent our owne; that wee may locke on their cruelty with charity, on their rage with reason, on their errors with compassion, on their desperation with pity, and on their inhumanity with piety; that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choller; quench both the fire of our lust, and the flames of our revenge; so shall our faiths be fortified, our passions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both blessed & sanctified: to which end, I have written and divulged it. So Christian Reader, if thou make this thy end in perusing it, thou wilt then not faile to receive comfort thereby; and therefore faile not to give God the Glory.

Many yeeres since the Duke of *Offuna* (under the command of *Spaine*) was made *Viceroy* of of the noble Kingdomé *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour, although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Otranto*, within the Province of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient rich and valiant Gentleman (nobly descended) termed Captaine *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady *Sophia Elianora* (Niece to the Duke of *Piombino*) had left him two daughters and a sonne, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcafero*, they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, names indeed, which they will no way deserve; but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices, and inhumane dispositions to blood and murther: wee may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcafero* lives not at home with his father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chiefe Gentleman retaining to the *Viceroy*: where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting, (a noble vertue and exercise (beyond all other *Italians*) naturall and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave Cavalier, but for *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, the clocks of their youth having stroke twenty, and eightene, the Captaine their father, (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their yeeres and descent farre from him) keepes them at home, that his care might provide them good husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a blessing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children, and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty his providence, wee had not seene the Theatre of this their History so besprinkled and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captaine *Benevente* their father, (for his blood, wealth and generosity) was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*, and for his many services, both by sea and land, was held in so great esteeme in *Otranto*, that his house was an *Academy*, where all the Gallants, both of City and Country resorted to backe great Horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courtly and Martiall Exercises, whereunto this old Captaine, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two daughters, *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, could not be long, either unseene, or unadmired: for they grew so perfectly faire, of so sweet complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the Paragons of Beauty not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: so as beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of Nature; this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetnesse) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so had they beene as rich in Vertue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their friends nor enemies should have lived to have seene them die so miserably; for now that proves their ruine, which might have beene their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many Barons and Cavaliers, as well at home as abroad, but the Captaine their father will not give eare, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him: They are so immodest, as they grieve hercat, and are so extremely sorrowfull, to see that a few yeeres past away, makes their Beauties rather fade than flourish: where Vertue graceth not Beauty, as well as Beauty Vertue, it is often a presage and fore-runner of a fortune as fatall, as miserable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest, to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits: so on the other side, the Captaine their father, was too severe, and withall, too unkind, I may say cruell, to hinder them from Marriage, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it: It was in them immodesty; in him unkindnesse, to propose such ends, to their desires and resolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetousnesse, than inclined to regard his daughters content; and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them, which is a resolution better left than imbraced, and

and infringed than kept of him; sith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for *Parents*, to content themselves with their childrens discontents: for where *Nature* is crossed, it many times degenerates, and proves unnaturall, as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash *Egypt* with her inundation: But *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, will make triall of one invention and conclusion more before they will give way to their distaste, or strike faile to their choller or revenge. They see their father is resolute, and severe in nipping their hopes, and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevaile with him, that their brother *Alcasero* may: to which end, the sooner to obtaine and crowne their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and CELESTINA to ALCASERO.

DIspairing of our Fathers resolution to marry us, wee have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy selfe and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to sollicite him herein, that hee may not preferre his gold before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despaire: neither could our hearts or thoughts perswade us, either to imploy or acquaint any other but thy selfe with these our desires, which Modesty would have suppressed, but that Truth contradicted and opposed it: for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our Superiours, yet he will not permit us to be seene much lesse to be wedded of any. Joyne then thy power to our wishes and prayers; and thy affection to the procuring of our contents; and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a Brother, as otherwise we feare we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a Father: and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood; so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.

FIDELIA, CELESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter: he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkinde to any, especially to young Ladies, and most especially to his sisters, whose content he makes and reputes his owne. He comes to *Otranto*, deales effectually with the Captaine his father herein, who gives them this answer: That he hath provided the *Baron* of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomeo Monteleone* for *Celestina*; and that within fifteene daies they are to come to *Otranto* to see them: which newes doth exceedingly rejoyce, first himselfe, then his sisters: but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soone as borne. Within the prefixed time, these two noble men come, but they are hateful, and not pleasing to *Fidelia* and *Celestina*; for the *Baron* of *Carpi* is crook-back'd, and squint-eyed, and *Monte-leone* is lame of one leg. These Ladies vlew their beauty at too high a rate, to bestow it on such deformed husbands; and although *Venus* accepteth of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of these; because they deeme no hell to that of a discontented bed: heretofore they wished for Sutors, and now they wish they were well rid of these; and so sacrificing to their owne contents, they set up this resolution in their hearts and soules, that they will rather die maidens, than live to see themselves wives to such husbands. Their father receives *Carpi* and *Monte-leone* courteously, and entertaines them nobly, according to their ranke and merits; hee tells his daughters plainly, that they shall marry these, and none others. Thus the Barke of these their resolutions are surpris'd and beaten with two contrary winds; he will be obeyed of his daughters, and they will be commanded of their father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents, to force the affections of their children in their marriages, sith it is a businesse, which not only lives, but dies with them; but withall, their owne wills must neither be their law, nor their guide; for their Parents have (or at least should have) more experience and judgement than they to see who are, and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection reason, these such marriages are still ushered on with discontent, and waited and attended on with misery.

Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be perswaded or reproved with a word, whereas others will become more headstrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captaine attempted and practised the first, and not the second towards these two Ladies his daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despaire; yea, I dare presume to averre with truth and safety, that we should have seene them all as happy, as I now feare wee shall see them miserable.

But to proceed with their History, they are pressed by the Captaine their father, and importuned by the two noble men their Sutors, to finish and confirme these contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Celestina* with a true semblance of distaste, and yet a false shew of curtesie, give the deniall to their father in particular termes, and to them in generall: Hee stormes at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of theirs to modesty, rather than unkindnesse: They flatter themselves with this hope, that sith they are faire, they must be courteous, and cannot be cruell: or if the contrary, that the Captaine their father will so manage his daughters affections, as all things shall sort to their desires and expectations; but they shall come too short of their hopes: for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whiles thus they are busie in advancing the proesse of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Celestina* attempt a contrary enterprise: for they with teares and prayers, request their brother *Alcafero*, importunately to sollicite their father in their behalfe: that hee will not enforce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much lesse obey: which like a noble and deare brother, he performes with much zeale and perswasion; but he cannot prevaile with him, nor bring them any other answer, than that they must and shall marry them, and onely them.

Had this resolution of their father beene more courteous and lesse rigorous towards his daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pity and compassion, nor would have drawne so many sighs from the hearers, or teares from the Readers: for seeing their father cruelly resolved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, because he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into divellish machinations, and hellish conspiracies against him: for as he plots their discontents, so do they his destruction. *Fidelia* and *Celestina* see their blood, and cause one, and therefore so they pretend shall be their fortunes; they would reveale their intents and designs each to other; but the fact is so foule and unnaturall, as for a whiles they cannot, but they need no other Oratory than their owne sullen and discontented looks, for either of them may read a whole Lecture of griefe and choller in each others eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their father, and the impatiency of *Carpi*, and *Monteleone*: *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, first breakes it to her sister *Celestina*, in this manner. That shee had rather die, then be compelled to marry one whom shee cannot affect: that the *Baron of Carpi* is not for her, nor she for him; and that sith her father is resolute in this match, (although she be his daughter) she had rather see him laid in his grave, than her selfe in *Carpi*s bed. There needs not many reasons to perswade that which we desire: For *Celestina* tells her sister plainly, that she (in all points) joynes and concurs in opinion with her, adding withall, that the sooner their father is dispatched, the better; because she knowes they shall never receive any content on *Earth*, till he be in *Heaven*: and so they conclude he shall die.

But alas, what hellish and divellish daughters are these, to seeke the death of their father, of whom they have received their lives? who ever read of a *Parricide* more inhumanely cruell, or impiously bloody? so if ever murther went unrevenge, this will not; for we shall see the Authors and Actours thereof most severely punished for the same. Men and women may be secret in their sinnes, but *God* will be just in his decrees, and sacred in his judgements: what a religious resolution had it been in them, to have retyred, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too prophane to have so much pity, and too outrageous to harken to this religious reason: yea, they are too impious

to hearken to *Grace*, and too revengefull and bloody minded, to give care either to *Reason*, *Duty* or *Religion*. So now, like two incensed and implacable furies, they consult how, and in what manner they may free themselves of their Father: *Fidelia* proposeth divers degrees and severall sorts of murders, but *Celestina* likes none of them; in some she finds too much danger, in others too little assurance; and therefore, as young as she is, she invents a plot as strange as subtle, and as malicious and diabolically as strange: she informes her, that to be rid of her father, there cannot be a securer course, than to engage the *Baron of Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleon* to murder him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, saying, it will be impossible for them to be drawne to performe it, sith they both know and see, that the *Captaine* their father loves them so well, as will or nill, they must be their Husbands. But *Celestina*'s revengefull plot is further fetch'd, and more cunningly spun; for she hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfinished, but is so confident in her divellish industry, as she affirms she will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Celestina* answereth, That they both must make a feigned and flattering shew, to change their distaste, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawne them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage, they shall both agree to enforme them, that it is impossible for them to obtaine it, whiles the *Captaine* their father lives, sith albeit in outward appearance he make a faire shew to make them their Husbands; yet that he means and intends nothing lesse; for that he hath given them expresse charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the maine and sole cause, that hath so long withheld them from making sooner demonstrations of their affections towards them: and this (quoth she) will occasion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this meanes they may give two strokes with one stone, and so not only be rid of our father, but likewise of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our safeguard and security, we will powerfully conjure and sweare them to secrecy.

There is no web finer than that of the Spider, nor treachery subtiler than that of a woman, especially if she contemne Charity for Revenge, her Soule for her Body, *God* for *Satan*, and consequently *Heaven* for *Hell*: how else could this young Lady lodge, so revengefull a heart in so sweet a Body, or shroud such bloody conceits and inventions under so faire and so beautifull complexion.

But the *Panther*, though his skinn be faire, yet his breath is infectious: and we many times see, that the foulest Snake lurks under the greenest and beautifullest leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive eare to this her sisters bloody *Statagem* and designe, she finds it lure, and the probabilities thereof apparant and easie, and therefore approves of it. So these two beautifull, yet bloody sisters vow, without delay, to set it on foot, and in practice. It is the Nature of *Revenge* to looke forwards, seldome backwards; but did wee measure the beginning by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would favour of far more Religion, and of far lesse impiety, and wee should then rejoyce in that which we must now repent, but cannot remedy. They take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The passions of affection prove often more powerfull than those of Reason, they suffer themselves to be vanquished and led away by the pure beauty and sweet *Oratory* of these two discontented and treacherous Ladies, without considering what poison lurkes under their speeches, and danger under their tongues: They commit a grosse and maine error, in relying more on the daughters youth, than the fathers gravity; on their verball, than his reall affection; and so they ingage themselves to the daughters, in a very short time, to free them of the *Captaine* their father. It was a base vice in Gentlemen of their ranke, to violate the Laws of Hospitality, in so high a degree, as to kill him who loved them so dearly, and entertained them so courteously; and it is strange, that both their humors were so strangely vicious, as to concur and sympathize in the attempt of this execrable murder: But what canst thou vict performe as Ladies procure of their Lovers, at least if they love Beauty better than Virtue, and Pleasure, than Piety.

Captaine *Benevente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his Vineyard, and now and then to *Alpiata*, a neighbour village, where hee is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenants wife of his, whom hee loved in her youth, and cannot forsake in her middle age: perseverance in vice never makes a good end: a single sin is distastefull; but the redoubling thereof, is both hatefull and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleone* take their two Lacquaies, *Lorenzo* and *Anselmo* with them, asloone as they know the *Captaine* to be abroad, onely accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and disguising themselves, they watch him at the corner of the wood; where of necessity he must passe. The event answereth their bloody expectations and desires: they see *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a soft trot, when like so many Fiends and Divells, they all foure rush forth the thickets, and (without any other forme) with their Swords and Pistolls, (after some resistance) kill them dead to the ground: but this is not the end of their hellish malice and envie; neither is the unsatiable thirst of their revenge yet quenched: for they take these two murdered bodies who are afresh reeking, and weltring in their blood, and carry them to a neighbour hill, and so throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick bushes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortall eye should ever have scene them more, and then there they consult upon their flight. *Carpi* resolves to take poast for *Naples*, and there for a time to shroud himselfe among the multitude of the Nobility and Coaches, which grace and adorne that City: And *Monteleone* resolves to hie towards *Brundusium*, with intent, that if these murtherers were revealed, and himselfe detected and accused, hee would there embarque himselfe either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but hee hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Laquay poasting for *Naples*, and let us see what accident will speedily befall *Monteleone*. It is impossible for murther to goe long unpunished, *Monteleone* and his Laquay *Anselmo* shall ere they ride farre, see this position verified in themselves: He is provided of two faire Gennets, one for himselfe, the other to his Laquay, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away hee goes for *Brundusium*, but he hath not ridden past twelve miles before his owne horse fell downe dead under him, which doth somewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the least part of his misery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; hee is enforced to make a vertue of necessity, so hee rides his Laquays horse, and he followes him on foot. It is impossible for a guilty conscience to be secured from feare the rides narrow lanes, and by-waies, but at last neere the Village *Blanquettelle*, he meets with a swift Ford, which is passable for horse, but not for foot: Here *Monteleone* is constrained to take up his Laquay *Anselmo* behinde him, which he doth; but being in the midst thereof, the horse stumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done so suddenly, that *Monteleone* had no time to cast off his Laquay, and so they are both drowned, and have neither the Grace nor power to breath, or speake a word more.

Gods Judgements are secret and inscrutable: had they had time to repent, they had onely lost their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wished, they likewise run the hazard of their soules. But as it is a vertue to thinke and censure charitably of the dead, so it must needs be a vice to doe the contrary. Hereofore they thirsted for blood, and (so) now they have their fill of water. All Elements are the servants of God, but these two of fire and water, are the most terrible, the most impetuous: Wee have but one way to come into the world, but divers to goe out of it. This is a testimony of our weaknesse, and of Gods power.

By this time, Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them: his house rings and resounds with sorrow, all his servants and friends mourne and lament for his absence, and his two accursed daughters, they seeme to be all in tears: but wee shall shortly see this their hypocrisie and dissimulation both detected and revenged. They buy all the Countrey to purchase newes of their father, and speedily by poast advertise their brother *Carpi*, how hee is dead, and amazed

amazed hereat, comes away with all possible speed and expedition. His two sisters and himselfe wonderfully mourne and lament for the absence of their father; and now seeing five daies past and no newes of him, they begin to suspect and feare, that hee is made away and murthered; and because *Fiamento* was alone with him, they suspect him of the fact, which they are the sooner enduced to believe, in regard hee is fled, and not to be found: but they shall soone see the contrary, and that as he was a faithfull servant to their father his master, during his life, so hee was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcafero* his sonne use all possible zeale and industry to finde out his father, yet sith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveale the newes and sight of him. For as some neighbouring Gentlemen (his kinsfolks and friends are hunting of a Stagge neere *Alpiata*, they pursue him on horsebacke some five or sixe houres, and at last being tired, he runs for refuge and shelter, thorow the bushes and bryars, into the same old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were throwne. The Gentlemen hunters descend from their horses, and with their Swords drawne, enter purposely to kill the Stagge, which they performe; when casting aside their eyes, they see two dead mens bodies, one neere the other, whose legges, hands, and faces, the Crowes had pitifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournfull and unlooked for spectacle, when approaching to discern them, they by their cloathes finde and know them to be Captaine *Benevente*, and his Gentleman *Fiamento*. They are astonished and amazed hereat; and so one of them rides backe post to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcafero* his sonne hereof; who melting into teares, returnes with him neere to *Alpiata*, where, to his unspeakeable grieve, he sees the dead bodies both of his father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters he caused to bee searched, and finds that his father (with a Pistoll bullet) was shot thorow the head in two places, and runne thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deepe wounds with a Rapier, and one shot thorow the head. *Alcafero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this sorrowfull newes; they know well that *Fiamento* did not set upon the Captaine his father, and that neither of them had Pistols; and though they might imagine it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealousie and suspicion, because they finde rich Rings on his Masters fingers, and store of gold in his pockets: So they referring the discovery of this bloody and damnable murther to Time, and to God, the Author and giver of Time, *Alcafero* causeth the dead bodies, first of his father, then of *Fiamento* to be laid in a Coach, which he had purposely caused to be brought thither; and so accompanied with all the Gentlemen, returnes with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole City lament and bewaile this tragicall disaster; and because these dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being so long above ground, *Alcafero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his father honourably, according as the necessity and strictnesse of the time would permitt him.

It is now *Alcafero's* curiosity and care to seeke out the murtherers of his father; and for his sisters, they are so irreligious and wretched, as they thinke to mocke God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeited mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much lesse from their soules. The morrow after their fathers buriall, they are all three informed, *Monte-lone* and his Laquay *Anselmo* are drown'd as they pass the River *Blanquettelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two sisters rejoyce and triumph, especially *Celestina*, who now sees her selfe freed, not onely of the Captaine her father whom she hated, but also of the Knight *Monte-lone* her Sutor, whom she could not love: She is so impious and gracelesse, as she doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pittie at these accidents; yea, shee so sleighly and trivially passeth over the remembrance of her fathers untimely and bloody death, as if murther were no sinne, or that God had ordained no punishment for it: She weares her mourning attire and weeds, more for shew than sorrow; for her father was no sooner laid in his grave, but she builds many Castles of pleasure in the aire of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long she will have a Gallant of her own choosing to her husband; but she may come too soon

of her hopes, and perchance finde a halter for her necke, before a wedding Ring for her finger. As for her brother *Alcifero*, his thoughts are roving and roaming another way; for he findes it strange that the Baron of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his father, and to continue his suite and affection to his sister *Fidelia*, whereat hee both admires and wonders, and not onely takes it in ill part, but also begins to suspect, and to cast many doubts and jealousies thereon; and what the issue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we shall shortly see. But a moneth or two being blowne away, *Carpi* hearing no suspicion or talke of him, and thinking all things in a readinesse for him to be assured and contracted to his Lady and Mistris *Fidelia*; hee takes a new Laquay, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, sends him secretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her:

CARPI TO FIDELIA.

THere are some reasons that stay me for not comming to *Otranto*, to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy selfe: when thy sorrowes are overblowne, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy presence, as thy absence makes me miserable. I have given thee so true and so reall a proove of my affection, as thou shouldest offer mee palpable injustice, and to thy selfe extreame injury to doubt thereof. For what greater testimony canst thou surely expect, than to believe I will ever preferre thy love before mine owne life: if thy constancy answer mine, Heaven may, but Earth cannot crosse our desires. I pray, signifie mee how thy brother stands affected to our affections; thy answers shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and blesse that hand that writ it.

CARPI.

The Laquay comes to *Otranto*, and findes but *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and secrecie) he delivers his Masters Letter, and commends, and requesteth an answer. *Fidelia* receives the one and promiseth the other: but she is perplexed and troubled in minde. Here her thoughts make a stand, and consult whether shee shall open this Letter or no. Her Conscience hath heretofore yeelded to the death of her Father, and now Religion beginnes to worke upon the life of her Conscience, which indeed is that of her Soule. Had she persevered in this course of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her disobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but shee forsakes the Helme that might have steered her to the Port of happinesse and safety; and so fills the sayles of her resolutions with the wind of despaire, which threaten no lesse than to split the Barke of her life on the Rockes of her destruction and death. She now begins to hate company which before she loved, and to love solitarinesse, which before shee hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth so haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that wheresoever shee is, it is present with her. Remorse, as a *Vulture* gnawes at her heart and conscience; yea, though nothing doe feare her, yet she feares all things. She sees no man running behind her, but she thinks he purposely followes her to dragge her to prison: she is afraid of her owne shadow, and thinks, that not onely every tower; but every house will fall upon her: she will not come into any Boat nor passe any River, Brooke or Well, for feare of drowning. This despaire of hers causeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which should be both the preservative and Antidote of the soule: her speeches for the most part are confused and distracted; and her lookes, sullen, fearefull, and gasty (the proper signes and symptomes of despaire.) *Carpi's* Laquay having stayed two daies in *Otranto* for his answer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be dispatched, the which that night she promiseth him; and now in a sad and melancholy humour she breakes off *Carpi's* Letter, and peruseth it; which not onely renews, but revives the remembrance of her fathers death; whereat she enters into so strange, and so implacable a passion, as she once had thought to have thrown

his

his Letter into the fire, and her selfe after. Now she is resolved to write backe to *Carpi*, and then presently she changeth her resolution, and vowes shee will answer him with silence. But the Divell is as subtile as malicious; and so she calls for Pen and Inke, and out of the dregges of discontent, and the gall of despaire, writes and returnes him this answer:

FIDELIA TO CARPI.

M*y Fathers death hath altered my disposition; for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy selfe to leave Naples, to come to condole with me in Otranto: for the best comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impossible for mee to receive any: I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any just cause to suspect, much lesse to feare mine. If this will not suffice, rest assured I have resolved, that either my grave, or thy selfe shall be my Husband. How my brother stands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to understand or know, sith I am onely his Sister, not his Secretary; but in all outward appearance, I thinke hee neither loves thee for my sake, nor my selfe for thine. Live thou as happy, as I feare I shall die miserable.*

FIDELIA.

What a fearefull Leter is this, either for *Fidelia* to send, or *Carpi* to receive: but her distempered and distracted spirits can afford no other; and therefore shee dispatcheth away the Laquay with this. And now (as if her thoughts transported her to hell) shee cannot be alone, for the Devill is still with her: hee appears to her in the shape of an Angell of Light, and profers her mountaines of *Wealth*, and Worlds of *Honour*, if she will fall downe and adore him. To rebell against God is a sinne: but to persevere in our rebellion, is not onely a contempt, but a treason in the highest degree against God. The best of Gods people are commonly tempted; but those are, and prove the worst, who are overcome with temptation. *Fortitude* is a principall and *soveraigne vertue* in *Christians*; and if we vanquish the Devill, it is good for us that he assaulted us, sith those *Victories* (as well spirituall as temporall) are ever most glorious and honourable, which are atchieved with greatest danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counsell, and the streame of this advise, she had never beene so weake with God; nor so unfaithfull to her selfe, as to destroy herselfe: but forsaking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the truest felicity, what can shee hope for but despaire, or expect but destruction? Her brother *Alcasoro*, and many of her kinsfolkes, neighbours, and friends (with their best zeale, and possible power) endeavour to perswade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious bookes, and continually to pray: She hearkneth to both these counsels, but neither can, or will not follow either: Her sleepes are but broken slumbers, and her slumbers but distracted dreames; and ever and anon it seemes (to the eyes of her minde and body) that the Captaine her father doth both speake to her, and follow her. In a word, she is weary both of this world, and of her life; yea, despaire, or rather the Devill hath reduced her to this extreame misery, and miserable extremity, that shee is ready to kisse that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death: She never sees a knife in the hands of another, but shee wilbeth it in her owne heart: her Conscience doth so terribly accuse her, and her thoughts give in such bloody evidence against her conscience and her selfe, for occasioning her fathers murder, that she resolves she must die, and therefore disdaines to live. And now comes her sister *Celestina* to her, to perswade and comfort her, but she will prove but a miserable comforter. *Fidelia* sees her with hatred and detestation, and when shee begins to speake, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her speeches thus, *My Sister, would wee had slept when wee plotted our fathers death, for in seeking his ruine, we shall assuredly finde out our owne: Provide you for your safety, for I am past hope of mine; and so get you out of my sight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her speech favoured more of Heaven, then

then the end thereof doth of *Hell*: for sure if we passe hope we come too short of salvation; and if we forsake that, this infallibly will forsake us.

This poore, or rather this miserable *Gentlewoman*, having alwaies her murdered father before her eyes, (which incessantly haunts her as a ghost, and yet shee enforced to follow it as her shadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the instigation of the divell, in what manner, or at what rate soever, to dispatch her selfe, being so wretchedly instructed in faith and piety, and shee addes and believes, that the end of her life will prove not onely the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joyes. But, O poore *Fidelia*, with a thousand pities and teares, I both pittie and grieve to see thee believe so infernall an Advocate: for what joy either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleasures, and tortures for delights: or if thou wilt have me shew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or sugred insinuation tendeth, it is onely to have thee destroy thy body in earth, that (as a triumph and *Trophee* to the enlargement of his obscure kingdome) he may drag thy body and soule to hell fire. But *Fidelia* is as constant in her siane, as impious in her resolution; and so (all delayes set apart) she seekes the meanes to destroy her selfe: she procures poyson, and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof answers not her desires. I know not whether shee be more impatient to live then willing to die. We never want invention, seldome means to doe evill; a little pen-knife of hers, shall in her conceit performe that which poyson could not: she seeks it, and now remembers it is with her paire of knives, in the pocket of her best gowne: she flies to her ward-robe, and so to her pocket, but finds not the knives, onely she finds her *Naples*-silke girdle in stead thereof. The Devils instruments are never far to seeke; shee thinks it as good to strangle her throat, as to cut it: And here comes her mournfull and deplorable Tragedy, she returnes swiftly to her chamber, bolts the doore, and so (which I grieve and tremble to relate) fastens it to the teaster of her bed, and there hangs her selfe; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very instant, and for the space of an houre, it thundred and lightned so cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not onely the chamber where shee hung, but the whole house shaken thereat. The thunder being past, and the skies cleared, dinner is served on the Table, and *Alcasero* and *Celestina* ready to sit, they call for their sister *Fidelia*, but shee is not to be found. One goes to her chamber, and returnes, that her key is without side, and the dore bolted within, and yet shee answers not. They both flie from the Table to her chamber, and call and knocke, but no answer. *Alcasero* commands his men to breake open the doore, which they doe, and there sees his sister *Fidelia* hanging to the bed-steed stark dead. They cry out as affrighted & amazed at this mournfull and pitifull spectacle, and with all speed take her down; but shee is breathlesse, though not cold; and they see all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as snow, now to be coale black, & to stinke infinitely. These are the wofull effects, and lamentable fruits both of *Despaire* and *Murther*; O, may *Christians* of all ranks, and of both sexes, take heed by *Fidelia's* mournful and miserable example, and withall remember that murther will still be revenged & punished, especially that which is perpetrated by children toward their parents; a sin odious both to God and man, sith it not onely opposeth Nature, but Grace; Earth, but Heaven.

No sooner (with grieve and mourning) hath *Alcasero* buried this his naturall, yet unnatural sister *Fidelia*, but as his other sister *Celestina* weepes for her death, so shee againe joyceth that her sister hath no way revealed the great businesse, which so much concerns her, I meane the murther of the *Captaine* her father. But *Time* will detect and revenge both it and her. And that wee may not seeme extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this *History*, flie wee from *Otranto* to *Naples*, and leave we the fatall and wofull Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to speake a little of the *Baron* of *Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the *Theatre* of this *History*.

He hath no sooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Laquay, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he sees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in despaire to her selfe, and thinkes, that as it is in her power to joyce him with her affection,

affection, so it may be in his to comfort her with his presence: but her request and his conscience informe him, that it is yet too soone to leave *Naples* to see *Otranto*; and yet that he may not faile in the complement and duty of a Lover, he resolves to visit her by Letter, though not in person, and so writes her these few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

Were thy request not my Law, I would see *Fidelia* to comfort her, and comfort my selfe to see her: But sith I must be so unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different sorrowes, my refusal, and thy despaire: what remedy (or Antidote) can I more aptly administer, than Patience to the first, and Prayer to the second. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than thy selfe, and yet I am so farre from despairing, as I hope Time will give thee consolation and me Content. Endeavour to love thy selfe and not to hate me; so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I security out of danger. I hope thy brother will not follow thy fathers steps, his affection to thee, shall be mine to himselfe: Let thy second Letter give me halfe so much joy, as thy first did griefe, and I shall then triumph at my good fortune as much as I now lament and pitty thine, and in that mine owne:

CARPI.

He sends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquay *Fiesco*, who carried his first; but he must goe into another world if he meane to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repaires to Captaine *Benevente*'s house: whereas he is walking in the second Court: *Alcasero* being very solitary and pensive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and seriously thinking what two fatall disasters were befallen his house, as the losse of his father and sister, he by chance espies this Lacquay *Fiesco*; at whose sight his heart beats, and his blood very suddenly flasheth up in his face: hee exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himselfe, a step or degree to the discovery of his fathers murder, whereon his thoughts were alwaies fixed, and could never be withdrawne: he sends a Gentleman of his named *Plantinus*, to enquire whose Lacquay it was, and what was his businesse. *Plantinus* descends and examineth him, but he is close, and will reveale nothing. Hee entreats him to enter and taste the Wine, which he doth; when ingaging, and leaving him in the Celler, he trips up to his Master, and acquaints him with his answer, adding withall, that some fiftene daies since he saw him here before. *Alcasero* commands this Lacquay to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not discover himselfe; hee threatens him with the whip, and imprisonment, but he cannot prevaile. It is a vertue in a servant to conceale his masters secrets. *Alcasero* is angry at his silence and fidelity, yet commends him: he bethinks himselfe of another coule and subtilty, as well knowing that faire words may obtaine that which threats cannot; he prayses him to dine with his servants, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth: *Alcasero* takes him apart, and tels him, that some fiftene daies past he saw him here: *Fiesco* answereth him with silence. *Alcasero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and distraction in his lookes and speech; he thinkes this boy can reveale something which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to surprise him with a silver hookes; he proffers him twenty *Duckets*, and layes it downe before him, to discover himselfe and his businesse.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerfull bait to indiscretion and poverty. It is a small point of small wisdom in Noblemen to commit secrets of importance to those who have too much folly, and too little judgement to conceale them. The sight of this gold doth not onely dazle *Fiesco*'s eyes, but eclipse his fidelity; so he holds it no sinne towards God, nor treachery towards his master to reveale it; but takes it, and informes him that he is the Baron of *Carpi* his Lacquay, who sent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia* his sister. *Alcasero* growes pale hereat, and is very curious and hasty to see the Letter: *Fiesco* delivers it him, who steps aside, and reads it: whereon he plucks

plucks his hat downe his fore-head, and so making three or foure paces, reads it ore againe. He is perplexed to know as much as he sees, and grieved not to see and finde as much as he desireth to know: he now confirms his former suspition of *Carpi*, and believes that he is a chiefe Actor or agent in his fathers *Tragedy*. But he knows it wisdome to use silence in the discovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore calls *Fiesco* to him, bids him stay that night, and to speake with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcafero withdraws himselfe from the garden to his Closet, and there againe peruseth this Letter of *Carpi's*: he finds it full of suspition and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters; yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlock and finde out ere he be satisfied: for although *Carpi* be squint-eyed, yet he feares he hath looked too right on his father. He flies to *Fidelias* Closet, Trunke, and Casket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi's* to her, and the copy of one of hers to him; and the perusall of these two letters are so farre from diminishing his suspition, as it doth augment and increase it; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his sister *Fidelias* have joyntly had a great hand in his fathers murther. But all this while he doth not once so much as suspect or imagine that his other sister *Celestina* hath played any part in this *Tragedy*: but *Time* is the daughter of *Truth*, as *Truth* is that of *Heaven*. In the morne he calls for *Fiesco*, to whom he gave this farewell: Tell the Baron of *Carpi* thy Master, that my sister *Fidelias* is in another world, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at Naples, and that in the interim I will reserve his Letter. *Fiesco* departs, but knowes he hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as he dares not see him, and so shewes him a faire paire of heeles. Such Lacquays far better deserve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquays long stay: In which meane time *Alcafero* comes to Naples, where he is yet irresolute, whether to accuse *Carpi* by the order and course of Law, or to fight with him: but he resolves to do both; & that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his father, his sword shall. He goes to the *Criminall Judges*, and with much passion and sorrow accuseth the Baron of *Carpi* for murthering of the Captaine *Benevente* his father; and for prooffe hereof produceth his two Letters to his sister *Fidelias*, and the copie of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*, so he is taken and constituted prisoner; and now hee hath leasure to thinke on the basenesse and foulnesse of his fact. But he is so far from dejecting himselfe to sorrow, or addicting himselfe to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his lookes and speeches, and so peremptorily intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or lesse impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, and have shewen himselfe at least humble, if not sorrowfull, for his offence and crime. But he holds it wisdome, in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himselfe fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatsoever.

Men may palliate their sinnes, but God will finde them out and display them in their naked colours. *Alcafero* is an importunate solicitor to the Judges to draw and hasten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (resembling themselves) proceed therein modestly and gravely: they consult, and consider the three Letters: they finde conjecturall sentences enow to accuse, but no solid prooffe to condemne him: they hold, that their opinions ought not to be swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at six and seven. Besides, as they approve of *Alcafero* his affection to his father, so they dislike of his impetuosity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all resolve to lay the Sword of Justice in the ballance of Equity, and then ordaine, that *Carpi* shall be rackt, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures and torments with wonderfull constancy; and still denies all. Had his cause beene more religious and humane, and not so bloody, this fortitude and courage of his had beene as praise-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by sentence (pronounced in open Senate) acquit and cleare *Carpi* of this murther; whereat *Alcafero* exceedingly repines and murmures.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now escaped this danger; for *Alcafero* remaines still constant

constant in his conceit, that he is the murtherer of his father, and therefore vowes and resolves to fight with him. He lets passe some six weekes time, till he be sound of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* beene innocent, it had been more honourable and requisite, that hee had challenged *Alcasero*, than *Alcasero* him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearefull, he dares not runne the hazzard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero*: which if he had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him; who making *Plantinus* his second, hee out of the ashes of his sorrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of Defiance:

ALCASERO TO CARPI:

Although the Law have cleared thee for the murther of my Father, yet my Conscience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, not to seeke revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthinke the cause of my disaster, I would not seeke to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazzard of mine owne. But finding this not onely difficult, but impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single, at eight of the clocke after supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine, and the refusall mine: or if thou wilt make use of a Second, hee shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

ALCASERO.

Whiles the *Baron* of *Carpi* is triumphing to see how hee hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and so freed himselfe from the feares and danger of death, behold, *Plantinus* findes him out, and delivers him *Alcasero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctation & combat, not only in his thoughts, but his Conscience, whether shee should accept or refuse it. His *Honour* bids him doe the first, but his Conscience wills him to performe the second: it were better to be borne a Clowne than a Coward. Besides if he should refuse to fight with *Alcasero*, he upon the matter makes himselfe guilty of the *Captaine* his fathers death. He knowes hee hath an unjust cause in hand, but hee preferres his *Honour* before his *Life*, when setting a good face upon his resolution, he addresseth himselfe to *Plantinus* thus:

Sir, I presume you know this businesse: for I take you to be *Alcasero*'s Second. He hath (replyed *Plantinus*) done me the honour to make choice of me, in stead of a more worthy. Well (quoth the *Baron* of *Carpi*) tell thy Master from mee, That although I have not deserved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will performe it, onely I must fight single, because I am at present unprovided of a Second. *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prayes him, that he may not see his hopes and desires frustrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feast. But *Carpi* gives him this answer, which he bids him take for his last resolution; That hee will hazzard himselfe, but not his friend. So *Plantinus* returnes with joy to his master, and discontent to himselfe: when nothing proving of power, to quench the fire of these two *Gentlemen* courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with passion and vehemency; *Alcasero* with judgment and discretion. *Carpi* lookes red and fiery with choller, and *Alcasero* pale and gassly, not for feare of his cause, but for the remembrance of his sorrows: and to conclude and shut up this combat in the issue thereof, Justice is not now pleased to shew the effects of her power and influence; nor God that of his Justice, onely it is reserved for another time, and for a more shamefull manner: so *Carpi* hath the best of the day, for he is onely hurt in his right hand, and scarred over both his lips, as if the providence and pleasure of God had ordained, that that hand which committed the murther, and that mouth which denied it, should bee purposely punished, and no part else. As for *Alcasero*, he had five severall wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* believe it was mortall, and the rather, for that hee fell therewith speechlesse to the ground:

so leaving him groveling and weltring in his blood, he departs, resting very confident, that he was at his very last gasp of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his *Chirurgion* (being more humane and charitable than his master) leapes over the next hedge, and comes to his assistance: He leans him against a banke, binds up his wounds, and wraps him in his cloake, and so runs to a Litter, which he saw neere him, and prays the Lady that was in it, that she would vouchsafe to take in *Don Alcasero*, who was there extreemely and dangerously wounded: and this did *Carpi* his *Chirurgion* performe, in the absence of *Alcasero* owne *Chirurgion*, who out of some distaste or forgetfulnesse, came not at the houre and place assigned, according to his promise. It was the Lady *Marguerita Essperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeale to wounded *Alcasero*, presently descended her Litter, commanded her servants to lay him in softly, and to convey him to his lodging, and she her selfe is pleased to stay in the fields till her servants returne it her. It was a courtesie, and a charity worthy of so Honourable a Lady as her selfe: and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this History. All *Naples*, yea, the whole Kingdome rings of this combate; the *Baron* of *Carpi* and *Alcasero* are (joyntly) highly commended and extolled for the same; the last for his affection and zeale to his dead father; the first, for giving *Alcasero* his life when it was in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcasero* to die of these wounds, but will rather have him live to see *Carpi* die before him, though in a farre more ignoble and shamefull manner.

As soone as *Alcasero*'s wounds are cured and hee pretty well recovered, hee leaves *Naples*, and returns to *Otranto*, where his sister *Celestina* did as much shake and tremble at the imprisonment of the *Baron* of *Carpi*, as she now rejoyces at his liberty: especially, sith shee is assured, that he hath no way accused her, nor used her name for the death and murder of her father, which indeed makes her farre more pleasant and merry than before, and within six months after marries with *Seignior Alanso Londovici*, whom she ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom she lives in great pleasure, state, and pompe; and no lesse doth her brother *Alcasero*, who for the courtesie which *Dona Marguerita Essperia* shewed him when hee was so dangerously wounded, in requitall thereof doth now marry the faire *Beatina*, her onely daughter, with whom he lives in the highest content and felicity, as any Gentleman of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either desire or wish.

But this *Sun-shine* of *Carpi*'s prosperity, and *Celestina*'s happinesse and glory shall not last long: for there is a storme breaking forth, which threateth no lesse than the utter ruine, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot, God will both detect and punish murders; yea, by such secret meanes and instruments, as we least suspect or imagine. They are infallible *Maximes*, that we are never lesse secured, than when we thinke our selves secure; nor neerer danger than when we esteeme our selves farthest from it. And if any be so incredulous, or as I may say, so irreligious, as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they shall instantly see it verified and made good in the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Lady *Celestina*, who thinking themselves now safe and free from all adverse fortunes, and fatall accidents whatsoever, and enjoying all those contents and pleasures, which their hearts could either desire or wish to enjoy, or which the world could prostitute or present them; they in a moment shall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their daies on a base scaffold, with much shame, infamy, and misery. The manner is thus:

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth square our the rule of his justice, according to that of his will: all men are to bee accountable to him for their actions; but he to none for his decrees and resolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with intent to pardon us. Curiosity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not onely folly, but impiety: for as wee are men, we must looke up to God, but as wee are *Christians*, we must not looke beyond him. Hee oftentimes makes great offenders accuse themselves for want of others to accuse them:

them; and when he pleaseth, he will punish one sin by another; the which we shall now see verified in *Lorenzo*, the *Baron of Carpi* his Lacquay; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, assisted this his Master to murder *Captaine Benevente* and *Fiamento*, neere *Alpiatia*, who ever since being countenanced and authorized by his Masters favour, in respect of this his foule fact, wherein his bloody and murderous hand was deeply and joyntly embrewed with him; he from that time becomes so debauch'd and dissolute in his service, as hee spends all that possible he can procure or get, yea and runs likewise extreamly in debt, not onely with all his friends, but also with all those whom he knowes will trust him: so as his wants being extreamly urgent, and enforced to see himselfe reduced to a miserable indigence and poverty. He being one day sent by the *Baron* his Master to the *Senate* house with a Letter to his Counsellor, hee there in the throng and crowd of people cut a purse from a Gentlewomans side, wherein was some five and twenty Ducketoons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended, and imprisoned for the fact, and the next morne his Proesse was made, hee found guilty, and condemned to be hanged: So he is dealt withall by a couple of Fryers in prison, who prepare his soule for Heaven: He sees the foulness of his former life, and repents it. The *Baron of Carpi* his Master, no sooner understands this newes, but he shakes and trembles, fearing lest this his Lacquay should reveale the murder of the *Captaine* and his man: whereupon he resolveth to flie; but considering againe, that if his Lacquay accuse him not, his very flight will proclaime and make him guilty: he stayes, and as he thinks, resolves of a better course. He goes to the prison, and deales with his Lacquay to be secret in the businesse he wots of; protesting and promising him, that in consideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tels him, that he need not feare; for as he hath lived, so he will die his faithfull servant: But wee shall see him have more grace, than to keepe so gracelesse a promise. *Carpi* flattering himselfe with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquay, resolves to stay in the City: but hee shall shortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fiesco*, which me thinks should have made him more cautious and wise, and not so simple to entrust and repose his life on the incertaine mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue: but Gods Revenge drawes neere him, and consequently he neere his end; for he neither can nor shall avoyd the judgment of Heaven.

Lorenzo on the gallowes, will not charge his soule with this foule and execrable sinne of murder: but Grace now operating with his soule, as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, he confesseth, that he and the *Baron of Carpi* his Master, together with the Knight *Monte-leone*, and his Lacquay *Anselmo*, murdered the *Captaine Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw them into the Quarry, the which hee takes to his death is true: and so using some Christian-like speeches of repentance and sorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no sooner turned over, but the *Criminall Judges* advertised of his speeches delivered at his death, they command the *Baron of Carpi* his lodging to be beleagred, where he is found in his study, and so apprehended, and committed prisoner, where feare makes him looke pale; so as the Peacocks plumes, both of his pride and courage strike faile. He is againe put to the Racke, and now the second time he reveales his foule & bloody murder, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzo's* accusation of him to be true: So he is condemned, first to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithstanding that many great friends of his sue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morne, one of his Judges was sent to him to prison, to perswade him to discover all his complices in that murder, besides *Monte-leone* and his Lacquay *Anselmo*; yea, there are likewise some Divines present, who with many religious exhortations perswade him to it: So *Gras* prayles with Nature, and *Righteousness* with Impiety and sinne in him; that hee is now no longer himselfe, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather disrespect *Celestina*, than displease God: whereupon he affirms, that she and her deceased sister *Fidelia*, drew him and

Mom *leone* to murder their father, and his man *Fiammetto*, and that if it had not been for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloody a business: and thus making himselfe ready for Heaven, and grieving at nothing on Earth, but at the remembrance of his foule fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This Tragedy is no sooner acted and finished in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City send away post to those of *Oranto*, to seize on the Lady *Celestina*, (who in the absence of her husband for the most part lived there:) A Lady whom I could pittie for her youth and beauty, did not the foulness of her fact so foully disparage and blemish it. She is at that instant at a *Nobleman's* house, at the solemnity of his daughters marriage, where she is apprehended, imprisoned, & accused to be the authour and plotter of the *Captaine* her fathers death: neither can her teares or prayers exempt her from this affliction and misery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the *Baron* of *Carpi* and his *Lacquay* *Lorenzo* were already executed for the same in *Naples*, she with a world of teares freely confesseth it, and confirms as much as *Carpi* affirmed: whereupon in expectation of this her inhumane *Parasite*, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes throwne into the ayre; for a milder death, and a lesse punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her owne father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being sent backe that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer still grieving for her sinnes, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morne being brought to her execution, when she ascended the scaffold, she was very humble, sorrowfull, and repentant; and with many shewres of teares requested her brother *Alcifero* and all her kinsfolkes to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her fathers death, & generally all the world to pray for her; when her sighs and teares so sorrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as shee recommending her soule into the hands of her Redeemer, whom she had so heinously offended, she with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her soule; and then the fire (as if incensed at so fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were throwne into the ayre, to teach her, and all the world by her example, that so inhumane and bloody a daughter, deserved not either to tread on the face of this earth, or to breathe this ayre of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shamefull and wretched a death: & yet she was far happier then her sister *Fidelia*, for she despaired, and this confidently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young Gentlewoman lived impiously, yet she died *Christianly*: wherefore let us think on that with detestation, and on this with charity. And here we see how severely the murder of *Captaine Benevente* was by Gods just revenge punished, not onely in his two daughters who plotted it, but also in the two Noblemen and their two Lacquies who acted it. Such attempts and crimes, deserve such ends and punishments, and infallibly finde them. The onely way therefore for Christians to avoid the one, and condempne the other, is with sanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, still to pray to God for his *Grace*, continually to affect prayer, and innocently to praise *God* in our thoughts, and *goodness* in our resolutions, and actions, the which if we be carefull and comfortable to performe, *God* will then shrowd us under the wings of his favour, and so preserve us, and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we shall have no cause to feare either *ill* or *death*.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice like a bloody villaine, and damnable sonne, throwes his Mother Christina into a Well and drownes her: the same hand and arme of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body, and being discased of his wits in Prison, he there confesseth his foule and inhumane murder, for the which he is hanged.



If wee did not wilfully make our selves miserable, God is so indulgent and mercifull to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and presumptuous hands wee violate the Lawes of Nature and Grace, of Earth and Heaven, in murdering through envy those, whom through Duty and affection wee are bound to obey, honour, cherish and preserve: then it is no marvell, because we first forooke God, that he after abandoneth us to our selves, and finnes, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Misery, Infamy, and Perdition; and that wee may see humane cruelty to be justly met with and punished by Gods upright and diuine Justice, Loe here in this ensuing History we shall see a wretched son kill his harmlesse & deare mother. A very fearefull and lamentable Parricide, a most cruell and execrable fact, for the which we shall see him rewarded with condigne punishment, and with a sharpe and infamous death, although not halfe so deplorable as deserved. It is a bitter and bloody History, the relation and remembrance whereof, in the most barbarous and flinty hearts is capable, not onely to ingender compassion, but compunction; yea, not onely contrition but teares, at least if we have any place left in us for Pity, or room for Pity, the which if we have, doubtlesse the end of our reading will not onely blesse, but crowne the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Vpon the North-east side of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly knowne and called the Lake of *Geneua* (because its payes it full tribute, and makes its chiefest *Rendezvous* before that City, whereof it environeth at least one third part.) There stands a pretty small and strong Towne, distant a litle daies journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the jurisdiction of *Geneua*, one of the chiefest *Cantons* of that warlike people and countrey of *Switzerland*. wherein of very late yeeres, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honest Burger or Burghemaster (for of Gentry those parts & people are not, because they will not be capable) named *Martin Hassenorfe*, who by his wife *Christina Smeterson* had one onely child a sonne, named *Maurice Hassenorfe*, now of some fourteene yeares old; whose father although he were by profession a souldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant of one of those *Swiss* bands of that Countrey which are in pay to the French King; yet nevertheless his chiefest ambition and care was, to make this sonne of his a scholler, because the ignorance and illiterature of his owne age, made him to repent it in himselfe, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his sonnes youth, sith hee now knew and saw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a soule, or a soule without knowledge and reason, which are her chiefest vertues, and most sacred *Ornaments* and *Excellencies*: So hee brings him up to their owne *Grammar Schoole* in *Morges*, where in some three or foure yeares his affection and care to study, makes him so good a *Proficient*, as he becomes not onely skilfull, but perfect therein, and almost as capable to teach his Schoolemaster, as he was to instruct him: yea, and to adde the better *Grace* to the *Grace* of that *Art*, hee was of so milde and so modest a carriage, and the blossomes of his youth were so sweetly watered with the *Heavenly dew* of *Vertue* and *Piety*, as if his manners and himselfe were wholly composed thereof, so that for *Learning* and *Goodnesse* he was, and was justly reputed, not onely the *Mirror*, but the *Phoenix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as hee esteemed himselfe happy in his Parents, so they reciprocally hold themselves, not onely happy, but blessed in this their sonne; but because the inherent corruption of our Nature, and the perversnesse and multiplicity of our sinnes are such, as they cannot promise us any true joy, much lesse assured and permanent felicity: so the Sunne-shine of this their Temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the Father, Mother, and Sonne, will shortly receive a great Eclipse, and a fatall disaster, which will be to them so much the more bitter and mournfull, sith both the cause and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For God in his sacred decree and providence, seeing *Martin Hassenorfe* the father, his strength arrived at his full *Meridian* and height, and his daies to their full number and period: He, as he sat at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and sonne, is suddenly taken with a deadly swoone, which presently deprives his body of this life, and sends his soule to enjoy the sweet felicity and sacred joy and immortality of the life to come: A *Document* which may teach us not to rely upon the rotten priviledges and strength of youth, but so to prepare our lives, that death at all places, and in all times, may still finde us armed and ready to encounter it. A *Document* which may teach us with the erected eyes as well of our faith as body so to looke from *Earth* to *Heaven*, that our soules be not onely ready, but willing to forsake this stinking Tabernacle and prison of our mortality, to flie and be admitted into *Heaven*, that *Heavenly Jerusalem*, and *Celestiall City*, where they may enjoy the blessed *Communion* of the *Saints*, and the greatest blessings of all joyes, and the most soveraigne joy of all blessings, then to see our *Creator* and *Saviour*, God the Father, and *Christ Jesus* his Sonne face to face, wherein indeed all the joyes and blessings of our soules are comprised and included.

The death of *Hassenorfe* the father, is not onely the Argument, but the cause of his widow *Christina*'s griefe of his sonne *Maurice*'s sorrow, of her teares and groanes, of his sighes and afflictions, yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may steppe a degree farther, and say, I hat this his death is a fatall herauld, and mournfull harbinger,

which portends and prepares both of them many disastrous calamities and wofull miseries, the which in a manner, are almost ready to surprise and befall them.

This sorrowfull widow being thus deprived of her deare Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her Head and her glory; although he left her a good Estate, sufficient enough to warrant her against the feare of poverty, and to secure her selfe against the apprehension of worldly indigence; and wherewithall to maintaine both her and her sonne, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husbands familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship died with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingratefull disease and iniquity of time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reprov'd than reformed; so fading and inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world, who for the most part are groundd on profit, not on Honour, on avarice, not on Vertue, on their owne gold, not on the want of their Christian neighbours and brethren; but enough of this, and againe to our History.

Now, if *Christina* (for onely by that name I will henceforth intitle her) have any comfort or consolation left her, to sweeten the bitterness of her Husbands death, it is onely to see him survive and live in her sonne *Maurice*; in whose vertues and yeeres, her hopes likewise beginne againe to bud forth and flourish; when remembering what an earnest care and desire her Husband had to see him a Scholler, as shee inherits his goods, so she will assume and inherite that resolution of his: and although she love her sonnes sight, and affect his presence tenderly and dearely, yet shee can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her resolutions, till she send him from *Morge*: to the *University* of *Lofanna*, some three leagues distant thence, there to perfect his studies and learning, the seeds whereof already so hopefully blossomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepest affection and care having hearkened out one *Deodatus Varese*, a Bachelor of *Divinity* of that *University*, whom fame (though indeed most fallly) had enformed her to be an expert Scholler, and an excellent Christian, shee agrees with him; when allowing her sonne an honest exhibition, and furnishing him with Bookes, a Gowne, and all other necessities, shee sends him away to *Lofanna*, charging him at his departure, to be carefull of his learning, carriage and actions, and above all, to make piety and godlinesse in his life and conversation, the *Regent* of all his studies; when with teares of naturall affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Lofanna*, findes out his Tutor *Varese*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupill courteously and kindly: but alas, the hopes of *Christiana*, the mother, are extremely deceived in the vertues of *Varese*; because his Vices will instantly deceive both the merites and expectation of her sonne, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby shortly make him as vitious in *Lofanna*, as formerly he was vertuous in *Morges*: for I write with grieve and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to say, whether he were more learned or deboshed, a more perfect Scholler, or prophane Christian: for albeit the dignity of his Bachelorship of *Theologie*, did hide many of his disolure pranks, and obscene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and industry, could not so closely overvaile and obscure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beastly inclination to drunkenness, began now to become obvious and apparant to the eyes and Heads of his Colledge, yea, to the whole *University*: A most pernicious and swinish Vice, indeed too too much incident and subject to these people the *Swissers*; but if it had bene immured and confined within these Rocks and Mountaines of *Germany*, it had proved not onely a happinesse, but a blessing to the other Westerne parts of the Christian world, where it spreads its infection like an uncontrollable and incurable *Gangrene*, yea, like a most contagious and fatall pestilence: so as in *Varese* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profession and conversation; his *Theory* and his *Practice*, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-springs and fountaines be corrupted with this vice and drunkenness,

kennesse, no marvell if the Rivers and Streames of *Common-weales* be infected and poysoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and residence in the *schooles* and *Classes* of *Universities*, from which Nurseries & Gardens of the Muses, both the *Church* and *State* fetch their chiefest Ornaments and Members; how can wee expect to see it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whose grosse ignorance makes them farre more capable to learne *Vice*, than *Vertue*; or rather *Vice*, and not *Vertue*; sith there is no shorter nor truer art to learne it, than of their *Art Masters*, because the example and president of ill doings in our Teachers and Superiours, doth not onely plant, but ingrasse and root it, not onely privilege, but, as it were, authorize it in us, still with a fatall impetuosity, with a dangerous violence, and pernicious event and issue: for if remedies be not to be found in learned *Physicians*, it is then in vaine to seeke them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the *Preceptor* himselfe be not sanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his *Disciple* will not. This (yea this) is a most mournfull and fatall rocke, whereon divers vertuous and religious parents have even wept themselves to death, to see their children suffer shipwracke; yea, this beastly and brutish sin of Drunkennesse, is still the Divells *Usher* and *Pander* to all other sinnes; and therefore how cautious and carefull ought the Heads of *Schooles* and *Universities* be, to expell and root it out from themselves, and to hate and detest it in others, sith in the remisse winning thereat, I may (with as much truth as safety) affirme, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we shall not goe farre to see it made good, and verified in this ensuing mournfull History; the which in exacting Inke from my Pen, doth likewise command blood from my heart, and teares from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficully hath *Maurice* beene three moneths in *Lofanna* with *Varesius*, but his vertues are eclipsed and drowned in vice; yea, hee not onely thinks, but holds it a vertue to make himselfe culpable and guilty of this his Tutors *Vice* of Drunkennesse, wherein within lesse than three moneths, he proves so expert, or indeed so execrable a *Scholler* in his beastly Art, as both day and night he makes it not only his practice, but his delight, and not onely his delight, but his glory. He who before was so temperate in his drinke and conversation in *Morges*, as for the most part, he wholly dranke water, not wine; now he is so viciously metamorphosed in *Lofanna*, as contrariwise, hee onely drinckes wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to observe in this young *Scholler*, he drinks (or to write truer, devoures it) so excessively, as his Cups are become his Bookes; his Carousing, his Learning; the Taverne, his Study; and Drunkennesse the onely Art he professeth: which filthy and infectious disease, spreading from the *Preceptor* to the *Pupill*, from old *Varesius* to young *Maurice*, hath so surpris'd the one, and seized on the other, as it threatens the disparagement of the first his reputation, and the shipwracke of the seconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Varesius*, who will not be ashamed to pity this beastly *Vice* in himselfe, doth yet pity it with shame to behold it in his Scholler *Maurice*, and yet hath neither the *Grace* to reforme it in himselfe, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but in stead of stopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this twinish sinne, which inevitably drawes after it these threefold diseases and miseries: The poison of our bodies, the consumption of our purses, and the Meath and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, these three not farre different from the three former. The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the consumer of our Estates and friends: And within the compasse of one whole yeere, to all those diseases and miseries doth the drunkennesse of our deboshed young Scholler *Maurice*, subject and reduce him; so as it being the nature of sinne (not checked and vanquished with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flourish than fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Lofanna*, the deeper root this beastly vice of drunkennesse tooke in him, and hee the dearer affection to it, so as that competent exhibition which his mother yeerely allowed him, became incompatible with this his excessive prodigality and

intemperancy: Yea, his extreme superfluity in this kind, was without intermission so frequent, as three quarters of his yeeres pension could not discharge one of his expences and debts, so strong a habit (converted now to a second Nature) had this bewitching beastly sinne of drunkenness exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he onely triumphed to become a slave to this his slavish appetite and swinish profession, which to support and maintaine, he not onely feeds, but surfeits his mother with variety of subtill and insinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers summes of moneyes from her, as indeed he doth; some under pretext of his necessity to buy new bookes, which hee affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his weaknesse and sicknesse, and such like colourable excuses; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as fast empty her purse and store, as her industrious frugality can possibly fill them; whereof having all the reasons of the world to become sensible, shee at last, making her judgement consult with her affection, begins now to feare, that her son was become lesse vertuous, and more deboshed than she hoped of, and that these his Letters and Petitions for mony, were but onely tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence shee reposed in his vertuous carriage and godly inclination; whereof being in fine informed and certified, from such *Students* and *Burgers* of *Losanna*, whom shee had set as *Sentinels*, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lyneus* eyes over his actions and deportments, shee at last with few thanks to his Tutor *Varesius*, many complaints and exclamations to her sonne, and inexpressible griefe and sorrow to her selfe, calls and commands him home from *Losanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitternesse and secrecy, shee taxes and rates him for his drunkennesse and prodigality, in that he had vainely spent in one yeere, more than either his father or her selfe could collect or gather up in many.

But see the lewd subtilty, and wretched deceitfulness of this dissolute sonne towards this his deare and tender mother; for then and there, seasoning his speeches with vertue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety, hee modestly seemes not onely to tax her credulity, conceived against the candeur and integrity of his actions, but also with a kinde of tacite choller, to maligne and traduce those who unjustly and falsely had cast so foule an aspersiō on his vertues and innocency; and the better to make those his speeches, and this his *Apologie* and *Justification* passe current with his mother, his discretion now describes so faire a Law to his *Vanity*, and his reason to his intemperate and irregular desires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and observant judgement, he seemes to be the very picture and statue of *Vertue*, although *God* and his foule soule and conscience well knowes, that hee is the true, essentiall and reall *Image* of *Vice*: and the better to cloake and overvaile this his dissimulation from the eyes of *God* and his mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and especially in his mothers house and sight, he casts them off by day; and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himselfe into her approbation and favour, hee mornings and evenings is seene at his prayers and spends the greatest part of his time in hearing and frequenting of *Sermons*, the which affords such sweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as shee repents her selfe of her unkindnesse towards him, and not only acquits him of his drunkennesse, prodigality, and dissolutenesse, but also accuseth his accusers, whom shee now as much condemnes for *Envy* and *Malice* towards her sonne, as shee highly (and as shee thinks justly) applaude him for his religious piety towards *God*.

But such Hypocrisie is worse than Prophanenesse, as making us rather Divells than Saints; or indeed not Saints, but Divells; and that no sacrifice is so odious, nor object so hateful to *God*, as hee who denies and dissembleth it in his lookes, and yet professeth and practiseth it in his heart and soule: so we shall see to our griefe, and this wretched Hypocrite slide to his misery, that thinking to deceive *God*, hee shall in the end deceive himselfe; and in attempting to betray his mother through his false *Vertue*, his true *Vice* will at last betray him, and make him as miserable, as hee flattereth himselfe it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirme this opinion of his temperancy in his mothers conceits

conceits and minde, and so the more secretly to overvaile his excessive affection and addition to *Drunkennesse*, he under the pretence of some necessary and profitable occasions, gets leave of her, sometimes to ride over to *Berne*, *Solure*, *Fribourge*, *Apenfall*, and other capitall townes of the *Cantons*, where hee falls afresh to his cups, and there continually both day and night swills his braines, and stuffes up his belly with wine, as if hee tooke no other delight or glory, but to drowne his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet againe, when hee returnes to *Morges*, hee makes such faire weather with his mother, and casts so temperate a cloake and colour on his speeches and actions, as if it were impossible for him to drinke more than would suffice *Nature*, or to desire more than would merely quench his thirst. And thus by his hypocriticall policy having againe wrought himselfe into his mothers good opinion and favour, as also some store of money out of her purse and coffers: he with a fained shew of *Humility* and discretion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his studies and learning, returnes againe to *Lofanna*, where he is no sooner arrived, but upon his new returne, he findes out his old carrowling companions, who like so many pestilent Vipers, and contagious Moaths and Caterpillers, are vitiously, and therefore fatally resolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purse, but also the heart of his happinesse, and as I may justly terme it, to devour the very soule of his felicity: and with these tippling brats of *Bacchus*, doth our lewd and deboshed *Scholler Maurice*, continually drinke drunke, not onely forgetting his learning but himselfe; and which is worse, his *God*, having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; so beastly is he inclined, so swinishly and vitiously is hee affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognosticate, presage, or promise to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, misery and ruine of all sides?

As the shortest errors are best, so those *Vices* which have longest perseverance and predominance in us, prove still the most pernicious and dangerous: It is nothing to crush a Serpent in the egge, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then crush us: a plant may be removed with ease, but an old tree difficultly: To fall from sin to repentance, is as great a happinesse, as it is a misery to fall from repentance to sinne; and indeed to use but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater misery befall us, than to thinke our selves happy, when (through our sinnes) we are miserable.

Here in *Lofanna*, *Maurice* esteemes this his beastly sinne of drunkennesse to be a *Vertue*; not a *Vice* in him; yea, in paying for all shots and reckonings in Tavernes, he sottishly and foolishly thinks it the shortest and truest way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without feare or wit, yea, without the least sparke of *Grace*, or shadow of consideration, his stomacke (like the Divells sponge) and his insatiable throat (like a bottomelesse gulfe) so devoures his wine, and his wine his money, as that which should be the *Argument* of his glory, hee makes the cause of his shame; and his mony which should fortifie his reputation, he converts & turnes to ruine it. But as poverty (in a just revenge of our *Vanity*) rejoyceth to looke on us, because we first disdained either to looke on, or regard it; so hee having spent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in wasting the monies his mother gave him in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feeble the frosty Winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent, than redresse. The Fellowes and Students of his College looke on him and his drunkennesse, some with the eyes of pity, others with those of joy, according as their friendship or malice, their Charity or Envy either conduct their passions, or transport and steere their resolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Varenius*, how can he possible seeke or reclaime this his Pupill from *Vice* to *Vertue*, when he is so wretchedly dissolute, as by the publike vote and voyce of the *University*, he himselfe is already wholly and soly relapsed from *Vertue* to *Vice*.

In which respect this vitious young Student *Maurice*, having neither *Vertue* nor Tutor, money nor credit, discretion nor friend, to secure him from the shelves of Indigence, or

or the rocks of Poverty and Misery, whereon he is rashly and wilfully rushing like a true deboshed Scholler, or indeed, as a Master of Art in the Art of deboshedness, first sells his bookes, then his gowne and cloath, and next his bed, being desirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and foolishly) assured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miserable consideration and condition, a wretched estate and resolution, onely tending and conducing to direfull misery, and to deplorable poverty and desolation.

But to replenish his purse, to repaire his credit and apparell, and to continue his cups and drunkenness, he hath no other hopes or refuge, than againe to cast himselfe on the affection and courtesie of his mother, whom he re-visits with severall Letters, which are only so many humble insinuating petitions, againe to draw and wrest monies from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they distinctly and severally, and his mother joyntly with them conspire to deceive him. For I write it with griefe, because (by an uncontrollable relation of the truth) she dictates it to my pen with teares, that as well by all those of *Morges*, who came from *Lisanna*, as by all those of *Lisanna* who came to *Morges*, shee is most certainly and sorrowfully advertised of her sonnes deboshed and dissolute life, of his neglect of Learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkenness, of the sale of his clothes, bed, and bookes; of the irreparable losse, both of his time, monies and reputation; and withall, how the dregs and fumes of wine hath metamorphosed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily disgraced it with many fierie Rubies, and flaming Carbunkles; as also how it hath stuffed and bombasted up his belly and body, as if the dropie and hee contended who should first seize each on other; and therefore shee being (with a mournfull unwillingness) enforced, not onely to take notice, but sorrowfully to rest assured and confident of these disastrous premises, the infallible predictions and *symptomes* of her Sonnes utter ruine and subversion: Shee peremptorily and absolutely refuseth his requests, answereth his Letters with many sharpe complaints, and bitter exclamations against his foule sinne of Drunkenness, which threatens no lesse than the ruine both of his Reputation, Friends, Learning, Fortune, and Life, if not of his Soule.

Maurice, seeing himselfe wholly abandoned of his Mother, he knowes not how to live, nor yet how to provide the meanes to maintaine life, which not onely surpriseth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaileth his cogitations with feare; yea, hee takes this discourtesie of hers, so neere at heart, and withall is so extremely impatient to see himselfe forsaken of her, whom he knowes the Lawes of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish: as forgetting himselfe to be her Sonne, and shee his Mother; yea, forgetting himselfe to be a man, and which is more, a *Christian*, his wants and *Needs* so farre transport him beyond the bounds of *Reason* and *Religion*, of *Nature* and *Grace*, as hee impiously and execrably degenerates from them all, and secretly vowes to his heart and soule, or to say truer, to the Divell, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and inoxicates the other) that he will speedily send her into another world in a bloody Coffin, if shee will not believe his wants and maintaine him as her Sonne in this. So also here it is, that he first gives way to the Divell to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he first assumes bad blood, and suggests bloody designs, against the safety and life of his deare and innocent Mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villaine, his thoughts and studies (like to many lines running to their centre) are now in continuall action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragical businesse to an end: yea, the better to feed this his insatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchlesse thirst of his Matricide revenge, he forgets all other projects and affaires, to follow and haften on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in *Lisanna*, casting away his bookes which would seeme to divert him from it, as if he cou'd *Phis*, not *Phis*; *Riverina*, not *Pallus*; *Brunda*, not *Oranus*; the *Wine*, not the *Miser*; and as afflictions seldom come alone, but many times (as the waves of the sea) fall one in the necke of another, so to make him rather

advances

advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnaturall and damnable attempt, his excessive and frequent drunkenness makes him so notoriously apparant to the Heads of the *University* in generall, and of his owne *Colledge* in particular, that they give him his *Couge*, and (without lending any care to his *Apologie* or Justification) expell him thence. So that being now destitute of all friends and meanes, he is enforced to see himselfe reduced to this point of misery, that he must either beg or starve, which to prevent, (because he as much disdaines the first, as he is resolved to provide a remedy for the second) he leaves *Leislar* (where his vices and debts have made the stones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his Mother to *Morges*, hoping that his presence may prevaile more with her than his absence; and his tongue make that easie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not onely difficult but impossible.

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with teares, not of joy, but of griefe, for his drunkenness hath so deformed his face and body, as at the first sight she difficultly knew him to be her sonnes, and although hee take paines to conceale that beastly vice of his, and so to plaister and varnish it over with a faigned shew of repentance and reformation; yet shee sees to her affliction, and observes to her misery, that he loves his Cup better than his life, and that as soone as shee once turnes her backe from him, hee falls close to them, and so tripleth and carouseth from Morning to Night. Three daies are scarce past, before he makes two requests to her; the one for new clothes, the other for money; when to the end that her wisdom might shine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wisdom, she cheerefully grants him the first, but peremptorily denies him the second, because shee well knowes it would be so much cast away on him, sith he would instantly cast it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparell doth not so much content him, as the refusall of her money doth both afflict and inflame him: Hee is all in choller hereat, and the fumes of revenge do so implacably take up and seiz upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the feare of God, or care of his soule, he like a damnable villaine, and an execrable sonne, swaps a bargain with the Divell, to destroy and make away his mother: Hellish resolutions, and infernall conceits, which will not onely strangle those who embrace, but confound those who follow them: his impiety made him formerly assume this bloody fact; and now his necessity and want of mony (in that he cannot, as it were, drowne himselfe in the excess of drunkenness) enforceth him to a resolution to finish it. His faith is so weake towards God, and so strong with the Divell; as he will not retire with Grace, but advance with impiety, to see as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody business: Hee consults hereon with his delight, not with his reason; with his will, not with his Conscience; with his heart, not with his soule. Hee sees hee hath no money, and knowes, or at least believes, that his mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if shee were once dead, it were impossible that his life should want any. So these two wretched Counsellors, *Covetousness* and *Drunkenness*, (or rather *Covetousness* to maintaine his Drunkenness) like two infernall fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournfull murder of his deare and tender Mother, the end wherof will bring him as much true misery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promise him false content and happinesse; his youth hath no regard to her age, and less to her life, neither will he vouchsafe to remember, that he first received his of her: yet all the blood that flowes in his heart, and streames in his veines and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and descended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Leislar* should; if his yeeres cannot instruct him, yet his bookes might; and if *Nature* prevailed not with his heart, yet he thinks *Grace* should with his Conscience, to present him the foulness of this attempt, and the unnaturall cruelty thereof in resolving to embrace his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; for if the influence of these earthly considerations could not allay the heat of his malice, nor quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet he thinks looking from profaneness to piety, from earth to heaven, from the time present to the future; from the corruption

ruption of his Body, to the immortality of his Soule; from Sinne to Righteousnesse, from Revenge to Religion, and consequently from Satan to God, hee should hate this bloody designe and project of his as much as now he loves it, and seeke the preservation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and pursues her untimely end with impiety and detestation. But his Vices will still triumph over his Vertues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miserable, ever to see himselfe so happy.

Miserable *Maurice* therefore, (as the shame of his time, the disgrace of his sex, and a prodigious monster of Nature) having hellishly resolved on the matter, now with a diuellish fortitude and hellish assurance passeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. Hee will not give eare to God, who seekes to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Diuell, who useth his best Oratory to perswade and entice him to it. But as the Diuell is malicious in his subtilty, so should we be both wise and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if wee believe God, we shall then betray him: he is impatient of delays, yea, his malice is so bloody, and his revenge so cruell, as hee thinkes every houre a yeere, till he hath sent her from Earth to Heaven. He proposeth unto himselfe divers waies to murther her, and the diuell, who is never absent, but present in such hellish occasions, makes him as well industrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finishing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as she is in bed: Then to poison her at table, either in her meat or drinke. Then againe he is of opinion to hire some to kill her as she is walking in her Vineyards; or else to cause two Water-men to drowne her, as shee is taking the aire in a Boate on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly she is accustomed to doe; but yet still he is irresolute, either which, of which not to resolve on, till at last, after a weekes dilatory protraction, having with a fall and infernall ratiocination banded and rebanded these severall bloody projects in his braines and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparant danger, than of warrantable safety, when considering there was a deepe Well in the outer yard, adjoyning to the Garden, hee holds it fittest for his purpose to drowne her therein, whereon the Diuell and he strike hands, and set up their rest and period.

Whiles thus this gracious mother *Christina* endeavours with her best care and Prayers to divert her gracelesse sonne *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beastly sinne of Drunkenesse, he (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limbe of the Diuell) with a monstrous and inhumane ingratitude, sets his inventions and braines on the tenter-hooks, to espie out the occasion and time to dispatch her: When burning with a flaming desire, to quench the insatiable thirst of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) seeing all his mothers people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and she with a Prayer booke in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Diuell infuseth such courage to his heart, his heart such cruelty and inhumanity to his resolutions, that all things seemed then to conspire to see an end to this his so long desired and affected businesse of murthering and dispatching his mother, he taking on him the part of a mad-man, whom it seemed sorrow had suddenly afflicted, and grieve distracted, he with his hat in his hand, hastily and furiously rusheth into the Garden to his mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the neighbours children fall into the Well, which he espied from his chamber window: whereunto (harmlesse good woman) she adding beliefe to his false and perfidious speeches; and and (being beyond her selfe) afflicted and amazed with this sudden and sorrowfull news, she throws away her Booke, and hand in hand with him, (her sighes interrupting her words, and her teares her sighes) she (as if pity added wings to her feety trips away to the Well, both to see this mournfull spectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her possible care to assist, or power to preserve the said childe from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a fury, than a man, and rather resembling a meere Diuell, than a sonne, fastneth his left hand on the Well-post, and as she lookes into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throwes her in; and so without any

more doing claps downe the cover thereof; when rejoycing in his heart that hee had sent her to death, because hee sees and knowes it now, not in the power of the whole world to save her life. Hee (the better to overvaile this his impious villany; and to obscure this his barbarous and bloody fact) ascends her chamber, breakes open her cupboards, trunks and chests, takes away most of her money, and silver plate, which hee privately hides away for his owne behoofe and use, and so scattereth a few pieces of money, and some of her clothes and apparell in the floore, thereby subtilly to insinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when stealing a horse out of the stable, he with much secrecy gets him out of the backe doore, which he leaves open, and from thence rides away to his mothers people in the Vineyards; to whom he relates he hath been all that morne abroad to take the air, and is now come to passe the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry: to which end (in his Mothers name) he sends for wine from the skirts of the towne; and so (as well men as maids) they carouse and frolicke it till towards night, and then they all returne home, where they finde both doores open, his mother their Mistresse wanting; and no creature whatsoever in the house, whereat they much admire and wonder. So the servants and himsele seeke and call her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vaine, for they find no newes of her; when the maids one way, and hee and the men-servants another way, seeke her as well in the roomes and chambers, as in the streetes and neighbours houses, where she is accustomed to frequent, but to no purpose; for they can neither see nor heare of her; till at length the maidens rushing into her bed-chamber, they find her cupboards, chests and trunks broken open, and some of her money and apparell strewed here and there on the floore; whereat amazed, they lamentably cry out at the windows, that thieves have beene there, and robbed their Mistresse her chests and trunks: which *Maurice* and the men servants of the house over-hearing, they ascend, and admire at the sight thereof; neither doth his outward feares, or their inward apprehensions, stop or stay at the meere losse of the goods, but they joyntly apprehend, and feare the absence of his mother, and their Mistresse *Christina*, and are already become jealous and umbragious of her safety, and very fearefull, that the thieves have offered her some violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no newes of her, her sonne (because chiefly interested in this disastrous accident) goes and acquaints the *Bayliffe* of *Morges*, and the rest of the *Criminall Officers* therewith, who of all sides inquire for her, and make a secret and curious search in the towne, to find out the thieves; and in the meane time (together with *Maurice* and the servants) leave not a roome nor place of the house unsought for her: but their diligence proves vaine, for they can purchase no newes of her, much lesse of the thieves. They remaine in the house all night, and they all with sorrowfull and watchfull eyes, every minute of an houre expect her, or newes of her. Eight of the clocke the next day strikes, but as yet there is not so much as seene or heard of: So they againe, in presence of the *Bayliffe*, revisit and search all places and corners both in the House, Gardens, Orchards and Yards; but still to no effect or purpose: when behold the sacred and secret providence of God, in revealing her to be drowned in the Well, not only beyond the expectation, but also beyond the beliefe of all that were present: for as they are in the midst of their doubts and feares, yea, in the very depth of their research and perquisition, lo, one of the servant maids, named *Hester*, who was neereest in the favor, and dearest in the affection of her Mistresse, having that very instant morning taken a nap of an houres sleepe, or thereabouts in a chaire, starts suddenly out of her sleepe and rest, trips to them, and saies, she then and there dream'd, that her Mistresse *Christina*, was cast into the Well and drowned; the which she affirmed with many words, and more sighs, out-cries and teares; which piercing into the eares and thoughts of the *Bayliffe* and servants, and into the very heart and Conscience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with griefe and amazement, and he straineth the highest key of his Art and pollicy to keepe his cheeks from blushing for shame thereat, and the better to hood-winke their eyes and judgements, from the least sparke or shadow of this his guiltinesse herein, hee with

with many showres of hypocriticall teares, prayes the *Bayliffe* that upon *Hesters* dreame and report, the Well may be searched, adding withall, that it was more probable than impossible; that those thieves who robbed his mothers house, might likewise be so diabolically malicious to murder her and throw her into the Well: which the *Bayliffe* seriously considering, as first the maids dreame, then the sonnes request and teares, hee instantly in presence of all those of the house, as also of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purposely assembled; caused the Well to be searched and sounded, where the hooké taking hold of her clothes, they instantly bring up the dead body of his mother and their Mistrisse *Christina*: the skull of whose head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully dashed out with her fall. All are amazed, her servants grieve, and her hellish sonne *Maurice* weepes and cries more than all the rest at this mournfull spectacle. The *Bayliffe* carefully and punctually againe examines *Hester*, if God in her dreame revealed her not the manner how, and the persons who had thus throwne her Mistrisse into the Well; she answereth negatively according to the truth, that she had already delivered as much as she knew of that mournfull businesse. When *Maurice*, to shew his forwardnesse and zeale, for the detection and finding out of his mothers murderers, he pretends that he suspects *Hester* to be accessary, and to have a hand herein. But the *Bayliffe* and commoti Councell of *Morges*, having neither passion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgement, finding no reason or ground of probability to accuse her, or which might tend or conduce that way; They free her without farther questioning her, and so (as it hath beene formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly throwne her into the Well: They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathlesse mother, which hee doth with the greatest pompe and decency, requisite as well to her ranke and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the least dust or smoake of suspicion, which might any way fall upon the lustre of his innocency, he at her Funerall (to the eye of the world) sheds many rivolets of teares. But alas, what is this to this his foule and execrable sin of murdering his mother? for although it bleere the eyes, and inveagle the judgements of the *Bayliffe* and his associates, the Criminal Judges of *Morges*, yet God the Great and Sovereaigne Judge of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no, for albeit he be mercifull, yet his Divine Majesty is too Just to let crimes of this hellish nature goe either undetected or unpunished.

We have seene this execrable sonne so bloody hearted and handed, as with a diabolish rage, and inhumane and infernall fury, to drowne his owne deare and tender mother; and with as much cruelty as ingratitude, to throw her from the world into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the hazard and perill of her life) threw him from her wombe into the world; and the Providence and Justice of God will not lead the curiosity of the Reader far, before we see this miserable miscreant overtaken with the impetuous stormes of Gods revenge, and the fiery gusts and tempests of his just indignation for the same, notwithstanding that his subtil malice, and malicious subtilty, have so cunningly contrived, and so secretly acted and compacted it with the Divell, that no earthly person, or sublunary eye, can any way accuse, much lesse convict him thereof; as marke the sequell, and it will briefly and truly informe thee how.

As soone as he hath buried his mother, his blacke mourning apparell doth in his heart and actions worke such poore and weake effects of repentance and sorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, hee contrariwise rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her decease being now become Lord and Master of all, hee like a gracelesse villaine, falls again to his old carousing companions, and veine of drunkenness, wherein he takes such singular delight and glory, as he makes it not onely his pastime and exercise by day, but his practise and recreation by night: And as God hath infinite meanes and waies to scourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, so we shall shortly see for our instruction, and observe for our reformation, that this ungodly & beastly vice of drunkenness of his, which is his most secret bosome and

darling sin, will in the end prove a ravenous *Vulture* to devour, and a fatall *Serpent* to eat out the bowells, first of his wealth and prosperity, and then of his life; for it not onely takes up his time, but his study, in so much as I may as truly averre to my griefe, as affirme to his shame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity, which swinish excesse and intemperance, (as a punishment inseparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that sin) doth within three moneths make him sell away all his Lands, yea, and the greatest part of his plate and household stuffe; so his drunkenness first, but then chiefly Gods Justice and revenge punishing his foule and inhumane crime of drowning his mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very short time become very extreme poore and miserable; so as he runs deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become so exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and feares, when he least dreames thereof; he is importuned by his Meretrice and Draper, for the blacks of his mothers Funerall, to both whom he is indebted the summe of three hundred crownes, which is farre more than either his purse can discharge, nor his credit and estate now satisfie. When abandoned of all his friends, his intances spent and consumed, and nothing left him to exercise his patience in Prison, but despair; nor to comfort him, but the terrours of his bloody and guilty Conscience. He is clapt into a stinking Vault or Dungeon, where (in horror and detestation of his bloody crime) the glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sunne, disdaines to send his radiant and glittering beames to comfort him; so as he who was before accustomed to fare deliciously, and, as it were, to swill and drowne himselfe in the best and most delicious Wines, now he must content himselfe onely with coarse bread and water; and yet his misery is so extreme, and that extremity of his so miserable, as hee hath hardly enough to maintaine and sustaine life: But wee shall see that this first affliction of his, will instantly be followed and overtaken by a second.

Whitsunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Gaoler, (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedome of the ayre; which is granted him, when at night descending the staires, againe to be pent up in his obscurd Dungeon, his foote slips, and he receives a fearefull fall, whereof the bone of his right thigh is broken in two peeces, and having no Chirurgeon to looke to it, it putrifies and rots, so that for the preserving of his life, he within fifteene daies is enforced to have it cutt off his thigh below the shoulder; and this was the very same hand and arme which threw his mother into the Well. A singular act of Gods revenging Justice, and just revenge shewen here in. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our soules, that the Reader hereof, of what sex or quality soever, may as it were stand amazed at the consideration of *Maurice* his impious sinne towards God, and of Gods due and true revenge and requitall thereof in his just judgement and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to suffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhumane crime, in murdering his Mother; nor to say the truth, it is but the Prologue to the deplorable, yet deserved, punishment; which is immediately ready to surprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may informe our curiosity, and our curiosity us, of the Catastrophe of this Tragedy, we must understand, that it was the pleasure, and providence of God; that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arme, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgement. The devill caused him most inhumanely to drowne his Mother, the which he might have refused to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof sends him Rage for Reason, Despaire for Comfort, and Madnes for Sobriety, the which he would flie and eschew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and Lawes of Nature, and therefore God hath ordained, that he should feele many degrees of punishments, and this is not onely the Law, but the rule of Grace. Of all degrees of afflictions, madnes is the most to be pitied, and the worst to be cured, for it makes a man goe farre beyond reason, and therefore to write too short of himselfe, it is held by some to be a sickness of the Liver, of others, say over-fuming

of the blood, and of others a debility of the braine: But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his soule, which God sent purposely into his braines, to be revenged of his heart, for so inhumanly drowning his Mother: For although his divine Majesty hath infinite more waies to punish murder, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched *Maurice* as strange as the plotting and finishing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruel, he purposely sends it him; for although since his imprisonment, hunger had so taken downe his stomacke, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of speech was now reduced to a kind of sorrowfull and pensive silence; yet as soone as his braines and senses were possessed and cultivated with this prodigious Lunacy, and outrageous phrensie, then his fits were so violent, and that violence so implacable as his speeches were so many fearefull outcries and howlings, and his words so many uncouth and unheard of ravings; so that whosoever either heard or saw him, he might justly conceive and affirme, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this his affliction and phrensie of his so miserable, so impetuous, as he spake nonsense perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his soule conscience and polluted soule rung him so many *Panick* feares and terrors of despaire, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himselfe, because hee could be no more afraid of himselfe; So as that Dungeon which could imprison his body, was not capable to containe his thoughts, much lesse to immure his feares; and in this miserable plight and perplexity he remained for the space of ten daies and nights, without any intermission or hope of remedy, which infinitely disturbed his fellow prisoners, and chiefly his Gaoler, whose eares had never beene accustomed to heare such discordant tunes, much lesse to be taken up with such distastefull and fearefull melody.

He acquaints the common *Councell* of the towne hereof, and importunately solicites them, that they will remove his distracted prisoner *Maurice* to some more fitter and more convenient place. Who remembering what *Maurice* had beene, and now considering and seeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be so charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now so religiously compassionate, as they pity his madness; so they command him from a Dungeon to a Chamber, from his pallet of straw to a featherbed, from his bread and water, to wholsome meates and broths; but all this will not suffice; and to shew themselves not onely good men, but good Christians, they to restore him to his wits and senses, make yet a further progression in charity. They cause him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not onely eloquent, but powerfull to perswade him to pray often, and to practise other Christian duties and offices; but his cries are so outrageous, & his ravings so extravagant, as he is as incapable to relish their reasons, as they are to understand his rage: When the very immediate finger and Providence of God, makes them yet so sensible of his unparallel'd misery, as they are resolved to remove him from his Prison to an Hospitall, thereby to take the benefit of the ayre in the Gardens, Walks, and Fields, hoping that they might prevaile with him, to recall his wits, and re-establish his senses in their proper seats of *Understanding*, and stations of *Judgement*. When here, (oh here) I conjure thee Christian Reader, to stand amazed and wonder with me, at the sacred and secret justice of the Lord, expressed and demonstrated in this accident; For as his under Gaoler (by the *Magistrates* command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him forth from the Prison to an Hospitall, his bloody crime (like so many Blood-hounds) pursuing his guilty conscience and soule; his thoughts so enform'd his knowledge, and his knowledge so confirme his believe, that the drowning of his Mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his Prison to the place of execution to suffer death for the same. Which apprehension and feare, God putting into his conceits and heart, in despite of his madness, he wanting an accuser, loe here he himselfe both accuseth and condemneth himselfe for the same. For the very Image of that conceit redoubling his feare, as his feare did his phrensie and madness, hee in the midst of those fits, and the height of that Agony and Anxiety;

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cries out with a loud voyce, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me to confesse it before hee suffers you to hang mee; I speake it on earth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confesse is true.* Which words no sooner escaped his tongue, but he instantly returnes againe to his out-cries of phrensie and madnesse. His Gaolers and the rest are amazed at these fearefull speeches, and bloody confession of his; which notwithstanding that they attribute to madnesse, yet they lead him to the Hospitall, he still raving and crying as he passeth the streets: But oh! Let us here farther, admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here againe miraculously made apparent and manifested in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outragiously cryed in his prison, and licentiously raved in the street, is no sooner entred into the Hospitall, but the pleasure of God had so ordained it, as his madnesse fully falls from him, and he absolutely recovereth againe his wits and senses, in such firme and settled manner, as if hee had never formerly beene touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magistrates, first of his confession of drowning his Mother, and then of his sudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgment and senses, as soone as he set foot within the Hospitall: Whereupon they as much astonished at the one, as wondring at the other, doe instantly repaire thither to him, and there arraigne and accuse him, for that inhumane and bloody fact of his, whereof his owne evidence and Confession hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at least, he will not be the same man: He denies this horrible and bloody crime of his, with many oaths and asseverations, which they maintaine and affirme he hath confessed, saies, that they either heard a dreame, or saw a Vision, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to lose all the blood and life of his body, to finde out, and to be revenged of the murtherers of his mother.

But the Magistrates are deafe to his *Apologie*, and considering the violence of his madnesse by its sudden abandoning him, as also his free and uninforced confession of drowning his Mother; they conceive that Gods providence and Justice doth strongly operate in the detection of this foule and inhumane murther; and therefore contemning his requests and oaths, (in the vindication of his innocency) they caule him to be refetched from the Hospitall to the Prison, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and soule be terrified & affrighted with his apprehension and accusation: Yet the devill is so strong with him, as he cannot yet finde in his heart to relent, much lesse to repent this foule and inhumane crime of his; but considering that he acted it so secretly, as all the world could not produce a witnesse against himselfe, except himselfe, he vowes hee will be so impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to disdain these his torments, and to looke on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than feare: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we shall see both his Conscience and resolutions taught another rule, and prescribed a contrary Law; yea, here we shall behold and observe in him, that now *Righteousnesse* shall triumph over *Sinne*, *Grace* over *Nature*, his *Soule* over his *Body*, *Heaven* over *Hell*, and *GOD* over *Satan*; for at the very first sight of the Rack, the sight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him shake and tremble extreamly, when his soule being illuminated by the resplendent Sun-beames of GODS mercy, and the foggy mists of Hell & Satan expelled and banished thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, first beats his breast, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of teares) againe confesseth, that hee had drowned his mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remission, both from Earth and Heaven.

And although there be no doubt but God will forgive his Soule for this his foule murther, yet the Magistrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their lookes, Religion in their hearts and speeches, and Justice in their actions, will not pardon his body; so in detestation of this his fearefull crime, and inhumane parricide, they in the morning con-

demne

demne him, that very afternoone to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which sentence, as he hath reason to approve the equity of their Justice in condemning him to die, so he cannot refraine from grieving at the strictnesse of the time, which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as soone as we forsake the devill, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Lofanna* rings of this mournfull and Tragicall newes, and in detestation of this mournfull, inhumane and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and streets to the place of execution, to see him expiate it by his death, and so to take his last farewell of his life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and assisting his soule, in this her flight and transmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiously prevailed with him, so as they make him see the foulness of his crime, in the sharpness of his contrition and repentance for the same; yea, he is become so humble and withall so sorrowfull, for this his bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he thinke thereof with more griefe, or remember it with detestation and repentance. At his ascending the Ladder, most of his Spectators cannot refraine from weeping, and the very sight of their teares proves the *Argument* of his; as his remembrance of murdering his Mother, was the cause.

Hee tels them he grieves at his very soule, for the foulness of his fact in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms that drunkenness was not onely the root, but the cause of this his beggery and misery, of his crime and punishment, and of his deboshed life, and deserved death, from which with a world of sighes and teares he seeks and endeavours to divert all those who affect and practise that beastly Vice. He declares, that his Mother was too vertuous so soone to go out of the world, and himselfe too vitious (and withall too cruell) any longer to live in it; that the sinnes of his life had deserved this his shamefull death; and although he could not prevent the last, yet that he heartily and sorrowfully repented the first. He prayed God to be mercifull to his soule, and then besought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when speaking a few words to himselfe, and sealing them with many teares, and farre fetched sighes, he lastly bids the world farewell, when enviting the Executioner to doe his Office hee is turned over.

And such was the vitious life, and deserved death of this Execrable Son and bloody villaine *Maurice*: wherein I must confesse, that although his end were shamefull and sharpe; yet, it was by far too too milde for the foulness of his crime, in so cruelly murdering his deare mother *Christina*, whom the Lawes both of *Nature* and *Grace* commanded him to preserve and cherish: Yea, let all Sons and Daughters of all ages and rankes whatsoever looke on this bloody and disastrous example of his, with feare; and feare to commit the like by the sight of his punishment. It is a History worthy, both of our meditation & detestation, whether we cast our eyes on his drunkenness, or fix our thoughts and hearts, on his murder: Those who love and feare God, are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but those who will neither feare nor love him, very seldome prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the rest of our sins, if we once consent and give way to adde that scarlet, and crying one of murder; that blood which we untimely send to Earth, will in Gods due time draw downe vengeance on our Heads from Heaven; *Charity* is the marke of a *Christian*, and the shedding of innocent blood, either that of an *Infidell*, an *Atheist*, or a *Devill*. O therefore let us affect and strive to hate it in others, and so we shall the better know how to detest and abhorre it in our selves, which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our consolations, direct us O Lord our God, and so we shall be directed.

And thus, says the writer of this history, the Son of God and bloody
villain became, whose I must confess, that although he and were, that shall be
large; yet it was by far too noble for the foul balls of his cruel iniquity
thereby his dear mother Mary, when the Law of Nature and Grace was
debt to give and charity: Yet, as all sons and daughters of all ages and
whatsoever look on this bloody and this cruel example of his with fear, and let
to commit the like by the light of his punishment: it is a history which, both
direction and reflection, whether we cast our eyes on his darkness, or fix our thoughts
and heart on his number: Those who love and fear God, are happy in the lives and
fortunate in their death; but those who will neither fear nor love him, very blame
prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the rest of our kind, it
once could not and give way to add that least and crying cry of sorrow; that blood
which we ungraciously tend to Earth, will in God, draw down some vengeance on our
heads from Heaven: Cursed is the mark of a Christian, and the bedding of innocent
blood, either that of an Israelite or a Jew. O therefore let us and strive
to hate it in others, and so we shall the better know how to detest and abhor it in our
lives, which that we may all know to our comfort and remember to our consolation,
direct us Lord our God, and so we shall be directed.

FINIS

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
A GAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expressed
In thirty severall Tragicall Histories, (dig-
ested into six Bookes) which containe great variety
of mournefull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke IV.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.



LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and
are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe
of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1639.

THE

GODS REVENGE

OR

THE HISTORY OF THE
REVENGE TAKEN BY GOD
UPON THE WICKED
IN THE YEAR 1700

Book IV

Written by John Dryden



LONDON,

Printed by Edward Gifford for William Lee, and
are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet at the sign
of the Tankard Head, near the Mint Tavern, 1670.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILIP EARLE OF PEMBROKE AND
Montgomery, Lord Chamberlaine to the King,
one of his Maiesties most Honourable Privie Counsell, and
Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



*Having formerly dedicated the third Booke of these
my Tragicall Histories (of Gods Revenge
against Murther) to your Incomparable
Lord and Brother, William Earle of Pem-
brooke (who now lives with God) I therefore
held my selfe bound (by the double obligation
of my duty & your owne generous merits likewise
to present this Fourth Book to your Protection & Patronage, because
as England, so Europe perfectly knowes that you are as true an
heire to his Vertues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Goodnesse, as to
his greatnesse, and that therefore it may properly be said he is not dead,
because they (as well as himselfe) doe still survive and live in you,
with equall lustre and glory, as having made either a happy Meta-
morphosis, or a blessed Transmigration into your Noble breast and
resolutions, and therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeale to his
Honour that then drew me to that ambition ; so it is entirely the same
which hath now both invited and induced mee to this presumption to*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your Lordship, having no other ends or object in this my Dedication, but that this booke of mine having the honour to be countenanced by so great a personage, and the felicity to be protected by so honourable a Mecænas, may therefore encounter the more safely with the various humours it shall meet with, and abide more securely the different censures of this our too fastidious age.

How these Histories (or the memorable accidents which they containe and relate) will relish with your Lordships palate or iudgement, I know not; Onely because you are a Noble Sonne of Gods Church, and an Excellent Servant to your Prince and Countrey, I therefore rather hope then presume, that your Honour will at least bee pleased to see, if not delight to know and consider, how the Triumphs of Gods Revenge and punishments doth herein secretly and providently meet with this crying and scarlet sinne of premedited Murther, and with the bloody and inhumane Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so many mercilesse Burchers, and prodigious Monsters of mankind) doe justly make themselves odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God hath (deservedly) honoured your Lordship with the favour of two great Earthlie Kings your Soveraignes, as first of our royall King James, the father, and now of our present most Renowned King Charles his Sonne, and yet this externall Honour and favour of theirs is no way so glorious to you, as that (maugre the reigning vices of the world) you serve the true God of beaven, in the puritie of your and feare and adore him in the integritie of your Soule. And to represent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation. This Heavenly Pietie of yours I beleeve is the prime reason, and true Essentiall cause of all this your earthlie Honour, and subltinarie Greatnesse, and that this is it likewise which doth so reioyce your heart, and enrich and replenish your House with so numerous and Noble an Issue, of hopefull and flourishing Children, who (as so many Olive branches of Vertue, and Syents and Plants of Honour) doth both environ your Bed, and surround your Table, and who promise no lesse than futurelie to magnifie the bloud, and to perpetuate and immortalize the
Flustrious

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Illustrious Name and Family of the Herberts, to all Posterity.

Go on resolutely and constantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Pietie to God, and in your Candide and unstained Fidelity to your Prince and Country, that your life may triumph o're your death, and your Vertues contend to out-shine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his best favour and mercy) may make you as blessed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peere and Noble Pillar here on Earth, which none shall pray for with more true Zeale, or desire or wish with more reall and unsained affection, than

Your Honours devoted

and most humble Servant

JOHN REYNOLDS.



The Grounds and Contents of these Histories.

History XVI.

Idiaques causeth his sonne Don Iuan to marrie Marfillia, and then commits Adultery and Incest with her ; She makes her Father in Law Idiaques to poyson his old wife Honoria, and likewise makes her owne brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mathurina ; Don Iuan afterwards kils De Perez in a Duell ; Marfillia hath her braines dasht out by a horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt ; Idiaques is beheaded, his body consumed to ashes, and thrown into the yre.

History XVII.

Harcourt steals away his brother Vimoryes wife Masserina, and keeps her in Adulterie ; She hireth Tivoly (an Italian Mountebank) to poyson La Precouverte, who was Harcourts wife ; Harcourt kils his brother Vimory, and then marries his widdow Masserina ; Tivoly is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth Masserina for hiring him to poyson La Precouverte, for the which shee is likewise hanged ; Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth, and accuseth his said Master for killing of his brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the same.

History XVIII.

Romeo (the Laquay of Borlary) kils Radegonda, the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felisanta in the street, and is hanged for the same ; Borlary afterwards hireth Castruchio (an Apothecary) to poyson her husband Seignior Planeze, for the which Castruchio is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and Borlary is beheaded, and then burnt.

History XIX.

Beaumarays, and his brother Montaigne kill Champigny, and Marin (his second) in a Duell ; Blancheville (the widdow of Champigni) in revenge thereof hireth Le Valley (who was servant to Beaumarays) to murder his said Master with a pistoll, the which hee doth, for the which Le Valley is broken on a wheele, and Blancheville hanged for the same.

History XX.

Lorenzo murdereth his wife Fermin ; He some twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) robbeth his (and her) sonne Thomaso, who likewise (not knowing Lorenzo to be his father) doth accuse him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged.



GODS REVENGE

A GAINST THE CRYING AND Exccerable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY. XVI.

Idiaques causeth his son Don Iuan to marry Marsillia, and then commits Adultery and Incest with her; She makes her Father in Law Idiaques to payson his owne old wife Honoria; and likewise makes her own brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mithurina; Don Iuan afterwards kills De Perez in a Duell, Marsillio hath her braines dashed out by a horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt; Idiaques is beheaded, his body likewise consumed to ashes, and throwne into the ayre.



Et Malice be never so secretly contrived, and the shedding of Innocent blood never so wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conscience is to us a thousand witnesses, so God is to us a thousand Consciences, first to bring it to light, and then their Authors to deserved punishments for the same, when they least dreame or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, so they shall finde no peace or tranquility here on Earth, either with God, or his creatures, because if they would conceale it, yet the very Fowles of the ayre, yea, the stones and timbers of their chambers will detect it; For the Earth or Ayre will give them no breath nor being, but they shall hang betweene both, because by these their foule and deplorable facts, they have made themselves unworthy of either. A powerfull example, and a pittifull precedent whereof wee shall behold in this ensuing History, where some wretched miscreants, and gracelesse creatures, making themselves guilty of those bloody crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Justice of God) received exemplary and condigne punishments for the same: May wee read it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the instruction of our soules.

IN the City of *Santarem* which (by tract of time, and corruption of speech) some tearme *Saint Aren*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richest and best people of *Portugall*,

Portugall; there dwelt a Gentleman of some fifty five yeares old, nobly descended, and of a great estate and meanes, named *Don Sebastian Idiaquez*, whose wife and Lady being aged, of well neere fifty yeares, was termed *Dona Honoria*, and well shee deserved that honourable name, for all sorts of Vertues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugall* and *Spaine*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almost thirty yeares, with much Honour, content, and felicity, and for the fruits of their affection and marriage, they had two sonnes and foure daughters; but God in his pleasure and Providence (for some reserved reasons best knowne to his All Divine Majesty) tooke from Earth to Heaven all their daughters, and one of their sonnes, so as now they have left them but one sonne, named *Don Iuan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of some twenty five yeares old, of disposition brave and generous, who after his first youthfull education under his father, had his chiefe breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was first a Page, and then a chiefe Gentleman retaining to him, whom (in regard of the death of his brother and sisters) his father called home unto him, to be his comfort and consolation, and the prop and stay of his age, as also of the Lady his mother, who had formerly acted a great part in griefe, and a mournfull one in sorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Iuan*, this son of theirs, for all regards of Courtship, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and one of the prime Cavalliers of *Portugall*.

As for *Idiaquez* the father, though in all the course and progresse of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many morall and generous vertues, yet as one discordant string marres the harmony of the best tuned Instrument, and the concent of the sweetest melody and musick; and as one foule Vice is naturally subject, and fatally incident to eclipse and drowne many rich and faire vertues, so (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white haire) he deboshed himselfe so much, and so sottishly sacrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupiscence, and his exorbitant desires to foule-destroying adultery, that he very often made himselfe a false and inconstant husband to his wife, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtisans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady *Honoria* extreemly grieves hereat, that now in his later yeares hee should thus lasciviously forget himselfe, both towards her, and towards God. She useth all sweet perswasions, prayers and teares, to diswade and divert him from it, but seeing that all proves vaine, and that hee rather proves worse then better thereat, her discretion makes her brooke it with as much patience as shee can, and therefore shee seemes not to see, or know that whereof (to her griefe and discontent) she cannot be ignorant; But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Sonne *Don Iuan* misery of all sides.

Somes six leagues from *Santarem* was a wonderfull faire young Gentlewoman being a widdow, aged but of Twenty two yeares, named *Dona Marfilla* well defended, but by her late deceased Husband left but small meanes, yet she beares out her port bravely, and maintaines her selfe highly and gallantly; and indeed shee is the prime young Lady for beauty in all those parts; Now the base Ambassadors, and Emissaries of *Idiaquez* his beastly and obscene lust (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common weales) give him notice of her, and of her singular beauty, as well foreseeing and knowing that it would be sweet and pleasing newes unto him. He visits and courts her, but as young as shee is she puts him off with peremptory refusals, and in vertuous and modest tearmes checks his age for this his lascivious suit and motion to her: But he is as constant in his affection to her, as shee is disdainfull to him; for his heart is so insnared and intangled in the fetters of her fresh and delicate beautie, that although she refuse him, yet he will not forsake her; but after many pursuits and visits, she at last well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that he still most importunately frequented her house and company, shee as a subtile and cunning young Gentlewoman, tels him plainly and privately, that she will acquaint him with a secret of her heart, and a request of her minde and affection, which if hee will cause to be performed, shee then

vowes shee will for ever be at his disposing and command ; *Idiaques* thinking that shee will crave some money of him, or some yearely pension or annuity ; he constantly promiseth to grant and performe her request ; so she (taking time at advantage) and first swearing him to secrecie, than (with many smiles and blushes) shee tels him, that if ever he thinke to enjoy her love and her selfe, hee must use the meanes to marry his son *Don Iuan* to her, which being effected, shee with much pretended shew of piety and affection, religiously swears to him, that shee will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requests shall be to her as so many commands, and (but onely for himselfe) if his sonne *Don Iuan* be her Husband, shee with many imprecations and asseverations swears, that shee will sacrifice her best blood and life, rather than distaine his bed, or offer him the least shadow of any scandall or dishonour whatsoever. *Idiaques* wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her strange proposition, the which hee findes so knotty and intricate, as measuring Grace by Nature, his judgement by his Lust and Concupiscence, and his Soule by his Affections, he knows not what to say or doe herein ; so he answereth her with more love than wisdom, and for that times leaves her in generall tearmes. Hee goes home, walkes pensively in his Garden, and there consults *Pro* and *Con* on this bulinesse ; faine he would preserve his sonnes honour, and keepe the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the sweet *Roses* and *Lillies* of *Marfillaes* youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and beares downe all other reasons and considerations before it : Hee visits her againe and againe, but he findes her inviolable constant in her former resolution. All the favour and courtesie which he can gaine from her, are a few extorted kisses, which so inflame and set on fire his aged heart and affections, as at last like a gracelesse father, he faithfully promiseth her to use his best art and power to procure his sonne to marry her. To which end hee takes him aside, and in the softest and sweetest tearmes hee can devise, paints out *Marfillaes* prayes and Vertues to him in the purest and rarest colours, adding withall, that although shee bee not exceeding rich, yet that her personage is so exquisite, and her perfections so excellent, as that shee every way meriteth to be wife to a Prince. *Don Iuan* (by what fatall fortune I know not) reliseth this motion of his father, to seeke the *Lady Marfilla* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and farre the more and the sooner, in regard hee (in divers companies) hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Vertues advanced to the Skie, so hee takes time of his father to consider hereof, and rides over sometimes with him to *Saint Esienne* to visit her ; Hee findes her wonderfull faire and beautifull, and wonderfull coy ; of a very sweet and Majestickall carriage, and of a delicate and curious speech, fit bairns to ensnare the heart, and to betray the judgement of a more solide understanding than that of *Don Iuan*. Shee acts her part as wisely as hee doth amorously and passionately ; For the more shee makes shew to retire and conceale her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and discover his to her ; but he cannot be so much enamoured of her beauty, as she is with the great Estate of Lands and Demaines whereunto God and his father have made him heire.

Whiles thus the father privately, and the son publicly are seeking to make *Marfilla* his wife, the old *Lady Honoria* the mother, by many strong reasons seekes to divert him from her. Shee hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marfillaes* house and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chastity, her jealousie and judgement at last findes out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is farre greater than honour can warrant, or honestly allow of. Upon which foundation shee in her discontented looks and silence, betrays unto her sonne *Don Iuan*, her constant and resolute avernesse from him to marry her, the which shee paterptorily and religiously forbids him upon her blessing, adding withall, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miseries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is possible for him either to know or conceive ; the which shee prays him to read in her looks and silence, to remember it when hee sees her

her not, and to take it as the trueſt adviſe, and ſecureſt Counſell of a deere Mother to her onely Sonne. *Don Iuan* ruminates on theſe ſpeeches and adviſe of his Mother, as if there were ſome deepe abſtruſe myſterie or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein, the which becauſe he hath equall reaſon as well to feare that this match of his with *Marſilia* may prove fatall, as to hope and beleve that it may prove fortunate, hee makes a ſtand thereat, as vowing to proceed therein with adviſement, and not with temeritie and precipitation ; and ſo forbears for a month or two to viſit her : But the more the Sonne flies off in his affection from *Marſilia*, the more doth ſhee doe the like from his father in requitall, whereat he grieves with diſcontent, and ſhe ſeemes to bite her lip with ſorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his ſon to tell him from whence this his ſudden ſtrangeneſſe and unkindneſſe towards *Marſilia* proceedeth; the which he anſweres with a modeſt excuſe, as favouring more of diſcretion than diſobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mothers counſell and adviſe to him from his Father, the which notwithstanding he vehemently ſuſpecteth it proceeds from her and her Jealouſie. *Marſilia* is enraged to ſee her ſelfe deprived of *Don Iuan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wiſhes ſhee had already made her Husband; and howſoever *Idiaques* his Father ſeekes to conceale and palliate this buſineſſe towards her, yet ſhee beleeves it is his fault, and not his Sonnes. She layes it to his charge, and knitting her browes, ſhee conjureth him to tell her from whence his Sonnes unkindneſſe to her proceeds : He tels her, he is confident. that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat ſhe is exceedingly enraged ; When ſeeing this old Letcher ſo open and plaine with her, ſhee ſoothing him up with many kiſſes, tels him that this old Beldam his wife muſt firſt be in heaven, be'ore he can hope to enjoy her, or ſhee his Son here on Earth ; when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous ſuggeſtions and bloody temptations of the Devill) ſhee proffers him to viſit her, and ſo to poyſon her, which he oppoſeth and contradicth ; and contrary to all reaſon and ſenſe, and repugnant to all Humanity and Chriſtianity, yea, to Nature and Grace. (as a Husband fitter for the Devill, than for this good old Lady his Wife) hee undertakes and promiſeth her ſpeedily to performe it himſelfe ; yea, the Devill is now ſo ſtrong with him, and he with the Devill, that becauſe hee loves *Marſilia*, therefore hee muſt hate his owne deare wife, and vertuous Lady *Honorio*, and becauſe hee hates her, therefore hee muſt poyſon her ; A lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Chriſtian, but a moſt helliſh and bloody one of a Husband to his owne wife, who ought to be neere and deere unto him, as being his owne fleſh and blood, Yea the other halfe of himſelfe. He cannot content himſelfe to ſeek to abuſe and betray his Sonne, but hee muſt alſo murder the mother. So wanting the feare of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and Cruelty, as he was devoyd of all Grace, he is reſolute in this his helliſh rage and malice againſt her, and ſo to pleaſe his young Strumpet, he will ſend this good old Lady his wife to Heaven in a bloody Coffin, ſo without thinking of Heaven or Hell, or of God, or his ſoule, he procures ſtrong poyſon, and acting the part of a fury of Hell, and a member of the Devill, hee as a wretched and execrable Husband, adminiſtreth it to her in preſerved Barbaries, which he ſaw her uſually to love and eat, whereof within three dayes after ſhe dies, to the extreame grieve and ſorrow of her Sonne *Don Iuan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers haſty and unexpected death, but the manner thereof he knowes not, and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or ſuſpect thereof.

His Father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeit ſhew of ſorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time will unmaſke this his wretched hypocrifiſie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murder. Now as ſoone as *Marſilia* is advertiſed of the Lady *Honorio*'s death, ſhe not able to containe her Joyes, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within leſſe than two moneths after her buriall, *Idiaques* and *Marſilia* worke ſo politriquely with *Don Iuan*, as he marries *Marſilia*, although his mothers adviſe to him in the garden, do ſtill run in his mind and thoughts, and now hee brings home his luſtfull Spouſe and Wife to his lewd and laſcivious Fathers

thers house at *Sentarem*, where (I write with horreur and shame) hee most beastly and inhumanly very often commits Adultery and Incest with her, and they act it so close that for the first yeare or two, his Sonne *Don Iuan*, hath no newes or inkling thereof, and now *Marfilla* governeth and rules all, yea her incontineny with her Father *Idiaques* makes her so audacious and impudent, as she commands not onely his house, but himselfe, and domineeres most proudly and imperiously over all his Servants. Her waiting maid *Mathurina* observes and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies lustfull, and unlawfull familiarity, with her Father in Law *Idiaques*, the which her mistress understanding, she extreamely beats her for the same; and twice whips her starke naked in her Chamber, and dragges her about by her haire, although this poore young Gentlewoman, with a world of teares and prayers, begs her to desist and give over.

God hath many wayes and meanes to set forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes, and punishing of offenders, yea he is now pleased to make use of this young maidens discontent and choller against her insensd Lady and Mistress, for wee shall see her pay deare for this cruelty and tyranny of hers towards her, for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, she takes those blowes and severe usage of her Lady in so ill part, and lodgeth it so deeply in her heart and memory, as shee vows her revenge shall requite part of that her cruelty and tyranny towards her; Whereupon (with more haste then discretion, and with more malice than fidelity) she in her hot blood, goes to *Don Iuan* her young master, tels him of this foule businesse betwixt his young wife and old Father, to the disgrace and shame of nature; and makes him see and know his owne dishonour, in their brutish and beastly adultery and incest. *Don Iuan* extreamely grieves hereat, yea he is both amazed and astonished at the report of this unnaturall crime as well of his young wife as aged Father. Hee cannot refraine from choller and teares hereat, to see himselfe thus infinitely abused by her beauty, and betrayed by his lust; and if it be a beastly, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his owne, yea to his onely Sonne. He expected more goodnesse from her youth and grace from age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, so hath his wretched father exceeded and broken those rules and precepts of Nature; yea, he is so netled with the report, and inflamed with the consideration and memorie hereof, that he obhorres her infidelity, and in his heart and soule detesteth his inhumanitie; so as the knowledge hereof doth so justly incense him against her, and exasperate himselfe against him; that resolving to right his owne honour, as much as they have blemished and ruined it, and therein their owne, he scornes to be an eye-Witnesse, much lesse an accessary of this his shame and their infamy: So hee here enters into a discreet and generous consultation with himselfe, how to beare himselfe in this strange and dishonourable accident; when perceiving and finding that both his wife and father, had by this their beastly Adultery and Incest, made themselves for ever unworthy of his sight and company; he here for ever disdaining henceforth to see her, or speake with him, very suddenly (upon a second conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who stood firmly and vertuously to her former deposition and accusation against them) takes horse and rides away from *Sentarem* to *Lisbone*, where providing himselfe of monies and other necessaries, hee takes poast for *Spaine*, and there builds up his residence and stay at the Court at *Madrid*, where wee will for a while leave him, to speake of other accidents which fall out in the course of this History.

Idiaques seeing the sudden departure of his Sonne, and *Marfilla* of her Husband, *Don Iuan*, and being both assured that he had some secret notice and intelligence of their lascivious dalliances and affection, he exceedingly grieves, and shee extremely stormes thereat, because they know that this foule scandall will wholly reflect & fall upon them; and now by this his sudden and discontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not; because he

hath

hath neither lignified him where he is gone, nor when he will returne ; the which the more bewrayeth his small respect, and discovereth his implacable displeasure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a Woman, so *Marfillia* assuring her selfe that it was her Maid *Mathurina* who (to the prejudice and scandall of her Honour) had unlocked this mysterie to her Husband *Don Iuan*, shee enters into so furious a rage, and so outrageous a fury against her, as she provides her selfe of rods, and intends the next morne e're shee be stirring out of her bed, to wreake her fierce anger and indignation upon her : But this sharp and severe resolution of hers, is not so closely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her incensed Lady and Mistris, shee the night before takes horse, and so rides home to the Towne of *St. Saviours* to her father ; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had past betwixt her Lady and her selfe, and betwixt her Husband, her selfe, and her father in Law ; and that now disdaining any more to serve her, as her body, so her tongue is at liberty ; for she is not, and she will not be sparing to publish her Mistris, and her father in law's shamefull familiarity and adultery together. But this indiscretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will cost her farre dearer than shee thinkes of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Mistris *Marfillia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina's* infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her dishonour and shame, shee (to salve up her reputation, and to provide for her fame) will not wholly relye upon her own judgement and discretion herein, but resolves to acquaint *Don Alonso De Perez*, her owne onely brother herewith, and to crave his ayd and assistance, as also his advice, betwixt whom and her selfe there was so strict a league and sympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their shame, and mine owne sorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modesty and Chastity ; onely the presumption hereof is great and pregnant : for if there had not beene some extraordinary ties and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be beleev'd than doubted, that for her sake and service, hee would never have so freely exposed himselfe to such eminent feares and dangers, as wee shall immediately see him doe ; and although (of honour and disposition) hee were brave and generous, yet I beleev'e he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader must understand that to this brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marfillia* speedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina's* tongue against her Fame and Honour, which had so unfortunately occasioned her Husbands, *Don Iuan's*, discontented departure from her. Shee protesteth most seriously and deeply to him of her and her father in Law *Idiaques* innocency in this pretended crime and scandall : Tells him that *Mathurina* is the onely author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that base and lewd tongue of hers be eternally stopped and silenced, she shall never enjoy any true content to her heart, or peace to her thoughts and mind either in this world, or this life : When his affection to her makes him to yeeld such confidence to her speeches, vowes, and complaints, that he holds them to bee as true as Scripture ; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency ; when to please and satisfie her, he bids her be of good cheare and comfort, and that he will speedily take such order that *Mathurina's* scandalous tongue shall not long eclipse her fame, or any further blemish the lustre of her reputation : When this base and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promise to his execrable Sister, he secretly rides over to *St. Saviours*, and there by night wayting neere her fathers doore, when *Mathurina* would chance to issue forth, he in a darke night espying her (without any more ceremony or further expostulation) runnes her thorow the body two severall times, whereof poore harmless innocent soule shee falls downe dead to his feet without once speaking or crying. So *De Perez* seeing her dispatched, he presently takes horse (which his man there led by him) and passes away to *Santarem*, being neither seene nor discovered. And thus this bloody villain most deplorably embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this virtuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought, word, or deed in

all her life ; and albeit that her father *Signior Pedro de Castello* makes curious enquiry and research for the Murtherer of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in safety. But God will in due time finde him out to his shame and confusion ; yea, and then when his security and courage little dreames thereof.

As soone as he comes to *Santarem*, he acquaints his sister *Marsilia* of his dispatching of *Mashurina*, who is infinitely glad thereof, and extremely thankfull to him for the same, and now her malice and revenge lookes wholly on her Husband *Don Juan*, for offering her this unkind and scandalous indignity of his departure, and for tacitely taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and incestuous soule and conscience doth inwardly confesse and acknowledge, though the perfidiousnesse and hypocrisie of her false tongue doe publicly deny it; yea, with her best art and policy, and with her sweetest smiles and kisses, shee hath by this time so exasperated this her bloody brother against him, that (out of his vanity and folly) hee prophanely vowes unto God, and seriously protests and sweares unto her, That if he knew where he were, hee (for the vindication of her honour and innocency, would ride to him and fight with him, except he would resolve to give him and her some valuable reparation, and honourable satisfaction to the contrary, which hee seales and confirms to her with many amorous smiles, and lascivious kisses. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we thinke our selves farthest from it: So God being as secret in his decrees, as sacred in his resolutions, we shall shortly see *De Perez* to verifie and confirme it in himselfe ; for as in the heat of this his sottish affection to his sister, hee is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Juan*, if he knew where he was ; loe the newes of his residence in *Madrid*, when he least thinks thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his owne whom he purposely sends to *Santarem* with these two ensuing letters, The one sent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife *Marsilia*. That to his Father spake thus.

DON IVAN TO IDIAQVES.

WAs there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuse but my Wife, and was your faith so weake with God, or you so strong with the Devill, that you must therefore make her your Strumpet, because shee was my Wife ? If Nature would not informe you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father, and it should have taught you to have beene more naturall to mee, more honourable to the world, more respectfull to your selfe, and more religious to God, and not to have made your selfe guilty of these foule crimes of Adultery and Incest with her, the least whereof is so odious to God, and so detestable to men, that I want tearmes, not teares to expresse it. For hereby as you have made my shame infinite, so likewise you have made your owne infamy eternall, the consideration whereof gives mee so much griefe, and the remembrance sorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my sight, and shee of my company, I have therefore left Portugal for Spaine, and for saken *Santarem*, to live and die here in *Madrid*. And when hereafter God shall be so mercifull to your soule, to let you see that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your grave than for my bed, and for your winding-sheet, than for my Wife, you will then hold this resolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to mee is unnaturall, the which if you henceforth redeeme not with an Ocean of bitter teares, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather feare than doubt, that his Divine Majesty will make you as miserable, as you have made me unfortunate.

DON IVAN.

His Letter to his Wife spake this language.

Don IVAN to MARSILLIA.

WHat Devill possessed thy heart with lust, and thy soule with impiety, to make thee violate thy vow which thou gavest me in marriage, by committing those damnable sinnes of Adultery and Incest with my naturall Father : And if the consideration that I was thy Husband could not in Grace deterre thee from it, yet (me thinks) the remembrance that hee was my father should in Nature have made thee both to abhorre and detest it. And although my tender affection to thee, and filiall obedience to him, made me expect more goodnesse from thy youth, and Grace from his age, yet God is a just Iudge, and your hearts are true witnesses of these your unnaturall crimes and foule ingratitude towards mee, which hath cast so great a blemish and scandal on mine honor, and dashed my joyes with so many untimely afflictions, and unmerited sorrowes, that I have abandoned Portugall and Santarem for thy sake, and betaken my selfe to live and die in Madrid in Spaine for mine ; where I will strive to make my selfe as contented as discontent can make mee, and so leave this thy enormous crime, and the punishment thereof to God, in whom thou mayest bee happy, but without whom thou wilt assuredly be miserable. And thinke to what just calamities and miseries thine inordinate lusts, and lascivious desires and delights have already deservedly reduced and exposed thee. Sith henceforth I will no more esteeme thee my Wife, nor my selfe thy Husband, and that God will assuredly looke on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world, of contempt.

DON IVAN.

Idiaques having read and perused that Letter of his sonne, and *Marsillia* this of her Husband *Don Ivan*, they are therewith so touched in heart with shame, and stung in conscience with sorrow for their foule crimes of Adultery and Incest, that they blush each at other, and both of them most bitterly curse the name and memory of *Mathurina*, who was the first authour of this report to him, and which so suddenly incensed him, and occasioned his departure. So to beare up their reputations to the world, and their fames to him, they resolve (without either asking leaue or pardon of God) to justifie their innocency hereof to him, and so to pursue and sollicite his returne. To which effect they write and returne him (by his owne servant) their two severall Letters in answer of his, whereof that of *Idiaques* his father carried this message.

IDIAQVES to DON IVAN.

THou doest wrong thy selfe and the truth, God and thy Conscience, and thy wife and mee, in so basely taxing us of those foule sinnes of Incest and Adultery, whereof wee are as truly innocent, as thou falsely and maliciously decamest us guilty. For I have not abused her nor made her my Trumpet, although not God, but the Devill (in the slanderous tongue of *Mathurina*) hath made thee to beleewe so. For Nature hath taught mee more Grace and goodnesse, not so little impiety, for that I know they are sinnes more odious to God, and detestable to the world, than either thy sorrowes can expresse, or thy anger depaint mee. Neither have I made thy shame infinite, or canst thou make my insamy visible, much lesse eternall, although herein thou shew me thy indignation, together with thy disobedience, by leaving Portugall for Spaine, and Santarem for Madrid, whereof because thou wilt not make thy duty, I will content my selfe to make thy discretion Iudge betwixt us. If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy selfe, and the truth right herein, and offered a scandall likewise to thy Wives honour, who made thy company her chiefest joy, as now shee doth thy absence her sharpest miserie & affliction. How then can I goe to my grave with content, when thou forsakest her bed with malice, and my house with disdain? My innocency in thy accusation hath no way irritated or

offended

offended God, and, if therefore with teares and Prayers thou wilt resolve to aske God, thy Wife, and mee forgiveness for this thy soule crime, and monstrous ingratitude towards us, then mine armes shall be as open as ever they have beene to receive, and my house to welcome thee, and therein thou shalt make thy selfe as truly happy, as thou falsly and uncharitably thinkest that God will make mee miserable.

IDIAQUES.

The answer of his wife Marsillia to him was couched in these tearmes:

MARSILLIA TO DON IUAN.

IT is neither Lust nor the Devill which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to beleve it. But how shall I hope that thy tongue will excuse mee of these thy pretended foule crimes of Adultery and Incest, when to my astonishment and griefe I see thou likewise condemnest thy old father to bee guilty thereof with mee? And if this be any way affection to mee, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judge, and all Sons define and determine. But to returne thee truth for thy falshood; His age expected and deserved more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodnesse from thee, than to have beleev'd those false calumnies and impostures upon the bare report and malicious relation of my hand-maid Mathurina, which are now dead with her, and are as false as thy rashnesse and her revenge makes thee beleve them true, for it is neither I nor thy father who have any way blemished thine honour, or vanquished thy joyes, but rather thy selfe, and thy too too unkinde and hasty departure from Santarem to Madrid, which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my content and honour) hath occasioned it. For my heart and soule will testifie both with mee and for mee, that my affection and constancy is both as spotlesse, firme, and true to thee, as thy jealousy is false towards my selfe, and therefore as thou leavest my pretended crime, so will I thy reall ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be so wilfully cruell to live from me, and consequently not to esteeme me thy wife, yet as it is my zeale and duty to begge and pray thee to returne to mee, so I will make it my Integrity and Conscience still to hold and love thee for my Husband, and so preserving my heart for thee, as I doe my soule for God, I hope with assurance and confidence that I shall have no cause to feare either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deserved the other.

MARSILLIA.

Upon the writing and contents of these two Letters of *Idiaques* to his sonne, and of *Marsillia* to her Husband *Don Iuan*, the Reader may please to observe and remember with how much policie, and with how little Piety they seeke to overvaile and deny these their Adulteries and Incest towards him, thereby to make their actions and themselves appeare as innocent, as they are guilty both to him and to God. But God being the Authour of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whose Sacred Throne and Tribunall is environed with more glorious Sunnes than we see glistering Starres in the Firmament; Hee will one day unmaske this their hypocrisie, and bring their foule sins of Adultery and Incest, both to light and punishment. Now as *Marsillia* is exorbitantly lascivious in her affection to her brother *De Perez*, and hee reciprocally so to her, so with a world of false sighs and teares shee shewes him her Letter, and her fathers in law *Idiaques*, which they had sent to her Husband *Don Iuan*, to Madrid, and with many female oaths and asseverations protesteth to him of both their innocencie herein, which her brother beleeveth, yea, her fained sorrowes and false teares had so farre trenched and gained upon his cruelty, that in contemplation and commiseration of her wrongs, hee was then so vaine and im-

pious, as once hee thought to have carried these two Letters himselfe into *Spaine*, and there to have fought with *Don Iuan* for the reparation of his sisters honour. But at last leaving passion to consult with reason, and temerity againe to bee vanquished and swayed by judgement, first that these Letters of theirs should see *Spaine*, and then to attend his brother in Law *Don Iuan* his answer to them, and as he shall therein finde him either perverse or flexible to his wives desires, and his fathers expectations, hee will then accordingly beare himselfe and his resolutions towards him, and hereon both himselfe and his sister *Marsillia* doe joyfully determine and conclude. So *Don Iuan*s owne servant returnes these two aforesaid Letters from *Santarem* to *Madrid* to his Master, who breaking up the seales, and perusing them, hee doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his fathers impiety, in so strongly denying these their foule crimes to him: But he is not a little astonished, and withall afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives Letter, which reports the death of her maid *Mathurina*, for in his heart and conscience he now verily thinkes and beleeves, that his wife in her inveterate malice and revenge to her, hath caused her to be murdered, and sent her to Heaven in a bloody winding sheet. But alas, if it be so, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected these their Letters, and so to have answered them with perpetuall oblivion, and a disdainfull silence: But then againe considering with himselfe that this might rather increase than extenuate their hopes of his returne, he betakes himselfe to his Study, where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his father, traceth his wife this Letter in answer of hers, and againe sends it her into *Portugall* by his owne servant, which assureth them of his resolution not to returne.

DON IVAN TO MARSILLIA.

THe receipt of thy second Letter hath not diminished, but confirmed and augmented my confidence of my Fathers shame, and thy infamy, in your foule sinnes of Adultery and Incest, perpetrated against mee, and which is worse, against God, so that I am fully resolved for ever to forsake his house, and thy company, and to live and die here in *Madrid*, as grieve and disconsolation will permit mee; For I prize the (unjust) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocencie as so low a rate, and value it at so base an esteeme, as I disdain it for thy sake, and thy selfe for thine owne. I doe as much grieve, as I both doubt and feare, thou rejoycest at thy Maid *Mathurina*s death, and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy selfe have beene the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to beleewe, that God (who is as just in his resolutions, as sacred in his decrees) will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to your confusion.

DON IVAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation, for now her father and shee see these their lustfull and lascivious crimes sealed and confirmed in his beleefe, and his stay in *Spaine* fixed in his anger, and eternized in his resolution: When as close as they beare it, yet knowing full well that the world will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publike scandall and infamy; He is so devoid of Grace, and shee of goodnesse, that to prevent it, hee wisheth his sonne in Heaven with his mother, and shee her old Father in law in grave with her young maid *Mathurina*. But these vaine hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet they two are not so wise to think of, nor so cautious or religious to consider, but rather more resembling bruit beasts than Christians, they still continue their obscene and incestuous pleasures, the which I take small delight or pleasure to mention in regard of modesty, or to repeat in respect of Nature and Honour. Here *Marsillia* againe repaires to her brother

De Perez, as to her Oracle and Champion; she shewes him both these two last Letters of her husband to his father and her selfe, and conjureth his best advice and speediest assistance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her husbands affection and company, or else that shee were freed from him, and he out of this life and this world, that so her scandall and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the dust of his grave, & buried with him in eternall oblivion and silence. *Don Perez* (in heart and minde) is so much his sisters, as hee is no more himselfe, when making his affection doe homage to her beauty, and his judgement and resolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prayses her to referre this charge and businesse to the care of his discharge; when giving her many kisses, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night; and the next morning being impatient of all delayes, he takes one *Seignior Gasper Lopez*, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relaying him his intent to fight with his brother *Don Iuan*, and the cause thereof: They undertake this journey of *Spaine*, and so arrive at *Madrid*, where *Lopez* prayses *Perez* to make him his second in that Duell; *De Perez* thanks him for this his affection, but tels him he will hazard himselfe, but not his friend; so writing a Challenge to *Don Iuan* hee seales it up, and requesteth *Lopez* to deliver it to him, and the same night to returne him his answer. *Lopez* accordingly findes out *Don Iuan* in his owne chamber, and gives it to him in faire and discreet tearmes, who wondring it came from his brother in law *De Perez*, but farre more to understand that he was now in *Madrid*, hee no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his sister had sent him thither to him to worke her reconciliation, and consequently his returne to her to *Santarem*, hee hastily breakes up the seales thereof, findes it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ TO DON IVAN.

I Have seene thy inveterate malice to thy Wife my sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her, and Portugall hath read it in thy sudden and chollerick departure from her into *Spaine*, wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my selfe bound (both in Honour and Blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left *Santarem* to find thee out here in *Madrid*, purposely to pray thee to meet mee to morrow betwixt six and seven in the morning, at the farthest West end of the Prado, with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou shalt finde me to attend thy coming, and relying upon the equity of my cause, and the ingratitude and insamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach *Don Iuan* what it is for him (without ground or truth) to cast a base aspersion and wrongfull blemish upon the lustre of his Wife, and my Sister, the Lady *Marfillia*'s honour, whose descent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Vertues farre more sublime and excellent. Thy generosity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to performe this Obligation.

DE PEREZ.

Don Iuan having received and perused this Challenge of his brother in law *De Perez*, and finding his furious resolution to exceed his judgement, he knowing himselfe innocent, his cause good, and his courage and valour every way to be superiour to the others, highly disdaining to be out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and generosity, hee with a cheerefull countenance returnes *Lopez* to his brother *De Perez* with this accepting answer.

DON IVAN to DE PEREZ.

MT hatred to Marfillia, and departure from her was justly occasioned through her treachery and infidelity to mee, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as shee is false in denying it; notwithstanding sith she is thy sister and my wife, I as much approve of thy affection to her, as I condemn thy temerity to me, and thy indiscretion to thy selfe, in making her quarrell thine, and by forsaking Santarem, to fight with mee here in Madrid. And because thou shalt see and finde that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge, and am so farre from learning any point of valour of De Perez, as to his shame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way cast a false aspersiō or blemish on the lustre of her reputation, but shee on herselfe, and consequently that I will neither affect her, nor feare thee. For God lending mee life, I will to morrow breake fast with thee at thine owne time and place appointed, where my honour and generosity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.

DON IVAN.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen having thus embarked themselves in the strong resolution of this weake quarrell and rash Duell, which earthly honour cannot as justly approve and allow of, as divine Religion and Christian Piety and charity disavow and execrate. Their malice and revenge each to other is so violent and impetuous, that without any thought either of God or their Soules, or of Heaven or Hell, they passe over the night, if not in watchfulnesse, yet in broken and distracted slumbers, yea the morne no sooner peeped from Heaven through their windowes to their chambers, but they leape from their beds to the Prado, where De Perez with his friend Lopez come first on horse-back, and immediately after them Don Ivan in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his friend, tearmed Don Richardo De Valdona: So these two Duellists disdainig to be tainted with the least spice of dishonour, or shadow of cowardise, they at first sight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their silke stockings and pumps, with their Rapiers drawne, they without any further complement or expostulation approach each other; But here before they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloody action, I hold it fit to informe my Reader with a circumstance that now past betweene them, wherein doubtlesse the Providence of God was most conspicuous and apparant; For as by the Law and custome both of Spaine and Portugall, all Rapiers should be of one length, yet De Perez curiously casting his vigilant eye upon that of Don Ivan, either his feare, or his judgement, or both, informe him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat Don Ivan grieves farre more than De Perez can possiblie either rejoyce or wonder, for he is so farre from any way blemishing his honour with this, or with any other point or shadow of dishonour, as now hee gives his Rapier to measure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of De Perez, when biting his lip for anger, he (resembling himselfe) proffers to fight with that either of Lopez or Valdona, which was sufficient reason for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he sees that this proffer of his will neither secure De Perez feare, nor confirme his content, then as a Noble and generous Gallant, hee freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives De Perez the longer, and contents himselfe to fight with the shorter, whereat De Perez rests satisfied, and well he may, sith this action and his receipt thereof, doth as much redifie Don Ivan's glory, as his owne dishonour and shame, and now they againe approach each other to fight.

At their first comming up Don Ivan runnes a firme thrust to De Perez breast, but hee (bearing it up with his Rapier) runnes Don Ivan in the cheeke towards his right eare, which draws much blood from him, and he in exchange runnes De Perez thorow his shirt sleeve without hurting him: At their second meeting they againe close without hurting each other, and so part faire without offering any other violence: At their

third

third assault *De Perez* runnes *Don Iuan* thorow the brawne of his left arme, who in exchange requites him with a deepe wound in his right side, from whence issued much bloud, and now they breathe to recover wind, and to the judgements of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as also of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equall in valour, and almost in fortune; so although these spectators doe of both sides earnestly entreat them to desist and give over, yet they cannot, they will not be so easily or so soone reconciled each to other; So after a little pausing and breathing, they (with courage and resolution) fall to it afresh, and at this their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Iuan* a deepe wound in his left shoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their severall wounds hath engrained their white shirts with great effusion of their scarlet bloud, yet they are so brave, so generous, or rather so inhumane and malicious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and resolved rather to make death feare them, than they any way to feare death; But their fifth close will prove more fatall; for now after they had judiciously traversed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the disadvantage of the Sunne, whiles *De Perez* directs a full thrust to *Don Iuan*s breast, hee bravely and skilfully warding it, in requitall thereof, runnes him cleane thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when closing nimbly with him, and pursuing the point of his goot¹ fortune, hee whips up his heeles, and so nailes him to the ground, when hee had the strength to begge his life of *Don Iuan*, and God knowes he much grieved that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his last wound being desperately mortall, hee presently died thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much lesse to begge mercy of him for his sinfull soules; but as hee lived abominably and prophanely, so he died miserably and wretchedly: And although I confesse it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from so brave a noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Iuan*, yet it is a most singular providence, and remarkable punishment of God, that he died by the hands of his owne lascivious sisters Husband, and which is yet more, by his owne sword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purposely ordained, that the selfe same sword should give him his death, wherewith so lately and so cruelly hee had bereaved that harmlesse innocent young Gentlewoman *Mathurina* of her life, although in regard of this his foule and lamentable murder, hee (with lesse honour and more infamy) every way deserved to have died rather by a halter than a sword; But Gods Providence is as unsearchable as sacred.

Don Iuan having rendred thanks to God for this his victory, hee out of his noble courtesie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to transport the dead body of his brother in Law *De Perez* into the City, and taking his horse in exchange, hee by a private way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duell is not so secretly carried, but within three houres after all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to bee both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugall*, it gives cause of generall talke, and argument of universall envie and admiration in all Spaniards, especially in the nobler sort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that *Don Iuan* had caused this his brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repaires to his chamber to him, and in a faire and friendly manner enquires of him if he please to returne any Letter of this his friends death, and of his owne victory to *Santarem* to *Don Idiaques* his father, or the Lady *Marfilla* his wife, and that his best service herein shall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Iuan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courtesie, but tels him that for some reserved reasons he will send no Letter to either of them, but otherwise wisheth him a prosperous return to *Portugall*; so *Don Iuan* remaines in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returnes for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the issue of that Combat, as the victory of his sonne *Don Iuan*, and the death and buriall of *De Perez*, adding withall, that hee was so reserved and strange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledge of this mournfull newes, *Idiaques* cannot refraine from much sorrow, nor *Marfilla* from bursting forth into bitter teares and lamentations thereat; for seeing her deare and onely brother thus slaine by the hand of her owne unkinde Husband, by

losing

losing him shee knowes shee hath lost her right arme, and hee being dead shee knowes not to whom to have recourse, either for counsell, assistance, or consolation. And yet as much as hee sorrowes and shee grieves at this disastrous accident, they notwithstanding are yet so farre from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God, or downe to their owne sinfull hearts, consciences, and soules for the same, that without making any good use, or drawing any divine or profitable morall thereof, they still continue their beastly pleasures and damnable Adultery and Incest together, as if there were no God to see, nor no deserved torments or miserie reserved to punish it. But they and wee shall immediately see the contrary.

To the grieve of our hearts, and compunction of our soules, wee have in this History seene wretched *Idiaques* (by the instigation of the devill) to poyson his wife the Lady *Honorio*; and likewise his daughter in Law *Marfillia* to have caused her brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murdered her waiting-maid in the street; as also by the Providence of God *Don Iuan* to have slaine the said *De Perez* in the field, and our curiosity and expectation shall not goe far, before wee shall see the just Revenge and punishments of God condignly to surprise wretched *Idiaques*, and gracelesse *Marfillia* for the same; for his Divine Justice contending with his Sacred Mercy, it hath at last prevailed against these their foule and bloody crimes; so now when they are in the middest, yea, in the height and jollity of all these their foule delights and security, like an unlooked for storme and tempest, it will suddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this world, but death hath infinite to take us from it, and what is this but a true argument and reason of Gods glory and our miserie, of his power, and of our frailty and weaknesse, and therefore because wee are as repleat of sinne as he is of sanctity, and as subject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and subject to him: It will be an act of morall wisdom, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examine his sacred Providence, and rather to admire than pry into his divine Decrees and resolutions. And because his correction and punishment of all sins, especially of this crying and scarlet sinne of Murther, is as just as secret, and as inscrutable as Just; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable History, God is first pleased to exercise and begin his Judgements on miserable *Marfillia*, and then to finish it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majesty is likewise pleased and resolved both to impose and make as great a difference in their punishments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Marfillia's* pleasure (or to say more truly, the providence and pleasure of God) that she rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to visit a sick Gentlewoman her Cousin German, who dwelt there, being only accompanied with her man *Andrea* on horse-back, and her foot boy *Piscator* to attend her, and as she comes within a small halfe league of that towne, having sent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot boy *Piscator* being a very little distance behinde her, there suddenly starts up a Hare betweene (or close to) her horse legges, which so amazed her horse, (which was as hot and proud as the Gentlewoman his Mistrisse whom he bore) as comming off with all foure, he throwes her to the ground, and kicking her with his hinde feet at her fall, hee strikes her in the fore-head, and so dasheth out her braines; God so ordaining, that she had not the power to speake a word, much lesse the grace or happinesse to repent her of her horrible sinnes, Adultery, Incest, and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearfull end which God gave to this gracelesse young Lady, the which I cannot as yet passe over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumstance therein, in which the Justice and Mercy of God to both sexes, and all ages and degrees of people, doth miraculously resplend and shine forth; for that very horse which threw and killed her was the very same which she formerly lent to her Brother *De Perez*, and whereon he rid to Saint Saviours when he (by her instigation) killed her waiting maid *Maturina*. Good God, how just, and wonderfull are thy decrees, Deere Lord, how immense and sacred is thy Iustice!

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But this is but the fore-runner, and as it were but the enterance into a further progression of this History. For as her foot boy *Piscator*, extreamely wept and bitterly cryed, at the sight of this mournfull and tragicall death of his Lady and Mistris, God had so decreed and provided, that the next that passed by, and who were sorrowfull spectators thereof, were two Corigadors (or Officers of Justice) of the Citie of Coimbra riding that way in their Coach to take the aire. Who in compassion of the deplorable death of this faire unknown young Gentlewoman, they descend their Coach, and having enquired and understood of her sorrowfull Foote boy what shee was, they then with much respect and humanity cause her dead Corps to be decently laid into their Coach, which they shut, and so mounting their Servants Horses they returne againe to Coimbra. From whence they send her Man *Andrea*, in all possible post haste to Santarem to acquaint his Master and her Father in law *Don Idiaques* with this lamentable death of his daughter in Law *Marfilla*, and to pray him to repayre speedily thither to them to take order for her buriall. *Andrea* is no sooner departed for his Master, but these two Corigadors consult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably consider for themselves, that the horse who killed her, and all her apparell and jewels, by the custome and royalty of their City were devolved and forfeited to their jurisdiction; to which effect they cause her rings, chaines, and bracelets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewise to be carefully searcht for gold and jewels; so as murder cannot be long concealed or undetected; wee may therefore here behold the wonderfull Providence, and singular Justice of God, for in one of her pockets they finde, folded up in a rich cut-worke handkerchiefe, the last Letter which her Husband *Don Iuan* had written and sent her from *Madrid*; at the sight of this Letter one of these Corigadors is desirous to have it read publickly, but the other (being more human and respective to the concealing of Ladies secrets, which many times prove that of their honours) hee contradicts it, till at last God enlightning their judgements, and prompting and inspiring their hearts, that the perusal of this Letter might (peradventure) import and report something which might tend to his service, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a *medium* betwixt both their opinions, and so withdrawing themselves to a private chamber, they there secretly o're-read this Letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they understand of the obscene Adultery and Incest of *Don Idiaques* with this his daughter in law *Marfilla*, which was the cause of her Husband *Don Iuan* his absence from her in *Spaine*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and so fall upon these words of *Don Iuan* to her in this his Letter; *I doe as much grieve as I both doubt and feare thou rejoycest at thy hand maid Mathurina's death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my father and thy selfe have beene the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to beleewe, that God will in the end punish it to your confusion*; then (led by the spirit of God) they both concur in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murther of *Mathurina* did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marfilla*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and disastrous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger, of his owne to come: When resolving to seize and imprison *Idiaques* as soone as he should arrive thither to *Coimbria*; They hushing up this Letter and businesse in their owne bosomes, doe then hold it fit to send for *Marfilla's* foot-man *Piscator* to come to them, which hee speedily doth. They carefully enquire of him if his dead Lady had not sometimes a waiting Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, hee answered them yes, and that she was lately murdered in the streets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murtherers were as yet unknowne: They demand of him againe whose daughter she was; hee informes them that her father is a Gentleman who dwels in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Castello* which being as much as they sought for; putting their servants to watch over this foot-man, that hee might not escape to give the least inkling of their demands to his old Master *Idiaques*, they presently send away poast to *Saint Saviours* for *Castello*, and (in honour to Justice) these two Corigadors as Christian Magistrates, having

ving put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marfillia* lay; at whose mournfull sight, as soone as his passionate grieve and sorrow had caused him to shed and sacrifice many rivolets of teares, when hee least dreames or thinks thereof, these two Corigadors cause him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart & conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) assuring him that it was for poysoning of his owne Lady *Honorio*; there horror and terrour, grieve and despaire, and anguish, doe act their severall parts upon the Theatre of his soule.

The next morne *Castello* (*Mathurina's* father) likewise arrives to *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Iuan* to his wife, which hee sent her from *Spaine*, wherein they tell him the murder of his daughter *Mathurina* seemes probably and strongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his daughter in law *Marfillia*; when they farther acquainting him with her tragicall death, as also with his imprisonment; *Castello* (with a world of teares and cries) exclames, that undoubtedly they were the authours, if not the actors of his daughters lamentable murder, and so very passionately and sorrowfully craves justice of them on *Idiaques* for the same, which they are as willing to grant and performe, as he to desire: So after dinner in the publike Tribunal of Justice, they send for *Idiaques* legally and juridically there to appeare before them; where this sorrowfull father (with much passion, and more teares) doth strongly accuse him for the murder committed and perpetrated on his daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and stout answers denieth; he alleageth many oylie words, and sugred and silken phrases, to justifie and Apologize his innocencie: Which these Corigadors (led by the finger of God) hold rather to be far more ayrie than solid, and farre more plausible than reall or true; so they (still remembring his sonne *Don Iuan's* Letter to his wife *Marfillia*) doe (without regard to his quality or age) adjudge him to the Rack. The which *Idiaques* (fearing infinitely more the murder of his owne Lady *Honorio*, than that of *Mathurina*) endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and resolution farre beyond his strength and age, and with an admirable constancie stands firmly to the deniall of this fact and accusation; so seeing the Rack taken away, and himselfe from the Rack, hee is therefore very confident and joyfull, that his danger is likewise o'repast and o'reblowne: But these vaine hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him, for as yet his conscience hath not made peace with God. For the griefes and sorrowes of this mournfull father for this lamentable murder of his daughter, have now made him both industrious in his solicitation, and religious in this his prosecution against *Idiaques* towards these Corigadors, to whom againe hee becomes an earnest, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accusation, and that all that time he may still remaine prisoner without Baile or Surety; which they finding reasonable, and consonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Castello* having God for his Counsellor, and whom in a small time *Idiaques* shall finde for his Judge, calling to minde some words of his deceased daughter touching the suspition of poysoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match with *Don Iuan*, hee doth no more accuse him for murdering of his daughter *Mathurina*; but some two dayes after he frames and presents a new Inditement and accusation to his Judges against him, for poysoning his old wife the Lady *Honorio*. Which these Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almost confidently beleieve, that there is some great crime, and foule fact in this businesse against *Idiaques*, which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the solicitation and industry of this honest poore Gentleman *Castello*. So they admit againe of his second Inditement against him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunal of Justice.

Idiaques understanding hereof, his guilty conscience now denounceth such thunde-
ring

ring peales of feare and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling soule, as they will give no peace either to himselfe or them; and the Devill who had ever heretofore promised him his best aid and assistance, now flies from him, and leaves him to stand or fall to himselfe: And here it is that his courage begins to faile him, and that his feare and shame is almost resolved and ready to proclaime himselfe guilty of this his last and worst accusation, the poysoning of his owne wife the Lady *Honorio*: But againe the hope of life is yet so sweet to him, as the feare of death is displeasing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched resolution, and a miserable confidence) he againe artificially endeavourth to blear the eyes of these his Judges, with his chiefest Eloquence, and sweetest Oratory; who having given him his full career to speak in his owne defence and justification, when they perfectly knew he yet spake not one valuable word or reason, either to defend or justifie himselfe; Then one of these cleere-sighted Corigadors (in the behalfe of both of them) returnes him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuse him, so they have not the meanes or power to excuse him, for being (at least) accessory to both, or either of these murthers, of his Lady *Honorio*, or *Methurina*; that the sudden death of the first, and the violent and untimely one of the last, the voluntary absence of his sonne *Don Juan* in Spaine, with his killing of *De Perez* there, and now the fearefull and lamentable end of his daughter in law, *Marcellia* (whose body is yet unburi'd, and her blood scarce cold) left a dangerous reflexion, and a pernicious suspicion on his life and actions, at least of Adultery and Incest, if not of Murther (whereof his Sonne *Don Juan*'s Letter which he writ to his wife *Marcellia* which they have there to shew, is a most strong and pregnant witness) and that the least of these crimes are capable to ruine a greater personage than himselfe. That hee could cast no mist of delusion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endeavoured and laboured to cast a vaile before theirs. That the shedding of innocent blood was a crying Sinne, which despite of sorcery and of Hell would (in Gods due time) draw downe vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That if hee were guilty of his accusation, hee had no better plea than confession, nor safer remedy than repentance. That contrition is the true marke, of a true Servant of God, and though wee fall to Nature and sinne as being men, yet we should rise againe to grace and righteousness as being Christians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them and consequently their punishments, both in Earth, and in Hell, and that he was not a Christian, but an Infidell, who would attempt to save his life with the losse of his soule, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this, notwithstanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conscience, was yet so strong with Satan, and therefore so weake with God, that he left no excuse, policy or evasion uninvited to blear the eyes of these Corigadors, and so to make his innocency to passe current with them. But his eloquence and asseverations cannot prevaile with the solidity of their Judgements, for God will not suffer them to be led away with words, nor seduced or deluded with shadows: But from the circumference of circumstances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Authour and giver, yea to the life and soule thereof, God. So they againe adjudge him to the rack for his second accusation of Murther, as they formerly had done to him for his first. At the pronouncing of which sentence, If wee may judge of his heart by his face, hee seemed to bee much afflicted, appalled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving before they expose him to his torments, they in Honour to his Age and quality, but farre more to Truth and Justice (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to send him two Divines to his prison to worke upon his Conscience and Soule, which they doe: And God in the depth of his goodnesse, and the richnesse of his mercy, was so mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added such efficacy to their perswasions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very sight of the rack, hee with teares in his eyes, then and there confessed unto them, That hee was innocent

innocent of *Mathurinaes* murther, but guilty of poysoning his owne wife the Lady *Honoria*, for the which hee said hee most heartily and sorrowfully repented himselfe. Whereupon his Judges (and the rest present) admiring with wonder and praising God with admiration for the detection of this his foule bloudy and lamentable crime, they pronounce sentence against him. That for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, shall have his head cut off at the place of common execution in that Towne. When *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered so much to Satan) that hee could never be deuested of his mortall sinnes before hee were first deprived of his sinfull life, doth yet still flatter himselfe with some further hope of life, and so hee appeales from the judgement and sentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and resident thereof; as also because hee committed his murther there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudged him to death: Whereat although the Corrigadors of *Coimbra* for the preservation of the privileges of their Court and Towne, doe obstinately expose and vehemently contest it, yet at last well knowing, and being conscious with themselves, that smaller Townes and Courts in *Portugall* are bound and subject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a vertue of necessity, and contenting themselves to give way to that which they cannot remedie, do ordaine that *Idiaques* should be conveighed and tryed at *Santarem*.

But yet before they suffer him to depart their Towne, they in honour to Justice, in wisdome to themselves, and in reputation to their Towne and Court, doe seriously and religiously charge him in the name & feare of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburied Daughter in Law *Marfilla* were not likewise accessary with him in poysoning his Wife, the Lady *Honoria*, which at first hee strongly denies to them. But then they send away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him and his Conscience in Prison, who exhort him to carry a white and candid soule to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell fire if hee doe not. When with sighes and teares, hee confesseth that to them, and that it was hee himselfe who administred that poyson to his wife, but that his daughter in Law *Marfilla* bought it for him. So these Judges (upon the validity of this free and solemne confession) in detestation of this her lamentable crime, doe reverently resolve to second, and glorifie God in his Judgements towards her, and therefore they presently condemne her dead body to be burnt that afternoone in their market street, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in presense of a great concourse of people, who infinitely rejoyce that God so miraculously destroyed the life, and their Judges the body of so execrable a female Monster.

By this time wee must allow, and imagine that our old Lecher, and new murtherer *Idiaques* (by vertue of his appeale) is brought to his owne City of *Santarem*, and I thinke either with a ridiculous hope or a prophane and impious resolution to see whether God will punish him there with death, or the Devill preserve and save him from it. Hee hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerfull, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quicksand, this snow, this nothing, that his great estate of money and lands will undoubtedly aſt wonders with them for his pardon. But still hee hopes, because still the devill deceives him; Hee is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this faire Citie which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reserved for his shame, and appointed and destined for his confusion. They cannot brook the sight, much lesse the cohabitation and company of such monsters of nature, and devills incarnat of men, who glory in making themselves guilty of these foule sinnes, and crying crimes, Adultery, Incest, Murther. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himselfe a principall of this number, and a monster of Art in these sinnes) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, shall find lesse of both of them after his death. For the criminall Iudges of this Court who reverence and honour Justice because Justice doth daily and reciprocally performe the like to them, doe confirme the sentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morne he shall lose his head;

but

but in detestation and execration of these his foule and bloody crimes, they adde this clause and condition thereto, that both his head & body shall be afterwards burnt, and his ashes throwne into the ayre, which gives matter of talke and admiration, not onely to *Santarem*, but to all *Portugall*. And thus most penively and disconsolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his prison where Church-men are sent him by the Judges of that court, to direct his soule in her flight and transfiguration from earth to Heaven, whom they finde (or at least they make) very humble, mournfull, and repentant. According to which sentence hee is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which for the greater example and terrour to others, and of ignominy to himselfe, was before his owne house, wherein hee had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the scaffold is no sooner erected, but there flock an infinite number of people from all parts of the City, to be spectators of this last scene of his Tragedy. Hee came to the scaffold (betweene two Friers) in a sute of black Taffeta, a gowne of black wrought tuffe Taffeta, and a great white set ruffe, which yet could not be whiter than his broad beard: At his ascent on the scaffold, his grave aspect and presence engendred as much sorrow and pity, as his beastly crimes did detestation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a short time kneeled downe and prayed) hee made a short speech to this effect.

That although the poysoning of his owne wife, and his adultery with his sons wife, were crimes so odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth, or to looke up unto Heaven, yet although he deserved no favour of his Judges for his bodie, he humbly repented and begged some of God for his soule, and for the more effectually obtaining thereof, he zealously prayed all those who were present to joyne their prayers to his. Hee confessed that it was *Marfilla's* beauty which first (at the instigation of the devill drew him to that adultery with her, and this poysoning of his owne wife *Honorio*, whereof from his heart and soule, hee now affirmed hee implored remission of God, of the Law, of his sonne *Don Iuan*, and of all the world, and prayed them all to bee more godly and lesse sinfull by his example, and so kneeling downe, and praying a little while to himselfe, hee rose up, and putting off his gowne, ruffe, and doublet, which hee gave to the Executioner, hee binding his head and eyes with his handkerchiefe, bade him doe his office, which he presently performed, and with one blow of the sword, made a perpetuall double divorce betwixt his head and his shoulders, his body and his soule; when presently according to his sentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and consumed to fire, and his ashes throwne into the ayre.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marfilla*, of whom the spectators (according to their severall humours and affections) spake diversly, all condemning the bloody cruelty of *De Perez* towards innocent *Mathurina*, and of *Idiaques* towards his vertuous wife *Honorio*. Again, some pitied, and others execrated *Marfilla's* youth, beauty, and lust; but both sexes, and all degrees of people (as so many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Justice of God, in so miraculously and condignly cutting off these monsters of nature, and bloody butchers of mankind.

And if the curiosity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Don Iuan*; The reports of him are different, for as first I heard that his discontent and griefe was so great, yea, so extreame for the death of his Parents and wife, that he cloistered himselfe up a *Capuchin* Fryer in their Monastery at *Madrid*: So contrariwise I have since credibly beene enformed, that hee shortly after these disasters left *Spaine*, and still lives in *Santarem* in *Portugall* in great honour, welfare, and prosperity; But which of these his resolutions are most inclining and adherent to the truth,

it passeth beyond my knowledge, and therefore shall come too short of my affirmation.



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt steals away his brother Vimoryes wife Masserina, and keepes her in Adulterie; She beareth Tivoly (an Italian Mountebank) to payson La Ptecoverte, who was Harcourts wife; Harcourt kills his brother Vimory, and then marries his widlow Masserina; Tivoly is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth Masserina for hiring him to payson La Ptecoverte, for the which shee is likewise hanged; Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master for killing of his brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the same.



An being the Workmanship, and figurative Image of God, what an odious sin, yea what an execrable crime is it therefore for one (out of the heate of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to payson, or murder another, fith Nature doth strongly impugne, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it. Therefore were not our hearts and understandings either wholly deprived of Common sence, or our soules of the gracious assistance & favour of God, we would not thus so furiously and prophanely make our selves guilty of these infermall sins, but rather (with our best endeavours) would seeke to avoid them as Hell, and (with our most pious resolutions) to hate and detest them as the Devill himselfe who is the prime Authour and Actor thereof. But

some such monsters of Nature, and Disciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A fearefull and lamentable Example whereof this ensuing History will shew us. The which may all good Christians read to Gods glory, and remember to the instruction of their Soules.

There is a parish termed Saint *Simplicien* a mile from the Citie of *Sen* in the Duchy of *Burgundy* (which is honoured with the title & See of an Archbishop) where within these few yeares there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman, (more Noble by birth, than rich in his Estate and Demaynes) termed *Monsieur de Vimory*, who left only two sonnes behind him, the eldest named *Monsieur De Harcourt*, and the second *Monsieur De Hautemont*, who were two very proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Armes, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requisite, both to shew and approve themselves to be the sonnes of their Father. And to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall, but not well favoured, but of a milde and singular good disposition; *Hautemont* was of a middle stature, neatly timbred, of a sweet and amiable countenance, but by nature hasty and head-strong; *Harcourt* had a light Aubrun beard, which (like a Countrey Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Ovall cut; *Hautemont* had a coale blacke beard, which (Courtier-like) he wore in forme of an invaled Pyramides; *Harcourt* was thirty-two yeares of age, very chaste and honest; *Hautemont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and ready to bee deboshed and drawne away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldest son) their father gave his chiefe Mannor house, with eight hundred Crownes of yearly Review, and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his second Sonne) hee gave his second Mannor house, worth foure hundred Crownes yearly, and fiftene hundred Crownes in his purse, by his Testament: Estates which though it came short of their bloud, yet it exceeded that of most of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in *France* at least the double, if not the triple of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happinesse, or the care to bee accompanied with any sifter or other brothers, they interchangeably sweare a strict league of brotherly love and deare affection each to other, which by their Vertues and Honours they sweare shall never receive end, but with the end of their lives: They many times consult together for the conduction and improving of their Estates, which they promise to manage with more frugality than lustre, and with more solid discretion than vaine ostentation or superfluity, and not to live in Parks, or to follow the Court, but to build up their residence in the Countrey. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of servants, horses, and hounds, which their father kept: They likewise vow each to other to bee wonderfull charie and carefull in their mariages, as well fore-seeing and knowing it to bee the greatest part of their earthly felicity or misery. So here we may see and observe many faire promises, rich designs and resolutions, and many sweet covenants voluntarily drawne up betweene these two brothers, which if they make good and performe, no doubt but the end thereof will bee successfull and prosperous unto them; or if otherwise, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the streame (and current) of this History, I must first declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the father, and by the custome of *France*, wee must now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the second brother, and futurely to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldest, and that from *Harcourt* the eldest, to give him that of *Vimory* their father, for (by the right and vertue of the promised reasons) these are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to observe and remember.

A yeare and halfe is not fully expired and past away since their father past from Earth to Heaven, but the eldest brother *Monsieur De Vimory* being extreemly ambitious and covetous of wealth, and understanding that a rich Counsellour of the Court of Parliament of *Dion*, named *Monsieur De Basigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow, (of some forty yeares of age) named *Mademoiselle Masserina*, he earnestly seekes her in marriage. Shee is of short stature, corpulent and fat, of a coale-black haire, and if fame towards her bee a true and not a tatling goddess, shee hath, and still is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votresse who often sacrificeth to *Cupids* lascivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averse and bitter against this match for his brother. They have many serious consultations hereon: Hee alleageth him the inequality of her age and birth in comparison of his, her corpulency, the ill getting of her Husbands goods, who was held a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voyce of the world went) who gained his wealth by the teares and curses of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when hee saw that nothing would prevaile to dissuade his brother from her, he rounds him in his eare, that it was spoken and bruted in *Dion*, that shee was not as chaste as rich, nor so continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all enraged hereat, and chargeth *Harcourt* his brother to name the reporters of this foule scandall vomited forth (quoth hee) against the vertues & honour of chaste *Masserina*; *Harcourt* replies, that he speakes it wholly upon fame, no way upon knowledge, much lesse upon beleefe; so *Vimory* being wilfully deafe to his brothers advice and requests, (and preferring *Masserina's* wealth to her honesty) hee marries her. But shee is so wise for her selfe, as first (both by promise and contract) sheeties him to this condition; that hee shall receive all her rents, which are some twelve hundred Crownes *per Annum*, shee to put her ready money to Use into whose hands she pleaseth, and hee also to have the one halfe of the interest money, but the principall still to remaine in her owne right, propriety, and possession, and as well in her life as death, to bee wholly at her owne disposing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at a great wedding (of a Gentleman his Cousin Germane) at the City of *Troyes* (in *Champagne*) hee there at the balles (or publike dancing) espies a most sweet and beautifull young Gentlewoman, whom he presently fancieth and affects for his wife: Hee enquires what shee is, and findes her to bee named *Mademoiselle La Precouverte*, daughter to an aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed *Monsieur de la Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the daughter, seeks the father, finds the first willing, and the second desirous, but at last hee plainly and honestly informes *Harcourt*, that his daughters chiefe wealth, are her vertues and beauty; that hee hath not much land, and lesse mony; that he hath two great suits of Law for store of Lands depending in the Parliament of *Dion*, which promise him store of money, and that he will futuramente impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marrie his daughter, the which (for the present) he tels him, he is content to make good & confirm to him both by bond & contract. *Harcourt* loves his faire young Mistrisse *La Precouverte* so tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to espouse her on those terms, but he will first acquaint his brother *Vimory* therewith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informes his brother *Harcourt*, that he knowes *Monsieur De Vaquery*, of *Troyes*, to be a very poore Gentleman, that most of his lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his law suits are as uncertaine, as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precouverte* to him to the skies; *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a small time, and that those who preferre it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance in stead of content and joy, and to looke poverty in the face in stead of prosperity. But *Harcourt* having deeply settled his affection on *La Precouverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholesome counsell of his brother, and so marries her: When forgetting his former promise to his brother, hee in a small time, turnes a great Prodigall, abandoneth himselfe to all filthy vices, and beastly course of life, and as a most deboshed and gracelesse husband (within one yeare) he for no cause quarrelleth very often with this his faire and deare wife, then whom, neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundie* had a more beauti-

beautifull or vertuous young Gentlewoman; shee was of stature tall and slender, of a bright flaxen haire, a gracious eye, a modest countenance, a pure Lillie-roseat complexion, of a milde nature, and sweet disposition, respectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and religious towards God, as perpetually making it her practise, delight, and glory, to consume a great part both of her time and of her selfe in prayer, and in the service of God.

And although shee were formerly sought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet she could fancy none, nor affect any man for her husband but himselfe. Never wife was more carefull or more desirous to please a husband than she, and as (for one whole yeare) it was her former content and joy to see him to be a provident, kinde, and loving Husband to her, so now it is her matchlesse griefe and calamity, to see his good nature perverted, his resolutions transported, and his affections drowned in deboshed and vicious company. Shee leaves no sweet advice, nor courteous requests and perswasions unattempted to reclaime him from these his foule vices of drunkennesse, swearing, dicing, evill company, and whoredome; for of no lesse sins in quality, nor fewer in number, she (with extreame grief and sorrow) sees him to bee guilty: But all this will not prevaile, no nor her infinite teares and sighs which many times shee spends and sheds to him both at boord and bed, yea, and sometimes on her knees, but still (with a wretched violence, and sinfull impetuosity) he goes on in his vicious courses, and ungodly life and conversation; neither caring for his health, or his estate and meanes, but wilfully neglects the first, and prodigally wastes and consumes the second, whereat shee wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requesteth *Vimory* his brother, and *La Vaquery* her father to perswade and divert him from these his ungodly Courses and enormous vices, which threatens no lesse than the utter ruine, and inevitable shipwrack of all their fortunes: but they likewise cannot prevaile, although his Brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and sojourne) every houre and time he sees him, doe strongly deale and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities, hee sels away his lands peece-meale, whereat his brother *Vimory* stormeth and rageth against him, and his vertuous sweet wife most pitifully weepeth and lamenteth. But as a base Gentleman, and a most unkinde and ungratefull Husband, he laughs at her teares, smileth at her sighes, and contemneth and scorneth both them and her selfe. And it now falling out, that *La Vaquery* her father losing both of his Law suits at *Dion*, where they (by the votes and sentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged against him, whereby hee was utterly ruined both in his hopes and estate for ever; *Harcourt* hereat so slights and neglects his wife, as hee tearmes her beggers brat, threatneth to send her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and setting all at randome, cares not what becomes either of himselfe or her, who poore sweet Gentlewoman is so extremely afflicted, and as it were weighed downe with all these calamities and miseries (especially with the vices and discourtesies of her husband) as in her heart she daily wisheth, and in her foule hourelly prayeth unto God, that she were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitely lamenting and a thousand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to see her Husband, and her woefull chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redresse these her miseries shee knowes not.

For now doe her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in so much (as in lesse than three yeares) hee as become the shame of himselfe, the contempt of his enemies, the pittie of his friends and Kinsfolkes, and the extreame griefe of his sweet and deare wife, so that hee hath well neere spent all, and almost left nothing to maintaine himselfe, much lesse to maintaine her, whose griefes are so great, and sorrowes so infinite, as her roseat cheekes now looke thin and pale, her sweet eyes are become obscure and dim, yea, and in so pittifull and lamentable a manner, that shee falls exceedingly sick, and her discontent and disconsolation is almost so remediless, as she would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband whom she thought would have proved the argument of her joy and prosperity, is now become the cause

of her endlesse griefe, and the object of her matchlesse calamity and misery. Thus leaving her sorrowes, sighs and teares, to be diminished through time, or dissipated and defaced by God, The order of our History invites and conjures me now againe to speake of this her base and deboshed Husband, who hath many beastly and bloudy parts to act herein.

Whose lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, because heretofore he disdain'd to look on frugality and providence: Seeing his wealth wasted, his lands either sold or mortgaged, himselfe forsaken of his brother and friends, his reputation lost, his debts great, his creditors many, and who now began to grow extreame clamorous and scandalous to him: Hee knowes not which way to looke, or how or where to turne himselfe, to find out some invention and meanes to repaire the decayes and ruines of these his miserable fortunes, and so to beare up and scrow himselfe again into the eye and repute of the world. When his necessity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conscience and Soule, he knowing his brothers wife *Masserina* to be rich and wanton, he will become so unfaithfull to his owne wife, so ingratefull and treacherous to his owne brother, and so dishonourable and ignoble to himselfe, as to attempt to gaine her affection from him, and to draw her to his owne lewd and lascivious desires, whereon his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, because hee flatters himselfe with this true, yet foolish beleefe, that as hee was seven years the younger, so he was twice seven times a properer man than his brother. When taking time at advantage, as his brother and her husband *Vintory* were rid to *Diom*, he finding her in a wonderfull pleasant humour, and exceedingly disposed to be merry, when (God knowes) his owne sweet and sorrowfull wife, was (according to her frequent custome) disconsolately at her prayers and booke in her owne chamber, and her doore shut to her, then, then I say, hee taking his said sister in law *Masserina* to a window in a private Parlor, hee there (for himselfe, or the devill for him) breakes his mind to her, and is so farre from shame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deepe affection, and lascivious suit to her: Neither doth he faile of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous desires, for he findes this his sister in law so dishonestly prepared, and so lustfully resolved and disposed to grant him his desires, that sealing her affection to him with many smiles, as he did his to her with more kisses, she is so impudent, so gracelesse, as at this his very first motion, she vowes to him she hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore most cheerefully and willingly gives him her heart and her selfe, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirme between them with many private kisses, and amorous dalliances, as also with many secret protestations, and solemne oaths: But because Satan is, therefore God will not be present at this their vicious contract, and lascivious combination.

Thus *Harcourt* and his sister in law *Masserina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations, to their hearts or consciences, to their soules or to God, hee pollutes his brothers bed in possessing his wives body, and makes it both his delight and practise to defile and contaminate his glory, in that of her shame, and of his owne infamy. And now his pockets and purse are againe fill'd and cramm'd with coine, for he gives her kisses for her gold, and shee returns him gold for his kisses. Hereupon he puts himselfe againe into new and rich apparell, but yet is so base, unkind, and ingratefull to his owne sweet and vertuous wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparell, but permits her to goe in her old. But to adde more miseries to her misery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old (because she is equally an eye sore both to himselfe and to her) hee will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and securely familiarize with his old sister, or rather now with his new love *Masserina*: So (without any regard to her birth, or respect to her youth and vertues, or without considering that God had made her his wife, and therefore the other halfe of himselfe) hee sends her home to her father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poore little nagge, and a ragged foot-boy, onely with so much money as could hardly carry

her thither, giving her neither money nor apparell, nor any thing else which was becoming or fit for her, although through the black and obscure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucient Sun-beames of her excellent perfections and virtues in her selfe, and of her constant affection to him, will for ever most radiantly resplend and shine to all the world, especially to those who had the honour to know her living, or who shall now or hereafter reade her History after her death. And never were those her sweet perfections and vertues either more conspicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and sorrowfull banishment and departure from her husband: For although he were cruelly unkinde, or unkindely cruell to her, yet knowing and considering him to be her Husband, she therefore holds it her duty and conscience still to attend and wait on him as his wife, and not, either so soone or so suddenly to separate her selfe from him. When her eyes see, her judgement knowes, her heart doubts, and her soule feares, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his sinnes her vertues and presence, to seeke to rectifie and reforme them. But although she descended so low from her selfe to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter sighs and teares to cast her selfe on her knees to begge and request him, that (as by the lawes of marriage and nature, and of conscience and grace) she was obliged and bound, so that she might enjoy the content and happinesse to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreainely desirous, as she then affirmed, (and againe and againe repeated and confirmed to him) to participate and beare her part and share, as well in his poverty as prosperity, yet hee (as an ignoble Gentleman, and a base and vicious Husband) having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his sweet and vertuous wife *La Precouverte*, and fully and absolutely given it to his lascivious sister in law *Masserina*, hee (I say) is so hard hearted, ingratefull and treacherous towards her (as without any respect to her teares, or regard to her prayers) hee will no way permit her to live with him in St. *Simplician* or *Sens*, at his brothers, nor yet vouchsafe to bee pleased to goe and live with her to *Troyes* at her fathers: But here we may observe his malice in his disdain, and his disdain in his malice towards this deare and sweet young Gentlewoman his wife, (of whom God knowes, and the world sees, hee is no way worthy) for hee will grant her neither of these her two most reasonable and loving requests, but indeed (rather as a devill than a man, and a tyrant than a Husband) he with thundring lookes and speeches, commands her away his sight and presence, without once giving her so much as one poore kisse, as hee was bound in affection, or (which is yet lesse) a poore farewell at their parting, as hee was obliged both in conscience and christianity. So this sweet disconsolate Gentlewoman (in a manner breaking her breast with her sighes and drowning her cheekes with her teares) only with her poore little nag and ragged foot boy, is by her flinty hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimories* house at Saint *Simplician*, and so in this slender manner, and base equipage enforced softly, discontentedly, and sorrowfully to ride home to the poore Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea and such was the malice, and policy of *Harcourt*, her cruell Husband, that this sodaine departure of hers was purposely acted when his Brother *Vimorie*, and his wife *Masserina* were at another mannor house of his some eight leagues off, to the end, that they might not see, or take leave of her or seee of them, so allowing our sweet and sorrowfull *La Precouverte* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforesaid Father; I will for a time there leave her, to the exercise of her patience, to the pietie of her prayers, and to the pleasure and providence of God.

Now doth our disloyall and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleasure frolique it out in Saint *Simplician* with his lascivious Sister in Law, and Strumpet *Masserina*, yea they are now growne so impudent, so carelesse, so gracelesse, in these their obscene Dalliances, that if *Vimorie* the Husband and Master doe not, yet his Servants cannot choose but take deepe notice and exact and perfect Knowledge thereof; Onely he observes a late alteration in his Brothers fortunes, that he is become farre braver in his apparell then accustomed, and hath more store of Crownes in his pocket at his command than heretofore,

fore, both to play and spend at his pleasure. Only from whence this his golden Myne should proceed hee knowes not; except having heretofore made some progression, and experiments in the Chymicall Science (or mystery of Alchymy) he had now found the *Elixir* of the Philosophers Stone, but his curiosity in this *Quare* proceeds no further, much lesse his Judgement, but least of all his Suspicion or Jealousie.

But the gracelesse Vanity and Ambition of *Hancourt* will yet flye a pitch and degree higher in the ayre of Ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimorie*. For a little gold cannot redeeme his Lands, nor make up the money and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kisses and embraces of that lustfull Dame his Sister *Masserina* appease his unchaste appetite, or satisfie his insatiable lust, and lascivious desires. Wherefore at one time and cast, to set nature and honour at stake, and so commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any respect or regard to either, hee contrives and assumes this vitious and treacherous resolution, that having already taken the actual possession of her body, hee should then likewise doe so of her gold, yea of all her whole Estate, and so flye away with her, whose Estate (through his long dishonest familiarity with her) he now knowes to be great, yea far greater then his Brother *Vimorie* her husband either ever knew or dreamt of. Wherefore with much superficiall affection, and artificiall flattery and insinuation, hee no sooner breakes this motion to her, but her lustfull heart corresponding with his, and her lascivious desires likewise ayming and intending that way, she freely gives him her consent thereunto, and to that end she very secretly drawes in all her monies and gold, together with all her plate, Rings, and Jewels most carefully and privately packs it up, and so they flye away together; In a morning when her Husband and his Brother was with his servants gone forth a hawking and hunting for all that day, hee without ever making his wife, or she her Husband once acquainted therewith, *Vimorie* is amazed, and *La Priscoverte* extremely perplexed and afflicted at the strangeness of their (undreamt of) base clandestine departure; And although (in regard of his affection to his wife) hee were once resolved to send and make after them for their stay & apprehension, yet at last, to avoid the universall scandall of the world (which thereby in stead of stopping one tongue, would assuredly let loose many, hee leaves the successe of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true punishment thereof to God. Now the first place of safety and shelter which *Hancourt* and *Masserina* flye unto, is the strong city of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France*, or *Savoy*, but of God, and it selfe) where they take two chambers, and live together, having no servant at all to attend or follow them, but only *Noell*, who for many yeares before had bene, and still was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and assurance (because they observe it to be a City, exceedingly politiquely, vertuously and religiously governed) they find out this excuse for their stay, that hee is heire to some lands (which by the death of an uncle of his) is devolved and fallen to him in the estate, and dutchy of *Milan* (between *Pavia* and *Alexandria*) whither hee goes to sell it away. In regard (as he falsely allegeth) that both this Gentlewoman (whom hee resolves to leave there, and presently upon his returne to marry) and himselfe are Protestants, and for a moneth or six weekes, this false glosse, and true imposture passeth current with those of *Geneva*, within all that time they freely permit and suffer to enjoy the lawes and privileges of Hospitality in their City, and the sooner, (and with farre lesse suspicion and doubt) because they observe, that they very often frequent their Sermons, and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knowes, they both are directly Roman Catholics. But at the end of this small time, understanding that the two Syndicks and the rest of the Magistrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their stay, and more nesrly into their actions; Then they thinking to mock with God and their soules, and so to make Religion onely to be a cloake to overvaile their villany, hee then and there resolves to marry her before hee goe to *Milan*, which indeed affords sweeter musick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and minde of this lascivious dame *Masserina*, the which she esteemed

esteemed to be the chiefest felicity she could desire upon earth) excusing the alteration of this his resolution upon her sicknesse and indisposition (which also was as false and countesseit, as the pretence of their protestant Religion was feigned and hypocriticall) and to that end hee acquaints the Ministers and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, question him to shew some authentickall certificat from that Protestant Church or Churches in *Poitou* (where they aver they formerly dwelt) that they were both of them Protestants by religion; and that their marriage was honourable and no way clandestine; affirming to him, that it was against the rules of their religion, the Constitutions of their Church, and the lawes of their City, to doe otherwise, either to them, or to any strangers whatsoever; Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, He now comes too short in his arithmeticke, and having none to shew them in that nature, hee sweats under the saddle; and so slackes his importunacy therein, and puts it off with a specious excused dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Masserina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to see their hopes nipt, and their expectations and desires of marriage frustrated, and blasted in the very bud and blossomes; and now they see that their abode and stay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor must bee long. But here betides them another unlooked for accident which will speedily transport them thence;

It is the pleasure and mercy of God, that *Noell* (*Harcourt's* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in mind, to see his master guilty of this foule and treacherous crime, in stealing away *Masserina* his Brothers wife, and entertaining and using her as his owne. Hee knows how infinitely this their adultery is displeasing to God, and odious to men, and how opposite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his minde, a vexation to his heart, and a scruple to his conscience any longer to attend and follow them, because he is assured, that the divine Justice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpunished, Hee calling to his remembrance the sweet vertues and chastity of his Mistris *La Precoverte*, and (by opposition and Antithesis) comparing them to the foule vices and whoredomes of *Masserina*, hee out of his duty to the first, and detestation to the second, though a bad Servant to his Master, yet was a good Christian to God, gives his Mistris *La Precoverte* very secret intelligence, of his masters lascivious residing and living here in *Geneva* with *Masserina*, whereof he sends her word, he is a very sorrowfull and unwilling eye witnesse, and so leaves the reformation thereof, first to God, and then to her selfe. Our vertuous sweet Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foule crime of adultery betwixt her Husband, and his Sister *Masserina*, whereat her chaste heart towards him, and her pure and religious soule towards God, makes her send many teares to earth, sighes to heaven. Once she thought to acquaint her brother *Vinoy* herewith, but then fearing that his just choller might peradventure exasperate him against her Husband, shee againe as soone forsakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more discretion and safety to be silent herein towards him. And yet consulting her griefes and afflictions with God (whose sacred advice and assistance how to beare her selfe in this action and accident, shee religiously implores) shee at last deemes it a part both of her affection, duty, and conscience, to use her best zeale and endeavour to reclaime them from this their abominable, & beastly course of life. And in regard her poverty, weaknesse, and sicknesse will not (according to her desires and wishes) permit her to ride over to them in person to *Geneva*, she therefore commits and impositions that charge to her pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as also to his lewd Sister, or rather his lascivious Strumpet *Masserina*, to see if her letters (by the permission and providence of God) may prevaile with their hearts and soules to reforme and draw them home, she which she purposely, and expressly sends by a confident messenger, and with the greatest secrecie she possibly can devise.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE TO HARCOVRT.

Your flight and Adultery with that gracelesse Strumpet Masserina, is so displeasing to God, as I cannot but wonder that his divine Iustice will permit Geneva, or any other place of the world to containe you without punishing you for it ; yea when in this foule crime of yours, I consider her by my selfe, and you by your Brother Vimorye, I find that his griefe proves my shame, and my shame his griefe, and that you and her are the true causes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and soule, and cannot conceive that I have any way deserved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore faile not to certifie mee why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd course of life, which in the end will assuredly produce thy misery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, doe speedily redeeme it. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hope and beleeeve it to be the first fault in this kind and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pitty than of my hatred, and of my prayers then of my curses. So if you will abandon your deboshed Sister, and come home and live with mee who am thy chaste and sorrowfull wife, my armes and heart shall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is past, and prepare my selfe to welcome you home, with a thousand Smiles and Kisses, if you will resolve and remember henceforth to love mee as much, as formerly (without cause or reason) you have neglected and hated mee.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Letter to Masserina, bewrayd these passions.

LA PRECOVERTE TO MASSERINA.

No longer Sister, but lewd strumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuse thine own Husband, but that thou must likewise bereave me of mine, who is his owne and onely Brother: as if a single sinne and ingratitude, could not content thy lascivious lust, or satisfie thy inordinate desires: but that thy impiety to God, and prophanenesse and obscenity to thy selfe, should make thee guilty of so foule a crime as Adultery, and which is worse, of such a foule and base Adultery as comes very neere to the worst kinde of Incest ; whereof thy thoughts and heart can informe thee, and thy conscience and soule assure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsely thinkest thy selfe happy. Wherefore triumph not, to have made my griefe thy glory, and my affliction thy felicity, for God (who is as just, as powerfull) will requite my wronges in thy Person, and when thou least dreamest thereof, his Divine punishments will sharply scourge and revenge thy lascivious pleasures, except thou deject and prostrate thy selfe at the feet of his sacred Mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his saving Grace with unfeined repentance for the same, by restoring my Husband to mee, and thy selfe to thine, and by making thy peace with God, whom so highly and hainously thou hast therein offended ; which if thou doe, thou mayest then reestablish thy fortunes, and redeeme thy reputation, or else for ever assuredly ruine both them and thy selfe. So if I see thee to imbrace this chaste, and to follow this vertuous and religious course, I will againe assume the name of a Sister, and leave that of a Strumpet towards thee, yea, I will wholly forget these thy (almost unpardonable) wronges and disgraces which thou offerest mee, and for ever bury them in perpetuall silence, and eternall oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Messenger arriving at Geneva, he first findes out Noell, and then secretly delivers these two Letters to Harcourt and Masserina, who much musing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themselves into their Inner Chamber, they there breake up the scales

feales and peruse them; Whereat their hearts galled, and their Consciences so netled and stung as they cannot refraine from blushing for meere shame, and then againe, from not looking pale with meere anger thereat. Thus looking stedfastly each on other, their owne guiltinesse doth for the time present, somewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondereth at his wifes boldnesse in writing to him; and *Masserina* is not a little dismaid and daunted to see that her husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is discontented with his wifes peremptory Letter, *Masserina* is apprehensive & fearefull of her Husbands silence, when againe changing their conceits and thoughts which constantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinsicall peace, or tranquillity; *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vymories* silence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Masserina* contemplating & ruminating on her sister *La Precovertes* choller, reputs it to extreame griefe, sorrow and Indignation; But at last consulting together hereon, they both of them concurre and fall upon this resolution; that to colour out their lascivious life, they by their answers to her, must overvaile it with much seeming chastity, and pretended sanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimories* silence, or revenge, they must remove from *Geneva*, and speedily resolve to forsake and leave it; When feare giving life to their despaire, and despaire adding wings to their feare, they call for pen and paper, and each returne *La Precoverte* their severall answers by her owne messenger who had strict charge and command from her to see them, but not to dare once to speake or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) hee very honestly and punctually performed, only to shew her gratefulness to honest *Noell*, she gave precise order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true respect and fidelity towards her, which she would never forget nor leave unrecompenced, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Masserina* were any way suspitious that it was their man *Noell* which gave *La Precoverte* intelligence of their residence in *Geneva*.

Harcourts Letter to his wife was in these tearmes.

HARCOVRT TO LA PRECOVERTE.

DOe not rashly and unjustly torment thy selfe with jealousie at my absence, for thou shalt finde as much joy thereof at my returne, as now thou beleevest and fearest the contrary. I have vowed to accompany my Sister in law *Masserina* to our Lady of Loreto, which is the best Saint of the best Countrey of the world, Italy, (where wee are now setting forwards from this towne of *Geneva*;) to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Oraisons for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imaginest they are of iniquity and prophanessee. True it is, I committed an error in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou esteemest a crime; but when shortly I shall bee so happy to enjoy thy sweet company and presence, then my just reasons will justly enforce thee both to know and acknowledge, that that pretended crime of mine is lesse than an error, and this error lesse than nothing. And if thou wilt yet bee farther inquisitive why, or from whence our journey was first derived, I pray let these generall tearmes content thy feare, and satisfie thy jealousie, that it was her devotion and conscience to God, not my desire or affection to her which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, than a condigne penance; either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveness of thee, or my soule of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy feare and jealousie deemes mee guilty. Therefore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertaine, and thy resolution to welcome mee home with thy smiles and kisses when I come, the which shall be, if not so shortly as thou expectest or I desire, yet as soone as reputation and good speed shall permit.

HARCOVRT.

Masserina's

Masserina's Letter to her sister in law carried these lines.

MASSERINA TO LA PRECOVERTE.

MY departure and absence hath neither wronged mine owne Husband nor abused thine, for it is my pure zeale to God, and not any lascivious lust in my selfe which drew mee to this devotion to see Lotetto, and him (through his goodnesse) to the resolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart defies that foule sinne of Adultery, and my soule detests that odious one of Incest, whereof I am farre more innocent than thou thinkest mee guilty. I am sorry for thy griefe, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am so farre from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with passion, and this to my minde with compassion, although I confesse I have small reason to place it so neere mee, in regard thy jealousie is the sole author, and my fidelity and chastity no way the cause thereof; wherefore I am so farre from fearing, as I love Gods justice, because as in other senses I have offended his Divine Majestie, so I am sure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and doe most freely referre my fortunes and reputation to his sacred pleasure, but not to thy secret discontents and ill grounded choller, from which (by the plea of a just proviso) I have all the reasons of the world to appeale, as also for that foule scandall and infamous Epithete of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too vertuous once to conceive, much lesse to name, but least of all for one sister in law (without cause or reason) to give to another: But thou art La Precoverte, therefore I forget this ingratefull crime of thine, and I am Masserina, therefore I freely and absolutely forgive it, and to doe thee as much right as thou hast done mee wrong, I will silence it in eternall obscurity and oblivion.

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our observation, or rather of our detestation, to see how impiously these prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and also to La Precoverte, whom they have so hainously offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their owne hearts and consciences are nevertheless as apparent as the Sunne in his brightest Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and presumptuously abandoned themselves to Satan, to contrive such irreligious excuses, and to frame such ungodly Apologies, for these their foule crimes and offences, and so to make Hypocrisie the veile of their Adultery, and the cloake to cover it from the light and sight of the world: And is it not a resolution worthy of a halter in this world, and of Hell fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect strength, and full of life and health, (especially Masserina's Husband *Vimory*) as but right now to their shame, not to their glory, they understand by La Precoverte's letters to them. To the Magistrates of Geneva they are firme Protestants, and as they pretended, so they then (as they constantly affirmed) intended to live and dye. To La Precoverte in their Letters they are found Roman Catholikes, and in the sublimity and singularity of their zeale travelling towards the Lady of Loreto in devotion. O wretched Christians, or indeed rather Miserable wretches, thus with your hypocrisie to think to deceive God, when therein you onely deceive your owne selves and soules. For can there be a greater misery found by us on earth, or sent us by the devill from hell, to make Religion (which of it selfe is a precious and soveraine Antidote) to become a fatall drugg, and a pernicious ingredient to poyson, not to preserve our soules, & so onely to delight our earthly humours and affections, & to please our carnall desires & concupiscences? Of all sorts of men (after the Atheist and the murtherer) the Hypocrite is the veriest devill upon earth, and hee is so much the more wretched and execrable, in that hee guilds over his speeches, life and actions with the seeming shew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conscience know, that he is nothing lesse. To be luke-warme in religion, is to be prophane,

not religious : And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, so hee that is of two religions is of neither. For God who is still jealous of his owne honour, and of our salvation, will not onely have our soules, but our hearts to serve him, and not onely our hearts, but also our tongues to glorifie him, that is to say, all our actions, and all our affections, not a peece of our heart, but hee will have our whole heart, and not on angle or corner of our soule, but our whole soule : For in matters of his divine worship and service, (which consists in that of our faith, and of his glory) hee will not admit of any Rivall or Competitor, nor be served in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his sacred Word and Commandements, and instructed us by his holy Prophets, and blessed Apostles.

But againe to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*, whose lascivious hearts and lewd consciences not permitting them to rest in assurance, or reside in security any where, the very day after they had dispatched the messenger with their Letters to *La Precoverte*, (holding *Geneva* no place for them, nor they for *Geneva*) they trusse up baggage, and so with much secrecie leave it, and direct their course to the great and famous Citie of *Lyons*, (some two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Towne of *France*, and there they thinke to shrowd themselves among that great affluence and confluence of people which inhabite and aboard there from divers parts, and they make choyce to live in this frontier Citie, because it is neere to *Savoy*, where if any danger should chance to be-tide or befall them, they might speedily and safely retire themselves there, and so lay hold on the law and privilege of Nations, which is inviolable throughout all the world. At their arrivall at *Lyons* they take their chambers and residence neere the Arsenall, though for the two first nights they lie in *Fanders-street*. They have not beene in *Lyons* fiftene dayes, but there befell them an accident very worthy both of our observation, and of their remembrance, which was thus ; A Gentleman of the City of *Tholonse* named *Monsieur De Blaise*, having some five dayes before treacherously killed his elder brother *Monsieur de Barry*, in the high way as they travelled together upon a quarrell which fell out betweene them, for having deboshed and clandestine stollen away his said elder brother *De Barry's* wife from him, & conveyed & transported her away with him : There was a privie search then made in *Lyons*, when that same night *Harcourt* and *Masserina* were upon suspicion apprehended for them, and laid in sure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneschall and Procureur Fiscall, they justified their innocency, by many who knew *de Blaise*, and so were cleared; but yet it gave them both a hot Camisado and fearfull Alarum, and left an ominous impression in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumstances of this action with their owne) had they had the grace to have made good use, they had not (hereafter) made themselves so famously infamous, nor consequently this their history so prodigiously deplorable.

Harcourt and *Masserina* whiles they stay here in *Lyons* (as guilt is still accompanied with feare doe seldome goe forth their lodgings, and when they doe, they (for their better safety) disguise themselves in different apparell, and for her part she goes still close masked, and muffled up in her Taffeta coyffe. Yea both of them make it their practise to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and streets seldome, as if their foule crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the communion of Gods Saints, and consequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly feares his brother *Vismory's* silence and revenge, and the highly envieth and disdaineth her sister in Law *La Precoverte's* jealousy, & still that disgracefull word of Strumpet (which she upbraided her with, and obtruded to her in her Letter) strikes & sincks deeply in her heart & remembrance, in such sort, that it so possesseth her thoughts with malice, & takes up her minde with choller and fierce indignation, as she vowes to her selfe not thus to let it passe in silence, or to vanish & dye away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her sister *La Precoverte* promised and spake. And here it is that the devill first begins to take possession of her heart, and by degrees to seize upon her soule, and to make her wholly to forsake God. For knowing *La Precoverte* to be wise

to her brother in law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom she affects a thousand times dearer than her owne Husband, yea, than her owne life) shee is therefore so great a beame to her eye, so sharpe a thorne to her heart, and so bitter a corrafive to her content, as she not onely assumes bad thoughts, but bad bloud against her: For vowing that none shall share with her in his affection, shee forgetting her Conscience and Soule, Heaven and God, is speedily resolved to cause her to be poysoned, her intraged malice being capable of no other excuse or reason but this, that it is impossible she can reape any perfect felicity or content in earth, till shee have dispatch't and sent her to *Heaven*. To which end she insinuates her selfe into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deales with them severally and secretly to effect this hellish businesse, for the which she promised either of them a hundred crownes of the summe in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey. But the devill hath made her so crafty & subtile, as she still retaines from them, the name *Masserina* and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt; There are good, and bad men of all countreyes, faculties, and professions, these two Apothecaries are as honest as she is wretched, and as religious and charitable as she is prophane and bloody, so the one denies her request with disdain and choller, and the other with charity and compassion, alleaging her many pious considerations & reasons to dissuade her from this foule and bloody act, the execution whereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (sayes hee) no lesse than the utter subversion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confusion of her life in this world, if not likewise of her soule in that to come; So shee being hereat a little galled and stung in Conscience, to see that this great City of *Lyons* affords poyson but no poysoners, to act and finish this her bloody project; The devill hath yet notwithstanding, made her so curious in her malice, and so industrious, and resolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether there were any Italian Emperick or Mountebanck in that City, (whom shee thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody desires and intents) she is advertised, that there departed one hence some eight dayes since, who is gone to reside this spring of the yeare at the Bathes at *Pongges*, a mile from the city of *Nevers*, his name being *Signior Baptista Tivoly*, (whom I conjecture may derive his surname from that pleasant small towne of *Tivoly*, some twenty small smiles from *Rome*, wherein there are many Cardinals, country Pallaces, or houses of pleasure) being very skilfull in Mineralls, and in attracting the spirits and quintessence of divers other vegetives; Of a vaine glorious, and ambitious humour and disposition, and yet of a very poore estate and meanes, and such a one, as indeed *Masserina* holds every way a fit agent and instrument for her turne and purpose.

She is glad of this advertisement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge before she have seene and spoken with *Tivoly*. The which to effect shee to *Harcourt* pretends a suddaine ach in her right arme, and so upon good advise tells him that she is very desirous to goe to the Bathes of *Pongges* by *Nevers*, there to stay some fiftene or twenty dayes at farthest; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and farre lesse of her revengefull and bloody intents towards the safety and life of his wife *La Precouverte*) approves of her resolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderfull carefull of her selfe, her health and safety, and proffereth to accompany her himselfe: she with many kisses, deerely thanks him for his care of her and affection to her herein; answereth him that his stay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more safe and short, so she accepts of the man for the master, and only takes *Nell* along with her, who respects her so well, as he cares not for her sight, much lesse for her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, & (impatient of all delay) the next morning findes out *Tivoly* at *Pongges*, being a very tall man, of a cole black beard, and of a wanton and sullen countenance, shee by his Physiognomic judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him; The second day she breakes with him about her hellish businesse and findes him tractable to her devillish intents: They proceed to this lame-

table bargaine, and she is to give him one hundred Crownes in hand, and a faithfull promise of a hundred and fifty more when he hath effected it, as also fifty Crownes for the Charge of his journey, the which she limits at fifteen dayes, so having settled this her businessse, she now names the party to *Truely* whom she will have him to poyson, *La Precouverte*, to be the woman who resides and dwels with her Father *Monsieur La Vaquery*, a poore Gentleman in the Citie of *Troyes* in *Champagne*, and thence a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, of a flaxen haire, and very sickly. When giving him a small Saphir ring from her finger, she therewith sweares him both to the performance, and to the secrecy of this murther, the which, armed by the Devill hee doth. When being exceeding glad of this his bloody imployment, which brings him store of gold, the which hee esteemes the Elixar of his heart, and the felicitie and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the maine businessse that brought him on this side the Alpes, from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any feare of God or thought of heaven or hell, these murtherous and damnable miscreants have concluded and shut up this their bloody bargaine. Our poore sweet *La Precouverte*, having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneva*, and considering the contents thereof, as also that of her Sister in Law *Masserina*, she knowes not what to think either of their Letters or of themselves: she sees her letter to promise much zeale and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembring his former unkindnesse, I may say cruelty, towards her, as also the manner of their bale and clandestin departure, then she thinks the first to be false, and the second feigned, & therefore conceives she hath far more reasons to despaire than to hope either of their Innocencie, or their returne; But this is her resolution, *Harcourt* is her Husband, therefore shee will still love him dearly; She is his wife, and therefore she will for ever pray for him, and his prosperitie religiously. Thus hoping and many times (with many heavy sighes and bitter teares) wishing and desiring his happy returne, and vertuous reformation, shee in his absence lives pensively and sorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widdow than a wife, and such is her miserable Estate, and poore and sorrowfull fortune, that she well knowes not, whether she may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Childe: For ah mee, she is so invironed with afflictions, so incompassed with calamities, so assaulted with sicknesse, and so weighed downe with sadnesse and disconsolation, as shee reputes her life worse than death, and either wisheth her Husband at home with her, or her selfe in Heaven with God.

But Alas, alas, deere sweet young Gentlewoman; little dost thou thinke or dreame (now thou desirest death) what a hellish plot there is contrived and intended against thy life by these two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devill, *Truely*, and thy Sister *Masserina*: O *Masserina*, *Masserina*, the disgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the shadow of thy time, and the scandall of thy sex. O how I want words not teares, to condemn thy cruell rage, and to execrate thy infernall malice and fury, thus to resolve to imbrue thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chaste and vertuous Sister in Law *La Precouverte*; for was it not sin and lust enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and presence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be so wretched and inhumane, as likewise to rob her of her life? O griefe, O shame, O pittie, that thou shouldst once dare to think thereof, much lesse to attempt it, I meane so lamentable a crime, and so bloody a fact, which assure thy selfe, as there is a God in Heaven, will never goe long unpunished in Earth.

But I must proceed in this our sad and mournfull History, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling resolution, I am enforced to declare that this limbe of the Devill *Truely* rides away to *Troyes*, where he speedily and secretly makes profession of his Empery. When understanding that *Monsieur de La Vaquery* is constantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) soone skrewes and insinuates himselfe into his Compaeny. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weaknesse and imbecillity of our Judgements, (in any profession whatsoever) still to preferre and respect strangers before our owne Countrey-men, so *Monsieur de La Vaquery*, hearing this Italian to de-

youre Latin at his pleasure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogus of physicall phrases which hee had stollen, not learnt from *Aristotle*, *Galen*, and *Paracelsus*. His ignorance beleeveth him to be very learned, and therefore hee holds him a most fit Physician, to cure his Daughter *La Precouverte* of her consumption, whereinto (as before) shee was deeply & dangerously fallen, by the unparalleld griefes and sorrowes which shee conceived, for her husbands former unkindnesse to her, but more especially, for his present absence and flight with his lascivious Sister *Masserina*. So (in a most unhappy houre) Her Father *La Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Tivoly*; Which (being the onely occasion and opportunity hee gaped for) hee freely promisseth him his best art and skill for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his house with him, and visiteth his daughter; Hee findes her to be weake, leane, and pale, the which serves the better for his turne, to colour out this his bloody purpose to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any Grace in his heart, or any sparke of religion or pietie in his Soule) the very sight of this sweet, this harmelesse, this beautifull young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compassion, and not with hellish cruelty to resolve to poyson her. But his sinfull heart, his seared Conscience, and his ulcerated and virulent soule had (in favour of gold) made this compact with the devill, & therefore he will advance, and not retire in this his infernall resolution. Hee feeles her pulse, casts her estate in an Urinall, receives thirty Crownes of her Father for her cure, and so bidding her to be of good comfort, hee administred her two pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmelesse sweet Gentlewoman) within three dayes after, she suddainly dyes in her bed by night; *Tivoly* affirming to her sorrowfull Father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violency, and inveteracy of her consumption, had turned all her blood into water, & exhausted and extenuated all the radicall humours of her life, which opinion of this base and bloody Italian Mountebanke past currant with the simplicity of his beliefe and their Judgements: So he burieth his daughter, and with her his chiefest earthly delight and joy: Within three dayes after that this sorrowfull and lamentable tragedy was acted. This monster, this Devill incarnate *Tivoly*, leaves *Troyes*, and poasts away to *Nevers*, where he ravisheth *Masserina's* heart, with the joyfull newes and assurance of *La Precouvertes* death and buriall, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crownes, the which according to her promise shee faileth not presently to pay him downe. And here againe they solemnely sweare secrecy each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Masserina* feasting her heart with joy, & surfeiting her thoughts with content to see the rivall and competitor in her loves, *La Precouverte* thus dispatched and sent for heaven, She now thinking to domineere alone in her *Harcourts* heart and affection, esteemes her selfe a degree neerer to him in marriage, that so of his Sister shee may become his Wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aymeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her desires and wishes terminate. But her Husband *Vimories* life doth dash these joyes of hers in peeces, as soone as shee conceives them, & strangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. Shee finds *Nevers* to be a pleasant City, and *Pongges* a delightfull little place to live in, and when the Spring is past & the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of farre more safety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, and shee affects and loves it farre the better, because here it was shee first heard and understood of *La Precouvertes* death, which as yet for a time shee closely conceales to her selfe. Wherefore shee sends *Noell* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Master, and by her letter prayes him speedily to come and live with her at *Nevers*, which she affirms to him is a pleasant City, & that there she attends his arrivall and company with much affection and impatiency.

Harcourt, to please his sweet-heart Sister *Masserina*, leaves *Lyons*, and comes to her at *Nevers*, where with thanks & kisses, she joyfully welcomes him, telling him that these bathes of *Pongges* have perfectly freed her of her aches; but in her heart & mind, she well knowes, it is the death of *La Precouverte*, and not those bathes, which hath both cured her

doubts and secured her feares. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pouges* above three weekes since his arrivall, untill they there (but by what meanes I know not) understand of *La Precovertes* death, whereat hee seemes nothing sorrowfull, but she extreamly glad and joyfull. And by this time, which is at least a whole yeare since their flight & departure from *Saint Simplician* and *Sens*, they in their Travels and other gifts and expenses, have consumed and expended a pretty summe of their money. In all which time, wee must understand that *Vimory* hates his wife and Brother so exceedingly, as hee (in contempt of their crimes and detestation of their trecherous ingratitude) scornes either to looke or send after them; but the only revenge which he useth towards him in his absence, hee pretends a great Summe of money to bee due to him from him, and in compensation thereof, seizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by Order of Justice gathereth up, and collecteth his rents from his Tenants, to his owne use and behoofe. Which extreamly grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Masserina*, who (by this time) seeing in what obscurity and considering in what continuall feare and eminent danger they live in, As their lascivious affections, so their irregular desires, and irreligious resolutions, looke one and the same way, which is to send her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven, after his wife *La Precouverte*, yea so resolute are they in these their bloody intentions and desires, as they wish and pray for it with zeale, and desire it with passion and impatiency. And now their malice is growne so resolute, and their resolution so gracelesse in the contemplation and conceiving of this bloudy fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Masserina* vowes to him that shee can reape no true content either in her life or conscience, before, of his sister he make her his wife; Nor I replies *Harcourt*, before my brother *Vimory* be in Heaven; and I marry thee and be thy husband here in earth. When (as a bloudy Courtisan and Strumpet) shee gives him many thanks and kisses for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her sake; when (working upon the advantage of time, occasion and opportunity) She tells him, that in her opinion, the shortest and surest way is to dispatch him by poyson. *Harcourt* dislikes her judgement and plot, as holding it no way fate in taking away his brothers life, to entrust and hazard his owne at the courtesie of a stranger (at which speech of his, she blusheth and palleth as being conscious and memorative of what she had lately caused to be perpetrated by *Tivoly*) Therefore hee thinkes to acquaint and employ his owne man *Noell* in this bloody businesse, and profereth him two hundred Crownes, and forty more of yeerely pension during his life, if hee will pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields. But *Noell* is too honest a man, and too good a Christian to stabbe at the majesty of God, in killing man his creature and Image, and so absolutely denies his Master, and although he be a poore man, yet he rejects his offer, as resolving never to purchase wealth, or preferment at so deere a rate, as the price of innocent blood; whereat his Master bites his lip for discontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetuall secrecie and silence of this proposition and businesse, which *Noell* promisseth, but sweares not; Hereupon *Harcourt* to approach neerer to *Sens*, Hee and *Masserina* leave *Nevers*, and very secretly by litle Journies (and the greatest part by night) come to *Macon*, and there his heart strikes a bargain with the Devill, and the Devill with his soule and resolutions, to ride over himselfe to *Sens*, and there with his owne hands to pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets misse him, then to finish and perpetrate it with his owne Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother, thus to make thy Hope and Charitie prove bankrupt to thy Soule, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevaile with *Harcourt*, to dissuade him from this bloody businesse; Whereunto the damnable treacherie and malice of *Masserina* impetuously precipitates and hastens him onwards, although it be against her owne Husband. So he leaves *Macon*, and in a disguised beard, and poore sute of apparell, comes to *Saint Simplician* purposely leaving *Sens*, a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleasant wood of his, a little mile from his house where hee knew he was accustomed

accustomed to walke alone by himselve solitarily; Hee personating and acting the part of a poore begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his tongue as well as his beard and apparell, with his hat in his hand (espying his Brother) hee goes towards him with an humble resolution, and requesteth an Almes of him. Which *Vimory* seeing and hearing, hee in meere charity and compassion of him, because hee saw him to be though a poore, yet a proper man, and which is more, a Souldier, drawes forth his purse and whiles hee lookes therein for some small piece of silver; *Harcourt* (as a Disciple of the Devill) very softly drawes out his little pistoll out of his left sleeve (which he covered with his hat) and having charged it with two bullets, hee lets flie at him, and so shoots him in the trunck of his body, a little under the heart, of which two wounds he presently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his brother was miserable and diabolically in giving it him, for he only fetched two groanes, but had neither the power or happinesse to speake one word. And the Devill (in the catastrophie of this mournfull Tragedie) was so strong with *Harcourt*, as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not onely malice but rage and fury it selfe, for fearing hee was not yet dead, hee twice ran him thorow the body with his sword. When leaving his breathlesse body all goring in his hot reeking blood, hee with all possible celerity takes his horse (which he had tied (out of sight) to a tree not farre off) and so with all possible speed gallops away to his now intended wife *Masserina* at *Mascon*, who triumphs with joy at his relation of this good newes, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleasing and delectable. But God will not permit that these wretched joyes and triumphes of theirs shall last long.

This cruell murder of *Monsieur Vimory* is some two houres after knowne at his house and Parish of Saint *Simplician*, as also in the City of *Sens*, and so disperfed over all *Burgundy*, and the murderers narrowly sought after, but in vaine; *Harcourt* and *Masserina* meet with these reports at *Mascon*, but yet they hold it discretion and safety, a small time longer, to conceale themselves secretly in that Towne, and so to suffer the heat of this newes to passe over; and bee blowne away. But at the end of two moneths, *Harcourt* (setting a milk white face upon his bloody fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his mannor house of Saint *Simplician*, which now by the death of his Brother *Vimory*, who died without issue, wholly devolved and fell to him. Who having formerly plaid the Devill in murdering his said brother, hee now as infernally playes the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making so wonderfull an outward shew and demonstration of sorrow for the same, as he and all his servants being dighted in blackes. A moneth after hee sends for his good Sister in Law *Masserina*, who comes home to him, and they seeme so absolutely strange each to other, as if they had never seene one another during all the long time of their absence, & she likewise seemes to drowne her selfe in her teares, and is likewise all in blackes for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their false mask, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sinnes of Adultery and Murther. Now as close as they conceale this their dishonourable flight and departure, yet it discovered and found out, and held so odious, so foule, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their neighbours (who yet know nothing of their murders) as they disdain to welcome them home, or (which is lesse) to see them, which they both are inforced with griefe to observe, as holding it to be the reflection of their owne disgrace and scandall, the which henceforth to prevent, they within two moneths after, send for their Ghostly fathers, as also for two Jesuites, and the Vicar of their parish, and acquaint them with their desires and resolutions to marry: But these Ecclesiastiques affirme it to be directly opposite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Roman Church, for one Brother to marry the widdow of another, as also against the written law of God; and therefore they utterly seek both to perswade and dissuade them from it, as being wholly unlawfull, and ungodly, and so refuse to Consent thereto, much lesse to performe it without a dispensation from the Pope, of his *Nuntio* now resident at *Paris*. They cause the *Nuntio* to bee dealt with about it, but hee peremptorily refuseeth

refuseth it ; But in favour of money, and strong friends, within three moneths they procure it from Rome, and so they are speedily married, now thinking, and withall beleeving and triumphing, that this their nuptiall knot, hath power to deface and redeeme all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their disgrace and scandall with the world. And therefore in their owne vaine and impious conceits, are secure, and abound in wealth, delight, and pleasure ; But as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come wee therefore first to the detection and discovery of these their bloody crimes of murder, and then to the condigne punishments which they received for the same : Whereof the manner briefly is thus. It is many times the pleasure and providence of God, to punish one sinne in and by another, yea and sometimes one sinne for another, the which wee shall now see apparent in this bloody and hellish Italian Mountebanke *Tivoly*, who repairing to the great Faire of *Sens*, and there beginning to professe his Empery to a rich Goldsmiths wife of that City named *Monsieur de Boys*, he the third day stole a small casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a cupboard, (the lock whereof hee cunningly pickt, and shut againe) valued at foure thousand Crownes, and the same night fled upon that robbery towards *Mascon*, thiaking there to put himselfe on the River of *Soan*, and so to slip downe to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alps into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a speedy, and curious research for his theefe, whom as yet hee could not find, or discover; When hearing of this Mountebanke *Tivoly* his suddaine departure and flight, hee takes him to bee his theefe, pursues him in person, and within foure leagues of *Mascon* apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provosts (or Sheriffes) men with him in their Coats, with their pistols at saddle bow, to assist him) *De Boys* finds many of the Jewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which hee could never recover : So being brought back to *Sens*, hee was first imprisoned, and then examined by the *Senshall* and the Procurer Fiscall : When having neither cause, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, hee therefore freely confessed it, the devill still assuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence, and Judgement; That it is very possible, and he thinkes very probable and feaseable to corrupt his Judges with some of the Jewels which hee had closely conceal'd and hid about him ; But, hee shall speedily see the contrary.

For they seeing this Italian Emperick (by his owne confession) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemne him to be hanged the very next day for the same. So having a Cordelier (or Gray) Fryer, sent him that night to prison to prepare his soule for Heaven ; Hee the next morning (according to his sentence of condemnation) is brought to his execution : Where on the Ladder, hee (to free his Conscience and soule) doth constantly and sorrowfully confesse, that he had formerly poysoned *Madamoyelle La Precouverte*, daughter to *Monsieur de La Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that hee was hired to doe it by the Lady *Masserina*, of whom at *Pongges* hee received two hundred and fifty Crownes and a small Saphir Ring to performe it, as also fifty Crownes more, which she gave him for his charges from *Nevers* to *Troyes*, and so he dies in the constant confession of this his foule and lamentable murder, and is hanged for his Robbery: and his body afterwards burnt for destroying and poysoning of this young Gentlewoman *La Precouverte*, whom many Gentlemen and Ladies there present well knew, and exceedingly bewayled, for the goodnesse of her sweet nature and pure beauty, as also for the excellency of her honourable perfections and religious vertues ; And although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected some speech from him, at the taking of his last farewell of this world, yet (besides his former confession hee spake nothing, but mumbled out some few words to himselfe, which were not understood ; And thus hee lived wretchedly as hee dyed miserably, giving no testimony of his contrition or sorrow to the World, or of any spark of griefe, or repentance, towards God.

Now before his body was fully consumed to ashes, This our Wretched and bloody Gentlewoman *Masserina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are
(by

(by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken prisoners in their own house of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and kissing together, without any thought of danger, much lesse of death. They hereat looke each on other with griefe and astonishment, especially *Masserina*, who understanding (by some of those that apprehend them.) That it was the Italian Mountebanke *Tivoly*, who at his execution accused her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and causing him to poyson her Sister *La Precouverte*, shee then sees her selfe to bee a dead woman, and no hope left her in the world of her life, but every way a firme assurance and confidence of her death; yet seeing *Tivoly* dead, shee resolves to stand upon her Justification. Shee is all in teares at this her lamentable disaster, curseth the name and memory of *Tivoly* for ruining her, with himselfe, and now, when it is too late shee blames her selfe of indiscretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with *Tivoly* in prison, to conceale this her fact and name. As for her Husband *Harcourt*, hee (knowing himselfe absolutely Innocent of this murder, hee grieves not for the death of his first wife *La Precouverte*, but now extremely mourneth and lamenteth to thinke of this of his second wife *Masserina*, for live, hee feares shee cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and whispereth her secretly in her eare, that hee will give all his estate and meanes to save her life, or else that hee will dye with her: she thankes him with a world of sighes and teares, and rounds him as privately in his eare with many deepe oathes and asseverations, that her tongue shall never dare to speake any one word or syllable to her Judges, which shall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, safety or life, and so they are by their apprehenders separated; and then severally conveyed to the prison of *Sens*: *Masserina* is first arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former resolution) she (not with teares, but with high words and speeches) stands upon her Innocency and Justification, they informe her how strongly *Tivoly* at his death declared she had given him two hundred and fifty crownes, a Saphir Ring, and fifty crownes more to pay his charges at *Pugges*, and how he at her instigation, and in favour of this her gold poyloned *La Precouverte* at her father *Monsieur La Vaqueris* house at *Troyes*, She termes *Tivoly* witch and devill, yea worse then a thousand devils. thus to accuse her falsely of this murder of her sister *Precouverte*, whereof shee vowed to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that shee is as Innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithstanding all these her great fumes and cracks) doe presently condemne her to the rack, the which as soone as she saw and considered the sharpe nature of those exquisite torments, then God was so mercifull to her soule by his grace, though she was not so heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foule sinnes, that she would not permit her tender dainty limbes to be exposed to the misery of those cruell tortures, but then and there confesseth her selfe to be the author of poysoning *La Precouverte* her Sister, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her Judges farther demanded whether her last Husband *Harcourt* were not likewise accessary with her in poysoning of his first wife *La Precouverte*, she with much assurance and constancy cleeres him hereof, and is so kinde and loving to him, as she speakes not a word to them, of his pistolling to death of her first Husband his Brother *Amory*: So for this her foule and bloudy fact of hers she is condemned to be hanged the next morning, and for that night again returned to prison, where she and her sorrowfull Husband, make great suit to the Judges that they may for a short time see and speake one with the other, but it will not bee granted them. When *Harcourt* being as confident of his owne life, as hee was of his wifes death, makes secret proffer (by some friends of his) to the Judges of all his lands and demaynes to save his wife,

wife, but they (resembling themselves) doe so much feare God, and reverence and honour the sacred Name of Justice, as they are deafe to his requests.

The next morning (according to her sentence) she is brought to the place of her execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very few people were present at her death, where being ascended the Ladder, shee there againe cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villaine *Tivoly*, and wished much prosperity and happinesse to her Husband *Harcourt*, when turning her eye about, and seeing a Cosen Germaine of his there present named *Monsieur de Pierpont*, shee calls him to her, and is so vaine at this last period (as it were) of her life, as she takes off her glove and brăcelet from her right hand and arme, and prayes him to deliver it to his Cofin and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to assure him from her that she died, his most loving and constant wife, which *Monsieur Pierpont* faithfully promised her to performe, then a Subordinate officer of Justice being there to see her dye, tells her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that she being now to leave earth, and so ready to ascend into heaven, they prayed her in the name & feare of God to declare to all those who were present, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessary, with her in the poysoning of his first wife *La Precoverte*, and that she should doe piously and Christianly to discover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the salvation of her owne soule: When shee solemnely vowed to him and to all the people, that her Husband *Harcourt* never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way accessary knowing or consenting with her or *Tivoly*, in poysoning of his wife, and this which shee now spake was the pure truth, as shee hoped for Heaven; And now after a few teares, shee most vainely and idly fell praying and commending of him, especially how tenderly and deerely hee loved her; with other ridiculous and impertinent speeches tending that way, which I hold (every way) unworthy of my mention and repetition (but had not the grace, either to looke up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodnesse to looke downe into her owne heart, conscience or soule, with contrition and sorrow for all those her foule Adulteries and Murthers; Neither to pray to God for her selfe, or to request those who were present to pray to God for her; And so shee was turned over, all wondering and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore some few lamenting or sorrowing for this her infamous death: But shee there speakes not a word, or the shadow of a word, either of her Husband *Harcourt*s pistolling to death of his Brother her first Husband *Vimory*, or of her knowledge thereof or consent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* seemed outwardly very sorrowfull for this shamefull death of his wife *Masserina*, yet hee is inwardly exceeding Joyfull, that her silence at her death, of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, hath preserved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life: Whereupon being the same day freed and acquitted by the Judges of *Sens*; both of his pretended crime, as also of his imprisonment; Hee composing his countenance equally betwixt joy and sorrow, returns to his house of *Saint Simplician*, where now thinking himselfe absolutely discharged and cleared of all these his former Adulteries, as also of his late cruell murthering of his Brother; Hee within two (or at most within three months after his wife *Masserina*s Execution casts off his mourning apparell, (which hee wore for her death) and neither thinking of his soule or his conscience, or of Heaven or hell, hee flantes and froliques it out in brave apparell, and because hee is now fortunately arrived to bee chiefe

Lord

Lord and master of a great estate both in Lands and money, therefore he thinks it not his pride; but his glory, and not his vanity but his generosity to dight and put himselfe now into far richer apparell then ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his neighbours, yea, all the City of *Sens*, (with no little wonder) tooke especiall notice thereof; Yea he is so far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murthering of his Brother *Vimory*, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two wives, as with much vanity, and with farre more haste then discretion or consideration, he now speedily resolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, because God in his sacred Justice and Judgements will deceive his hopes.

For, when hee thinks himselfe secure and safe, not onely from the danger, but likewise from the suspicion of any fatall or disastrous accident which can possibly befall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both suddenly and soundly surprise him. His honest man *Noell*, (with an observant eye, and a Conscionable, and sorrowfull heart) hath heard of *La Precevertes* poysoning, and of *Vimories* pistolling to death, and hath likewise seene the hanging both of *Tivoly*, and of his last Mistris *Masserina*. In all which severall accidents, as one way hee wondereth at the malice of Satan: So another way hee cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the just judgements of the Lord: Hee likewise knowes what his Master *Harcourt* is to him and hee to his Master, and in time of his service and attendance under him, what different and severall passages of businesse and secrets have past betweene them: Hee hath remarked farre more vices then vertues in his Master, whereat hee much grieveth, but hee was infinitely more enforced then desirous either to see or know them, and this againe doth exceedingly rejoyce him: Hee well knowes that fidelity is the glory of a servant, and yet it is a continuall sensible griefe to his heart, and vexation to his soule, to see that his Master serves God no better: Hee doth not desire to know things (which concerne his said Master) wherof hee is ignorant, but doth wish and pray to God that hee were ignorant of many things which hee knowes, and of more which hee feares; and being very often perplexed in his minde with the relutation of these different causes, and their as different effects. Hee cannot but in the end satisfie himselfe with this resolution: That as *Harcourt* is his Earthly Master, so God is his Heavenly Master; But here betides an unexpected and unwished Accident to this *Noell*, which will speedily try of what temper and mettall both himselfe, his heart, his conscience and his soule is made, and what infinite disparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleasure and visitation of God: Hee is suddenly taken extreame sicke of a pestilent Feaver, but not in his Master *Harcourt*'s house, but in his owne Fathers house, who dwelt some foure leagues thence at a parish called *Saint Lazare*, and his Physition yeelding him a dead man, hee as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the extreame Unction, and then prepares himselfe to dye: But hee is so morall, and so good a Christian, as (the premises considered) hee resolves to carry his conscience pure, and his Soule white and unspotted to Heaven. Hee prays his Father therefore, that hee will speedily ride to *Sens* (in whose Jurisdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that hee hath a great Secret to reveale them now on his death bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the service of the King, and the good of his owne soule. His Father accordingly rides to *Sens*, and brings two of those Judges speedily with him to his Sonnes bed side, to whom (in presence of three or foure more of his Fathers

Fathers neighbours) hee very sicke in body, but perfectly sound in minde, tells him, that his Master *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have had him pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death, and proferred him two hundred Crownes in mony, and forty Crownes Annuity during his life to performe it, but hee refused it, and knowing the said *Monsieur De Vimory* to bee since murdered by a pistoll, he therefore verily beleeves, that it is either his said Master, or some other for him ; which is guilty of that lamentable murder, the true detection whereof (he sayes) he leaves to God and to them, and within halfe an houre after, (yea before they were departed his Fathers house) this *Noell* dies.

Hereupon, these Judges wondring at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the discovery of this lamentable murder. They speedily send away their officers who apprehend *Harcourt* in his owne house of *Saint Simplician*, carowling and frolicking it in his best wine in Company of three or foure of his deboshed consorts and Companions, and so they bring him to *Sens* : Where lying in prison that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cause him to bee arraigned before them ; and Charge him with pistolling of his Brother *Monsieur de Vimory* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devill) hee strongly and stoutly denies, they read his man *Noells* dying Evidence against him, to prove it : So they adjudge him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which hee endureth with a wonderfull fortitude and constancy, and still denies : When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their soules from God : That hee was yet the undoubted murderer of his Brother, they the second time adjudged him to the racke, whereon permitting himselfe to bee fastened, and the tormenters giving a good touch at him, God is more mercifull to his soule, then his Tortures are to his body, and so with teares in his eyes, hee confesseth that it was hee which pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death, and which afterwards ranne him twice thorow the body with his Rapier : Whereupon for this bloody and unnatural fact of his : His Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemne him, the next afternoone betweene foure and five of the clocke, to bee broken alive on the wheele at the publike place of execution : Some few Gentlemen his kinsfolk solícite his reprivall, because as yet they dispaire of his pardon, but their labours proves vaine, and they purchase no reputation in seeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry sic on him, and on his foule and enormous Crimes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the houre and place appointed) hee is brought to his execution, where a mighty concourse of people both of *Sens* and the adjacent Country flock to see this monster of nature take his last farwell of this world : Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin sute with a gold edge : Hee confesseth himselfe guilty of murdering his Brother *Vimory*, and yet he grieves farre more for the death of his last wife *Mafserina* then hee doth for that of his first, *La Precouverte* : Hee demands forgiveness of God, and the world for this his foule crime of Fratricide, and prays all who are there present to pray to Almighty God for the salvation of his soule, and that they become more charitable and religious, and lesse bloudy and prophane by his example : So commending his soule unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himselfe three or foure times with the signe of the Crosse, hee willingly suffers the Executioner to fasten his Legges and Armes upon the Wheele, the which as soone as hee
breakes

breakes with his iron barre ;untill he have seized upon death, and death on him.

And thus was the wretched lives, and miserable, and yet deserved deaths of these our cruell and inhumane, gracelesse Murtherers, and in this manner

did the Triumphs of Gods Revenge justly surprize them to their

shame, and cut them off to their Confusion : May we reade

this History to Gods glory, and as often medi-

tate thereon to our owne particular

reformation and instruction.

Gg

GODS

books with his face pale as death and death on his
And with the wretched light and miserable death
of their own world and labour, and in this manner
did the Thompsons of God's mercy fully justify their
illness and curbing off to the world: they were made
the history of God's glory, and as often medi-
cine for them to our own particular
formation and instruction.

GODS

Gg



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (*the Laquay of Borlary*) kills Radeconda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felisanna in the street*, and is hanged for the same; Borlary afterwards hireth Castruchio (*an Apothecary*) to poyson her husband Seignior Planeze, for the which Castruchio is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and Borlary is beheaded, and then burnt.



It is a thousand griefes, and pities, to see Christians who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, should so wilfully and wretchedly lose it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent bloud of their Christian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our selves of that rich ornament, and inestimable Iewell, which God (in his Sonne *Christ Iesus*) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophanesse, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the subtle malice, & malicious subtilty of Satan, (the professed enemy, and Arch-Traytor of our soules) as also of his infernall Agents and Factors, who thereby make themselves fire-brands and incendiaries of their owne felicity and safety. And because the examples of the wicked, doe strike apprehension and feare to the godly, and that the punishment

and death of murtherers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirme the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reason, and to this end) I have purposely given this next History a place in my Booke, wherein wee shall see Choller, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloody parts; Let us reade it with a zealous feare and a Christian fortitude, and so we shall assuredly hate this foule and crying Sinne in others, and religiously, and constantly avoid it in our selves.

THE foundation of this History, is laid in the faire and famous City of *Verona*, (antiently a great Colony of the Romans, since a free estate of it selfe, but now dependant and subiect to the Estate and Seignory of *Venice*) wherein their lately dwelt an old Gentleman being a widdower, and one of the chiefest and noblest families of that City, named Seignior *Fabritius Miniata*, who was rich in lands, but exceeding wealthy in mony, (whereof hee had put a great and remarkeable Summe in the banke of *Venice*) he had one onely Childe, a daughter of some eightene yeeres of age, named *Dona Felisanna*, who was wonderfull faire, and a most lovely sweet Creature, tall and slender of stature, of yellow golden haire, and sanguine damaske Rose Complexion; Now as her beauty wasevery way answerable to her birth and extraction, no lesse were her singular vertues and sweet perfections to her beauty, and as wealth, beauty, and vertue concurring and meeting together, are three powerfull lures & attractive Adamants to draw the desires & affections of many noble gentlemen to seek her in marriages; So two of her chiefe Suitors and who chiefly flattered their hopes to inioy this sweet and pretious Iewell of nature, and who stood in best possibility to beare away her affection and her selfe, was Seignior *Thomas Planeze*, a brave young Gentleman of the neighbour City of *Mantova*, of a sweet pefrence, and proper comely feature, of some twenty five yeeres old, not very rich, yet endued with competent meanes to maintaine himselfe like himselfe, but infinitely well bred, and adorned and honoured with all those generous parts and endowments which are requisite to make the gallants of our times compleat, and the other Seignior *Iuan de Borlari*, a very rich Gentleman of the same City of *Verona* a proper man of countenance, but of personage somewhat crooke backed, and much Camber-legged, and drawing towards forty yeeres of age; but of education, conditions and qualities so ignorant and incivill, as hee seemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed, more a clowne than a Citizen, and yet otherwise of metall and courage enough: And that wee may the more apparantly see, and perfectly know, upon what termes, they both stand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter; *Miniata* is infinitely desirous of *Borlari* for his sonne in law, but not of *Planeze*; and *Felisanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planeze* for her Husband, but not *Borlari*; which they both perceiving, whiles *Borlari* intends to seeke the affection and consent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planeze* shapeth a contrary course, resolves to seeke and preferre that of the Daughter before the Father; the regard of *Borlari* his wealth, and of *Planezes* poverty with covetous *Miniata* like a furious streame, or impetuous Torrent, beares downe all other regards and considerations before it. But the consideration and respect of *Borlari* his deformed personage, and then that of *Planezes* sweet feature and deportment with amorous *Felisanna*, as a delicious charme, and heart-ravishing extasie, sweeps away all other regards and respects whatsoever. The Father bids *Borlari* to be courageous and cheerefull, and then he shall not faile to have his daughter for his wife; But the daughter wills *Planeze* to be discreet and constant, and then she will not faile to take him for her husband; *Miniata* to shew his

his love to *Borlary*, forbids *Planeze* his house, and the company of his daughter; *Felisanna* to reveale her deere and fervent affection to *Planeze*, assureth him hee shall often enjoy both her sight and company, but confidently if not peremptorily, prohibits *Borlary* to approach her presence. Thus whiles *Borlary* often frequenteth and converseth with the Father publikely, no lesse, or indeed farre oftner doth *Planeze* privately, and whiles the first hath more cause to despaire, than reason to hope of her affection and consent to be his wife: the second hath all the reasons and causes of the world, not one-ly to hope but to assure himselfe thereof; But the patience of a little time, will shortly resolve our curiosity, whereunto these different affections will tend, and what the event and issue will be of these their opposite intentions and resolutions.

But because the ambition and wisdom of *Borlary* will make it conspicuous and apparant to his Mistris, That there is as much difference betwixt him, and *Planeze*, as there is betweene herselfe, and her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*; Hee therefore seeing that hee cannot hitherto gaine her by the perswasion of her father, now hopes and attempts it, by this her maids sollicitation; as holding her to be a fit instrument for the compassing of his desires, and a proper Agent for the perfecting and crowning of his wishes, because his best genius and intelligence informe him, that shee hath a great power and beares a great stroke and sway with her Mistres: But we shall shortly see, and he too soone finde the contrary, and that these his ill grounded hopes and undervalewing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wisdom and judgement. Now to gaine this her chambermaide *Radegonda* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerefulnesse, she may obtaine him her Mistres, her favour and affection: Hee bribes her with silver and Gold, and many other gifts, if not too costly for his giving, yet I am sure too rich for her receiving, and in requitall thereof she with her tongue promiseth him her best power and assistance towards her Mistris, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He sends likewise by her to his love, and her Mistris divers curious rich presents and two Letters, and prayes her to take time at advantage, and so to deliver them to her from him, the which likewise shee faithfully promiseth, but yet intends nothing lesse, so she holds it rather a vertue than a vice, to keepe these presents for her selfe, and to give the letters to his Corrivall *Planeze*, to whom (by solemne oath) she had formerly ingaged her best art and power, and her chiefest assistance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers, is not so secretly borne betwixt *Planeze* and herselfe, but *Borlary* (by some sinister accidentall meanes) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes so unkindely at *Radegondaes* hands, as (consulting more with passion then reason) his heart is so inflamed with Choller, and his resolution with revenge against her, that (impatiant of all delays) he sends for her one afternoone to meet him at the Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next street to a friends house of his, where ascending a chamber and bolting the doore within side to him, hee (with choller and threats) chargeth her with this her ingratefull infidelity and treachery towards him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making herselfe a witness against her selfe, as well of the delivery of his letters to *Planeze*, as also of keeping her presents for herselfe, and that her Mistris and he are solemnly contracted each to other: Hee there in meere revenge to her, and in malice and disdain to her Mistris, puls off her head attire, and very basely & violently cuts away all her hayre, and throwes it into the fire, notwithstanding that *Radegonda* first fell on her knees, and with infinite teares and prayers besought him to the contrary: But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radegonda*, and of his disdain to her lady, his unkinde mistris *Felisanna*, so hee now likewise resolves to make it one of his justifications to the world. Poore *Radegonda* is all in teares and choller at this her disgracefull accident received of *Borlary*; and no lesse, but rather farre more is her young Lady and Mistris *Felisanna*, the griefe of the one ingendring the choller of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth so deeply sticke in her heart and mind, and so extreamely exasperateth her against him, as she makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, who (not

withstanding her fathers prohibition) was then descended his Coach and ascended the *Parlor* to visit her. *Planeze* wondreth and grieves at this incivill and base indignity, of *Borlari* towards *Radegonda*, which hee every wayes sees can no way but reflect on the other part of himselfe *Felisanna*, and so consequently on himselfe: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affection, and the fumes of his revenge so farre eclipse and transport his judgement, as he freely profereth her his sword, and selfe, to right *Radegondaes* wrong on the person and life of *Borlari*, the which courtesie and noble affection and respect of his, *Felisanna* takes most lovingly and kindly of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and dearely, that by no meanes she wil permit him to ingage, much lesse to hazard himselfe in this triviall quarrell; which being (as shee affirmed) more feminine then masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her owne deciding and requitall, the which (in that regard) she prayed him wholly to leave and referre to herselfe.

Borlari (by some of *Miniataes* domestique servants, whom in favour of mony he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) heares hereof, and especially takes notice of *Planezes* forwardnes to fight with him for the quarrell of a poore chamber-maid, so seeing that he could hope for nothing but for despaire in his affection from *Felisanna*, he takes this so ill from *Planeze*, who although he be his rivall and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be outbraved by this *Mantovesse* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring Generosity, and to give him a touch and taste of his owne: He the next morning by his laquey *Romeo* sends him this challenge.

BORLARY TO PLANEZE.

In regard thou couldest not content thy selfe to bereave me of the Lady *Felisanna*, whose sweet beauty and vertues are by farre more deare and pretious to mee then my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice) thou likewise makest it thy *Trophees and Glorie*, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, onely for the triviall respect of her Chambermaids haire; Therefore because thou makest so small an esteeme of my life; My reputation invites, and mine honour coniuers me to see what care thou wilt have for the defence and preservation of thine owne. To which end, I pray thee to meet mee to morrow (betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoone) with thy single Rapier without seconds, in the first meadow without the *Vinsensa* gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrivall, with much zeale and impatiency. Thou art Noble enough to bee so generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appeare, and approve thy selfe so Noble.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* well knowing *Romeo* to bee *Borlari* his laquey, and seeing him deliver a letter to her lover *Planeze*, which she feareth to be some challenge, she thereat (adorning and beautifying her lilly cheekes with a Roseat blush) prayes him to tell her what *Borlari* his letter contained; When (his owne honour getting the supremacy of his affection towards her) he tels her, that *Borlari* therein onely requested him, to meet him the next day in the *Domo* (which is the Cathedrall Church of that City dedicated to *Saint Athanasius*) the which he is now going to grant him in his answer. But *Felisanna*, still iealous and fearefull) prayes him to shew her those two letters, which he pleasantly puts off with some kisses, and yet her bloud and heart so freezeth within her with feare, as she useth the best power of her art, and the chiefest Art of her affection, to coniuere him not to fall out, much lesse to fight with *Borlari* at their meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tels her he is too irreligious to be so prophane, to disdaine and pollute that sacred place with the effusion of Christian bloud; because it is the temple of prayer, the house of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peacefull attonement and reconciliation, then for a contentious quarrell, now (as the malice of men is finite, but of women infinite) *Felisanna* seeing

seeing her *Planeze* going to write his letter, revenge and choller being then extravagantly predominant in her lookes and resolutions, she hastily steps downe into a chamber next to the garden, where she sends for *Borlaries* laquey *Romeo*, and causeth three of her groomes (whom she had purposely placed there by force and violence to cut off his right eare; which they presently doe, notwithstanding that he used a thousand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then hastily departing from him, she spake this to him: Tell thy Master *Borlari*, that I have caused thine eare to be cut off, to requite the affront and disgrace which he offered me in cutting off my chambermaid *Radegondæ* haire.

Planeze having secretly to himselfe read *Borlari* his challenge: Hee thinkes so honourably of himselfe, and so disgracefully of him, as he not a little wondereth to see, that he hath the courage to write to him, muchlesse the resolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryall of his valour to himselfe, and affection to his mistris upon a more generous spirit, and nobler personage then *Borlari*, he accepts his challenge, and in this answer promifeth him to meet him and performe it, the which he honourably conceales from *Felisannas* feare and ieaalousie, and so sealing up his letter, he goes downe to deliver it to *Borlari* his Laquey, and resolves to dispeed and hasten his returne, but contrary to his expectation hee findes this laquey *Romeo* bitterly storming and weeping; and so demanding the cause thereof, hee then and there by a Gentleman his servant, is first informed of the Laqueys disgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have understood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this disastrous accident, but love prescribes so powerfull a law to his discretion, as he is enforced to beare up with the time and so to dissemble it, and when in the language of a victory and a triumph *Felisanna* acquaints him therewith; he holds it discretion, rather to winke at it, and dissemble it with silence, then to remember it with choller or reprehension towards her; So he to acquit his ignorance, reputation and honour herein towards *Borlari*, calls his laquey againe, and vowes and protesteth to him, as he is a Gentleman that hee is free from being any way knowing or accessary to this his disgrace and disaster, and bids him to assure his Master from him, that hee is every way Innocent hereof, the which he would have signified to him in writing, but that his letter was sealed before he knew it, and so giving him some crownes to wath downe his anger and sorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo sayes little but thinkes the more, and as hee disdaineth to bewray any appearance of grieve hereat, so hee cannot cloake that of his choller, nor overvaile or smother that of revenge, in their fatall effects, which time will too soone produce.

Romeo in great haste and more choller, arrives to his master *Borlaries* presence, gives him *Planezes* letter, who very speedily and hastily breaking up the scales thereof findes therein these lines:

PLANEZE TO BORLARI.

I Acknowledge it to be rather thy misfortune then my merits that induceth the faire and vertuous Lady *Felisanna* to give her affection to mee, and not to thy selfe, the which as a rich treasure, and pretious Iewell I doe not onely esteeme equall to my life, but a thousand degrees above it, and therefore it was with much affection and zeale to her, and with no ostentation or malice to thy selfe, that I tendered her my best service, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didst offer to her Chamber-maid *Radegonde*. In which regard, because thou purposely givest a sinister construction to my intent therein, and art so ambitiously resolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the losse of mine, I doe therefore freely and cheerefully accept of thy challenge, and my impatience and zeale shall anticipate thine before I performe it, wherein if my Rapier give not the lie to my bloud, my misfortune to my Rapier, thou shalt finde mee enough noble and generous to attempt this duell for thy sake, and to finish those of greater danger for the Lady *Felisanna*.

Isannas sake, who I freely professe is the Emperresse of my affections, and till death shall bee the Queene Regent of my desires and wishes.

PLANEZE.

Borlari hath no sooner perused and ore-read this letter of *Planeze*, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and ioyfull thereof, as if his glory consisted in his shame, and his safety in his danger: Then his laquey *Romeo* acquaints him with his disgrace acted, saith he, wholly by *Dona Felisanna*, and no way as he vowes and thinks by the consent or knowledge of *Planeze*, and so relates all that he and she charged him to report unto him: The which *Borlari* hearing and understanding, hee extreamely stormes to see his owne affront and disgrace, offered and brought home unto him in that of his Laquey: When having other affaires and businesse in his head, he contents himselfe for that time to give him some gold, thereby the sooner to make him forget the losse of his eare, which his lockes better then his lookes could now overvaile and cover.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambitious to preserve their honours then their lives, and more carefull of their reputations towards the foolish people of the world, then of their soules towards God) are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to dispatch this their rash enterprise and irreligious businesse, and it is not the least part of *Planezes* discretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blinde the *Argus* eyes of *Felisannas* feare and vigilancy, and how to see a beginning and end to this duell, with his generosity and fame, that he be no way disturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed houre being come, *Borlari* (with his Chirurgion) as Challenger, comes first into the field, I meane into the meadow, the designed place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloody Tragedy, and he hath not stayed halfe a quarter of an houre, but *Planeze* the Challenged arrives there likewise with his Chirurgion: When their malice is so furious, and their courages so inflamed each against other, as passing over their saluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themselves into their shirts, doe both of them draw, and so approach each other. At their first comming up, *Planeze* runnes *Borlari* through the left thigh, and *Borlari* him in the right shoulder, and the sight of their scarlet blood upon their white shirts doth rather revive than quench their courages: At their second meeting, *Borlari* runnes *Planeze* into the right arme of a large and deepe wound, and *Planeze* dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the small of his belly, which went neere to prove mortall, for it fetcht much blood from him, made him to beginne to faint and stagger, so being both of them well neere out of breath, they make a stand to breath and take the benefit of the aire, but their hearts and animosity are so great as they will not as yet desist or leave off, but now begin afresh to redouble their blowes and courages, and here they traverse their ground to gaine the advantage of the Sunne: with farre more advisement and discretion then before. Now at this their third comming up, *Borlari* presents *Planeze* a furious thrust, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runnes *Borlari* into the necke, a little wide of his throat bole: whereat *Planeze* instantly closing with him, hee fairely attempted to whip up his heeles, but that *Borlari* his strength prevented *Planezes* agility: when each having the other by the collar of their shirts with one hand, & their rapiers in the other, as they are striving and struggling together, God (more out of his gracious goodnesse and mercy then of their desires and wishes) is pleased that neither of them shall for this time dye. For the Earle of *Lucerne* riding poast (with three Gentlemen in his company) from *Venice* towards *Turin*, chanced to espie and see them in the meadow, almost all covered over with sweat, blood, and dust, when hee and they leaping from their Horses, he very honourably and charitably runnes to them and parts them; offering them his best power and a pretty parcell of his time, to end and shut up their differences in a friendly attonement and reconciliation, but so inveterate and strong (by this time)

time) is their malice each toother, as he found it no way feaseable but impossible to effect it: So this brave and honourable Earle contents himselfe, to reconduct and see them safe into the City, where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, he againe takes horse and away. Our two Duellists having first thanked him for his noble Courtesie towards them, but otherwise they are exceedingly grieved to see the victory puld out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes with no lesse ambition and felicity, then each their owne life, and either of them the death of his adversary. But as they are gratefull to the Earle of *Lucerni* for this his honourable courtesie towards them; yet they are so irreligious as they looke not up to heaven, nor once have the grace to thinke on God, much lesse to thanke his divine Majesty, for now so mercifully and so gratiouly withdrawing them as it were from out the very iawes of death; but still they retaine their malice and cherish and foment their revenge each to other, especially *Borlary* to *Planex*, for it is a Continuall private grieve and a secret Corrasive to his content and minde, to see that he is inforced to weare the willow Garland, and that *Planex* must beare away his faire and beautifull Mistis *Felisanna* from him: But wee will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts, and their thoughts to God, and so againe speake of *Romeo*, the Laquey of *Borlary*, who as a wretched and most execrable villaine comes now to act a bloody and wofull part in this History.

For we must here understand, that this lewd Laquey *Romeo*, is so extreemely incensed with choller and iraged with malice against the Lady *Felisanna* for the losse of his eare, as (being seduced and incouraged by the Devill) he was once of the minde to have murdered her in the street, the very first time he had met or seene her: but then againe respecting his master *Borlary*, whom he knew affected her tenderly and deerely, he forsooke that opinion of his, and resolved to wreake his wrath and indignation upon her three servants who were the Actors of cutting off his eare, as he was the Author therof: But then againe remembring that he knew them not, nor any of them for that they were all purposely masked and disguised, He then swaps a bargain with the devill, and the devill with him, that the storme of this his malice and revenge should assuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chambermaid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this resolution he is so execrably prophane and bloudy, as hee vowes that neither Heaven or Earth, God or man shall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove so pernicious an enemy to others as to herselfe, so Revenge will in the end assuredly make us as miserable, as first it fallly promised to make us happy.

Romeo continueth still resolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poore innocent harmelesse soule, she was not so much as guilty of a bad thought, much lesse of a bad action or office towards him; and therefore least deserving this his revenge;) when waiting many nights for her, as she issued forth in the street in her Ladies errands, he at last in a darke night found her, and there slew her with his rapier, giving her foure severall wounds, whereof he mought have spared the three last, because the very first was mortall, and thereupon betooke himselfe to his heeles and fled through the streets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledge of this lamentable Murther, but God is so exasperated at this foule and lamentable fact of his, as (in his Starre-chamber of Heaven) hee hath ordained and decreed, that *Romeo* shall instantly receive condigne punishment for the same as not deserving to survive it, for running through the streets to provide for his safety and life: He at last tooke the river of *Addice*, neere the old castle, where thinking to swimme over to the other side, or to hide himselfe in some of the mill-boats, he was discovered by the sentinels (for the watch was already set) and the newes of this murther was by this time resounding and ecchoing in all parts of the Citty. The Souldiers of the Castle suspected him to be the murtherer, they send a boat after him and apprehend him: so by the criminall Iudges he is committed to prison for that night, and being the next morning accused by

Seignior Miniat a by way of torture, & by the Lady *Felisanna* his daughter by legall order for the murdering of her Chambermaid *Radegonda*, he without any thought of feare, or shew of sorrow or repentance, freely confesseth it, for the which he is presently condemned to be hanged, and the same day after dinner he was accordingly dispatched and executed, notwithstanding that his master *Borlari*, used his best friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to save him. Thus we see there was but one poore night betweene *Romeoes* taking away *Radegondas* life, and losing of his owne, and betweene her murdering and his hanging; At his execution he spake not a word either of the losse of his eare by the Lady *Felisanna*, or of that of *Radegondas* haire by his master *Borlari*, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no lesse doth *Planeze*: But for the other speeches which this bloody footman delivered on the ladder at his execution, they were either so ungodly, or so impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deserves my pen, or my Readers knowledge.

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, returne wee againe to speake of his living Master *Borlari* : who after he had spent much time and labour, and as I may say, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to seeke to prevent that *Planeze* mought not marry the faire *Felissanna*, hath notwithstanding, to his matchlesse griefe, and unseparable sorrow seene that it is all bootlesse and in vaine, for by this time she through the importunity of her teares and prayers hath obtained her father *Miniataes* consent, to take and enjoy *Seignior Planeze*, for her Husband : when to both their hearts delight and content, they are solemnly marryed in *Verona*, and in that height of pompe and bravery as is requisite to their noble ranke and qualitie; When *Planeze* the more to please his new wife leaves *Mantova*, and wholly builds up his residence in *Verona* with her, and in her father *Miniataes* house, who never hated him so much heretofore, as now hee deeply affects and loves him, and to say and write the truth, hee well deserved that affection of the father, and this love of the daughter ; sith the lustre and vertue of his actions made it apparant to all *Verona*, yea to all *Italy*, that hee proved a most kinde and loving Husband to the one, and a most obedient, and respective sonne in law to the other.

Now although *Feliffannabee* thus married to *Planeze*, yet the affection of *Eorlari* to her, is still so farre from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flourisheth at the sight of her pure and delicate beauty; for those golden tresses of her haire, those splendent raies of her sparkling eyes, and those delicious lillies and Roses of her cheekes doe act such wonders in his heart, and his heart in his resolutions; that his lust ecclipsing his judgement, and outbraving his discretion he cannot, hee will not refraine, to try if hee can yet procure and get her to be his friend though not his wife, and so futarely to obtaine that curtesie from her by the eye, which formerly he knew it impossible for him to get by the maine. To which end his affection or rather his folly, giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his minde, because both the one and the other were still ranging and ruminating on *Feliffannae*s sweet Idea, and delicious feature, Hee enters into a consideration and consultation with himselfe, whether he should bewray his amorous flame to her by himselfe or by some other, or either by his penne or his tongue; when after hee had proposed and exchanged many poore reasons and triviall Motives *Pro* and *Con*, hee at last resolves on the last, which is to doe it by letters, when hying himselfe to his closet, he traceth her these lines, which by a confident friend of his he forthwith sends her.

BORLARY TO FELISANNA.

I Will crave no other witnesse but my selfe, of thy fervent love and constant affection to thee; for none can better testifie, how I alwayes made it my chiefeſt Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeale answerable to that of thy beauty; and that this might bee as truly Immortall, as that is divinely rare and rarely excellent, which to confirme, I have sealed it with some bloud, but with more teares, so that although thou hast given thy affection from me to Planeze, yet my heart and soule tells me it is impossible to give mine to any but to the Lady Felisanna. And because thou canst not be my wife, therefore I pray be pleased to resolve to live my friend, as in requitall I doe dye thy Servant. I confesse I am not worthy of thy affection, much lesse to enjoy the sweet fruit thereof; thy sweet selfe; yet because I cannot be more thine then I am, therefore I pray thee make thy selfe as much mine as thou mayest be. Thy heart shall not be a truer Secretary to our affections then my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly referre it to thy will and pleasure, which mine shall ever carefully attend, and religiously obey. I send thee my whole heart inclosed in this Letter, and if thou vouchsafe to returne me a piece of thine in exchange, Heaven may, but Earth cannot crosse our affection.

BORLARY.

The Lady Felisanna receives this letter with much wonder, and ore-reads it with more Contempt & Choller, for if she disdained Borlary and his affection when she was a maid, much more doth she now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once she was of opinion to have throwne this his Letter into the fire, and have answered it with disdain and silence; But then againe considering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obstinacy of his desires, she conceived he might (peradventure) impute her silence to a degree of consent: and therefore though not in affection to him, yet in discretion and love to her honour, she resolves to returne him an answer, when knitting her browes with anger, dipping her pen in gall and vinegar, and setting a sharpe edge of contempt and Choller on her resolutions, she hastily frames her Letter, and gives it to his owne Messenger to deliver it to Borlary, whose heart steering his course betwixt hope and feare till he receive it: he first kissing it, and then hastily breaking up the seales thereof, findes that it speaks this language.

FELISANNA TO BORLARY.

I f thou want any witness of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obstinate and vaine perseverance herein, of one makes me culpable to serve for many. And if thou hadst beene as truly careful and ambitious of thine owne honour, as thou falsely pretendest to be of my poore beauty, thou wouldest not so often have sacrificed thy shame to my glory, nor so sottishly have cast away thy bloud or teares on my contempt: How thou intendest to dispose of thy selfe, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand. But as I have given my soule to God, so God hath given my heart to my husband Planeze, from whom neither the malice of Satan or power of hell shall withdraw it. Therefore as I am Felisanna, I detest thy lustfull suit, and as Planezes wife, I despise both it and thy selfe: And thus to be thy friend, thou shalt finde me thy friend, but for such servants as thy selfe, I leave them to their owne proper Insanny and Repentance. I make God be Secretary of my actions, and my husband of my affections, therefore it shall please mee well when I understand that thy tongue will recant thy folly. I repent thy indiscretion towards me, in seeking to erect the Trophees of thy lascivious lust upon the ruines of my pure and candid honour: And I assure thee, that if hereafter thou inspire and fortifie not thy heart with more religious, and lesse sinful desires and affections, that Earth can and Heaven will make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsely thinkest thy selfe fortunate.

FELISANNA.

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of *Felisanna*, is so galled with griefe and nettled with sorrow, to see his refusall sent him in her disdain, as he knowes not to what passion to betake himselfe for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coyneffe and cruelty, makes his dispaire to gaine so much on his hopes, that once he was minded absolutely to forsake her, and to court her affection no more, but then againe his lustfull heart and desires, remembring the freslinesse of her beauty and the sweetnesse of her youth, hee held himselfe a coward, every way unworthy to enioy so faire a Lady, and so sweet an Angel, if he retired upon her first denyall, especially because as those Cities and Castles, so those Ladies and Gentlewomen who entertaine a pearle, are already halfe wonne. In which consideration because it many times proves an error in Nature; but still in judgement, to flatter our selves most, with that which wee most hope for and desire, He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to beleve, that his second may perchance obtaine that from her which his first could not, for that he knows that most ladies and gentlewomen pride themselves with this felicity to bee often sought and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore resolving once more to try his fortune, and her courtesie, he by his former messenger greets her with these lines.

BORLARY TO FELISANNA.

THy sweet and excellent beauty hath enkindled so fervent a flame in my heart, that thy late disrespect and contempt of me in thy Letter, is not sufficiently prevalent to make me, or so soone or so sleightly forsake thee. For although thou terme my love folly, and my affection obstinacy, yet untill thou cease to be faire, finde it not strange, if it be impossible for me to cease to be affectionate: Neither doe I sacrifice my shame to thy Glory, or cast away my teares on thy contempt, sith I performe it more out of duty then complement, and rather out of true zeale then false hypocrisie. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of war, so the fairest beauties, by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more then one assault and seige; and that Cavilleir cannot justly be tearmed, either a Gentleman, a Souldier, or a Lover, who will resolve to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet, and so beautifull an enemy as thy selfe: Neither can it any way breed insamy or repentance in me to be servant to so deare, and slave to so faire a Mistress, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound sence, and to subvert and overthrow Reason. Be then but as courteous as thou art faire, and as kinde as I am constant, and thou shalt find that I onely desire to erect the Trophees of mine Honour and Glory upon those of thy content, to sacrifice my best life at the shrine and altar of thy beauty, and to devote and prostrate my best zeale and service to the feet of thy Commands, which if thou please to grant me, Earth will not make me miserable, but Heaven fortunate.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* having received and oread this second Letter of *Borlary*, as one way she laughes to see the constancy of his folly, and indiscretion, so another way shee stormes, and yet grieves to see her selfe to bee both the object and the cause thereof: When returning to the party who brought it her, she thinkes to vent part of her choller on him, taxeth his audacity and rashnesse herein, and strictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlary* his Letters: yea, she is so farre transported with passion and choller against *Borlary* for sending them to her, as now she resolves to answer this with silence, and henceforth to burne all other which are sent or brought to her from him, because if his folly make him culpable of sending, she will not futurely make herselfe guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts are taken up with feare, & her heart surprised with resolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) she should shew these his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is so tender, so faithfull, so constant to him; because she likewise knowes that his is reciprocally so to her, that she will rather displease herselfe, then any way discontent him, or administer him the least cause whatsoever, to

runne the hazard of his displeasure or indignation; for as by concealing them from his knowledge, shee knowes this businesse will be for ever hush'd up in silence, and perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrariwise, if either through *Borlari* his malice to her, or indiscretion to himselfe, it should any way come to her Husbands eare, then she thinks she should give him a just cause of exception and offence against her; Wherein, if the subtilty of the Devil should once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealousie might call her Honour and Fidelity in question, and make him suspect and feare her to be dishonest, though heretofore (in heart and soule) he confidently knowes and believes the contrary: she farther knowes, that there is nothing so easie, as to entertaine jealousie, nor so difficult, as to expell it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a scandall, but likewise to remove the originall cause thereof; faine shee would conceale these foolish Letters of *Borlari* from her Husband, but yet she doubts it, and willing shee is to acquaint him therewith, and yet she feares it: And although her chastity and innocency perswades her to performe the last, yet her discretion and judgement encourage and prompt her to execute the second; And here our beautifull and vertuous young Wife is perplexed as a traveller, who meets with two different waies, and knowes not which is the best for him to take; and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a ship at Sea, at one time surpris'd and met with two contrary windes and tides; for preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her Husband, and his to her before any other earthly respect or felicity whatsoever; shee in the intricacy and ambiguity of these doubts, wisheth that *Borlari* had slept when hee writ and sent her those Letters, or she when she receiv'd and read them. But at last consulting with Reason and Religion, with her Soule and God, then her chastity gives a commanding law to her feare, and her innocency to her doubt; So first hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Husband, or disturb the tranquillity and sincerity of her marriage; she watching a fit opportunity, shewes her Husband the first Letter of *Borlari* to her, with her answer thereof, and then his second Letter, the which she informes him, shee answered with silence and contempt, adding withall: That had shee a thousand lives as shee hath but one, shee would cheerefully sacrifice and lose them all, before shee would be guilty of the least thought to distaine the honour of his bed, or to breake her sacred vow of Love and Chastity, which in presence of God and his Church, shee religiously made and gave him in marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of these speeches, and the reading of these Letters, doth at one instant both blush and pale, for as hee lookes pale with Envie towards *Borlari*, to see how secretly and subtilly hee endeavoureth to ruine his honour in that of his wives; so he blusheth for love towards her, to see how sweetly and chastly she had demeaned her selfe in her answer to him, as also what a wise and loving part it was in her so punctually and fully to acquaint him therewith; when in requitall hereof he gives her many praises and kisses, extolls her chastity and vertues to the skie, and condemnes *Borlari* his lustfull vices to Hell, and although (for the present) shee findes some incongruity in his speeches, and observes some perturbation in his looks, yet he makes his affection so apparant to her, and dissembleth his hatred and choller towards *Borlari* so secretly and artificially; That his wife *Felisanna* wholly reposing her selfe upon her owne integrity, and her Husbands discretion, she (sweet innocent Lady) little dreames or thinkes of any disaster which will ensue hereof, much lesse what dismall effects threaten to proceed from this inconsiderate act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with those Letters. But she will have time enough to see it to her griefe, and know it to her sorrow, yea, she will finde occasions enough to repent, but never any means how to remedy it, except it be too late, and which then will meereley prove physicke after death.

Planeze (as wee have formerly understood) is, extremely incensed against *Borlari*.

thus to attempt to bereave him of his sweetest Joy, which is his wifes affection, and the of her most pretious Jewell, her chastity; And although (both in reason and Religion) hee had farre more cause to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both assured and confident, that his wifes chastity triumphed ore *Borlari*s lust, and her glory was apparant in his shame; for as objects, so actions being best distinguished by their contraries, therefore through the obscure clouds of *Borlari*s his obscene concupiscence, that of *Felissanna*s Angelicall chastity, as a bright relucient Sun, shined forth most radiantly and sweetly with farre more vigor and glory, yet *Planeze* being a man composed of corrupt flesh and blood, and therefore subject to passions, and those passions to errors and imperfections; So hee takes a course and resolution herein contrary to all judgement, and to all reason, yea, diametrically opposite to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his wifes chastity and honour, yet as the dearest and purest affections cannot be exempted of some shadow or spice of feare, so although his heart looked directly on *Borlari* with malice, hee cannot possibly refraine, nor retaine his thoughts, from glancing squint-eyed on his wife with jealousy. And although hee knowes it to be a most ignoble gratitude, and irreligious impiety in him, thus to call her honour in question, or (in the best sense) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publique shew of suspition or distaste to her, or by seeking any private revenge on *Borlari*, yet because her beauty and vertue is a thousand times dearer to him than his life; and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as deare as his soule: Hee therefore thinkes shee shall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his owne reputation any wrong, if hee resolve to right both her and himselfe on *Borlari*, when consulting not with reason or charity, but with their opposites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts before he have fought with *Borlari*; albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deserved his scorne than his care, and was every way farre more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chyrurgion which he had made choyce of) hee sends him this challenge.

PLANEZE TO BORLARY.

THY crime is so foule, and so apparant unto mee, in seeking by thy two lascivious Letters to disaine my honour in that of my wifes chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it; Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wantest grace, bring thy selfe, thy Rapier, and thy Chirurgion with thee to morrow at sixe of clocke in the morning, in the City Ditch without the outer Gate, which looks towards Brescia, and there my selfe and my Chirurgion (who is the bearer hereof, will silently and honourably waite for thee. And if thy obscene heart retains yet any sparke of generosity, or thy vicious braine of judgement, thou wilt resolve to performe this my request, and to excuse my resolution herein, sith it is wholly derived from thy lasciviousnesse, and receive its life and birth from thy treachery.

PLANEZE.

Borlari receiving and perusing this Challenge of *Planeze*, hee is much grieved and sorrowfull, to see that *Felissanna* had so little discretion for her selfe, and so much hatred against him, to shew her Husband these his Letters, and except she meant to make her selfe the present authour, and the cause of her future affliction and misery, hee knowes not else what she intends hereby. But for *Planeze* his spleene and resolution against him, *Borlari* knowes it to be both just and well grounded in the best sense, and in the worst to be yet a requitall of that Challenge and Duell which he formerly sent and presented him: Onely he doth a little admire (if not wonder) that he should

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now againe make triall of his valour and courage, whereof hee so lately had experience, and tasted. And although hee had farre more reason to rest assured than doubtfull, that this second Duell of theirs would not prove so fortunate as their first, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves *Felisanna* so dearely, albeit she hate him extremely, that he will by no meanes refuse to fight with her Husband once againe for her sake, yea, and to kill him for his owne, if possibly he can, the divell making him strong in the vanity of this beliefe and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planexze*, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no lesse happinesse and felicity, than by his death to obtaine his widdow for his owne wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Castles of vaine hopes in the aire, which the least breath of Gods mouth, or wind of his nostrills will easily reverse and blow away. For this is to consult and resolve with Satan, and not with God; and therefore no marvell, if hee see his lascivious desires to come too short of his ridiculous hopes, and both his hopes and desires herein to end in as much true misery, as they began in false hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlary* having made a turne or two in his Garden, to resolve upon this businesse, which so much imported both his honour and life: Hee at last, with joy in his lookes, and courage in his countenance, turnes to *Planexze* his Chirurgion, whom after he used respectfully and courteously, hee secretly rounds him thus in his eare; Tell *Seignior Planexze* from mee, that I will not faile to meete him to morrow morning, according to his request and expectation, and so hee dismisseth him, who as soone returnes this answer of *Borlary* to *Planexze*, whom hee now findes staying for him in the Church of the *Augustine Fryers*, but God knowes, with no intent or devotion to pray, or to invoke his Divine and Sacred Majesty to divert him from this his intended bloody enterprize, but rather to recondukt home the Lady *Felisanna* his wife, who, harmelesse sweet Gentlewoman, was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the most religious Prayers, and zealous Orisons of her soule unto God, without once surmising or thinking what a mournfull and dangerous part her Husband was resolved to act the next morning, to the prejudice of her content, if not to the utter dissolution and ruine of her Matrimoniall joy and felicity. But her Husband *Planexze* beares this businesse, and these his intentions so secretly from his wife, as it was impossible for her to have any suspicion, much lesse knowledge of this his next daies intended Duell.

The night, which brings rest to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duellists. For the consideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrell, and the cause thereof, doth equally possesse their braines, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their sleeping faculties; So preferring their danger to their safety, their resolution to their rest, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I meane from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendezvous: Which *Planexze* first entreteth, and there makes halfe a dozen of turnes, before he have any newes of his Contendant or Adversary *Borlary*, whereof he doth not a little muse, yet he no way despaires of his coming, because (by late experience) hee knowes him to be courageous and valiant. But to put *Planexze* his musing out of doubt, and his doubt out of question, in comes *Borlary* all unbraced and untrussed, and as farre of espying *Planexze* in the ditch before him; He (ashamed of this advantage hee had, because of long stay) with his hat in his hand, prayes him to excuse this error of his, affirming it to be the fault of his Watch, but not of his heart, which hee alledged should ever goe true with his Honour and Reputation; When *Planexze* returning his Complement, by approving of his Apologie, (without any further expostulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blowes.

At their first meeting, *Borlary* gives *Planexze* a wound in the right arme, and *Planexze*

requisites him with another in his right side, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrell with his life. But although it make him lose much blood, yet he hath strength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, onely he desireth *Planeze*, that they may breath a little, the which hee generously granteth. At their second coming up, *Planeze* presents a thrust to *Borlary*, but hee wards it, and runnes *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deepe wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgeons doe earnestly pray them to desist, as having now already here sufficiently testified their courage and valour. At their third meeting and joyning, *Planeze* gives *Borlary* a lick ore the fore-head, which makes his blood streame downe his face and eyes, and *Borlary* fully incensed and prepared to requite it, drives a faire thrust to *Planeze* his breast, but hee very dexterously and fortunately wards it, beating downe the point of *Borlary* his sword into the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him, and whips up his heeles, who falling upon his owne Rapier, breakes it in two pieces, at which unlooked for disaster, *Borlary* seeing his naked breast exposed to *Planeze* his bloody Rapier, and consequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once striving or endeavouring to grapple with his enemy) hee (more desirous to live with shame, than to die with honour) descends so farre from true and noble generosity, as he begges his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous spirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage, and wreaked the utmost of their gall and spleene upon the misfortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is so truly noble and generous, as disdainning to fight with an unarmed man, and so to eclips or blemish the lustre of his reputation in killing him who begged his life of him, and when it lay at his pleasure to give or take it, as he throwes away his Rapier, making him promise, and sweare he will never henceforth attempt against the honour of his wife; *Planeze* very freely and cheerfully gives him his life: And to shew himselfe the more generous in this his courtesie, lends him his hand to raise him up on his feet; for which infinite kindnesse, *Borlary* yeelds him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their clokes, they part very good friends, and so get themselves into two of the neereest houses of the Suburbs, very secretly and silently to dresse their wounds, and at night they returne to their houses: Where our deare and faire *Felissanna* understanding the manner and cause of this combate betwixt her Husband and *Borlary*, it is impossible for me to define whether she wept and sighed more for the losse of her Husbands blood, or rejoiced and praised God for the saving and sparing of his life.

Yet this Combate of theirs is not so secretly acted, but in lesse than two daies, all *Verona* hath newes, and prattles thereof. When measuring the first Duell of *Planeze* and *Borlary* by the second, and the second by the first, They extoll *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Planeze*, but infinitely applaud the noble courtesie and generosity of *Planeze*, in giving *Borlary* his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. And as most commended the Lady *Felissanna* for disdainning to make shipwracke of her honour on the *Scylla* and *Charibdis* of *Borlary* his lust, and for not sacrificing her chastity to his lascivious affections and desires. So, in generall, all Gentlemen and Ladies condemne her of indiscretion, in shewing his Letters to her Husband, and in acquainting him with his suits & desires, it having been sufficient for her secretly to have given him the repulse and deniall, and ther selfe the glory. Again, there want not divers, especially the younger sort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Verona*, who taxe *Borlary* of cowardize, in shamefully begging his life of *Planeze*, when either his good fortune in struggling, or his piece of sword in his defence, might peradventure, have preserved it. Thus every one speaks according to his owne fancy and affections.

Borlary having lost so much blood for the affection which he bore to *Felissanna*, and received and reaped nothing from her but disdain and hatred, hee is not a little grieved and vexed hereat. But when he understands that hee hath now made him-
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selfe the laughter of all *Verona*, in this his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, and that his reputation doth therefore univerſally ſuffer in this action, hee is then, as it were, pierced to the heart with ſorrow, and to the ſoule with ſhame. Hee knowes it were farre better for him to be borne a Clowne, than to be held and eſteemed a Coward; and that having once purchaſed that baſe title, hee ſhall difficultly ever loſe. Yea, whereſoever he goes, he heares and ſees, that his Superiours, his Equalls, and his Inferiours, not onely prattle at his ſhame, but point at his infamy herein, ſo that hee is (in manner) a ſhame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almoſt a ſhame to himſelfe. But ſee here the vanity and impiety of this inconfiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curioſities, yet it will deſerve his compaſſion and pity, to ſee what uſe, or rather what abuſe hee makes of this his imaginary diſhonour: For neither with reaſon, which is the ſoule of his heart, nor with Religion which is the life of his ſoule, doth he once looke up to Heaven to thanke God for ſo mercifully proteſting, and ſo miraculoſly preſerving of his life in theſe two duells, when hee, as it were, ſtood on the brink, and in the very jawes of death; and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Planeze* his Rapier, and of his pleaſure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be ſo much a Chriſtian, and too much the member of Satan, to be ſo much the childe of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of laſcivious deſires and luſt; now as a limbe and agent of the Divell, he will wholly abandon it to infernall rage and helliſh revenge; for knowing *Planeze* to be both the Author and object of his diſhonour, and the inſtrument and cauſe of his diſgrace, hee therefore retaines this diabolical and bloody Aphoriſme in his heart; that as long as hee lives, it will live with him, and when he dies, it will die with him; and therefore to reſetch his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly ſacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and reſolutions to revenge, hee moſt ingratefully and deſperately, reſolves to murder *Planeze*, or at leaſt to cauſe him to be murdered. Lo, here the woſull eſtate, and wretched reſolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlary*, and what a monſtrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conſpire his death, of whom (in a manner) hee but rightly now received his life, hee little knowes, or (which is worſe) he will not know, that revenge ſtill proves as pernitiouſ, as pleaſing to their Authors, and that murder endeth in as much true miſery, as it begins in falſe content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious ſacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the father of all unity and charity.

But the Divell is ſo familiar a gueſt, and ſo frequent a counſellour to *Borlary*, that hee wretchedly vowes and execrably ſweares, that *Planeze* ſhall no longer live but die. Once hee was of opinion, either to piſtoll or ponyard him in the ſtreet by night, but then againe, ſeeing the eminency of that danger in the miſfortune of his Laquey *Romeo*, he rejects it as ruinous, and reſolves on poyſon which he thinkes is the ſhortest and ſafeſt way for him to ſend him for Heaven, and thinkes none ſo fit for his purpoſe to give and adminiſter it to him as *Planeze* his owne Apothecary *Castruchio*, being the more confident in this his choyce, becauſe hee knowes him to be a wonderfull poore man, and withall, extremely vitious and debauſhed, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and more a Divell than a Catholike, and therefore believes that a little money will aſt wonders in his heart and reſolution; Neither doth he faile in his judgement, or deceive himſelfe in the hopes of his choyce; for he no ſooner proffereth him three hundred Duckatons, to poyſon *Planeze* (one halfe in hand, and the other when it is performed) but hee accepts thereof, ingageth himſelfe (by hand and oath) ſpeedily to diſpatch and finiſh it, and ſo like two Factors or furies of Hell, both of them ſwear ſecreſie each to other herein.

Borlary longing, and *Castruchio* deſiring to finiſh this Tragedy on *Planeze*, that he might likewiſe touch the laſt one hundred and fifty Duckatons; The Spring ap-

proching, wherein *Planeze* every yeere for the preservation of his health, was accustomed to take Physike of *Castruchio*; hee no sooner sent for him to that effect, but first purging, then bleeding him, hee then artificially perswades him to take a vomit the next morning, whereunto *Planeze* easily consents, so he administred it to him and therein infusing poyson, hee within six daies after dies thereof, when *Castruchio* demanding his other one hundred and fifty Dukatons, *Borlary* speedily paies it him with much content, joy and delectation: But let the first know, and the second remember, that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our History leades us now (as it were by the hand) to our sorrowfull young widow *Felisanna*, who, poore soule, (not dreaming any way in the world either of poyson or of *Borlary*) is ready to weep her selfe to death, that she must survive and cannot dye with her deere and sweet husband *Planeze*, and that as one bed, so one grave might containe them, yea her griefe is so great and her sorrowes so infinite for the losse of this her other part of her selfe, that neither her father, kinsfolks or friends can possibly comfort her; for still she sees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impossible for him to die as long as she lived: Which excesse of sorrowes, sighes and teares of hers, so withered the roses and lillies of her beauty, and so eclipsed the lustre of her sparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgements of all those who saw or knew her, shee became so pale and leane, as shee was no longer *Felisanna*, but onely the poore sicke Anatomy of *Felisanna*.

We have seene this wretched Gentleman *Borlary*, and this execrable Apothecary, *Castruchio*, commit this horrible murther upon the person of noble and Generous *Planeze*, and wee shall not goe farre, before wee shall see the sacred Justice, and just punishments of God to surprise and overtake them for the same; For God is now resolved to triumph ore those bloody miscreants, and although they have so closely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murther, as there are no earthly eyes to detect nor witnesse to give in evidence against them for the same: yet our good and gracious God, who is the true searcher of our hearts and reines, will to his glory and their confusion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepest consideration, and of our most serious and religious obervation: The manner whereof is thus:

This wretched Apothecary *Castruchio*, having received his other hundred Dukatons of *Borlary* (as wee have formerly understood) for ministring this bloody businesse, and being (as we know) of a most vitious and debauched life, hee had already in his riots and prodigalities spent and consumed all his estate: And now this three hundred Dukatons which he received of *Borlary* for performing this bloody businesse, makes him by many degrees farre worse than hee was before; for (as by Gods sacred and secret providence) it was impossible to prosper with him, so his prophane vices and sinnes, and his beastly pleasures and prodigalities made it consume and melt away as snow against the Sunne, in such sort, that it seemed to him, that he was a thiefe to himselfe, and that one of his hands and pockets hourly couzened and betrayed the other; And although for a time hee bore this his vitious course of life very close and secret from the eye and knowledge of the world, whereby his credit farre exceeded his Estate, so after the committing of this foule murther, both his Estate, Credit, and all went to wracke and spoyle; for hee left nothing either unspent or unpawned, and which is yet worse, he fell into many arrearages and debts, which at last grew so clamorous (especially when his prodigall and beastly life of whoring, drunkenesse, and dicing, came to be divulged and spred to the world; that by three of his greatest creditors he is arrested and clapt into prison, and his shop seized on by them, which they finde as empty of drugs, as his Masters heart was of pity, and his soule of piety: And as it is the nature (or rather the misery) of prisons, that where one man virtuously im-

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proves his life and actions there, a hundred doe vitiously ruine themselves; so *Castruchio* being one of this last number, he there wasteth and consumeth all that hee hath, or which he can possibly procure, and in a few weekes reduceth himselfe to so extreame poverty and beggery, that hee is clapt into the common goale among the poorest sort of prisoners who live by the almes and charity of well disposed people, his clothes being all tottered and torne, having no bed to lye on nor hardly bread to suffice nature, or to maintaine life, being abandoned of all his friends and acquaintance, who will rather see him starve and dyethen releeve him : And yet in all these extremities, and at the very lowest ebbe of these his wants and miseries, hee will yet neither looke downe into his Conscience, heart, and soule with sorrow, nor up to heaven or to God with repentance for all his foule sinnes and vices, especially not for this his cruell and lamentable poysoning of *Planeze*, which are the true reasons and the efficient causes of these his miserable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miseries are so great and infinite here in prison, that none whosoever will come thither to see him, much lesse to pittie him, and least of all to releeve him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, then of her courtesie or charity to him, although shee disdaine to goe her selfe into prison to see *Castruchio*, yet shee is contented sometimes to send him her sonne *Bernardo*, a boy of some sixteene yeeres of age to goe his errands, so his necessity making his invention pregnant and cleere sighted, after hee had tyred all his friends and acquaintance with notes and Letters, which returne still empty fild, his memory at the last falls and pitcheth on *Borlary*, who (for the bloody reason formerly mentioned) he thinks the onely fit man of the world to redresse his wants, and to releeve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often sends *Bernardo* with many pittifull requests and intreaties for money, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary considering that he hath far more cause and reason to love *Castruchio* then to hate him for that (by vertue of the premises) hee sees his owne life to lye at the mercy of his tongue, although he rather wish him in Heaven then in prison, yet being extreame covetous, and yet holding himselfe both in conscience and discretion bound to releeve him; hee therefore sends him some small summes of money, but no way enough to buy him cloathes, or to maintaine his former prodigalities, but rather hardly sufficient to maintaine life in him, much less to cherish or pamper him. And so often doth *Castruchio* send the boy *Bernardo* to *Borlary* for money, that at last being weary thereof, and resolute to part with no more money, (God here makes his covetousnesse partly the meanes to chaulke out a way to his owne confusion) and is resolved neither to speake nor to see *Bernardo*, and to that effect gives order to his servants : When little *Bernardo* seeing that hee weares out his time, and his shooes in vaine to hunt after *Borlary*, whom he knowes will not be spoken with by him, hee tels *Castruchio* that he provide himselfe of another messenger towards *Borlary*, for he will goe no more to him, because he sees it is wholly impossible for him to speak with him: and at this discourtesie of *Borlary*, *Castruchio* doth now bite his lip with discontent and hung his head for anger, and from henceforth hee begins to assume bad bloud, and to conceive dangerous thoughts against him, but as yet the consideration of his owne safety or danger makes him patient and silent ; But God will not have him to continue so long, for almost presently wee shall see his patience burst forth into violence and impetuosity, and his silence breake out into extreame choller and indignation against him.

His old Baud *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her sinnefull profession) as often as she heares or knowes that *Castruchio* had any mony from *Borlary*, so often she would come to the prison to him, and speedily carouse and consume it with him; but when by her sonne *Bernardo* shee sees his purse shut, that fountaine exhausted, and that

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her boy could no more see *Borlary* but a wodden face, I meane his doore shut, then she (resembling her selfe) againe forsakes *Castruchio*, and will neither see him nor come neere his prison, so that at last he not seeing *Bernardo* nor once hearing from *Borlary* in three weekes or well neere a moneth together, and being ready to perish, starve and dye under the heavy burthen and pressure of his wants, hee earnestly sends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and causeth her to be informed, that if she will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, hee will speedily send him some store of money, and then shee shall have a share and part thereof, so when no other respect or consideration will, then this of money againe brings this old filthy Beldam *Dorilla* to the prison to *Castruchio*, who having provided her a bottle of wine, and five Gazettaes to drinke by the way (thereby the more carefully to effect his businesse hee exceedingly incensed with choller and revenge against *Borlary* for this ingratitude towards him) writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth *Dorilla* with speed, care, and secrecy to deliver it into *Borlary* his owne hands and to no other, which letter of his spake this language.

CASTRUCHIO TO BORLARY.

Thou knowest that for throe hundred Duckatons which thou gavest mee, I poisoned Seignior Planeze in a Vomit, and wilt thou now be so hard and cruel hearted against mee to suffer me to die in prison for want of so small a summe as twenty Duckatons? I am made of the same flesh and blood as thou art, and although my fortunes be so low plunged, yet my heart is so high seated and elevated, that I give thee to understand I will rather consent to be hanged then starved: Wherefore because my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou meane to prevent the one, and to secure thy selfe from the other, faile not speedily to send mee the said twenty Duckatons by this bearer *Dorilla*, whom I have entrusted with my letter fast sealed (and so maist thou with thine) but for the secret therein (which thou wotest of) she is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courtesie thou shalt not only tye my tongue and pen, but my heart and soule to silence, or else not: Amiddest thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reserved mee to make thee know that thou dost not use, but abuse it, and therein thy selfe.

CASTRUCHIO.

Dorilla receiving this Letter from *Castruchio*, shee puts it into her purse and promisseth him her best care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to Seignior *Borlary*, although she confesseth that shee neither knew him nor his house: But see here the providence and mercy of God which cleerely resplends and shines in the deportment and action of this beastly old bawd, for she meeting with some of her gamblers and gossips in the street (though contrary to the custome of *Italy*) away they goe to a taveme, where they all swill their heads and braines with wine, especially *Dorilla*: So the day being farre spent, her businesse for *Castruchio* is ended ere begun; for shee forgetting her selfe cannot remember his letter, but as fast as her reeling legges will permit her, away shee speedes towards her owne house, which was some halfe a mile off in the City. But when shee was in the streets and had a little taken the aire, then shee calls *Castruchio*'s letter to minde, and her promise to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) shee hath quite forgotten; for shee cannot once hit on the name *Borlary*. But at last remembring the letter to be in her purse, and shee by this time in the midst of the City, shee takes it out in her hand, and seeing a faire, yet sorrowfull young Lady to stand at the street doore of her house all in mourning attire, and no body neere her, after shee had done her duty to her, she reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requesteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when (God out of the Profundity of his Power and

and Immediacy of his pleasure, having so ordained and ordered it, that this faire young Lady was our sweet *Felisanna*, (who for the death of her deare Husband *Planeze*, had dighted her selfe all in mourning attire and apparell, thereby the better to make it correspond with her heart: who reading the superscription thereof, and finding it directed to *Seignior Borlary* (by some motion or inspiration from Heaven) her heart could not refraine from sending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman from whom this Letter came; *Dorilla* (as drunke in her fidelity and innocency, as shee was guilty of her drunkennesse) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in prison, named *Castruchio*: At the very repetition of which name, our *Felisanna* againe blushed, and then paleth, as if God had some newes to reveale her by this Letter, because she remembreth that this *Castruchio*, as wee have formerly understood, was the very same Apothecary who gave her Husband *Planeze* Physick a little before his death; Whereupon shee praying *Dorilla* to come with her into her house, because shee purposely and politiquely affirmed shee could not reade written hand her selfe, but would pray her father to doe it; shee leaves her in the outer Hall, and her selfe goes into the next roome, where breaking up the seales of this Letter, shee at the very first sight and knowledge that her Husband was poysoned, and by whom, and that God had now miraculously revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkennesse of this old woman, shee for meere griefe and sorrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a swoond, had not her Father and some of his servants, who over-hearing her passionate out-cries, come speedily to her assistance; which yet could not awake *Dorilla*, who had no sooner sate her selfe downe in a chaire in the Hall, but being top-heavy with Wine, shee presently fell asleepe. *Miniata* rousing up his fainting and sorrowfull daughter, brought her againe to her selfe; and seeing her in a bitter agony and passion of sorrow, demands of her the cause thereof: when the brinish teares trickling downe her vermilion cheekes, shee crossing her armes, and fixing her eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to speake a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to reade; *Miniata* perusing it, is as much astonished with griefe, as his daughter is afflicted with sorrow at this poysoning of her Husband and his sonne in Law, *Planeze*: so enquiring of her who brought her this Letter, she after many sighes and pauses tells him, that it was the Mercy and Providence of the Lord, who sent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: They both goe to her, and finding her fast sleeping and snoring, *Miniata* pulls her by the sleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his daughter and servants, where, and from whom shee had this Letter: who as drunken as this Bawd is, shee is constant in her first speech and confession to *Felisanna*, that shee had it from *Castruchio* an Apothecary who lay in prison; but shee had forgotten to whom shee was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her backe her Letter againe: But *Miniata* seeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this murder of his sonne in Law, *Planeze*; hee calls in two Gentlewomen his next neighbours to comfort his daughter *Felisanna*, and so leaving *Dorilla* to the guard of two of his servants, hee (with two other Gentlemen his neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Castruchio*'s Letter in his hand, hee drives away to the State-house, where he findes out the Podestate and Prefect of the City, and shewing them the Letter which revealed the poysoning and poysoners of *Planeze* his sonne in Law, they (in honour to Justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowfull Lady his daughter) take their Coaches, and returne with *Miniata* home to his house: Where they first examine *Felisanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is constant in her first deposition. Whereat these grave and honourable Personages, wondering and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his ranke and quality, should make himselfe the guilty and bloody Authour of so foule a Murder; they (likewise admiring and blessing Gods providence in the detection thereof) doe presently send away their

their Isbieres (or Serjeants) to apprehend *Borlary*; and so they goe to their Forum (or seat of Justice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio*, to be brought from the prison before them: Who at the very first newes of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, hee curseth the person and name of this old Bawd, *Dorilla*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himselfe to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlary* to be the Authour, cause, and instigator of this his poysoning of *Planex*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soule, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Serjeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) finde *Borlary* in his owne house, ruffling in a new rich suit of apparell, of blacke Sattin, trimmed with gold buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seeke in marriage a very rich young widdow whose Husband lately died, drowning himselfe (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poysoning of *Planex*, or how hee was revealed to be the Authour thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*; Hee is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now beating his breast, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever hee embrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planex*. So both himselfe and *Castruchio* are brought to the State house, where the Podestate and Prefect first examine them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them to confesse themselves guilty of this foule murther, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemne *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be throwne into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All *Perona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talke and prattle of this foule and lamentable murther, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd, *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to whores willingly, now at last, she brings him to the Gallows against her will. The morning they are brought to their execution, where there flocke and resort a world of spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Friers to direct their soules for Heaven; yet this miserable wretch, *Castruchio*, seeming no way repentant or sorrowfull for this his foule fact, uttered a short prayer to himselfe, and so caused the top-man to turne him over, which hee did, and within two houres after his body was throwne into the River. But for *Borlary*, hee came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared; for with grieve in his lookes, and teares in his eyes, he therefore delivered this short and religious speech:

That hee grieved in his heart, and was sorrowfull in soule, for this lamentable murther of his, committed on the person of *Planex*; as also for seducing of *Castruchio* to effect it by poyson, for whose death hee affirmed, hee was likewise exceedingly afflicted and sorrowfull: That it was the temptations of the flesh and the Divell, who first drew him lustfully to affect the faire, chaste, and vertuous Lady, *Felisanna*, and consequently to murder her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtaine her for his Wife, or for his Courtesan: That hee was infinitely sorrowfull for all these his enormous crimes, for the which hee religiously asked forgiveness, first of God, and then of the Lady *Felisanna*, and likewise prayed all those who were there present, to pray unto God for his soule; that hee was more carefull of his reputation towards men, than of his salvation towards God; and that his neglect of prayer, and of the participation of the blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, was the originall cause of this his misery. So againe, commending himselfe to the prayers, and recommending his sinfull, yet sorrowfull soule into the hands of his Redeemer, the sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetuall divorce

divorce betweene his soule and his body, which pious and courteous speech of his was as great a consolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of *Castruchio* was a terrour to the vitious spectators and auditors: So to confirme the sentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is presently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and deserved deaths of these three irreligious and unfortunate persons: Of *Romco* the Laquey: Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Castruchio* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the justice of the Lord of Hosts (in due time) justly triumph o're their execrable crimes in their sharp punishments, and shamefull ends. Pray we that we may reade this their History with feare, and as religious and godly Christians, remember these their lamentable murders with horreur and detestation.

G O D S

division between the living and the dead, which gives and conveys the breath of life
 was as great a consolation to the virtuous as it was a torment to the wicked: so to comfort the former, the dead
 body of Jesus is presently buried.
 An altar was the place of lives and delays: death of the three religions and
 unfortunate persons: Of which the history: Of which the Gentlemen; and of the
 Jewish the Apostasy. And in this manner did the justice of the Lord of Hosts (in
 due time) justly triumph over their execrable crimes in their blasphemous and
 damnable. For we have now related their History with care, and as well
 given and go by Christian, remember these their damnable manner, with horror
 and detestation.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIX.

Beaumarays and his brother Montagne, kill Champigny and Marin (his Second) in a Duell; Blancheville (the widow of Champigny) in revenge thereof, hireth Le Valley (servant to Beaumarays) to murther his said Master with a Pistoll, which hee doth; for the which Le Valley is broken on the wheele, and Blancheville hanged for the same.



Et all Religious Christians examine their hearts and soules, with what face wee can tread on Earth, or looke up to Heaven, when we stab at the Majesty of God, in killing and murthering man, his Image, a bloody crime, so repugnant to nature, as reason abhorres it; a scarlet and crying sin so opposite to grace, as God and his Angells detest it. And yet if ever Europe were stained or submerged with it, now it is; for as a swift current, or rather as a furious torrent, it now flowes, and overflowes in most Kingdomes, Countries and Cities thereof, in so much as (in despite of divine and humane Lawes) it is now (almost) generally growne to a wretched custome, and that almost to a second nature. A fatall example whereof, this ensuing History will report and relate us. Wherein Gods Justice hath so sharply and severely punished the perpetrators thereof, that if wee either acknowledge God for our Father, or our selves for his children and servants, it will teach us to be lesse revengefull, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgement.

I Will now relate a sad and bloody History, which betided in the faire City of *Chartres*, (the Capitall of the fertill Countrey of *Beauce*) so famous for her sumptuous Cathedrall Church, dedicated to the blessed Virgin *Mary*, as also for that *Henry* the fourth, (that great King, and unparalleld Captaine of *France*) during the combustions of the league, was (despite of the league) crowned therein in which faire and pleasant

City, as there still dwell some Noblemen, and many Gentlemen, in respect of the sweet aire, and goodly Champaigne Countrey thereabouts, (second for that, to no other in France.) So of five yeeres, there resided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well descended, being both of them heires to their two deceased Fathers: The one of them named *Monsieur De Champigny*, and the other *Monsieur De Beaumarays*, and their Demaines and Lands lay within seaven leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendosme*. Now the better to see them in their true and naturall Characters; They were both of them tall and slender, and of faire and sanguine complexions, and very neere of an age: For *Champigny* was twenty sixe yeeres old, and *Beaumarays* twenty foure, and yet the last had a beard, and the first none, and of the two *Champigny* was by far the richer, but *Beaumarays* the Nobler descended. Now, to lay this History upon its proper seat, and naturall foundation, we must understand that there was a very rich Counsellour of the Presidiall Court of *Chartres*, named *Monsieur De Refaire*, whose wife being deade, left him no other child, but one faire young daughter, of the age of some eightene yeeres, named *Mademoiselle De Blancheville*, very tall and slender of stature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a Coale-blacke haire and eye-browes, and of deportment and gesture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time, both these our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* were importunate Sutors, and passionate Rivals to marry her, in so much, as the one of them could difficultly be absent from the fathers house, and daughters company, but the other was present, which engendered some malice, but more emulation between them. But in the end, (after a whole yeeres research and more) as the Willow was destinied and reserved for *Beaumarays*, so was the Laurell for *Champigny*, for to his joy, *Blanchevilles* desire, and her fathers content, he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays* knowing his birth to be more Noble, and his breeding farre more generous than that of *Champigny*, (though not in outward shew, yet in inward sence) was extremely discontented and sorrowfull, but to remedy it he could not.

In such, and the like refusing accidents, discretion is ever farre better than passion, and contempt than care. But *Beaumarays* cannot, or at least will not, be of this temper. He forsakes reason, to flie to choller, and so loseth his reall and solid judgement, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For being at supper in company of some five or sixe Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, he transported with malice and revenge towards her, forgot himselfe so farre, as (betweene jest and earnest) to let fall these indiscreete and rash words, *That shee was more disdainfull than chaste*: a speech which he shall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought still to be deare and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, because their losse thereof can seldom be repaired, but never so well or so fully recovered, but that there still remaines some staine or blemish thereof. This undeserved scandall of *Beaumarays* to his *Quondam* Mistrisse *Blancheville*, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are such, as there are few companies without a Foole or a Traitor to their friends, and some are accompanied with both. *Monsieur Marin* a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vaine than honest) will make himselfe one of this last number, for hee being ambitiously desirous to skrew himselfe into the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville*, (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tells her this speech of *Beaumarays*, whereat shee is exceedingly incensed and exasperated: But for that time (as a true woman) shee dissembles her malice and revenge towards him, and so takes up the memory thereof in the embers of silence; but yet with this condition & reservation, that hereafter shee will take time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuosity.

In the meane time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference betweene her Husband and *Beaumarays*, whereat shee is so farre from grieving, as shee joyceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of seats in the Church, (as being both of one Parish) as also for that he takes the holy Bread first, and goes be-
fore

fore him in all professions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a grade, to yield that to him which he never yeelded, and is therefore resolute to justify his equality of birth, and consequently, not to wrong his Ancestours in himselfe. When seeing *Beaumarays* passionately bent to mainthine and preserve that which he had undertaken, hee flies to Justice, and so presently puts him in suit of Law for the same in the Presidiall Court of that City. *Blancheville* (whose pride in her selfe exceeded her birth, and whose malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays* at the least surmounted her discretion and reason) brings no water to quench, but oile to inflame this quarrell betwixt him and her Husband, when seeing them already entred into a deep proesse of Law: shee disdainig to see her selfe thus abused, and her Husband thus wronged by him, can reape no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choller, before shee have written him these lines.

BLANCHEVILLE TO BEAUMARAYS.

WAs it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy false and scandalous speeches to Mounseur Marin, and others, but thou must now attempt to disgrace my Husband in the Church? and because these crimes of thine are so unjust and odious, as they deserve acknowledgement and satisfaction from a farre better Gentleman than thy selfe; therefore I speedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or presence, which if thou deny us, wee will make thee know, what it is, to abuse thy selfe and us, in points of these high natures, whereof the first cannot, the second will not admit of any other excuse or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my minde; as thou hast heretofore vented mee the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Consider therefore seriously with thy selfe, what thou hast to doe herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine owne discretion, and as soone as I receive thine answer and resolution, I will not faile speedily to returne thee mine.

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, she is irresolute with her selfe, by whom to send it him, but at last shee sends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom onely shee intrusteth this great secret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays* his owne hands, and to crave his answer thereof. *Martha* being a witty faire maid, of some two and twenty yeeres of age, goes to *Beaumarays* house, and speakes with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tells her, that his Master is now busie with two Gentlemen in his study, and that shee shall immediately speake with him as soone as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refraine from ambrously gazing and ranging upon the excellency of her blushing beauty, and upon her sweet vermillion cheekes, great rolling eyes, and flaxen haire, wherewith his heart at the very first encounter, is surprized and ravished. Here *Le Valley* kisseth and rekisseth *Martha*, and entertaines her with much prettles, and many pleasant love speeches, yea, then and there loves her so dearly, as he vowes she shall remaine his Mistresse, and he her servant till death. So some halfe an houre after the two Gentlemen take leave of his Master, and then *Le Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivers him her Mistresses Letter and message, so hee wondring at the last, receives the first, leaves her in the Hall with his man *Le Valley*, and so steps to his study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruseth this Letter. Here he accuseth his owne indiscretion, in speaking against *Blancheville* chastity, and exceedingly condemneth *Marins* treachery in revealing it to her. Once hee was of opinion to have returned her his answer by Letter, but at last scorning her and that resolution, hee then contrariwise resolves to answer her with silence, and so steps forth to *Martha*, and with a disdainfull frowning looke, bids her tell her Mistresse from him, that her malicious proud and foolish Letter shall have

no other answer from him, but contempt and silence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his answer in writing to her Mistress; but *Beaumarays* his first resolution is his last, so she departeth from him infinitely discontented. But the Master is not so unkinde to *Martha*, as his man *Le Valley* is courteous; For he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one halfe of her way home; and goes into a Mercers shop, buyes her a faire paire of gloves; and as the pledge of his future affection, bestowes them on her; the which (without further excuse or ceremony) shee thankfully accepteth, and promiseth him to wear them for his sake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Mistress, she delivers her *Beaumarays* his answer, *verbatim* as hee told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* seeing her selfe thus wronged and slighted of him, in that he disdaineth to give her any satisfaction, and which is worse, that he peremptorily refuseth, and scorneth to answer her Letter; She is so strangely transported with malice and choller towards him for the same, as she vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet she knowes not in what manner to performe and perpetrate it; onely shee againe resolves not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for some future desired opportunity.

Two yeeres are almost past away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great cost and charge) doe vehemently contest in Law about their Church quarrell for precedency, but they doe it farre more out of malice towards themselves, than any way out of piety towards God. And as most of the great Judiciall Courts of *France* are too too frequently oppressed with Law suits of this nature; so I may affirme with as much truth as pity, that this is a small rocke, whereon many hot contentious *French* spirits doe most inconsiderately suffer shipwracke. At the end of which time (as the losse of one party proves still the gaine of the other) the Presidiall Court of *Chartres* pronounceth sentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the precedency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crownes charge and dammage to *Beaumarays*. This thundering sentence so prejudiciall and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wifes hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choller, and her out of all patience towards *Beaumarays*. Hee bites his lip with griefe, and his wife inflamed with rage at the report and knowledge hereof, and although he were once minded to appeale from this sentence of the Presidiall Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his best friends, hee as soon as abandoneth as embraceth, that resolution. Hee cannot see *Beaumarays*, but with envie, nor his wife heare speake of him, but with infinite malice and detestation. Shee is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions, both day and night, precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him begins afresh to revive and flourish, and now shee thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with *Beaumarays* his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many teares shee effects; and also shewes him the Copy of her Letter, which shee sent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto she informes him, hee disdainfully returned her no answer, but contempt and silence. *Champigny* is so deeply incensed hereat against *Beaumarays*, as his wife needes not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him: when presently hee being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counsell, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirmes as much to him, as he would have him affirme. Now, as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will question *Beaumarays* by the Law of Justice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and assumes a contrary resolution, to doe it by that of his sword. When having prayed, and procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse-backe, hee (consulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by *Seron* his footman, sends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPTIGNY

CHAMPIGNY TO BEAUMARAYS.

AS thy knowledge is Iudge, so Monsieur Marin is witnessse, what ha'e and ignoble speeches thou hast falsly vomitted forth against the honour and chastity of my wife. And because crimes of this nature are still odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend; much lesse to be digested and suffered by a Husband: Therefore thanke thy selfe, if (for reparation hereaf) thy folly now call on thy valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your swords on horsebacke, on Tuesday next, betwene sixe and seven in the morning, without the North hedge of the very first Vineyard beyond the River, where you shall find wee will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the injustice and infidelity of thine; it makes me fully confident, that the issue of this Duell will prove glorious for me, and shamefull and ruinous for thy selfe.

CHAMPIGNY.

Seron (according to his charge and duty) findes out Beaumarays in his owne house, and very secretly gives him his Masters Letter; who much musing thereat, steps to the window, and there privately reads it to himselfe: When blushing and smiling to see the bold folly of Champigny, the foolish malice of his wife Blancheville, and the base treachery of Marin towards him, hee is so couragious and generous, as hee disdainest to be out-braved by any man whatsoever in the point of honour, (which hee esteemes farre dearer and precious than his life) especially by Champigny, whom he holds to be as much his inferiour in valour as blood. He therefore trips to his study, and writes Champigny this Letter, the which hee returnes by his foot-man in answer of his.

BEAUMARAYS TO CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my selfe Iudge, so I desire not to be witnessse either of thy wifes chastity or unchastity. It is sufficient for me to leave her to her selfe, and her selfe to thee. Marin shall have time enough to repent his treachery towards mee, and thou to exchange thy jealousy into Judgement. But because I see thy choller now exceeds all the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately and rashly audacious, to seeke and preserve thy wifes honour with the losse and ruine of mine; know therefore, that to cherish and maintaine it equally with my life, I cheerefully accept thy challenge, and doe hereby give thee to understand, that I with my second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horsebacke, where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our swords are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better, and consequently, that you may, perchance, meet with your superiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction.

BEAUMARAYS.

He hath no sooner ended this his Letter, but he presently beginnes to thinke of his second, when calling to minde his owne younger brother Le Montagne, (a young Gentleman of some twenty yeeres of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duells, and in both of them came off with his honour, he sends for him to his closet, and there shewes him Champigny his challenge, and his answer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any stomacke to second him at this feast, his brother Montagne highly applauds his generous resolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and favour he now doth him, in making him his second, vowing, that if he had many lives, as he hath but one, he is ready to sacrifice them all at his feet and service; and courageously tells him, he should have taken it for a sensible affront;

disgrace and injury, if hee had made choyce of any other than himselfe : So they both prepare their horses, swords and courages against the approaching time, and no lesse doth *Champigny* and *Marin*.

Beumarays and his brother *Montagne* conceale this buisnesse from all the world; and *Champigny* beares it so close & secret, as he makes not his ambitious and malicious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himselfe, smothers it up in silence. Tuesday morning being come, our foure impatient champions are in the fields at their Rendez-vous; first arrive *Champigny* and *Marin*, and presently after them, *Beumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling courfers: At their entrance, *Marin* comes with a soft trot toward *Beumarays*, thinking to apologize himselfe to him; But *Beumarays* is so brave and generous, as he is deafe to his speeches, and will not heare him, but tells him, that it is swords, not tongues, which must now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty: So *Marin* missing of his aime, he returnes againe upon the same trot to *Champigny*, and now, according to the order and nature of Duells, it is ordered betweene those foure desperate Gentlemen, that their principalls shall search the seconds, and the seconds the principalls, to see whether their doublets were any more than sword prooffe, but they might well have saved themselves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations and honours with the least shadow or tincture of cowardize; so they cast off their doublets, divide themselves, and then draw, and the first must, and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beumarays*, who being some fourescore paces off, they give the spurs and reines to their horses, and part as swift as the wind, or rather so furiously and suddenly, as two claps of thunder, or flashes of lightening: At their first encounter, *Beumarays* runs *Champigny* through his shirt band, into the right side of his necke, and *Champigny* him into his left shoulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make short turnes with their horses, and so fall to it amaine with their swords, when againe *Beumarays* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returnes him one in counterechange, whereof neither of them being mortall, they againe divide themselves to breath, which having done, and both of them as yet unsatisfied, they part the second time, at which cloze, *Champigny* misleth *Beumarays*, and hurts his horse in the necke, but *Beumarays* gives *Champigny* a lick with his sword ore his forehead, which bled exceedingly, but yet they are too couragious to desist, as scorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it againe the third time, which proves as fortunate for *Beumarays*, as fatall to *Champigny*; for as his horse stumbleth on his fore-feet, *Beumarays* in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left pap, where his sword meeting and cutting the strings of his heart, he presently, in a fainting and faltering language, spake these his last words: *Beumarays*, I forgive thee my death, and God be mercifull unto my Soule, and with the same, fell starke dead from his horse to the ground; When *Beumarays*, as a noble Gentleman, leapt presently from his horse to his assistance, and so did his owne second, *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vaine, for already life had forsaken his body, and consequently, his soule was fled to his place: So hee lies there gored in his blood, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathlesse body with his cloake, *Beumarays* sheathes up his sword, and with hands and eyes elevated to heaven, rendreth thanks to God for this his victory.

No sooner hath *Montagne* congratulated with his brother *Beumarays* for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of himselfe, hee calls out to his Rivall *Marin*, and bids him prepare to fight; When his brother *Beumarays* notwithstanding his losse of much blood, doth infinitely desire to spare his brother *Montagne* from fighting with *Marin*, and so to performe it himselfe. But *Montagne* is too couragious and generous either to understand this motion, or to relish this language from his brother, and so in hot words and high termes, he peremptorily tells him: That hee come to fight with *Marin*, and fight he would; whereupon his brother *Beumarays* gives him his prayers, commits

commits him to his good fortune, and so with his cloake muffled about him; sits downe a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne* remounting his steed, he calls out againe to *Marin* and bids him prepare to fight.

Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunate disaster of his principall, but rather the more exasperated and encouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vowes to sell and require his death deerely on the life of his adversary *Montagne*: to which end they divide themselves and draw, and so part each towards other, I know not whether with more swiftnesse or courage; At their first encounter *Marin* runnes *Montagne* into the small of the belly of a sleight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great slash on his left cheek, which hangs downe and bleeds exceedingly; When presently closing againe, *Montagne* runnes *Marin* into the right thigh, and he him in requital into the right arme, and then they divide themselves to take breath, and all these their wounds being as yet incapable to appease or satisfie their courages, they presently determine againe to fall to it with bravery and resolution; When behold the Marquis of *Bellary* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his Sonnes, and their traine passeth that way from *Chartres* to goe to *Paris*, and seeing two Gentlemen on Horsebacke in their shirts with their swords drawne, he iudgeth it a Duell, when he and his two sonnes gallop into the little meddow joyning to the vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late; for *Montagne* and *Marin* seeing them swiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more haste then good speed, set spurres to their horses the sooner, and at this their second meeting *Montagne* warding *Marin*'s sword and putting it by, doth at the very same Instant runne him thorow the body a little below his navell, of which mortal wound, hee fell presently from his horse dead to the ground, uttering onely these words: *O Montagne, thou hast slaine me: Thou hast slain me, God receive my Soule:* and then and there without speaking a word more immediately dyed.

No sooner hath *Montagne* wiped and sheathed up his sword, but his joyfull brother *Beaumarays* galops up to him, and cheerefully congratulates with him for the same: When instantly the Marquesse of *Bellary*, and the two Lords his sonnes, arrive to them, though a little too late; They are astonished to see two proper Gentlemen lie there flaine in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marquesse, as briefly as his time and their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cause of their quarrell, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and satisfied by them, hee sends the dead bodies of *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach; And understanding by *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, that for the preservation of their safeties and lives, they were resolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beauve*, and so thwarting ore *Normandy* by *Evereux* and *Lessenx*, to embarke themselves for *Caen*, and thence to passe the Seas into *England*, till their friends in their absence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as also that they were destitute both of Chirurgions to dresse their wounds, and of a guide to conduct them thither; Hee very nobly gave them his owne Chirurgion and guide, and promising them likewise, to labour with the King to the utmost of his power, for their peace; hee passeth on his journey, and commits them to the best fortune. A singular, yea, an honourable courtesie of this brave old Marquesse of *Bellary*, whose deserts and fame I should much wrong, if I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this History.

Whiles thus the Marquesse of *Bellary* is travelling towards *Paris*, and *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* posting for *Caen*, come we briefly to *Chartres*, which now reounds and rattles with the report and issue of this combate, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all (according to their passions and affections) speake differently thereof; some condemne the vanity of *Beaumarays*, others the folly and treachery of *Marin*, but all doe highly extoll the courage and generosity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave wee them to their censures, and come wee againe to speake of *Blancheville*, who takes the
newes

newes of this untimely death of her Husband so tenderly and sorrowfully, that she is ready to drowne her selfe in teares; It is not only a grief to her heart to see, but a terror to her conscience, to know, that her Husband *Champigny*, and her friend *Marin*, have both of them lost their lives for her sake, and when againe shee falls on the consideration and remembrance, that the first died by the hand and sword of *Beaumarays*, her mortall enemy, and the second by that of his brother *Montagne*, then she is againe ready to burst her heart and breast with sighing thereat. She is so incapable of Counsell, as she will heare of no consolation, nor speake of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*, and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and speeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her selfe. To which end she converts most of her Corne and Wine into money, goes to *Paris*, casts her selfe at the Kings feet, and to the feet of that great and illustrious Court of *Parliament* for Justice, against *Beaumarays*, the murtherer of her Husband, the which againe and againe, shee aloud resounds and ecchoes forth to their eares, yea, her rage is so great, and her malice so outrageous towards him, that notwithstanding his body is absent, yet she spends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Custome of *France* to be hanged up in *effigie*: But although her sute be just, yet (by reason of his great friends in Court) shee sees her selfe so unfortunate, that she cannot obtaine it. Whereupon, after twelve moneths vaine stay in *Paris*, and a profuse expence of money, she (with much griefe and sorrow) secretly vowes to her selfe, that if ever he returne againe to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that shee her selfe will be both his Judge and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this hellish resolution of hers, shee deeply sweares, that neither Earth nor Heaven shall divert her.

Now, to follow the naturall streame and tide of this History; Wee must againe bring *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* on the stage thereof: For the Reader must understand, that their wounds being dressed and secured, having bestowed both their horses on the Chirurgion and guide, the two servants of the aforesaid Marquesse of *Bellary*, and likewise written him a thankfull Letter for his honourable courtesie extended to them, and therewith likewise prayed him to sollicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their absence, they privately (without any followers) embarque themselves upon an English vessell at *Caen*, and so with a prosperous gale, arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take horse for *London*, where they settle up their aboad and residence, from whence *Beaumarays* sends to *Chartres* for two of his foot-men, and his brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them some fixe weekes after, and brings their Masters word, how earnestly and violently their adversaries follow the rigour and severity of the Law against them in *Paris*, but especially against *Beaumarays*; they receive these advertisements, from their servants and friends, rather with griefe than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their owne disgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marquesse of *Bellary*, and likewise to the Bishop of *Chartres* (their deare friend and kinsman) to hasten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and absence as much as they wish their safety and returne, take time at advantage, and the King in a well disposed humour, and so doe most effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majesty, how these two absent Gentlemen and brothers, *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*, were without just cause or reason, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their adversaries; that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers; that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themselves: That for their vertues and generosity, they were beloved of all their Countrey and acquaintance: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majesties warres; and that their valour and courage was such, that in these times, which threatened more troubles than promised peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and necessary members for his service, with many other prevailing motives and reasons conducing that

that way is which at last so weigh downe the heart and minde of the King, that hee freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seale, the which to make the more authentick; they caused them to be enregistred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marquesse and Bishop joyntly and speedily writ to them thereof from *Paris*. And after some five moneths of their stay in *London*, they send them over these their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earle of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Ambassadour there for this present French King, *Lewis xiii.* the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good newes of theirs makes them now like the ayre of *France*, better than that of *England*. So they speedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity post away *Dover*, *Calais*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the first thing they doe, they finde out the Marquis of *Bellay*, and the Bishop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they doe their lives to the King : To whom they expresse a thousand demonstrations of thankfulness for this their honour and favour shewed them. They likewise burne with desire to testifie so much to the King, when the Marquis, seconded by the Bishop, present them to his Majestie, who falling to his feet, hee gives them his Royall hand to kisse. They can better expresse their thankfulness in deeds than words to him, and in language of their swords, than in that of their tongues : Only they tell his Majestie, that having received their lives of his meere clemencie and Royall favour, they most humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may spend and end them in his service. Hee allowes of their zeale and humility, and to redouble his favour, hee gives them againe his hand to kisse, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impossible, that hee shall shortly have occasion to use their swords and service, and so dismisseth them.

These our two brothers remaine a moneth in *Paris*, wherein almost daily they tender their thankfull respects and service to the Marquis and Bishop, at the end whereof leaving their duties, and receiving their commands, they take horse and returne home for *Chartres*, (from which by reason of their disaster they have beene so long absent) where all their kinsfolks and friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almost all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce of their fortunate and safe returnes. Only the Parents of *Marin* doe envie *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville*, the sorrowfull and incensed widdow of *Champigny*, hate *Beaumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes such good meanes and friends that in lesse than two moneths he obtaines a perfect reconciliation of the first ; but although *Beaumarays* have made many faire overtures and proffers of attonement by his friends to the second, yet in six moneths he sees it is wholly impossible for him to procure it of her, and which is worse, she is still so outrageous and revengefull towards him, that he thinks he never shall ; for she disdaines to see him, and scornes to heare of him : and still her malice and indignation against him, makes her constant in her former hellish and bloody resolution, that by one meanes or other she will ere long murder him, as he hath her Husband : A fearefull and most execrable resolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and farre more the soule of a Christian.

In the former part of this History we have understood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beaumarays* his man) to *Martha Blancheville* Chambermaid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and scene the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarays* : And wee shall not goe farre before the end hereof will enforme us what mournfull fruits, and deplorable effects, these different accidents and persons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, so I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgement herein, I beleeve we shall shortly see the Antithesis of this position made good and verified in the persons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all possible meanes how he may marry *Martha* ; so is *Blancheville* maliciously pondering

pondering and ruminating with her selfe how or by what means or agents she may murther *Beaumarays*. Thus we see that the heart of the first is as full of kindnesse and courtesie, as the mind and resolutions of the second is of cruelty and blood. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two yeares and upwards, since *Le Valley* first saw and spake with his sweet heart *Martha*, in his Masters house, that there hath past many love tokens betweene them, but as yet he could never draw her consent to marry him; for still shee tels him that she loves her Mistresse so dearely, that she will not depart from her service, nor wed any man, without her free consent, and therefore that they have farre more reason to doubt than to hope of this match betweene them, considering the lamentable accident and disaster which hath past betweene their Masters. *Le Valley* seeing he must first winne the Mistresse, before he can wed the maid, with his sweet hearts advise, resolves to seeke *Blanchvilles* consent thereto, the which he doth in faire and orderly tearmes. *Blanchewille* who had formerly heard an inkling how dearely *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of marriage, now by this his motion thereof to her selfe, she is fully confirmed thereof. When observing more passion than judgement, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his speeches to her selfe, she presently (being industrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) forgets God and all goodnesse, abandoneth all Christianity and humanity, and so the devill brings her a plot, or else her owne heart and head fetcht it from hell: She thinks that this poore servant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and instrument for her, either to poyson or pistoll his Master *Beaumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his consideration of her fresh youth and beauty, is a sufficient bait, and powerfull lure to make him undertake and performe it, and hereon she settles up her bloody resolution. To which end *Blanchewille* having already sufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and closely and finely spunne it in her braines, shee politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than despaire, that hee shall shortly marrie her maid *Martha*; onely she tells him she must first conferre with her, to see how she stands affected to him, and that if he repaire to her againe at the end of the weeke, shee will then assuredly give him such an answer, as she doubts not but will content and please him, or else the fault shall be his. But to conclude her speech, shee chargeth him not to speake or utter a word hereof to his Master *Beaumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiseth her to performe. He goes from the Mistresse to the maid, and reports what she hath told and spoken, so these young folkes flatter themselves, that they very shortly shall be man and wife. *Blanchewille* (whose heart and minde runnes wholly upon a bloody revenge towards *Beaumarays*) no sooner understands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doores, but she sends for her maid *Martha* into her chamber, where (no way acquainting her with her bloody intent and policie) she chargeth her to sweare that she will never marry *Le Valley* without her free consent, and that in the end she shall not repent the following of her advise and counsell herein, which *Martha* solemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and satisfied. The end of the weeke being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his sweet heart *Martha*, to know if she be shortly resolved to marry him, who having beene perfectly taught her lesson, tells him plainly, that she will be his wife, conditionally that he can gaine her Mistresse *Blanchewilles* consent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyfull, hee giving her many kisses, intreats her to bring him to her Mistresse, and that hee hopes to receive pleasing newes from her, to both their contents. *Blanchewille* (with much longing impatiency) attends his coming, and receives and welcomes him into her Closet with a cheerefull countenance, where bolting the doore, this hellish *Erynny* (not heavenly *Urania*) passionately tels him, that it shall be impossible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid *Martha*, except he first sweare to her, to performe a secret businesse for her, which infinitely concerns her content and service. *Le Valley* desires to know of her what it is, but she first sweares him to secrecie herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which

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hee freely swears: When *Blancheville* (with hypocriticall, yea, with diabolicall teares in her eyes) being instructed and prompted by the devill, representeth unto him, how foully his Master *Beaumarays* had first wronged her chastity and honour, then abused her Husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he should not onely marry her maid *Martha*, but that she would likewise give him three hundred Crownes of marriage money with her, (if for her sake, and at her request) he would kill his said Master, either by Poyson, Ponyard, or Pistoll, of which summe shee told him he should have the one halfe in hand, and the other when he had performed it, the which if he refused to doe, shee swore by her part of Heaven, that he should never marry her, nor come neere her.

Le Valley is amazed and astonished at this bloody proposition and request of hers, the which shee might well perceive by the distraction of his lookes, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tells her, that although he loves *Martha* farre dearer than his life, yet he cannot finde in his heart to kill the poorest Christian in the world, much lesse so good and so deare a Master as *Beaumarays* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as subtil in her malice, as shee was malicious in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) shewes *Le Valley* the three hundred Crownes in faire gold, which was farre more than ever before he had seene. Tels him what a deare friend shee will ever remaine to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractised, nor charme unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this hellish fact. But finding him as frozen as shee was fiery therein, shee bids him to take a weeks time to consider thereof, then to bring her his last resolution, and withall to remember his oath of secrecie herein from all the world, both which points hee constantly promisseth her to performe. As he descends the stairs from her, his sweet heart *Martha* comes presently to him to know the minde and resolution of her Mistresse, whom hee thinks good then to satisfie with this pleasing answer, that hee hopes a small time will worke and compass both their desires. So after a few kisses and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no sooner returned home, but his heart is as pensive and sorrowfully, as his minde and braine is perplexed and troubled for the cause thereof. He consults with himselfe, and his resolutions are as different as his desires. He cannot as yet finde in his heart to kill his Master, and yet hee can resolve rather to die than to lose *Martha* his Mistresse. True it is, that the sight of the Lady *Blancheville*'s gold doth astound wonders in his hearts, but farre more the sight and remembrance of *Martha*'s sweet youth and delicious beauty. So the first tempts him exceedingly, the second extremely, and the devill in both of them infinitely. yet notwithstanding his faith and soule are so strong with God, that hitherto hee cannot consent or be drawne to imbroe his hands in the innocent blood of his Master. But here befalls an unexpected accident, which violently precipitates and throwes him headlong on the contrary resolution.

His Master *Beaumarays* (not for want of any respect or love to *Blancheville*, but because hee perfectly knew shee extremely hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley* that he should not frequent her house, nor no more dare to seeke her maid *Martha* in marriage, the which hee considerably promised him he would. He now understands that contrary the count to his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued still an earnest suitor to her, so that hereupon calls him to him, and gives him five or six round boxes on the eare, for his disobedience, and vdwes that if hee ever any more returns thither, and seeke *Martha* in marriage, hee would utterly easie him, and wholly discharge him from his service. *Le Valley* not accustomed to receive blowes of his Master, was so extremely mortified here, and discharging the blowes for his Master, and his Master for the blowes sake, they engender such bad blood in him, as hee presently striketh *Le Valley* full with his doublet, then with the Devill, that hee would now adhere to the request of *Blancheville*, and so speedily requite his Master a sharpe requitall and bloody revenge for the same, and indeed from that time forwards hee never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and detestation. So without farther delay,

lay, the same night as soone as his Master was gone to bed; he trips away to *Blanchevilles* house, informes her at large what had past betwixt his master and himselfe, and therefore assures her that hee is fully and constantly resolved to murder him: within three or foure dayes, if shee would performe her promise to him, to give him the three hundred Crownes, and that also within a moneth after he shall marry *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond measure joyfull, she faithfully and solemnly swears him the performance thereof, when (as a pledge of the rest) shee presently payes him downe the first hundred and fifty in gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purseth up. But the receipt thereof shall cost him deare.

From the intended matter of the murder of *Beau-marays*, these two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, she proposeth that infernall drugges poyson, but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And because she dislikes to have him poynted, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he shall pistoll him to death, and this is their definitive, cruell, and hellish resolution. *Le Valley* having thus dispatcht his businesse with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kisses of his sweet *Martha*, (who poore soule is as innocent, as they two are wholly and solely guilty of this deplorable conspiracy) hee puts a cheerefull countenance on his revengefull heart, so returnes home, and the very next day gets his Masters pocket pistoll, which hee loads with a brace of bullets, and watcheth every day and houre for a desired opportunity to send him to heaven. So the third day after Monsieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his brothers Hawks and Spannels, and taking almost all his men servants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to waite and attend on his Master, then and there this fatall occasion answered his prodigious expectation. For that very Fore-noone, his Master *Beau-marays* coming from the house of office, hee calls up *Le Valley* to him in his chamber to trusse his points, which wretched Villaine hee is busie in performing, but alas, in most barbarous and bloody manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing lesse than of his danger or death, then this monster of nature fingering his hide points with his left hand, very softly drew his Pistoll out his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernall courage and audacity) shot him into the reynes of his back, nearely opposite to his heart, whereof hee presently fell downie dead to the ground, without having either the power or happinesse to utter one prayer or word what so ever, but onely two or three small fainting, or indeed dying groanes.

This bloody and execrable wretch *Le Valley*, seeing his Master dead, hee triumphs in his good fortune, to see what a brave Butcher he had proved himselfe in so speedily and neatly dispatching him. When to put the better varnish on his villany, and so to make it appeare to the world that his Master was his owne motherer, he taketh the pistoll and placeth it in his dead right hand, layes the key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the doore having a strong Spring-lock, puls & shuts it fast after him. When againe, to make his innocency the more cleare and conspicuous to the world, hee speedily and secretly taking a horse out of the stable, a Hawke on his fist, and a Spanniell at his heels, and so very joyfully and sheerefully gallops away to the fields, where (after some houre at least, or houre and halfe, at most) hee finds out Monsieur *Montagne*, and tells him his Master dispatcht him to him with a fresh Hawke, which was his best and chiefeest Gashawke. They Hawke all day together, and *Le Valley* (as accustomed) is very officious and diligent to Monsieur *Montagne*, who towards night returnes home to *Churres*, having (betwixt them all) taken eight Partridges and one Pheasant. Hee arrives at his brothers house, where missing him, he gives the Pheasant and foure of the Partridges to the Cooke to dresse for their Supper, when afterwards againe missing his brother *Beau-marays*, and enquiring for him, the meniall servants of the out-house tell him they saw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, hee sends up *Le Valley* to look for him in his chamber, who returns him this answer, that his Master is not there, but the doore is shut. *Montagne* marvelleth at his brothers long (& uncustomed) absence,

absence, and so doe all his servants. They finde his Cloake, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pin in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not farre, but at some neighbours house, hee sends *Le Valley* one way, and the rest of the servants to other places to finde him out; but whiles they seeke after him, *Le Valley* (favoured by the night) trips away speedily to the Lady *Blanchevilles* house, and there most briefly and secretly acquaints her how bravely he hath dispatched his Master that forenoone, she cannot containe her selfe for joy of this sweet newes, nor expresse it to him in lesse than a kisse; hee saies hee will tell her the rest to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promise to him, the which shee againe and againe sweares to him, she will performe it with a surpluse and advantage; so hee kisseth his sweet heart *Martha*, and againe dispeeds himselfe home: Where he and the rest of the servants who were sent into the streetes, returne *Montagne* no newes of their Master his brother: Supper being more than fully ready, his long missing of him, doth at last bring him much doubt, and some suspition and feare of his welfare. It runs still in his minde, that hee may be yet asleepe in his Chamber; wherefore hee ascends thither with *Le Valley*, and others of his servants, who call aloud, and bounce againe at the doore, but they heare no answer nor speech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and redouble his feare of his brother: At last hee commands them to force and breake open the doore, but it being exceeding thicke and strong, they cannot. *Montagne*'s tender care of his brother, doth by this time infinitely increase his feare of him, which at last so powerfully surpriseth him, that hee presently commands a Ladder to be erected to his brothers chamber window towards the garden, and sends up one of his Laqueyes with a torch to looke into the chamber; the Laquey forceth open the casement, and then thrust in his torch first, and his head after, which hee speedily withdrawing very passionately cryeth out: That his Master hath murdered himselfe with his pistoll, and lies there dead all goared in his blood. *Montagne* at this lamentable newes, teares his haire; weepes, and cries out a maine for sorrow thereof, and so doe all his servants: Among whom *Le Valley* is observed to be one of the most, who weepes, and cries mightily thereat. *Montagne* being almost as dead with griefe and sorrow hereat, as his brother *Beaumarays* was with his wound; he bids the Laquey to teare downe the casement, and to enter and unlocke the doore, which hee doth: So hee with *Le Valley*, and the rest of the servants, ascend and enter the chamber, where (to their unexpressible griefe and sorrow) they see this mournfull and murdered personage, with the discharged Pistoll fast in his hand, and the key of the chamber doore on the table, as hath beene already expressed. Once *Montagne* thought that his brother might be robbed and killed by thieves, but seeing all his trunks fast locked, and then opening his study doore, and finding all his gold, silver and Jewells therein good order, he abandons that suspition and jealousie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath absolutely murdered himselfe. The report of this tragicall and sorrowfull accident sounds loud in the streets of *Chartres*: *Montagne* sends for the Kings Attourney, and the Fiscall to see, and for Chirurgions to visit his dead brothers body, they all concurre and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his servants, and so generally affirme and conclude; That *Beaumarays* hath (with his little Pistoll) shot himselfe into the backe with a brace of bullets, whereof he died, which is sweet musick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his wormewood and gall comes after. And now *Montagne* with all requisit order, state and decency, solemnizeth his brothers funerals, & not only all *Chartres*, but all *Beauvaisse*, & all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Bishop of *Chartres*, the Marq. of *Bellary*, and the King himselfe much lamented & bewailed the unfortunate losse of this noble & valiant Gentleman. The griefe and sorrow of *Montagne* for his brothers untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*; for as he triumphes, so for her part, she is so extremely delighted and ravished with this sweet newes, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) she gives him his hundred and fifty crownes, and because

he hath dispatched his Master *Beau-marais* so speedily and secretly, she therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred crownes) and likewise gives it him: When to make good her oath and promise to him, (as also to make his pretended joy compleate) the very same day moneth after, marieth him to her maid *Martha*. But marriages that are founded and cymented with innocent blood, never have prosperous ends: Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortall enemy *Beau-marais*; and now likewise is *Le Valley* (in his conceit and minde) rapt up into the third Heaven of joy, in enjoying his faire and sweet wife *Martha*, and neither of them hath the conscience to thinke of, or the grace to repent this foule and bloody fact of theirs: Which, (when they least dreame thereof) we shall see God in his sacred mercy in Justice, will speedily detect, revenge and punish, as the sequell thereof will declare and informe us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murder of *Beau-marais* proceeded primarily from God; so it did secondly from his sorrowfull brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witnesses and evidence (and wholly guided by sacred power, and swayed by divine influence) was led to it by foure remarkable circumstances and considerations, every way worthy of our knowledge and retention: The first was his finding and perusing of *Blanchevilles* Letter to his brother *Beau-marais* (which formerly we have seen) wherein he observed a wonderfull deale of inveterate malice towards him from her: the second was *Le Valleys* sudden marrying of her chamber-maid *Martha*; by the which hee conceived, that that suspicion strongly reflected on her, and this on him: The third was from the sight of the Diamond Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the same which wee have formerly seene *Blancheville* to give him) for *Montagne* believing that he had stolen it from his dead brother, his Master, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when *Le Valley* to cleare himselfe of this pretended theft, was enforced to informe both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady *Blancheville* her Mistresse, the which confession of his, indeed, added much suspicion and jealousy of them both to the heart and minde of *Montagne*, as believing that it must be some extraordinary tie and service, which should make *Le Valley* capable to deserve so great a bounty and reward of her: But the fourth and last consideration was farre more powerfull and prevalent with him, than all the three former, to ground his suspicion against *Le Valley* for thus murdering of his brother, and wherein the Reader may deservedly admire and wonder at the celestiall providence and justice of God, which most miraculously and divinely appears herein; for the same day two moneths after this murder of *Beau-marais*, and the same day moneth that *Le Valley* married his wife *Martha*, it pleased the Lord (in his secret pleasure and justice) to send him a Gangren in his right hand, which beginning to extend and spread, his Chyrurgions, to save his life, advised his said hand to be speedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This suddenly cutting off *Le Valleys* right hand by advice of his Chyrurgions, brings terrour to him, feare to *Blancheville*, and astonishment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate spirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which pistoll'd his brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impossible, that *Blancheville* might be the Authour, and he the actor of this cruell murder: Wherefore grounding this his strong suspicion upon the piety and innocency of his brothers life and disposition, as also on his owne foure former premised serious considerations in these instances, hee neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts: But goes to the *Seneball*, and Kings Attourney of that City, and accuseth *Le Valley* to be the murderer of his brother *Beau-marais*: The wise and prudent Judges, advertised the Presidiall Court thereof likewise: So they presently cause him to be apprehended and imprisoned for the same; they charge him with this cruell murder committed on the person of his Master, but he stoutly denies it with many fearefull oathes and imprecations: But his crime

crime being greater than his Apologie, they adjudge him to the rack, where in the middelt of his tortures, God so deales with his heart and prevailes with his soule, that hee confesseth, it was he who murdered his master *Beaumarays* with a pistoll charged with a brace of bullets, and that hee was hired to performe it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred crownes in gold, and a Diamond ring to effect and finish it. At the relation and confession whereof *Montagne* and the Judges, exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them againe demanded if his wife *Martha* were not likewise accessary with them in this murther, hee freely and constantly told them that shee was not, and that he would take it to his death, that shee was every way as Innocent, as himselfe and *Blancheville* her mistris were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court speedily send sergeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is so farre from the apprehension or feare of any danger, as shee dreames not thereof: They find her in her owne house playing on her lute, and singing in company of many Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants seize on her, and tells her accusation and crime, whereat shee is amazed and weepes exceedingly, and no lesse doe those who are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who strongly accuse her for being the Author of this cruell murther of *Beaumarays*, and acquaint her with *Le Valleys* full and free confession thereof, as we have formerly understood: When here sometime with teares, and then againe with passion and choller, she tells the Judges, that *Le Valley* is a devill & a villaine, thus to accuse her falsely: That she never gave him a ring or three hundred crownes to doe it, and takes God to witnesse that she is wholly innocent of that murther. But this poore and passionate Apologie of hers, will not passe current with her Lyncee-eyed Judges, who cause her to be confronted with *Le Valley*, who stands firme to his former accusation against her, and yet her faith is so weak with God, & so strong with Satan, as with many cryes and curses, she againe and againe cryes out and protesteth of her Innocency: They produce her ring, and part of her gold, but she boldly denies and stoutly forswears both; So they presently adjudge her to the rack, whereto with much constancy shee permits her selfe to be fastened: But at the very first touch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brooke those exquisite torments, God was pleased to be so gracious and mercifull to her soule, as she presently (with many teares) cries out that she was the guilty Authour of this horrible murther, and so in all points and circumstances concurre and agrees with *Le Valleys* deposition and accusation against her; Here her Judges againe demand of her if her maid *Martha* were never accessary or consenting with her and *Le Valley* in this their bloody fact, but she vowes to them, that upon perill of her soule, she was absolutely innocent thereof, so hereupon this our inhumane Lady *Blancheville* is againe loosed from her rack, and brought away to the Tribunall of Justice, and so likewise is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the Kings attourney presently crave judgement of the presidents against these two murtherers, who after a long and a religious speech which they made, both to them and to all who were present upon this bloody fact and crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudge *Le Valley* the very next day to be broken on the wheele alive, and *Blancheville* then likewise to be hanged, which gave matter of Univerfall speech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Beauvais*.

Wee have scene the perpetration and detection of this inhumane and lamentable murther, committed by these two unfortunate wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and Justice of God) wee are come to see the triumphs of his revenge to fight against them in their condigne punishments for the same. They by their Judges are that afternoone returned againe to their prisons, and the same night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Christian charity) direct and prepare their soules for Heaven. So the next morning about ten of the clocke they are brought to the common place of execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to bee spectators of these their unfortunate ends and

deplorable tragedies: And first *Le Valley* ascends the scaffold, who is sad and penfive, and sayes little else in effect but this, that it was partly *Blanchewill's* gold, but chiefly his love to her maid, his wife *Martha*, who first drew him to murder his deere master *Beaumarais*, whereof hee affirmed he was now heartily repentant and sorrowfull, and besought the Lord to pardon him; He here tooke it to his death that his said wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murder, and therefore beseeched *Monsieur Montague*, to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom hee likewise prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few *Ave Marias* to himselfe, and often marking himselfe with the signe of the crosse: He was by his Executioner presently broken on the wheele, whereof he immediately dyed.

Le Valley was no sooner dispatched, but up comes our Female monster *Blanchewille* on the Ladder, whose youth and beauty drew pittie from the hearts, and teares from the eyes of most of her spectators: in her countenance shee was very sad and mournfull, and yet I am enforced to confesse this truth of her, that (in the last Scene and act of her life) her pride and Vanity so farre usurped on her judgement, her piety, and her soule, that shee came here to take her last leave of the world, apparelled in a rich blackrazed sattin gowne, a crimson damaske pettie-coate, laid with white sattin guards, a rich cutworke falling band, her haire all strewed with sweet powder, decked with white ribban knots and roses, and a snow white paire of gloves on her hands, so shee there craves leave of the people to speake a few words before she dies, which with a well composed countenance, and behaviour, she doth in these tearmes.

Shee said that her deare and tender affection to her husband *Champaigny* occasioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumarais*, and that as soone as she had slaine him in the field, she in revenge thereof instantly resolved and vowed to send him to heaven after him: she affirmed that she was now sorrowfull from her heart and soule, that she had caused *Le Valley* to kill this his master, also that shee was so unfortunate and miserable, as now to see him dye for her sake and service, in requitt whereof shee gave all her apparell, and some of her plate and Jewels to her old maid, now his new wife *Martha*, whom shee affirmed in presence of God and his angels, was no way guilty or consenting to this lamentable murder, which shee beseeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her, she likewise besought *Montague* & *Martha* to forgive her, and entreated all who were present to pray to God for her soule, she conjured all Ladies & Gentlewomen who were sorrowfull eye-witneses of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and so to hate malice and revenge in themselves as much as she loved it: When againe praying all her spectators to pray to God for her, shee after a few *Pater-nosters*, and *Ave-maries* was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deserved death of these two bloudy wretches *Le Valley* and *Blanchewille*, and in this sharpe manner, did God justly revenge and punish this their horrible crime of murder: Whose untimely and unfortunate deaths, left much griefe to their living parents and friends, and generally to all who either saw or knew them. May we read this their History, first to the honour of God, and then to our owne Instruction and reformation: That the sight and remembrance of these their punishments may deterre us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like

bloudy crimes, Amen.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XX.

Lorenzo murthereth his wife Fermia; He some twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) robbeth his (and her) sonne Thomaso, who likewise (not knowing Lorenzo to be his father) doth accuse him for that robbery, for which he is hanged.



Those who (by the pernicious instigation, and fatall temptation of Satan) doe wilfully imbrue their hands in innocent blood and so make themselves guilty of murther, are no longer men, but have prodigiously metamorphosed themselves into the nature and quality of devils. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Christians detestation, so most commonly (without Gods saving grace and mercy) their hearts are so obdured with impenitency of security, and their souls seared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheisticall prophanenesse and impiety, that they are so farre from thinking of God, as they beleeve there is no God, and so farre from fearing of his judgements and punishments, as they are desperately confident they have not deserved any: But because their hearts and actions are as transparent to Gods eyes and knowledge, as Gods decrees, and resolution are invisible to theirs, therefore (despight this their blindness and the devills malice and subtilty to obscure and conceale it) this world will affoord them no true peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquillity: But wheresoever they goe or live, their guilty thoughts and consciences as so many hellish blood-hounds will incessantly pursue and follow them, till in the end they drag them to condigne shame, misery, and confusion for the same: which this subsequent History will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable personage, whom it mournfully presents to our view and consideration. Let us read it in the feare of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becomes good Christians to make.

IT is not the meannesse of the personages, but the greatnesse and eminence of Gods Judgements, which hath prevailed with mee to give this History a place among my others : The which to draw from the head-spring, and originall, wee must understand, that in *Italy*, (the Garden of Europe, as Europe is that of the whole world) and in the City of *Genova*, (seated upon the Mediterranean Sea, which the Italians for the sumptuousnesse and statelinesse of her buildings, doe justly stile and entitle, proud *Genova*) neare unto the Arsenall upon the Key, there dwelt (of late yeares) a proper tall young man, of a coale blacke haire, some twenty five yeares old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his trade was a Baker, and was now become Master of his profession, and kept forth his Oven and shop for himselfe; wherein hee was so industrious and provident, that in a short time hee became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Galleyes of this Estate and Seigniory : Hee in few yeares grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the daughters of many wealthy Bakers, and other Artificers of *Genova*, but hee was still covetous, and so addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be resolved or perswaded to seeke any maid or widdow in marriage, sith hee knew it to bee one of the greatest and most important actions of our life, and which infallibly drawes with it, either our chiefeft earthly felicity or misery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before consummated on earth ; So *Lorenzo* going on a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is some twenty little miles from *Genova*, and heretofore was a free City and Estate of it selfe, but now swallowed up in the power and opulencie of that of *Genova*, he there fell in love with a rich Vintners daughter, her father named *Iuan Baptista Moron*, and shee *Firmia Moron*, who was a lovely and beautifull young maiden, of some eightene yeares of age, being tall and slender, of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow haire, but exceedingly vertuous and religious, and endowed with many sweet qualities and perfections ; who although shee were sought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worst of whom (either for estate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no way compare, yet shee could fancie none but him, and hee above all the men of the world she (secretly in her heart and mind) desired might be her Husband. *Lorenzo*, (with order and discretion) seekes *Firmia* in marriage of her Father *Moron*, who is too strong of purse, and too high of humour to match his daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanickall profession, and so gives him a flat and peremptory deniall. But *Lorenzo* finds his daughter more courteous and kinde to his desires, for she being as deeply enamoured of his personage, as hee was of her beauty and vertues, after a journey or two which hee had made to her at *Savona*, shee consents and yeelds to him to bee his wife, conditionally that hee can obtaine her fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwise ; which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult taske for him to compasse and procure ; for her father knowing *Firmia* to be his owne and onely childe and daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education, together with the consideration of his owne wealth and estate, made her every way capable of a farre better Husband than *Lorenzo* : As also that his daughter in reason and religion, and by the lawes of heaven and earth, was bound to yeeld him all duty and obedience (because of him shee had formerly received both life and being) therefore hee was resolute that *Lorenzo* should not have his daughter to wife, neither would hee ever hearken to accept, or consent to take him for his sonne in Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchased the affection of his sweet and deare *Firmia*, hee now (out of his fervent desire and zeale to see her made his wife, and himselfe her Husband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her father *Moron* to consent thereunto, wherein the more importunate, humble, and dutifull he (both by himselfe and friends) is to *Moron*, the more imperious

imperious, averse, and obstinate is he to *Lorenzo*, as disdaining any farther to heare of this his suit and motion for his daughter. But *Lorenzo* loves the daughter too tenderly and dearely thus to be put off with the first repulse and deniall of her father, and so (notwithstanding) he againe persevereth in his suit towards him, with equall humility and resolution: He requesteth his consent to their affections with prayers, and his daughter *Fermia* (having formerly acquainted her father with her deare and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) she now prayes him thereto with teares: But (as one who had wholly wedded himselfe to the singularity of his owne resolution and pleasure) he againe proudly refuseth him with disdain, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choller and indignation, and so secretly vowes to himselfe, and publicquely sweares to them, that he will first die, and salute his grave, before ever hee will permit him to marry his daughter. Which unkind answer and thundering resolution of his, proves the extreme griefe of his daughter *Fermia*, and infinite affliction and sorrow of her Lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are enforced to beare up with the time, yea, and to make a vertue of necessity, by separating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he returnes to *Genova*, and shee lives and remains with her Father in *Savona*, having no other comfort left them in their absence, but hope, nor no other consolation, but sometimes to visit each other with their Letters, which they doe.

Old *Moron* now finds his young daughter *Fermia*, farre more pensive, reserved and sorrowfull than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to see her affection intangled with this Baker *Lorenzo*, yet he rejoyceth to see, that he comes to *Savona*, as also to understand that his daughter hath no way ingaged her selfe to him in promise of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and consent thereto, which as heretofore, so now againe, he deeply sweares, hee will never be drawne or perswaded to grant. And the sooner and better eternally and fully to dash these their irregular loves and affections, hee thinkes it fit for him to provide, and requisite to present his daughter with another Husband: To which end hee gives her the choyce of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but shee will have none of them, for her affection is so deeply fixed, and constantly settled on *Lorenzo*, that say her father what he will, or doe he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to see, much lesse to speake with any one of them: Whereat hee calls her foolish Gigglet, and fond Girle, and sweares, that he will wholly renounce her for his daughter, and absolutely dis-inherit her, and leave her a begger, if she marry *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choller, and leaves her alone to her selfe, to entertaine her disconsolate and sorrowfull thoughts, with a world of sighes and teares.

As for the Letters which passe from *Genova* to *Savona*, and that are also returned from *Savona* to *Genova*, betweene these our two Lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this their History, I have therefore purposely excluded, and for order and brevities sake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and tooke up their affections and patience so long, that three yeeres are now past and blowne over, since they first saw each other, and since *Lorenzo* first motioned *Moron* for his consent to marry his daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to those our two young Lovers seemed at least so many ages, The Reader is prayed to understand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or sixe journeyes from *Genova* to *Savona*, to see his *Fermia*, and hath importunately requested her father *Moron* for his consent, and that at least as many times she likewise hath employed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath beene more often on her bended knees to him to begge it, but all these their requests and solicitations towards him prove vaine.

When *Lorenzo* at last considering and remembring, that hee had used all the lawfull meanes he could possibly invent, and *Fermia* all her best indeavours and inventions which lay in her mortall power to draw her father *Moron* to their desires and wishes

wishes of marriage, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevaile with him, he thinks it now high time (as well for the settling of his fortunes and trade, as also for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay close siege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithstanding her fathers refusall) she would consent and yeeld to marry him, and so very secretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himselfe in *Genova*, telling her, that although hee had never a Duckaton of marriage money with her from her father, yet that God had given him estate and meanes enough to maintaine her and his family, in full and plentifull prosperity, and that he would be a thousand times more tender and carefull of her than of his owne life. Thus with a world of sweet words and sugred promises and perswasions, this sweet and faire young maiden (contrary to her former wholesome, vertuous and obedient resolutions) is at last, drawne and tempted away by him, now to prove disobedient to her father, yea, and to forsake and flie away both from his house and himselfe. So *Lorenzo* having to that end secretly provided himselfe of a fine small Frigot, of foure oares on each side, he therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policy of the Genouesses (now their Lords and Superiours) have dammed up, and made uncapable of ships of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their owne capitall City) where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, she (taking her best clothes, and other chiefe necessities with her) in the dead time of the night, when her father and his servants were fast in sleepe, and all things being hushed up in silence, seemed to conspire to her rash and inconsiderate escape, shee by the Garden doore, issued forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kisses, and so conducts her to the Frigot, where the wind (in favour of this their clandestine flight) proving very faire, they hoyle up saile, and earely the next morning arrive at *Genova*, where (within two houres after) *Lorenzo* conducts her to Saint Saviours Church, and there very secretly, (yet solemnly) espouseth and marries her. But, O *Fermia*, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thine innocency and indiscretion, thy few yeeres, and many vertues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, so rashly and disobediently to flie from *Savona* to *Genova*, and to take (or rather to steale) away thy selfe from thy Father, purposely to give thy selfe in marriage to *Lorenzo*, for which indiscreet and disobedient fact of thine, it is not impossible for thee to see this ensuing position verified and confirmed in thy selfe, *That there is nothing so easie in young people as to commit errors, nor so difficult as to repaire them.*

Whiles thus our young married couple celebrate their nuptials in *Genova* with delight and joy, old *Moron* the father, grieves and stormes thereat in *Savona*, for the sudden flight of his daughter: When fearing and believing that *Lorenzo* had stollen her away, he secretly makes enquiry thereof at his house of *Genova*, from whence he hath perfect notice, that she is there, and married to him, whereat hee passionately converts his grieve into choller, both against her and him, and (in regard of this their disgrace and dishonour offered him) most constantly vows to himselfe, and to all who are neere him, that they shall never touch nor injoy the vallew of one Duckaton of all his Estate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once send after them, nor ever hereafter see them, which sharpe vow and bitter sentence against our *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, wee shall be enforced to see him too carefully to keepe, and too severely and punctually to performe.

Some ten daies after this marriage of *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, when their wedding joyes and pleasures had given them some truce and time to consider of their worldly affaires, because they know and repute it folly, to thinke to be able wholly to live by love, *Lorenzo* considering the injury and disgrace which he had offered his father in Law, *Moron*, in this action, and therefore very desirous yet now againe to seeke his consent and good will to this their marriage, that thereby hee may participate and share of some part of his wealth, hee determineth shortly to ride over to *Savona*

to

to him, and with his best respects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet neverthelesse, he thinks it very fit, and holds it most expedient, that his wife in the meane time, should first excuse her selfe to her father by her Letter, the which she doth in these termes :

FERMIA TO MORON.

Although the cause and manner of my departure from you and your house make mee more worthy of your indignation than of your pardon, yet when you shall please to remember that you are my father, and my selfe your onely childe and daughter, and that God and his holy Church hath of Lorenzo my friend, now made him my husband, and also that for the terme of three whole yeeres, I with teares and prayers, came many times prostrate to you on my bended knees to obtaine your consent thereunto, then I hope you will at least excuse, if not wholly forget and pardon this error of mine : Or if these reasons be not powerfull enough to intercede with your displeasure, I most humbly beseech you further to consider, that herein I have neither blemished nor disgraced your reputation with any point of dishonour ; For as I came to my Husbands bed a pure Virgin, so I will live & die with him a chaste wife, and that as this clandestine flight and marriage of mine was the first, so it shall be the last act of my disobedience towards you. Some small portion of your wealth at our first beginning, will doe my Husband and selfe a great deale of good in our trade, but this I leave, as to your consideration, so to your pleasure ; Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth, and lower if I could) I desire your blessing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will shortly second this Letter of mine to you with his presence, and will then commit that taske to his tongue, which I have now obediently imposed and commanded to my pen : And my prayers and hopes, and his promises and vertues doe assure me, that (in his respects and service to you) you shall ever finde him to be as much your servant as your sonne in Law. God ever prosper your age with health, and blesse your health with prosperity.

FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in Savona, and understanding by the messenger who brought it, that it came from his daughter Fermia, from Genova, he was at first in such a fret and fume of choller thereat, as hee once thought to have throwne it into the fire, without vouchsafing to read it : But after he had made three or foure turnes in his Parlour, and so somewhat abated the violence of his passion and choller, he then procures so much time from his pleasure, and so much patience from himselfe, as he breaks up the seales thereof, and peruseth it, the which as soone as he had performed, he in presence of the messenger who brought it, teares her Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choller) throwes it into the fire, when againe turning himselfe to him, he bad him tell the Gigglet his daughter, That her carriage had beene so base, disobedient, and ingratefull to him, that hee disdained to returne her any answer to her Letter, and was very sorry that hee had so much descended from himselfe, as to have received and read it : When without once enquiring of him how his daughter did, yea, without giving the messenger any reward, or which is lesse, without making him drinke, he hastily and chollerickly flings from him, and will no more see or speake with him. Who returning to Genova, and reporting to Lorenzo and his wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himselfe had of her father Moron in Savona ; shee grieves and stormes thereat publicquely, and hee privately, and at their first relation and knowledge of this her fathers unkindnesse in answering her Letter with silence, they looke each on other with their countenances composed, partly of discontent, and partly of sorrow, and for her part, shee cannot reframe from teares, till at last, her Husband Lorenzo steps to her, when (as much to dissipate her griefe, as to dissemble his owne) he gives her many smiles, and comforts her with these speeches : That according to her promise

mise (in her Letter) to her father, he will the next weeke goe over to him, and will then beare himselfe so respectively towards him, that he hopes his presence shall purchase his affection, which her Letter could not, so she hereat remains better satisfied than her Husband contented with this harsh carriage, and unkinde resolution of their father towards him.

Now some eight daies after, *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handsomely clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horse in an Inne, hee a little before supper time, goes to his father in Law, *Morons* house, where enquiring of his servants for him, they tell him he is above in his Chamber, when desirous to see and speake with him, one of them steps up to him, and informes him thereof; Whereat *Moron* starting up, as if he had beene suddenly awaked out of a dreame, he at the first mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but especially of that of his sonne in Law, *Lorenzo*, bolts himselfe fast in his chamber, and then calling up his servants to him, hee flatly chargeth them to deny his being within to *Lorenzo*, and as soone as he is gone forth, to shut the doores against him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his house, for that his pleasure and resolution is neither to see nor speake with him. *Lorenzo* bites the lip at this baffle of his servants, first, to say their Master, his father in Law was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it discretion to depart, goes to his Hostary (or Inne) to Supper, and returnes thither againe speedily after, but findes the same answer. So then fearing the truth, that his father in Law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returnes to his lodging, and in much choller, betakes himselfe to his bed, but this discourtesie of his father in Law will not permit him any sound rest, but onely affords him many broken discontented slumbers. The next morning, very earely, he returnes thither againe, to see and speake with him, but the first proved the last answer of his servants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all nettled with choller and anger) takes horse, and rides away for *Genova*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genova*, where he truely and fully relates to his wife *Fermia*, the discourtesie of her father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly understood, which (poore sweet soule) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her minde and thoughts, but how to remedy it, shee knowes not; for as she knowes, she (by her disobedient flight and marriage against her fathers consent) hath committed a great fault towards him, so now shee sees, that (of necessity) she must owne and make the best of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and she reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they referre the issue of this their fathers pleasure or displeasure unto God; but yet rather hoping than despairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their desires, they passe away their time merrily and sweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Husband to her, and she a kinde and dutifull wife to him. Hee exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and she as carefull in her house and family, to save what he gets, and thus in fixe moneths after, they neither goe nor send to their father, thinking and hoping, that although it be unlikely, yet it is not impossible but that hereafter of his owne free accord and good disposition and nature, hee may shortly exchange his displeasure into courtesie, and his malice into affection towards them: but as yet, they still finde the contrary, for in all this time, he never sends to them, nor so much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of fixe moneths, *Lorenzo* prayes his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona* to see what alteration this long time hath wrought in her fathers affection, and so recommends her portion from him, to her care and remembrance, but resolves not to write to him because of his unkindnesse to him at his last being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her Husband, than out of her owne willingnesse or desire) accepts of this journey, but still she feares that she shall finde her father to be one and the same man in his discontent and displeasure against them. But yet in regard she is his owne flesh and blood, his onely childe, and therefore a great part of himselfe, shee yet flatters her

her selfe with this hope, that he cannot be so unnatural to her, as hee was unkinde to her Husband. Shee comes to *Savona*, but looke what entertainment her Husband *Lorenzo* found from her Father, the same in all respects and points doth shee, and no other-wise: For he will neither speake with her, nor nor see, nor permit her, either to lie, eate, or drinke in his house, but most incourteously and unnaturally causeth his doores to be fast shut against her; yea, and to adde cruelty to his unkindnesse, he is extreme angry with his servants, for daring to admit her to speake with him, and with her Aunt *Alcina* (his owne sister): for receiving and lodging her.

Our sweet *Fermia* the daughter is extremely perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her fathers bitter unkindnesse and cruelty towards her, the which she seales with many sighes, and consumes with infinite Rivolets of teares, which trickle downe her beautiful cheeks as so many pearled drops of dew on blushing and fragrant damaske Roses: When againe imploying her aforesaid Aunt *Alcina*, and likewise intreating father *Bernardin De Monte*, her Fathers owne ghostly father, to perswade him in her behalfe, which they doe. But at last, seeing the requests of the one bootlesse, and the spirituall exhortations of the other vaine and to no effect, then as she came from *Genova* to *Savona*, with some hope and joy, so is she againe constrained to returne from *Savona* to *Genova*, with infinite gleeffe and despaire: Where from point to point (betwixt anger and teares) she relates to her husband *Lorenzo*, the unnaturall discourtesie which her Father had offered her: Whereat as before, so now he againe dissembleth his discontent thereof, and with many sweet speeches, and some few kisses, seekes to comfort and pacifie her: But still the remembrance hereof sticks deepe in her mind, and yet farre deeper in his thoughts, for the knowledge of his father in Law *Morons* discourtesie first offered to himselfe, and now to his wife in *Savona*, being known and reported to many of his neighbours and friends in *Genova*, they scoffe and taunt at his foolish ambition, in marrying and stealing away his wife, and in all companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done farre wiser to have married a poore trades mans daughter in *Genova* with a small portion, then a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing: which foolish and malicious speech of theirs, falls not so easily from his memory as from their tongues, but leaves an impression therein, for from henceforth *Lorenzo* of a wise man, proves himselfe a foole, of an honest man a knave, and so of a good Christian to God, an extreme bad husband both to his wife and himselfe: for now seeing the mountaines of his hopes of a rich wife turned to molehills, and they to nothing through his Fathers displeasure and unkindnesse to them, hee lookes not on his wife with so kinde and respective an eye as heretofore, although poore harmlesse young woman, shee knows farre better to lament and grieve, than how to remedy her fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacie, for before a whole yeere be past since their marriage, her Husband so farre forgets his love to his wife, his regard to himselfe and his reputation and credit to the world, as he first begins to sleight her, and then to neglect both himselfe and his profession: And here now it is, that idlenesse begins first to enter into his hands, vice into his heart, and stone into his soule, and here it is, that he first falls into bad courses, and wicked company, from whence in the end (I feare) will proceed nothing but shame, repentance, misery and confusion of all sides.

Hee who formerly prayed often with his wife and family in his house, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now there is so dangerously fled from God, and so desperately following of the Devil, as hee scorns the Church, and will neither pray himselfe at home with his wife, nor (which is worse) permit or suffer her to doe it at home with her family: Hee hath forgotten her deare affection and constancy to him, and how shee hath incurred her fathers indignation for making him her Husband, and her selfe his wife: Hee hath forgotten his former oathes and promises of his trades affection and constant love to her, and how that

in life and death he would live and die more hers than his owne; Hee hath forgotten how for his sake, and for the fervent love she bore him, that she forsooke divers rich young men of *Savonia*, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth and Profession; Or else if hee did remember it, he would not thus sleight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and lascivious company, spending both his time, his meanes, and himselfe, upon Panders, Bawds and Strumpets; from which ungodly life and sinfull conversation; neither her prayers, intreaties, requests, perswasions, sighes or teares can possibly reclaime him; but hee lets all things runne at randome and confusion without order, care, or consideration, so that within the compasse of one yeere and a halfe, his trade is neglected, his credit crackt, his reputation lost, his estate spent, and nothing left, either to maintaine himselfe, or relieve her, but griefe, sorrow, dispaire and misery. She sets all his best friends, and most vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, she holds it more shame than sinne, to acquaint his Confessor therewith, who taking a fit time, deales roundly with him for his reformation, and failes not to paint out his sinnes and vices, as also their deserved punishments in their foulest and most hideous colours: But still her Husband *Lorenzo* is so strongly linked to the Divell, and so firmly wedded to his beastly vices and enormities, that all the world cannot divert or dissuade him from them; and still hee is so farre from abandoning and forsaking them, as hee addes new to his old: For the Divell hath now taught him to delight in cursing and swearing; for in his speeches and actions, hee useth many fearefull oathes and desperate execrations: He begins to revile her, and to give her foule language, terming her Beggar, and her father Villaine, and that he is bound to curse them both, because (saith he) they have beggered him; when God and his sinfull soule and conscience well knowes, that there is nothing more untrue or false: For if his piety toward God, or his care & providence of himselfe and his family had equalized hers, he had then made himselfe as happy as now he is miserable, and she as joyfull, as now we see her disconsolate and sorrowfull, and then no doubt, but time and God would have drawne her father *Moron* to have bestowed some portion on him with his wife, whereas now the knowledge of his impious life, and lascivious prodigalities doth justly occasion him to the contrary. Againe, here befalls another accident which brings our sorrowfull *Fernia* new griefe, vexation and teares, for she sees her selfe great, yea, quick with childe by her Husband *Lorenzo*, so as that which shee once hoped would have beene the argument of her joy, now proves the cause of her affliction and sorrow; for his vices hath scarce left her wherewith to maintaine her selfe; and therefore it grieves her to thinke and consider, how hereafter she shall be able to maintaine her childe, when God in his appointed time shall send it her; for he hath so consumed his estate, and spent, sold and pawned all their best household stuffe and apparell, that almost they have nothing left to give themselves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet still how lewd and irregular soever *Lorenzo* be, his vertuous and sorrowfull wife *Fernia* serves God duly and truly, and spends a great part of her time in prayer, still beseeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her husband all his foule sins towards him, and cruell ingratitude towards her selfe: When, in the midst of this her poverty and misery, once she thought to have left her husband in *Genova*, and to have cast her selfe at her fathers feet in *Savonia*, that he would pardon, receive and entertaine her: But then againe considering his flinty heart and cruelty toward her, and that he would rather contempe than pity her youth and misery, but especially calling to mind her duty to her husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the presence of God and his Church, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer: Then, I say, the consideration and remembrance thereof, is so strong a tye to her conscience, and so strict an obligation to her soule, that she thinkes his vices and poverty, hath now more need of her assistance, prayers and company, than of her abience; so as a vertuous wife, and a religious Christian, she will not consent to forsake and leave him, but resolves to stay and live

live with him, to see what the Lord is pleased to impose on her, and (for his sins and hers) what afflictions and miseries he hath ordayned and decreed for them : And yet being desirous to draw hope and comfort any way, because shee findes grieve and dispaire from all parts, shee resolves to acquaint her father with her calamities, as also (earnestly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which she doth in this her sorrowfull letter to him, which she sends him safely to Savona.

FERMIA TO MORON.

I Now finde to my grefe, and know to my shame and Repentance, that my disobedience in marrying Lorenzo against your consent and without your blessing, is the reason why God hath thus punished me with a bad husband in him, whose fervent affection to me is so soone forgotten and frozen, and whose Vertues in himselfe are so suddenly and sinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigalities hath spent and consumed all his estate, and left not wherewith either to give himselfe or mee maintenance : In which regard because my afflictions are so great, and my miseries so infinite, that I rather deserve your pittie then your displeasure : Therefore if not for my sake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers sake and remembrance, who is your dead wife, either give my Husband meanes to set up his old trade and forsake his new vices in Genoa, or else take me home to live with you againe in Savona : Or if you will not in Nature respect me as your Daughter, yet in compassion entertaine me as your Handmaid, and I most humbly and religiously beseech you to thinke and consider with your selfe, to what great wants and necessitie I am now reduced, for I write you this my letter rather with teares then inke : God direct your heart to my reliefe and consolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your service, and consecrated to his glory.

FERMIA.

Her father Moron after a long consultation and reluctance with himselfe, whether he should reade or reject this letter of his daughter, He at last (having formerly understood of her husbands prodigality, and her poverty and misery) breakes up the scales thereof and peruseth it, and surely if there had beene any sparke of humanity or reason, or of good nature or pittie in him at all, his former knowledge of her miseries, and now this present assurance and confirmation thereof, should have perswaded him to grant her, if not the first, yet the second of her requests, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance : but hee is still so hard-hearted to her as hee will neither relieve her wants, nor pittie her afflictions, but (more out of harred then affection to her) thinkes he hath done enough in sending her not his love, but this his sharpe letter in answer of hers.

MORON TO FERMIA.

I f thy Husband prove not to thy liking, thou hast just reason to thanke thy selfe, and to condemne thine owne temerity and disobedience in choosing him, and if his affection be so soone forgotten or frozen to thee, it is a just punishment of God, because thine was so first to me, whereof as that is the effect, so doubtlesse this is the prime, and originall cause thereof : and as his vices and prodigality hath spent all his estate, so I have not so little iudgement, (though thou so small understanding) to thinke that mine shall redeeme it, which (upon the whole) were then to imitate and second him in his folly, and consequently to make my selfe guilty in consuming it. And because thou fleddest with him without my knowledge from Savona to Genoa, and didst there marry him without my consent, therefore it is neither thy Griefe nor Misery, or thy shame and repentance, which shall induce me either to respect or pittie thee as my daughter or which is lesse, so relieve and entertaine thee as my handmaid : you both are young enough to worke and labour for your living, as thy mother and my selfe did for ours, and therefore know that thy youth deserves no compassion from my age, and if this will not satisfie thee, then the best

advise and counsel which I can or will give thee is, that thou continually direct thy prayers to God, for thy reliefe and consolation: And herein thou wilt then serve thy selfe, please me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardest my Commandes, or desirest my blessing, let me neither see thee, or hereafter heare any more of thy vaine and foolish Letters.

MORON.

The receipt of this her fathers unkinde and cruell Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with despaire, and her heart with griefe; or if that doe not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her deboshed husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reason and opposit to Grace, he many times beates her; she is all in teares hereat, useth all possible meanes to reclaim him from his new vices to his old vertues: Shee continually perswades him fairely with exhortations, sweetly with sighes, and deerely with teares, yea poore sweet young woman, shee many times casts herselfe at his feet, and with her armes cross'd, her hands elevated towards heaven, her haire dishevell'd and dandling about her cheekes, and her pearled teares bedewing the lillies of her mournfull and disconsolate countenance, begs him to forsake his vices to himselfe, and his undeserved unkindnesse and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vaine, for he proves deafe to her requests and prayers, and blinde to her sighes and teares. He hath no longer mony to buy corne, and is so farre from selling any bread to others, as he hath scarce enough to give to himselfe and to his great bellied wife, and as for his servants he is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himselfe and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkeable, for when he wants mony, he beates her, if shee will not presently supply his wants, and furnish his expences. Now in the midst of all these her griefes and miseries, God sends her a faire young sonne, of whom the father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her neighbours beene farre greater than that of her husband to her, both the mother had miscarry'd, and the childe perished in the sharpe throwes and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little son, whom she causeth to be christened in a very poore manner and ceremony, is *Thomas*: For she is so poore as she hath nothing but raggs to wrappe and cover him with, and therefore with much griefe and shame, she begges poore linnen clouts of her neighbours to keepe him cleane and sweet: When it is waking, shee lookes and kisseth it often with ioy, but when it sleepes or suckes, then she grieves that it is so unfortunate both in a wicked father, and in a poore disconsolate mother, who hath more meanes to lament and pittie, then milke to feed and nourish it: Shee often shewes her husband his childe, and importunately begges him henceforth to have a more provident care of himselfe for his childes sake, and of his childe for his owne sake: But he as a lewd Husband and too degenerate a father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them, yea his vices and cruelty makes her sorrow so infinite, that shee reputes herselfe a burthen to herselfe, and a thousand times wisheth she were in heaven; And one time among the rest after her husband without cause, had given her many bitter words and some sharp and cruell blowes her childe being in its cradle, he gone forth from her in choller, shee falls downe on her knees to prayer, the which so soone as she had ended, and her childe awaking and crying, she takes it up in her armes, and mournfully sitting downe on the floore by her bed side, shee (weeping as fast as her poore infant babe sucked) having bolted her chamber doore, was overheard by one of her neighbours (twixt whom and her selfe there was but a wainscot enterclose and partition) to pronounce these (or the like) sorrowfull speeches to her selfe.

O poore *Fernia*, it had been an infinite happinesse for thee if thou haddest never seene thy husband *Lorenzo*, or perished and suncke in the Sea when thou fleddest with him from *Savona* to *Genova*, before he was thy Husband. For surely thou hast great cause to thinke, and reason to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a iust plague and punishment sent

sent thee from God, for disobeying thy father, in marrying without his consent and blessing; with whom when thou livedst single, thou hadst so much felicity and joy, as thou knewest not what belonged to sorrow and misery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art enforced to taste so much griefe and misery, as thou knowest no more what belongs to joy & felicity. Then thou diddest surfeit with the choyce of the costliest meats and viands, and now thou art ready to starve meereley for want of bread: Then thy apparrell was rich, but now rent and torne: Then thy beauty made thee sought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefes and sorrowes having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee. For can thy griefes bee matched, or thy afflictions and sorrowes paralleld, when thou hast a Husband who neither feares nor serves God, who will neither goe to Church or pray himselfe; or permit or suffer thee to doe it; and who is so farre from loving thee, as hee loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye mee) hee drownes himselfe and his wits in wine, and keepes whores to thy nose, spends all his estate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the off-scumme and Caterpillers of the world) with whom he consumes his time and himselfe, making night day, and day night in these his beastly revels, and obscene voluptuousnesse, and upon whom he hath spent so much, as he now hath nothing left either to spend or maintaine himselfe and thee; yea, thy miseries are so great, and thy afflictions and sorrowes so sharpe and infinite, that thou hast no parent left to succour or relieve thee, and which is lesse, no friend who will assist or comfort thee. Poore young woman, and disconsolate sorrowfull wife that thou art, it were a blessed happinesse, and a happy blessing for thee that thou wert unborne or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother dyed too soone for thee, when thou wert young, and therefore shee cannot, and thy father lives, (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee so much as he will not assist and releev thee. And as all thy kinsfolkes refuse to lend or send thee any comfort in these thy wants and calamities; so those who professed themselves thy friends in thy prosperity, will not now either see thee in thy pouerty, or know thee in thy misery. When againe and againe looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kisses, then (her teares interrupting her wordes, and her sighs againe cutting her teares in peeces) she continueth her speech thus: And thou my sweet babe, what shall I say to thee, sith almost I can doe nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my selfe, how then can I give milke to thee? and yet I love thee so dearly and tenderly, that although thy unkinde and cruell father hate me so deadly, yet I will starve before thou shalt want, yea, I will cheerefully worke, and (if occasion serve) begge my selfe to death to get sustenance and necessities for the preservation of thy life. For live thou my sweet babe as happy as thy poore mother is miserable and unfortunate: And if I die before thee, (as I hope I shall not live long) say thou hadst a mother who loved thee a thousand times dearer than her owne life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poore in estate and meanes to maintaine thee. And if I leave thee nothing behind me, (because I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my blessing, and leave thee heire to these my most religious prayers, That God in his divinest favour and mercy will not powre down his wrath and punishments on thee, but thou mayest live to be as happy in thy vertues, as I feare thy father will be miserable in his vices; and as true a servant and instrument of Gods glory, as (with griefe and teares) I see he is of his owne disgrace and dishonour.

Neither is our vertuous *Fermia* deceived in the close of this her passionate and presaging speech towards her husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly course of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his fresh as his drunken humours) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight & glory to beat her; who notwithstanding yet thinking and hoping to work some good in him, through his sight of this poore infant his son; She often shewes it to him, & with sighes and teares prayes him to leave off this his sinfull life towards God, & these his cruell courses and actions towards herselfe. But he is still the same man, yea, he is so wretchedly debauched and vitious, as hee will

not endure to thinke of making himself better, and to say the truth, I beleeeve and think that the Devill cannot possibly make him worfe; the which his poore sorrowfull Wife perceiving, as also that her childe being now by this time almost two yeares old, shee hath not wherewithall in the world to maintaine it meat or cloathes, shee is enforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so workes exceeding hard with her needle, thereby to give life to her selfe, and her pretty young sonne; and yet say she what she will with sighes, and doe she what shee can with teares, her Husband still forcibly takes away the two parts of the poore profit, and small revenewe of her labours, both from her selfe, and her little sonne *Thomaso*, not caring if they starve or die, so hee have to maintaine his vitious expences among his lewd Conforts and Companions; yea, her miseries and wants are now so great, and her affection to her childe so deare and tender, that when shee hath no meanes to set her selfe to worke, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchlesse grieve and shame) shee descends so farre from her selfe, as shamefully and secretly in remote streets and Churches, shee begges the almes and charity of some well disposed people for their subsistence and maintenance: But at length, when she sees that her Husband is informed and acquainted therewith, and that hee is so inhumane in himselfe, and so cruell hearted to her and her sonne, that hee likewise takes these small monies away from her, (which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies) then not knowing what (in the world) to doe, or which way to winde or turne her selfe any longer, to maintaine her sonne, which (by many degrees) she loves better than her selfe, she resolves to write to her father to take him home to him at *Savona*, and maintaine him, which shee doth by this her ensuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA TO MORON.

THe increase of my Husbands vices are those of my wants and miseries, which are now growne so extreame and infinite, that I have not cloathes nor food left to maintaine my selfe, or my poore little sonne *Thomaso*, nor scarce to give life to us: And considering that I am your daughter, (yea your only childe) me thinks both in Nature and Christianity, that my Father should not see me driven to these sharpe and bitter extremities, without relieving me, especially, because as heretofore, so now my sighes begge it of you with humility for charities sake, and my teares with sorrow for Gods sake. Or if yet your heart will not dissolve into pity, or relent into compassion towards me, at least let it towards my poore and pretty yeung childe, whom now with prayers and teares I beseech you to take from me and maintaine, though not as a great part of me, yet as a little piece of your selfe, and whom God (in his sacred power and secret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reserve to be as much happynesse to you, as I your sorrowfull Daughter, and his poore Mother see my selfe born to affliction and misery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I shall the sooner forget your unnaturall unkindnesse and cruelty towards my selfe. And so may you live in as much prosperity, as I feare I shall shortly die in extreame indigence and misery.

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* receiveth and peruseth this third Letter of his Daughter *Fermia*, whereat being yet nothing moved in charity, or touched in compassion towards her, but only towards her young sonne (and his grand childe) *Thomaso*, he returnes her this short answer.

MORON TO FERMIA.

I see thou art both wilfull and obstinate in disobeying my commands with thy Letters, wherein I beleeeve thou takest more glory, than either I conceive grieve at the relation of thy wants, or sorrow at the repetition of thy miseries, the which I am so far from relieving, as I onely pity it that I am thy father, but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet because thy young son *Thomaso* is as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure and indignation, therefore give him to this bearer whom I have purposely sent to receive him of thee, and I will see whether it be the pleasure of God that

that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy selfe; and if in his sacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a cross and calamity to mine, which if it prove so, then give God the only praise and glory, which is the best use and requitall which thou canst make, or I desire.

MORON.

Our poore and desolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although she be wonderfull sorrowfull at the perseverance of his trusty towards her selfe, yet she is infinitely glad and joyfull at his compassion and kindnesse towards her young son, whom apparelling the very best that possibly she could, (which God knowes is ragged, meane, and poore) she (with a thousand sighes, teares, prayers, blessings, and kisses) gives him to her fathers messenger, to whose affection and education, as also to Gods gracious protection and preservation, she religiously recommends him; when (to her exceeding grieve and sensible affliction) she sees it out of her possible power once to perswade her Husband *Lorenzo* either to kille or to see him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to blesse it, or of his duty to pray to God to blesse it, much lesse to kille it at parting. A most unkinde and unnaturall part of a father to his sweet and pretty young sonne. Which strange and discourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impossible for us to see God as strangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowfull *Fermia* having thus sent away her little sonne *Thomaso* to her Father *Moron* at *Savona*, she the very same night dreames in her poore bed and house in *Genova*, that she shall never be so happy to see him againe; when being awaked, and remembering this her sorrowfull dreame, she for meere grieve bitterly weepes thereat, and although she would, yet she cannot possibly forget or suppress the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her minde; so that thinking her selfe fortunate in placing this her little sonne with her Father, and his Grandfather, she is now very pensive and sorrowfull for his absence, because she can no longer see him, play with him, and kisse him, and is infinitely disconsolate and mournfull when she thinks of her dreame of him. In the meane time her lewd Husband growes from bad to worse, so that her cohabitation is but a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an Indenture of slavery, and a contract of misery under him. Such is her incomparable grieve, such her unparalleld afflictions and calamities.

Five yeares our disconsolate *Fermia* lives in this rich misery, and miserable poverty with her Husband, and yet all the whole world cannot perswade her Father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no consolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; so she armes her selfe with the last, and adorneth her self with the first. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little son *Thomaso*, but now being eased of that burthen, she will give it over, so she workes hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet shee cannot get, so fast as her Husband spends it prodigally and lasciviously. Her care and vertues make her the pity, as his lewd life and vices make him the scorne and contempt of their neighbours. So while, she sits at home close at her needle in poore apparell, hee idly wanders abroad untill hee have brought his apparell to rags, and himselfe almost to nakednesse. And here it is that her wretched Husband *Lorenzo* now first begins to hearken to the Devill, yea, to prove a very Devill himselfe towards this his deare and vertuous Wife; for hee enters into a consultation with himselfe, that if he were once rid of his Wife *Fermia*, he might marry some other with a good portion to maintaine him, and so againe set up his Trade of Baking which now had forsaken him, because hee had vitiously and unthriftyly forsaken it. When his faith being as weake with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the world, hee assumes a bloody and damnable resolution to murder her, and heereunto the devill is still at his elbow to provoke & egge him onward, and continually blowes the coals

to this his malice and indignation against her: So neither his minde or heart, his conscience or soule can divert him from this fearefull enterprize, and lamentable & bloody businesse: The which to performe and perpetrate, hee on a great holiday (which was the purification of the blessed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard some halfe a mile from the City of *Genova* under colour to recreate themselves, and to take the aire, which God knowes, shee poore soule, takes for a great, because an unaccustomed favour and courtesie at his hands, where shee most lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himselfe fast asleepe, and she (innocent harmlesse young woman) then and there slept soundly, and every way being as devoyd of feare, as hee was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolical cruelty, (seeing the coast cleare) softly riseth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happinesse to utter one word before her death: Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, hee speedily and politiquely enters *Genova* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all suspicion of this his bloody and damnable fact.

The very same night this her breathlesse murdered body is found out by some of *Genova*, who accidentally walked that way; and they causing it to be brought to the City, it is knowne by some of *Lorenzo's* neighbours, to be his wife *Fermia*, whereat to adde the better cloke to his knavery, and shadow to his villany, he seemes to be wonderfully sad, and passionately sorrowfull for the same, and so requesteth the Criminall Officers, both in and about the City, to make curious research and enquiry for the murderers of his wife, which they doe; but this hypocriticall sadnesse and false sorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevaile for a time, yet (to that of Gods Mercy and Justice) in the end, it shall little availe him; so hee gives her a poore and obscure buriall, every way unworthy the sweetnesse of her beauties, and the excellency of her vertues. Her father *Moron* hath speedy notice of this deplorable death of his daughter, who considering how she had cast away her selfe upon so bad a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly hee seeme to bewaile and lament it, yet inwardly he much cares not for it; and for her little sonne *Thomaso*, his few yeeres dispeneth with his capacity from understanding, much lesse from lamenting and mourning for this disastrous end of his mother.

A moneth after the cruell murder and buriall of this vertuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloody and execrable Husband *Lorenzo*, (is yet so devoyd of grace) as hee goes to *Savona* to request his father in Law *Moron*, to give him some maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his wife his daughter, as also to see his sonne *Thomaso*. But *Moron* by his servants, sends him a peremptory refusal to both these his requests, and so will neither see him, nor suffer him to see his sonne, but absolutely for ever forbids him his house: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choller leaves *Savona*, and returnes to *Genova*, where selling away his wifes old clothes to provide him new, hee seekes many maidens and widowes in marriage, but the fame of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late wife, is so fresh and great, that they all disdain him; so that utterly despairing ever to raise himselfe and his fortunes by marriage, he forsakes and leaves *Genova*, inrolle himselfe a *Bandetti*, and for many yeeres together practiseth that thievish profession, to the which wee will leave him, and speake a little of his young and little sonne *Thomaso*.

Old *Moron* trains up this his Grand-childe, *Thomaso*, very vertuously and industriously, and at the age of foureteene yeeres bids him chuse and imbrace any trade he best liketh: When *Thomaso* exceedingly delighting in limning, graving, and inagery, he becomes a Goldsmith and in foure or five yeeres after, is become a singular, expert, and skilfull work-man in his trade: His Grand-father loves him dearly and tenderly, and intends to make him his heire; but *Thomaso* (led, as I thinke, by the immediate hand and providence of God, or out of his owne naturall inclination) being of a gadding humour to travell abroad, and see other Cities and Countries, and having a particular itching desire to see *Rome*, (which he understood is one of the very prime and chiefe places of

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the world for rich and curious Goldsmiths,) He finding a french ship of *Marfeilles* (which by contrary winds stopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vecchia*, very secretly packes up his trunke and trinkets, and so goes along in that ship: Now as soone as his Grandfather *Moron* understands hereof, he very much grieves at this his rash and sudden departure: So *Thomaso* arrives at *Civita Vecchia*, goes up to *Hastia* by sea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where he becomes a singular ingenious Goldsmith, and thrives so well, (as after a few yeeres) he there keepes shop for himselfe, and constantly builds up his residence.

In all this long tract and progression of time, which (my true information tells me) is at least 24. yeeres; his father *Lorenzo* continues a thievish *Bandetti* in the State of *Genova* and *Luca*, where hee commits so many lewd robberies, and strange rapines, depredations and thefts, as that countrey at last becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, so he leaves it, and travelleth into *Toscany*, and to the faire and famous City of *Florence*, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the revenewes of his robberies, hee againe sets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profession hee knew himselfe expert and excellent, and here he setleth himselfe to live and dwell, takes a faire commodious house, and lookes out hard for some rich old maiden, or young widow to make his new wife; But God will prevent his thoughts, and frustrate his designs and desires herein: For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his soule, nor his soule with his All-seeing and righteous God for the cruell murdering of his old wife, *Fermia*, which as an impetuous storme and fierce tempest, will suddenly befall him, when he least dreames or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner so strange, and an accident so miraculous, that former ages have seldome, if ever paralleld, or given us a precedent hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Justice of God resplends with infinite lustre and admiration; and therefore in my poore judgement and opinion, I deeme it most worthy of our observation, as wee are men, and of our remembrance as wee are Christians.

Charles, now Cardinall of *Medicis*, going up to *Rome* to receive his hat of this present Pope, *Urban VIII.* and *Cosmos* the great Duke of *Florence* his brother (in honour to him and their illustrious Blood and Family, whereof they are now chiefe) resolving to make his entry and aboad in that City of *Rome* to be stately and magnificent; Hee causeth his House and Traine in all points to be composed of double Officers and Servants, to whom hee gives rich and costly liveries, and among others, our *Lorenzo* is found out, elected and pricked downe to be one of his Bakers; for his owne trencher in that Journey, where in *Rome* hee flaunts it out most gallantly and bravely in rich apparell, and is still most deboshed and prodigall in his expenses before any other of the Cardinalls meniall Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murdering of his wife *Fermia*, but rather absolutely believes, that as hee, so God had wholly buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetuall silence and oblivion; but the Diuel will deceive his hopes: For now that lamentable murder of his cries aloud to Heaven and to God for vengeance; wherein wee shall behold and see, that it is the Providence and Pleasure of God, many times to punish one sinne in and by another, yea, and sometimes one sinne for another, as reserving it in the secret Will and inscrutable Providence, to punish Capitall offenders, whereof murderers are infallibly the greatest, both when, where, and how he pleaseth; for earthly and sinfull eyes, have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our minde and capacity to dive into his divine actions and resolution, because many times hee accelerateth or delayeth their punishments, as they shall stand most fit and requisite for his Justice, and their crimes.

So When therefore the Randers and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his money and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his griefe) he now saw, that by no possible meanes hee could procure or borrow any more there, being

being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodigality strike faile, and so as he vainly and foolishly thinks to disgrace his Lord Cardinals service instead of honouring it: He once was minded, and resolved to steale some gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-masters Trunck: But then consulting with his judgement and discretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that resolution as soone as it was borne, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to steale some pieces of Plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop there in *Rome* with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and whose shop and company, he (with divers others of his fellowes) very often haunted and frequented since his comming to *Rome*: The which, watching and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two faire rich guilt Chalicees, and a curious small gold crucifix set with a few Saphires and Emeralds, all mounting to the valew of foure hundred and fifty Dukatons. This young Goldsmith (whose name we shall anon know) is amazed at this great losse, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knowes not whom to suspect or accuse for this robbery but *Lorenzo* the Cardinall of Florence his Baker: whom he saw, and observed did very often and too familiarly frequent his shop, and farre the more doth he fortifie and increase this his suspicion of him, because then making a curious inquiry and research of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points so vitious and deboshed, as we have formerly understood, only the murther of his wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himselfe knew: Whereupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are priviledged as sanctuaries, but in a Taylors house neere adjoyning: he with an Officer searched his Chamber and Trunck wherein he found one of his Chalicees, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which *Lorenzo* immediately had sold both to pay his debts, and to put some double Pistols in his pockets for his vaine and prodigall expences; when hunting after this his thiefe *Lorenzo* he presently findes him, commits him to prison, and accuseth him to the Captaine and Judges of *Rome*: Who upon knowledge and sight of one of the Chalicees found in *Lorenzos* Trunk, and also upon his confession of having sold away the other, and likewise the Crucifix of gold, they condemne him to be hanged the very next day for the same, *Lorenzo* (bitterly weeping & fuming at this his disaster) doth most humbly sue and petition the Lord Cardinall his Master to beg his life of the Pope, who considering him to be a base Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his service) to be very foule and scandalous, He is too Noble and wise to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deafe to his requests: Whereupon *Lorenzo* is that night returned to his prison, where he hath leaure though not time enough, to think upon his conscience and soule, upon the basenesse of this his robbery, and the foulness and bloodiness of murthering his wife *Fermia*.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the Bridge foot, in a little walled Court close to the Castle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flock from all parts of *Rome* to see the Cardinall of Florence his Baker take his last leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Friar, in his soules journey towards Heaven, as soone as he ascended the Ladder, he there confesseth this his robbery: And likewise that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about some twenty & three years since) murthered his own wife named *Fermia Moron* in a vineyard neere *Genova*, whereof he saith he will no longer charge his soule: The which the young Goldsmith (whose name was *Thomaso Lorenzo* over hearing) he presently burst forth into teares, and very passionately and sorrowfully cries out, that this man on the Ladder is his owne Father; and that *Fermia Moron* was his owne Mother, and therefore he with a world of sobs, sighes, and teares prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Justice to forbear, and leave the prisoner for a small while, which accordingly they do: When at the descent of his Father from the Ladder, *Thomaso* (in presence of all that huge number of people who were present) throwes himselfe at his feet, and seeming to drowne himselfe in his teares for sorrow, confelleth himselfe to be his Son, and

and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to be his Mother, and therefore prays him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in seeking his death of whom he had received his owne life : And although the consideration of his Mothers lamentable murder doth pierce him to the heart with griefe, yet knowing him likewise to be his Father, and himselfe his Sonne, he freely and willingly offers the Captaine of *Rome*, and the Judges all his Estate to save his Fathers life, but this his robbery is so foule, and that former murder of his so inhumane and lamentable, yea so odious to God and the World, and so execrable to Men and Angels that none will presume or dare to speake in his behalfe : So the next day *Lorenzo* is hanged, having first freely forgiven his Son *Thomaso*, and entreated him likewise to forgive him for murdering of his Mother, and for any other thing else, he at his death said little : But cursed the name and memory of that miserable and covetous wretch his Father in Law *Moron*, whose unkindnesse and cruelty he said had occasioned and brought him to all this misery. But he spake not a word of his griefe or sorrow for having murdered his wife *Fermia Moron* ; Only he said and beleaved that this his untimely death was a just revenge and punishment of God to him for the same.

The common sort of the Spectators and people of *Rome*, seemed to taxe the Cardinall of Florence his Master for not saving this his Bakers life : but the wiser and more religious sort, applauded his generosity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope : But all doe admire and wonder at Gods sacred providence and divine Justice in making the Sonne the cause and instrument of his Fathers hanging for murdering of his Mother, the which indeed gave cause of speech and matter of wonder to *Rome*, *Genova*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea, to all *Italy* : And thus was the wicked life and deserved death of this bloody Villaine *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Justice of the Lord triumph ore his crime in his punishment. And as for his Sonne *Thomaso* (the Goldsmith) after this infamous and scandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himselfe to live in *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonstrations of Joy, and affection, and after his death made him sole heire to all his wealth and Estate.

To God be all the Glory.

FINIS.

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
A GAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expressed
In thirty severall Tragicall Histories, (digested into six Bookes) which containe great variety
of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke V.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.



LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and
are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe
of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Tavern. 1639.

THE
TRIMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE

AGAINST
THE CRYING AND

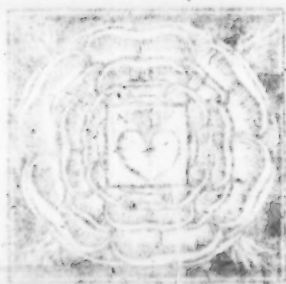
Execrable Sinne of Murder.

Expelled

In many severall Tragicall Histories (digested into six Bookes) which containe great variety of most terrible and memorable Accidents Amongst Men, and Divine

Booke V.

Written by Iohn Reynolds.



LONDON,

Printed by Edward Griffin for William Lee, and
are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet at the signe
of the Turkes Head, neere the Minne Taverne. 1639.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

(And truly Noble)

FRANCIS, LORD RUSSELL,

Baron of Thornehaugh, and Earle of Bedford.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



When I had the honour to referre, to that Valiant, Wise, and honest Nobleman, Arthur, Lord Chichester, Baron of Belfast (whose sublime merits doe here iustly deserve and challenge this Testimony from my Duty, That he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now so soone crowned a Saint in Heaven) I then had first the happinesse to know, and to be known of your Honour at your Cheswicke; in whom (because I ever hold it a farre lesse crime to speake the truth, then either to silence or dissemble it) I then found so many prints and stamps of true honour, and Characters of ancient Goodnesse and Nobility, that (with a pleasing content and delectation) I was enforced to be againe and againe enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your sake, and reciprocally, to love and respect your Lordship for both their sakes. Since when (out of your generosity, not my expectation or deserts) your

M m

Honour

(signed)

Honour was pleased to conferre a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will (with equall Zeale, and Ambition) strive to make as eternall, as I know my selfe to be mortall and transitory. You are a Religious Christian, and a true hearted Englishman; and therefore as it is your glory, so it is our happinesse, that you are both a constant Lover of God and his Church, and a firme and faithfull honourer of your Prince and Countrey, and you are now Lord Lieutenant (under our Gracious Sovereigne) of that famous County of Devon, and faire, and honourable City of Excester, to which I owe my nativity; and in both which the Ruffels (Earles of Bedford) your noble Ancestors have condignely left behind them many honourable Trophees of their Valour, and sweet and precious perfumes of their Vertue.

These premises being so powerfull in truth, and so considerable and prevalent in reason, I therefore flatter my selfe with this hope, that your Honour will attribute it rather to Dutie, then Presumption in me, If I now publikely attempt to profer and sacrifice up something to the Honour of your illustrious Name, and to the Dignity of your resplendent Vertues: Missing therefore of that desired happinesse (by some rare or elaborate peece) sufficiently to testifie to your Lordship and to the whole world, what you are to me in the height of Honour, and what I am, & desire to be found of you in the lownes of Observance and Humility, It will therefore be no lesse my Felicity, then your Goodnesse, If you vouchsafe to accept and patronize this my Fift Booke of foraigne Tragicall Histories, and also please to permit them to travell and seeke their Fortunes abroad in the world, under the auspicious Planet, and authentickall Passeport of your Noble Protection, wherein you may behold and see, how soundly, how sacredly the Justice of God meets with this crying and scarlet Sinne of Murther, which (in these our depraved, and sinnesfull times) in contempt of the Lawes of Heaven and Earth, make so lamentable and so prodigious a progression; and how sharply and severely it (deservedly) punisheth (those Butchers, and Monsters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I desire not to usurpe)

The Epistle Dedicatory.

usurpe) any part of your Lordships houres of leisure to give first to the Knowledge, and then to the Contemplation of these Histories, and the severall Accidents which they report and relate, I shall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that Honour and Favour, which I ingenuously acknowledge, I am farre more capable to desire then deserve.

I come now to implore pardon of your Honour for this my Presumption, in inscribing and adventuring so meane a worke to your noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epistle, as soone as began, to assure you, That I will ever (religiously) pray unto God to accumulate all prosperities and blessings on your Honour; as also on your most Vertuous Countesse, and successively on your Honourable and Flourishing Posterity, who now promise no lesse then a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrice Noble Name, and Family.

Your Honours in all
Dutie and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

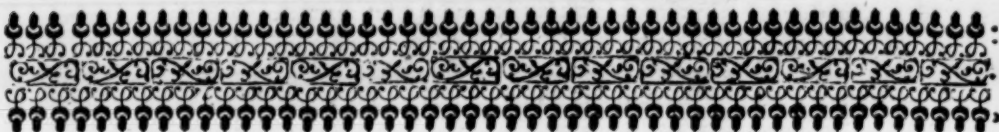
My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the
and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John R. [Name]
[Address]

Yours faithfully,
John R. [Name]

John R. [Name]

[Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page, possibly a continuation of the letter or a separate note.]



THE GROUNDS AND CONTENTS OF THESE HISTORIES.

HISTORY XXI.

Babtistyna and Amarantha poyson their Eldest Sister Iaquina, after which Amarantha causeth her servants, Bernardo and Pierya to stifle her elder Syster Babtistyna in her Bed. Bernardo flying away, breakes his necke with the fall off his Horse, Pierya is hanged for the same, so likewise is Amarantha, and her body after burnt; Bernardo being buried, his body is againe taken up, and hanged to the Gallowes by his feete, then burnt and his ashes throwne into the Rivea.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino poysoneth his Brother Pedro, and murthreth Monfredo in the street; He afterwards growes mad, and in confession reveales both these his murders to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to Cecilliana, who was Widdow to Monfredo, and Sister to Pedro and Martino. Martino hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonso poysoneth his owne Mother Sophia, and after shoots and kills Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short Musket (or Carabyn) from a Window. Hee is beheaded for those two murders, then burnt, and his ashes throwne into the River.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chaufey kills La Roche in a Duell. Quatbrisson causeth Moncallier (an Apothecary) to poyson his owne brother Valfontane, Moncallier after falls and breakes his necke from a paire of staires. Quatbrisson likewise causeth his Fathers Miller to murther and strangle Marieta in her bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond, Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a wheele, and Quatbrisson first beheaded, then burnt for the same.

HISTORY XXV.

Vasti first murthreth his Sonne George, and next poysoneth his owne Wife Hester, and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the Fields, hee revealeth thes his two murders, for the which hee is first hanged, and then burnt.

THE CONTENTS OF THESE HISTORIES

THE GROUNDS AND

HISTORY XXI.

History XXI. The first part of this history is a description of the country of the Natchez, and of the manner of their life. The second part is a description of the manners and customs of the Natchez, and of the manner of their government. The third part is a description of the manners and customs of the Natchez, and of the manner of their government.

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GODS REVENGE

A GAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXI.

Babrystyna and Amarantha poison their Eldest Sister Iaquina, after which Amarantha causeth her servants Bernardo and Pierya to stife her Elder Sister Babrystyna in her bed; Bernardo flying, breaks his necke with the fall off his Horse, Pierya is hanged, so likewise is Amarantha, and her body after burnt, Bernardo being buried, his body is againe taken up, hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his ashes throwne into the ayre.



He Golden times being past, what doth this Iron or flinty age of ours produce, but Thornes for Roses, and Brambles for Lillies, I meane bloody and barbarous acts instead of deeds of Compassion and workes of Charity? Not but that Christianitie (as a faire and glorious vaile) covereth the face of Europe, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of learned and godly Preachers, who (by the sanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine) spend the greatest part both of their time, and of themselves to propagate Verrue, and Piety in us, and consequently to root our vice and Sinne from among us; But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Iudgements, the weaknesse of our Faith, the coldnesse of our Zeale, and our neglect of prayer, which sometimes (O that I might not say too too often) transporteth our selves, beyond our selves, and our resolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reason, yea and violently carryeth us to desperate and inhumane attempts, which this next deplorable History will so appa-
rantly

rantly and perspicuously verifie unto us, that wee shall difficultly reade it without sighes, nor understand it without teares, at least if we have but the sparkes of so much Charity in our hearts, and Piety in our Soules as the unfortunate Authours, and miserable Actours hereof wanted.

IF *Tuscany* be the beauty and glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the capital City thereof) must needs bee that of *Tuscany*; or else it could not so justly and generally deserve that true and excellent Epethite of *Faire*. It is a City which hath given both Life and being to the Illustrious Family of the *Medicis*, (or as some affirme, they to it.) The worst Grounds about it are Vineyards, and the best are dainty Meadows, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadows for their spaciousnesse, and their Meadows are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and crossed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and that River againe by two stately Bridges curiously embelished and adorned with many Marble and Alabaster Statues. The Streets hereof are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the most part) rather Palaces than private Houses, and the Temples for sumptuousnesse and beauty, nothing inferiour to the best, and richest of *Italy*, especially the two most sumptuous and unparalleld Chappels of the *Babstaria*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as also the *Domo*, and *Campanella* (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a most magnificent and stately Cathedral Church, which not onely catcheth our eye with wonder, but surpriseth our thoughts with admiration, as all our English Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, doe (peradventure) know faire better than my selfe; Ifay in this rich and faire City of *Florence*, neere the Church of the *Dominican* Friers, in the latter dayes of the Great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an ancient, vertuous, and generous Cavalier, named *Seignior Leonardo St. eni*, descended of a Noble Family, neere to the City of *Pistoia*, where his Auncestours left him many faire Demeanes, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Vertue and Wisedome, the true Foundation of most of the chiefest Houses, and best Families of *Italy*) hee managed and improved so well, that within the space of twenty yeares hee became exceeding rich and opulent, but neere about this time, that the sweetnesse of his content, might receive some checke of bitter affliction, to shew him that man is subject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity heere on Earth, his Lady *Alecydina* died, which brought him much sorrow and affliction, having onely yet this joy and consolation left him, that hee had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named, *Iaquinta*, *Babstyna* and *Amarantha*, who albeit, hee hoped would prove the stayes and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afoord him, farre lesse felicity, and more misery than he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine, the which, to approve and verifie, they are by me prayed to understand, and remember, that these two youngest Daughters, *Babstyna*, and *Amarantha*, are wonderfull faire and beautifull, of a reasonable tall stature, very streight and slender; but *Iaquinta*, the eldest Daughter is of a browne complexion, short, and crook-backed, but she hath this sleight, that her Tailors art serves to overvaile the defect, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature; and she herselfe hath the skill to put on fresh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the purity and simplicity of former Ages were not acquainted with, or else purposely disdained and hated, although the pride and vanity of these our times doe ambitiously allow and practise them. Againe, *Iaquinta* is proud and stately, *Babstyna* chollericke, sullen, and revengefull, and *Amarantha* (to the eye and judgement of the World) pleasant and courteous. Have wee but a little patience, and wee shall shortly see each of these three Sisters, appeare in their true colours, and in very different wayes to act their severall Parts upon the Stage and Theater of this their History.

St. eni seeing himselfe a Widdower, not so much favoured of God to have any Sonne to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage; Hee (as a provident and loving Father) holds it a great point of affection and

and discretion in him now to leave his Mannour House of *Cardura neere Pistoia*, and to betake himselfe to live and reside in *Florence*, hoping thereby with lesse difficulty, and farre more advantage, to looke out and provide fit Husbands for his Daughters, answerable to their Ranke and Degree; which disposition and resolution of his pleased them well, and administred them cause of great content and joy, sith it is now growne to a custome, and an habite, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen doe infinitely desire to live in great Townes and Cities, where they may see, and be seene, and especially in those of *Italy*, more than in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their abroad and residence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and essentiall reasons, why their Cities are so rich, populous, and faire.

Thus we see *Streni* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwell (as I have formerly said) neere the Monastery of the *Dominican* Friers, where his wealth, birth, and port, cause him to be visited and frequented of the best and noblest sort of that City, and as the time of his residence, so the number of his acquaintance encreaseth, for vertue is capable to purchase friends every where, and his wealth and gallant beauties like so many powerfull Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his House to see and serve them; Where although *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, are beloved and sought in Marriage of many, yet their Father is resolute to marry their eldest Sister *Iaquinta* first, wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his House, shee is to be seene, and courted, but *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are mewd and fast locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers resolution, for his word must bee their Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this History, as I one way commend *Streni* his resolution to marry his eldest Daughter first, so yet in approving his discretion for her preferment, I must neverthelesse taxe his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngest Daughters; For as it was a courtesie of him to have *Iaquinta* seene of Suters, so it was a degree of dis-respect, I may say, of cruelty in him to confine *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* as Prisoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purposely and honourably to his House, both to see and seeke them in Marriage.

But *Iaquinta* (armed with her fathers love and authority) growes extremely impetuous and stately; She triumpheth in conceit to see herselfe preferred of her father before her Sisters. She sees her two sisters *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are sued and sought for in marriage by divers Cavilliers, and the very consideration hereof grieves, and the remembrance afflicts her, but wit hall she observes, that they dare not disobey, or contradict their fathers command; to affect or speake with any, and therefore the very knowledge and remembrance hereof, againe rejoyceth her, As it is a happinesse for us to purchase friends, so it is a misery to lose them. Her sisters love her, but shee loves not them, they are as unworthy of her hatred, as she is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledge, but yet shee should consider, that they are her Sisters, and not her Servants, and that their blood is hers & hers theirs. It is an argument of indiscretion and insolency, for one Brother or Sister to thinke themselves better then another, But many Gentlewomen, who are Sisters, esteeme pride a second beauty, or at least an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore to preferre and elevate themselves, they care not how they disparage and deieect others. The beauty of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* is an eye-sore to *Iaquinta*. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit. It is still a happy vertue for us to checke and vanquish our owne vices. She knowes that many Gentlemen love them, but sees and observes with griefe, that none affect her. Her desire to marry is so immodestly licentious and boundlesse, as shee could willingly resolve to accept of any Gentleman for her husband, that would be content to take her for his wife: but Incontinency proves still a pernicious counsellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now, as *Cynthia* rides flye still to the fairest flowers; so shee leaseth (and indeed infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to see) that all Lovers and Suters

flie

flie to one of these her two Sisters, and wholly abandon and forsake her selfe: but being a woman, she wants not an invention to apply a present remedy to this her discontent and choller. Shee must have her Sisters beauties and braveries eclipsed, that hers may appeare more bright, and resplend and shine with more lustre and glory: Shee knowes that Christall seemes precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, shee very passionately, and yet subtilly workes upon the affections of her Father, and obtaines of him, that as her yeares, so her apparell may excell and exceed that of her Sisters, the which hee inconsiderately grants her; and this shee receives and conceives to bee a step to her advancement, and an obstacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to see themselves imprisoned in a Chamber, whiles shee to her content and pleasure rejoyceth both to see, and to be seene of Gentlemen: So now their discontent thereof growes into choller; and their choller into rage, to see this their elder Sister *Iaquinta* not onely to step some degrees beyond them, but likewise many beyond her selfe in her apparell.

It is ever a wise and discreet vertue in Parents to distribute their favours and affection equally to their Children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at least that they be so reserved and cautious, as to conceale it secretly to themselves, that the rest may neither perceive nor know it. That *Streni* sought to marry *Iaquinta* before *Babistyna* and *Amarantha* (as I formerly have said) hee did well, but yet to make them lose when they might finde and gaine a fortune, was withall to bee indiscreet, if not unnaturall. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counselled and led by the eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will prize and affect beauty without vertue, others vertue without beauty; but where both meete and concur, it doth not onely please, but delight, and so joyntly sympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the best and noblest Cavalliers of *Florence* love *Babistyna* and *Amarantha*, but not *Iaquinta*; or if they seeme to court *Iaquinta*, it is but with a reserved hope and intent to enjoy the sight and company of *Babistyna* and *Amarantha*. but as jealousie and malice have alwayes foure eyes in stead of two; so it is at least a torment, if not many deaths, to *Iaquinta*, to see her two sisters to live and be beloved of all suters, and her selfe of none; the which to prevent, and so to stop the progresse of their Triumphs, and consequently of her owne discontent and affliction, shee (not desirous to have two such Starres of beauty to appeare and shine together in the Firmament of her Fathers House in *Florence*) doth so secretly undermine, and so cunningly prevaile with him, as her two Sisters (when they least dreame or thinke thereof) are by his order and command suddenly sent away by Coach to his Countrey House of *Cardura*, neere *Pistoia* (whereof wee have already made mention) notwithstanding all their requests, sighes, and teares to the contrary, and there by his appointment to bee privately and discomfoly shut up; from any accesse or conversation of any man whatsoever, and under the charge and custody of an old ill-favoured Beldame (sometimes their Schoolmistris) named *Dona Malevola*.

Babistyna and *Amarantha*, being enforced to banishment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, beleaved that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Sister *Iaquinta*, as by the severity of their Father; They know not from what Saint to implore aide or assistance, or from what point their Art, or Invention to expect for hope or redresse hereof; But at length (being constrained to make a Vertue of Necessity) they brooke this their disgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much lesse despairing) but that a little time will worke a great alteration in their Estates and Fortunes; But seeing a moneth past over, and their Keeper *Malevola*, still more and more bent to restraints them of their liberty, without suffering them to see or speake with any Stranger, or any Stranger with them, they at last recollect, and plucke up their spirits to themselves, and so resolve to write a faire Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Sister *Iaquinta*, to procure their returne to *Florence*, which they doe, and send it by one *Bernardo* a trusty Servant of theirs, That to their Father spake thus.

BABISTINA

BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA to STRENI.

IT is with much astonishment and griefe to us, that you have so sodainly banished us from your presence, and from Florence, to live here rather as Prisoners then your Daughters, in your Countrey house of Cardura; And having the honour to be so great a part of your selfe, we do not a little wonder what our Errors or Crimes should be, that we must be inforced to be deprived of that felicity, and suffer this misery. If we have beene sought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath beene in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in the least degree we have not swer'd from your consent, but have done, and doe still inviolably make your Pleasure therein our resolution, and your Will and Commands our Law. But we are confident that although you are the cause, yet our Sister Jaquinta is the sole Author of this our sorrowfull and immerited sequestration; Who (peradventure) in regard that her beauty comes short of ours, that her malice therefore must not onely exceed the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although she allege her Privilege and Prerogative of yeares against us, yet because our bloud is as good as hers, and our hearts and education no worse, therefore we humbly beseech you to be so favourable, and kinde to us, that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our accuser, and which is worse our enemy, that you will not make her our Iudge, but that we may speedily reobtaine the happinessse to returne and live with you in Florence, without which we st all assuredly either live here in Dispaire, or shortly dye in Discontent and Misery: Which request of ours is so iust and equall, as you cannot deny it to us either in affection or nature, much lesse in reason or pitty. God ever blesse you with happinessse, and make us happy in your blessing.

BAPTISTYNA.
AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Sister Jaquinta depainted these passions.

BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to JAQUINTA.

HAVING curiously examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the least shaddow of cause, much lesse of Reason, why thou shouldst so sharply exasperate our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from Florence to Cardura, neither doe we thinke it is for that we are fairer then thy selfe, but that thou art more malicious then us, which hath occasioned thee and thou precipitated him to this sharpe resolution against us. If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet we no way intend or desire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not beleever us, at least beleever this truth from us, that thou hast far more reason to doubt thine owne haste, then any way to suspect or feare ours therein, for whiles thou prayest for a Husband, we will first make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deserve good ones. Wee advise thee therefore in Love, and counsell thee in affection and Charity, to consider seriously with thy selfe, that we are thy Sisters, not thy Servants, much lesse thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and incapable to digest it, because the priority of thy yeares can no way justly introduce an inequality in our bloud; and if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our selves, and consequently from the nature and affection of Sisters, thou shalt doe us great right, and to thy selfe more reason, to cause our Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he sent us away from him with discourtesie and indignation.

BAPTISTYNA,
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey Bernardo arriving to Florence, and having delivered these two Letters to Streni and Jaquinta, they breaking up the scales thereof, perused and read over their

Contents

Contents; when he smiling to see the indiscretion of two these his daughters, attributed this their disobedience towards him, and their discontent towards their sister *Iaquinta*, rather to ignorance and simplicity, then to malice, and yet hee could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter sent him: But for *Iaquinta*, shee was so galled and netled with her two sisters insolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but especially, and farre the more, for that shee feared that their Letter to her Father might cause him to grant their returne to *Florence*, the which to her possible power she would no way willingly permit or suffer, as desirous to rule and governe her Father alone, and so to raigne sole Lady over his humours and house, without rivals and competitors: to which end she goes to him, and in the softest and sweetest tearmes which either her art, or malice could invent, shee extreame-ly incenseth him against her Sisters, alledging to him that their stay in *Cardura* was necessary, and their disobedient motion for their returne to *Florence* too insolent and insupportable, and that she hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice so unjustly to fall and reflect on her, because shee was as innocent as they guilty thereof, and that for any thought and desire of a husband she vowed she had none, but that his will and pleasure should in all things bee hers, as resolving both to live under his commands, and to dye in his favour and service: Which sugred and treacherous speeches of hers so prevailed and vanquished the credulity of her old Father, yea and so powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all in choler against *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, he resolves with himselfe to returne them a sharpe answer, and commands *Iaquinta* to doe the like, the which they both write and send backe to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, hee delivereth his two young Ladies and Mistresses these two Letters, and they speedily and privately retyring themselves to a close shaddowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earnest desire and impatience, first breake up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not to their feares, they finde this language.

STRENI TO BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purposely to crosse your owne good fortunes, you would not so rashly and peremptorily have attempted to crosse my good intentions and affection towards you, in sending you to *Cardura*, but would have brooked it with as much patience as I see you doe with discontent; and before this act of your disobedience, now revealed mee in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and mine house of *Cardura* to be rather a palace than a prison for you: so if you knew how ill those errors of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and teares, than remember them either with the least thought of delight, or conceit, or sense of joy. Nay, thinke with your selves what modesty it was, what wisdom it is, for your green youth to presume (or to dare to presume) to teach my gray age how, or when, to chuse you husbands, when God knowes that neither your years, nor your discretion, do as yet make you capable to think of husbands; and if you have any judgement remaining in you, then judge with your selves how false and incongruous your reasons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effect you wilfully oppose and contradict them. And having used me with so small respect, see againe with how much untruth and envy you abuse your sister *Iaquinta*, who to my knowledge is as innocent of those false aspersions of pride and malice towards you, as your selves are guilty of them towards her, for she loves nothing more, and you affect nothing lesse than humility and charity, their contraries: for believe me, I find her to be your true friend, & your selves to be the greatest & only enemies to your selves, for otherwise you cannot live in the smallest degree of despair, discontent, or misery, because such is my care of your education and maintenance, that no yong Ladies of *Tuscany*, and few of *Italy*, of your ranke and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honor, the which my indulgency & affection shall still continue to you, if your disobedience & folly henceforth give me no farther motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my blessing, I charge you to make it your delight and praetice to think of God, not of husbands; of your love to your sister *Iaquinta*, not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-booke, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of such vaine

vaine conceits, and passions, wherewith you have stuff'd and farced up your Letter to mee; the which, together with the Copie of this of mine to you, I now inclose and returne to your Governesse Malevola, that she hereafter may be more carefull of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more houres to discretion and honour, and lesse to idlenesse and vanity, to the end that shee seeing her fault in yours, shee may thereby the better futuramente know how to teach, and you how to learne to reforme them. And so I beseech God who hath made you my Daughters, to blesse, and make you his faithfull servants.

STRENI.

They having thus perused their Fathers Letter, and scene his spleene and passions towards them, they cannot so much accuse him of choller, as they beleeeve they have reason to condemne their sister *Iaquinta* of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more speed then affection, and with more haste then charity, they likewise breake up the scales of her Letter, wherein she greets them thus.

JAQVINTA TO BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA.

I Am so farre from incensing, or precipitating our Father against you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his sending of you from Florence to Cardura, was not onely without my consent, but without my knowledge; and for calling in question either the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein; for it is that most whereof I trouble my heart and minde least: and therefore my haste to marry comes infinitely short of your jealousie and feare; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Sisters to become mine enemies herein, I know no cause in Nature, and lesse reason in Grace, why those false suggestions of yours should fall within the compasse of your conceits, or those untrue scandalls within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vaine as ridiculous either for your love or counsell ever to thinke to make mee beleeeve or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my yeares, it shall never make mee esteeme worse of you then of my selfe; for my conscience to God, and my actions to the world shall still make it apparent, that although you contemne my friendship, I will yet corroborate and cherish yours, and that there shall want no good will or zeale in mee, that (according to your desires and expectation) our Father doe not speedily recall you from Cardura to Florence, where your presence shall still be my happinesse, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportments and carriage towards me give me not henceforth just cause to divert me from this sisterly affection and resolution, I am constantly resolved both to live and dye in the same.

JAQVINTA.

Baptistina and *Amarantha* having thus read and considered these two severall Letters of their Father and Sister *Iaquinta*, they are infinitely incensed and chollerick to see his discourtesie, and her dissimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they must be inforced to live a solitary countrey life in *Cardura*, whiles shee triumphs in pride, and plants it out in bravery in *Florence*; & as they much repine and murmure at his disaffection, so they infinitely disdain and complaine of her imperious courses and carriage towards them, adding no beleefe to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocriticall. They pittie the weaknesse of their Fathers judgement, in suffering himselfe to be so violently transported & carried away by the subtilie policie & secret malice of their sister towards them; wherein although their duty and obedience do some way excuse his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way possibly dispence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourelly see confirmed & made apparent in the unaccustomed strict and hard usage of their Governesse *Malevola* towards them, which with her best endeavours and ambition sought as well to captivate their minds as their persons, by making her selfe to be as much their Goaler as their Governesse; but they vow to requite her unkindnesse, and to revenge their Sister *Iaquinta's* cruelty towards them:

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They see her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; so they alter the course of their naturall affection, and now decline, in stead of increasing, in sisterly love and charity towards this their sister. To goe retrograde in vertue, is to goe forwards in vice; for as it is the marke, so it is the duty of Christians to render good for evill, but not evill for good: yea, all contrary examples and Axiomes are ill taught, and worse practised, and it is to be feared, that the end thereof will produce at least sorrow, if not misery and destruction.

But *Babistyna* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilfull to make good use of their sister *Iaquinta's* bad affection, and malicious carriage towards them; for else, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and detest this bloody designe and resolution of theirs, which they now intend to imbrace and put in practice. They are weary of their sisters hard usage of them, they cannot digest her imperiousnesse and pride, and (in all outward semblance and apparance) if they stay from marriage till she be married, they may all die Maids, and as our English adage goes, *Whip Apes in Hell for company*. They preferre their beauty before hers, as much as she doth her age before theirs, and deeming it impossible for them to have Husbands ere shee be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reason and religion, and so at one time begin both to desire and to plot her death; and of these two wretched sisters *Babistyna* is the most forwards in this their intended deplorable businesse; for she is so weake with God, and Satan so strong with her, that she saies often to her selfe, she can reape no content in this world, before her sister *Iaquinta* see another. It were better for us not to foresee a sin, than seeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, she purposely lets fall some words to her sister *Amarantha* tending and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too courteous to be so cruell, and too religious, to be so outrageous and diabolically to any, especially to her sister: had she lived in the piety, and persevered in the integrity of this opinion and conscience, peradventure, her daies had scene better fortunes, and her end been freed from so much misery. It is not enough for us to be vertuous and godly, except wee religiously and faithfully continue therein; for constancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortall, to become (in a manner) partly divine: But (to report Truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weake to resist her sister *Babistyna's* strong temptations and perswasions. It is an excellent vertue and happinesse in us, to have our eares still open to good counsell, and shut to that which is evill and pernicious: but *Amarantha* hoping and desiring to gaine a good Husband, makes her in a small time consent to the losse of a bad sister; and now shee is therefore fully resolved to joyne with *Babistyna*, to make *Iaquinta* away. Good God, what cruelty, rage and barbarisme is it, for two sisters to resolve to murder their third! But this is not all; for we shall see more blood spilt upon the Theater of this History, before wee see the Catastrophe thereof. These two unnaturall young Gentlewomen, having thus swapt a bargaine with the Divell, to dispatch their sister *Iaquinta*, they now consult on the manner thereof, whether or no, they should performe it with Ponyard or Poison; but at last they agree upon poison, but disagree which of them shall administer it to her, and if there were any spark of grace remaining in either of these two bloody minded sisters, it was in *Amarantha*; for shee cannot find in her heart or conscience to doe it, and yet she is so gracelesse and impious, as she freely gives way to the performance of this bloody fact; so in the end, they fall upon this ungodly resolution, that lots must decide it; thus the divell holds, and they as his infernall factors and agents, draw them, and it falls to *Babistyna* to do it. But here ere they proceed farther in the progresse of this lamentable businesse, and how to execute it; they are now assailed with a doubt & difficulty of no meane importance; for as they hold it requisite for them to performe this murder in Florence, so they know not how to escape from their watchfull Governesse *Malevola* from Cardina; but they are women, and therefore they will be industrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they

they will bee swift and subtile in their revenge ; for having gold (though not their liberty at their command) they resolve that the first shall speedily procure the second : To which end, they, by their servant *Bernardo*, secretly hire a Coach for foure Duckatons, the next night to carry them away very closely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with so many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Posterne gate ; both which (with much care, fidelity, and silence) he effecteth, being himselfe onely by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their journey.

These two revengefull sisters having thus given order for their escape, and secretly packed up such things as they held necessary to carry with them, as soon as their Governesse *Malevola* was in bed & fast asleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandestine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their chamber doore, to which giving a soft knock, they presently descend the staires with him to the Garden, & from thence to the Coach, wherein seating themselves, they leave *Cardura*, and so with great speed drive away for *Florence*, where they arrive to their Fathers house, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the next morning, he much wondring, & their sister *Iaquinta* extreemly perplexed & grieved at this their suddain & unexpected arrivall, they cast themselves at their Fathers feet, and crave his blessing and excuse, but he receives them with more anger then joy, & so gives them frownes & checks in stead of Kisses: He hears their reasons of their unlook'd for departure from *Cardura*, which hee rejects both with contempt and choller, sharply reproves their disobedience, and voweth speedily to returne them; they answer him, that his presence is the sole felicity and glory of their life, & that they had rather dye with him in *Florence*, then live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Sister *Iaquinta*, she dissembles her love to them, as they doe their malice to her ; for whiles she secretly wisheth them out of *Florence*, so (in counterchange) do they as silently wish & desire her in heaven: but after a day or two was past over, then their hypocrisie & dissimulation was such each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it seemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder sisters, then now they were; so artificially could all of them overvaile their malice, & so cunningly could they conceale their different intentions, thereby the better to compose their countenances & speeches. But when *Iaquinta* againe perceives that the gallants of *Florence* doe afresh repaire and flock to her Fathers house, purposely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of these her two younger sisters, then her old jealousie revives, and inflames her new malice towards them ; so as with all her power and art, shee againe secretly tampers with her Father, either to returne them againe to *Cardura*, or to contract and espouse them to a Nunnery, that shee might thereby triumph alone at her pleasure, and being then sole heire to all his lands and estate, might wed her selfe to the greater fortune, and nobler husband, and shee wanted neither sighes nor teares to draw him to this her earnest desire and resolution.

This is not so secretly borne betwixt their Father and sister *Iaquinta*, but *Babistyna* and *Amarantha* have present and pregnant notice hereof, the which strongly and fully to prevent, they (now encouraged and animated by the devill) resolve to reduce, and draw their bloody contemplation into action, & so (with more hast than good speed) to dispatch their sister for heaven, because they loved *Florence*, disdained *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts & soules) infinitely detested to spend & end their dayes in a nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor his justice or judgments before their eyes, *Amarantha* buyes the poyson, and *Babistyna* administred it to their sister *Iaquinta*, in a lemmon posset, which they observed she often used to drinke the Summertime, so that some ten dayes after she dyed hereof, when none but God, besides them, was witnesse, of this their unnatural and bloody businesse : So they rejoyce as much as their father grieves and sorrowes hereat, and now they are alone, and domineere at their pleasures in their Fathers house at *Florence*, without rivalls or competitors: But God is as just as they are sinfull, and therefore they shall reape but poore

and miserable fruits of this their bloody victory. For within lesse then six weeks after the detestable death of *Iaquinta*, a sudden languishing sicknes overtakes and surpriseth *Babistina*, so as the white tincture of her face lookes yellow, and the fresh roses and lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, and wither of the Jaundies: A sicknesse which I thinke God sent her purposely to punish her for that execrable crime of hers in poysoning her Sister. But the beauty of *Babistina* cannot be so much eclipsed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily growes more deliciously sweet, and sweetly delicious and amiable; so as all those Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuscanie*, who come to seeke *Strini* his Daughters in marriage, doe infinitely preferre *Amarantha* before *Babistina*, and passionately desire the first, as much as they now sleight and neglect the second: *Babistina* is not ignorant hereof, but sees it with griefe, observes it with sorrow, and remembers it with choller and indignation; and yet shee seekes and strives to conceale it from her Father, and to dissemble it to her Sister *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joy, beginnes now to participate of her dead sister *Iaquinta*'s living humours and conditions, she is now become the eldest Sister, and therefore will not permit or suffer her younger to be her mate, or equally, much lesse her superiour; and although her Sicknesse hath depriv'd her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminished, but rather increased and augmented her desire to marry, she envies the sight and fame of her Sister *Amarantha*'s beauty, as much as she lamenteth the decayer, and pittie the ruines of her owne; and both grieves and seernes to see so many Gallants court and seeke her in marriage, and none her selfe. Now as pride and malice (for the most part) are inseparable companions, so her discontent hereat made her so devillishly malicious, as shee secretly vowes to her selfe, that shee could almost finde in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a companion of *Iaquinta*'s fortune, as of her blond, but God then presenting her first Murder to her eyes and remembrance, the devill was not then enough prevalent or powerfull with her, to draw her to conceive or commit a second. Thus not being willing to adde murder to murder, and so to gallop in stead of pacing to hell and destruction, shee neverthelesse determinately resolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Sister *Iaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*; and yet so to wreake her malice and revenge on her, as closely to insinuate, and under hand surreptitiously to prevaile with her Father, that shee be speedily eclipsed, and againe sent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and custody of *Malevola*, the which shee effectually and briefly obtaineth of him; so our young and faire *Amarantha* (though infinitely against her will) is now inforced to leave *Florence*, and suddainely (when shee least thought or dreamt thereof) is againe confined and banished to *Cardura*, notwithstanding all her sighes, teares, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much sorrow and more indignation) being arrived to *Cardura*, shee is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly discontented with her Father, and infinitely incensed against her sister *Babistina* for the same, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meeke pride and malice towards her; the which shee now doth not conceale, but make apparant to her old Beldame Governesse *Malevola*, both in her looks, speeches, and actions. Shee wondreth that her Sister is so inconsiderate of her selfe, and so imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is possible for her so soone to forget either their joynt crime, or their severall danger for their so inhumanely and cruelly poysoning their elder Sister *Iaquinta*; the consideration and remembrance whereof is of so sharpe and bitter digestion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart sweares to the Devill, that shee neither can nor will long indure it; yea, the time seemes so irksome to her, and her stay in *Cardura* so infinitely long and tedious, as if houres were yeares, and dayes ages, that shee often thought to steale away from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horse-back, and so to have put her selfe into some disguised apparell, that none should know thereof before shee came to her Fathers house.

house and presence: but at last considering, that her reputation & fortune might suffer much in this action, she holds it not amiss, rather convenient, first to write to her Father and Sister, to see if her Letters may prevaile with them for her returne; the which she doth, and sends them to them to *Florence* by her old trusty servant *Bernardo*. Her Letter to her Father bewrayed these passions.

AMARANTHA TO STRENI.

My obedience hath not deserved so much contempt and hatred, as that (without cause or reason) you should thus againe banish mee from *Florence* to *Cardura*; and with how much griefe and sorrow I digest it, I can better relate with discontent, then conceale with patience: How deare your sight and presence was, and ever shall be to mee, if you will not know, and withall remember, God doth; for my soule appeales unto him, and my heart to Heaven; that I made it the chiefeest life of my joy, and the sweetest joy of my life; So as if you are not the cause, I am sure my Sister *Baptistyna* is of this (undeserved) cruelty towards me, who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, strives to bee as unnaturally imperious to mee, as my deceased Sister *Jaquinta* was both to her selfe and mee. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my selfe, as God and Nature have made mee your Daughter; for if you will not permit mee to respire and breath the ayre of *Florence*, I will shortly hazard my life to enjoy that of heaven: for already this my inforced exile hath brought mee to extreame discontent, and that almost to utter despaire.

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Sister *Baptistyna* carried this message:

AMARANTHA TO BAPTISTINA.

Couldst thou not be contented to live happy in *Florence*, but that thou must needs constrain our Father to make mee live miserable here in *Cardura*? Is our Sister *Jaquinta*'s blood already cold, or is the memory as well as the manner and cause of her death already of thee forgotten, and so raked up in the dust of her Grave? Indge with thy selfe (if thou art not wholly as devoid of judgement, as of affection and charity) what a palpable, yea what a grosse and sottish vice it is in thee, hereby to make thy selfe both guilty of her pride, and Heire apparent to her malice. I remember those ingratefull crimes and vices of hers towards us with pittie, and I pittie these of thy selfe to me with admiration, in that thou wilt not suffer mee to live at the courtesie of thy tongue, when thou well knowest that thy life stands at the mercie of mine; Not that I am either so malicious to thee, or so uncharitable or indiscreet to my selfe, so wish thee any disaster or danger to the prejudice of mine owne happinesse, and safety; for I desire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us: the which if thou wilt grant mee, by causing our Father speedily to recall mee home to *Florence*, he shall then see, and thou assuredly finde, that I will bee as much thy Handmaid as thy Sister, and that I will farre sooner both hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, then for my selfe: but if thou deny me this courtesie, then blame not me, but thy selfe, if the event and issue of this thy cruelty come too short of thy hopes, and so (peradventure) slie a pitch farre beyond thy expectation.

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the safe and speedy delivery of these her two letters, as also to procure her Fathers and Sisters Answers to them, hee rides away to *Florence*, where he is no sooner arrived at *Streni* his house, but meeting with the young Lady *Baptistyna*, and thinking to deliver her letter (whether it were out of haste, or misfortune, or both) he delivers her her Fathers letter, in stead of her owne, the which she well observing, she hastily and purposely breaks up the scales thereof, and silently reads it to her selfe; whereat growing first red with choller, and

then againe pale with envie, shee folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turnes to *Bernardo*, and demands him for her Sister *Amarantha's* Letter to her selfe; for (quoth shee) that which I have already read and perused, is hers to my Father; when *Bernardo* (as much amazed at his error, as afflicted at his foolish simplicity) reading the direction of the second Letter, and finding her speeches and his mistaking true, he then gives her her own Letter & desires back the other for her Father, as also both their answers thereunto, for his Lady and Mistresse *Amarantha*; whereunto, when she had perused her owne Letter, she (with disdain in her lookes, and malice in her eyes) teares her fathers letter before *Bernardo's* face, and then returns him this bitter answer; *tell that proud Girle thy Mistresse from me, that it is my Fathers pleasure & mine, that she shall stay in Cardura and not see Florence till she receive other order from us; and for any further answer, either from our Father, or my selfe, it is both a vanity & a folly for her to expect: And so* (in much choller and indignation) she flies from him, and violently throwes fast the doore against him. *Bernardo*, not expecting such sharp and cold entertainment, and seeing it now wholly impossible for him to have any access to *Streni*, or answer from *Babistyna*, he leaves *Florence*, and speedily returns to *Cardura* to his Lady *Amarantha*, to whom hee punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and sharpe and proud answer which her Sister *Babistyna* had given and sent her, and leaveth not a syllable unrehearsed, but onely silenceth his mistaking, in giving of her her Fathers Letter in stead of her owne, as right now wee understood,

Amarantha is all inflamed with choller at this proud and cruell carriage of her Sister *Babistyna* towards her, yea the remembrance thereof, so transporteth her thoughts with envy, and her heart with revenge against her, that she vowes shee neither can, nor will brooke it at her hands; and here, not hearkening either to Reason, or Religion, or to her Conscience, or Soule, she now violently seduced, and exasperated by the Devill, doth refresh revive her old malice, and resumes her former pernicious resolutions to her Sister *Babistyna*: Shee hath neither the wit, much lesse the grace, to consider, That choller increaseth her owne torment and misery, and that if we vanquish not our owne malice and revenge, it is more to be feared then doubted, that it will in the end both vanquish and ruine us. She hath formerly consented to poyson her eldest Sister *Iaquinta*, and now she likewise vowes, that she will cause her elder Sister *Babistyna* either to be poyson'd or pistoll'd to death; but which of these to make choyce of as yet she is irresolute, and upon this bloody businesse her thoughts runne incessantly to her heart, as so many lines to their centre. O that so young a Lady, and so sweet a beauty should make her selfe necessary and guilty of so foule and inhumane crimes; but this I may write to her shame, and the Reader may please to observe it to his comfort, and retaine to his instruction; That had shee had the grace to have beene formerly sorrowfull and repentant for her first Murther, she had then never proceeded so farre, as to have made her selfe guilty of contriving and resolving a second.

Babistyna hath a chamber-maid named *Pieria*, of some twenty foure yeares old, who was farre more faire then rich, as being heire to much beauty, though to no lands, or estate; & having heretofore for some trivial respects sometimes incurred the anger & displeasure of her Lady, and for the same received many a sharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, then of her purse; She now accidentally chancing to break a faire rich looking-glasse of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her; but also without pity or humanity drawes and drags her by the heire about her chamber, & then againe and againe kickes her with her foot. *Pieria's* heart is not so ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of this her disgrace, as holding her fault far inferiour to her correction, and therefore disdainning any longer to serve so cruell a mistresse, she very privately packs up her apparell, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, forakes *Babistyna*, and fore-solves henceforth to live and dye with her youngster Sister *Amarantha*. But as there

there are many of both these places; who report that it was onely her hatred to *Baptistyna*, and her affection to *Amarantha*; which drew her to this resolution; yet there are divers others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Pisbeia*, who (better acquainted with *Pierya*, and her secrets) have solidly affirmed to mee, that it was wholly her affection to *Bernardo*, which was the truest reason, and strongest motive thereof, and the event and issue of this History, will confute the first, to confirme this second opinion of these her deliberations and resolutions; For, for the terme of at least three or foure yeeres heretofore, *Pierya* was knowne to be passionately in love with *Bernardo*, and she had imployed many friends towards him, to perswade and draw him to marry her; but he was still as averse, as she forward in this sute: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and slender personage, yet hee hated her poverty, and (because of some small lands and meanes he had) as he thought himselfe too good to be her Husband, so she in regard of her beauty, youth and chastity, both highly and infinitely disdained to be his strumpet; and indeed the passage and precesse of these their affections was not from time to time unknowne to *Amarantha*. *Pierya* is as welcome to *Amarantha*, as *Baptistyna* is sorrowfull for her departure, and the youngest sister now entertaines her with as much courtesie, as the eldest formerly retained her with cruelty: As for *Bernardo*, hee inwardly delights, though outwardly will not seeme to rejoyce in her company, and so gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for *Pierya*, her earriage was so modest, and yet withall so respectiue to him, as if shee endauoured to make it her chiefeft ambition and glory, that her vertues and chastity should make as true and as perfect a conquest of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for *Baptistyna* (her *Quondam* Lady) shee is now angry with her selfe, as soone as she knew of her departure from her; but when shee understands that *Pierya* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her discontented sister *Amarantha*, then (under hand) shee makes strong meanes to her returne againe to her seruice, intimating to her, that shee is ready to redeeme her former discourtesie towards her, both with acknowledgement and requitall. But these her hopes will deceive her, for shee will finde, that errorrs are not so soone repaired as committed, and that her want of kindnesse to her Chamber-maid *Pierya* may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her selfe. *Pierya* is deafe to all these her requests, and in-deavours rather to tie her selfe to *Amarantha* his new affection, then to *Baptistyna* his old unkindnesse, as preferring the courtesie of the first to the choller and indignation of the second. On the other side, *Amarantha* is glad of this resolution of her new Maid, *Pierya*; for the Diuell being still at her elbow, hee continually sets fire to her malice, and (as infernall incendiary) perpetually blowes the coles to her revenge against her Sister *Baptistyna*; yea, and now he so captivateth her soule, and extinguisheth her devotion and zeale towards heaven, that (I write it with pity and sorrow, and not with passion, but compassion) she had neither the power to pry, nor the happiness or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods sake, or to desire Gods presence and assistance for her owne: No, no, Such thoughts of piety were farre from her prophane thoughts and minde; for as her best blood, so her best zeale was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her Sister. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody Sister, shee doth yet farre worse: For (by the Diuells suggestion) she assumes this horrible resolution, not onely to ingage and hazard her selfe, but others therein, as shee took a pride, and conceived a glory, not to shipwracke her selfe alone, but to confound and cast away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable businesse of hers. The manner is thus:

She knowes, that by reason of her strict exile in *Cardura*, shee must needes imploy some factors and agents, either to payson or murder this her Sister *Baptistyna* in *Florence*; and therefore shee thinkes none so fit and proper to attempt and performe it, as her old trusty servant *Bernardo*, and her new maid *Pierya* his sweetheart, whom (by degrees) shee purposely drawes and oligeth to her by gifts and promises; and her

reason

reason for this conceipt and opinion of hers, that they will concur with her in this bloody fact, is derived from this foundation and ground, that Love and Money may easily act wonders in the hearts and minds of those who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that she perfectly knowes, that for many yeeres *Pierja* hath deeply loved *Bernardo*, and dearely desired and wished him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but onely disliked her poverty: Wherefore believing that she would doe much for the obtaining of this Husband, and hee for preferment and gold, she is resolute in making this her bloody proposition to them; when not caring any more to write to her Father, shee is now as hasty as bloody in her malice and revenge towards her Sister; and so impatient of delay (and without any further consideration with her selfe, or consultation either with her soule, or with God) shee taking time at advantage, first breakes with *Pierja* about this bloody businesse, adding withall, that her desire and resolution is to have her Sister *Baptistyna* stifled in her bed; For now the Divell hath cast off her resolutions from poyson or ponyard; to which effect, she promiset to gaine her *Bernardo* to her Husband, and to give them wherewithall to maintaine themselves well being married, if shee will consent with him to undertake and performe her request: which proffers and promises of her Lady doe sound so sweetly in poore *Pierja's* eares, and worke so deepe an impression in her heart, especially that shee shall hereby enjoy *Bernardo* for her Husband, whom she loves farre dearer than her owne life, that being wholly vanquished with the consideration thereof, as also enchanted with the sweet melody of her Ladies sugred perswasions, shee without any feare or thought of God, as an inconsiderate and gracelesse Maiden) yeelds to her ungodly and inhumane requests; who then swearing her to secrecie, she within a day or two after, likewise boardeth her servant *Bernardo* upon this bloody businesse, the which if hee will performe for her, and take *Pierja* to his wife, shee faithfully promiset to give him 150. Duckatons of yeerely Annuity, during his life, and to remaine their true and constant friend for ever. At first *Bernardo* wondereth and staggereth at the hearing of this cruell and lamentable project, as amazed and astonished thereat, as if hee were now so good a Christian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his soule; but at last, being deeply enamoured of *Pierja's* delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yeerely summe of gold for their maintenance in marriage, which hee loves dearely, hee (forgetting himselfe, and which is worse, God) without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free consent and promise to performe both her requests, as well of the Murther as Marriage. Whereupon shee carries him to her Closet, and there calls for *Pierja*, and acquaints her with her and *Bernardo's* conclusion; So in her presence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themselves each to other, and then they all three doe severally and joyntly sweare secrecie, as also punctually to accomplish this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faster and stronger to tie them to her desires and their promises) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatons in gold, as a pledge and earnest penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiset to reward them with so much more as soone as they have sent her Sister *Baptistyna* to Heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pierja* (to testifie their thankfulness to her) doe both vow and sweare, that herein (as in all things else) her will shall be their law, and that their best services and best lives shall forever be prostrate to her commands. But they shall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this gold, because it is the price and hire of innocent blood.

This lamentable (because sinfull) compact, being thus secretly shut up, and impiously concluded betweene these three wretched personages, then *Bernardo* and *Pierja* fall so close and thicke to their amorous kisses, as being desirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and mind, they request their Lady *Amarantha*, that she would please to permit them to finish and consummate their marriage,

before

before they perpetrate the murder of her Sister *Babistyna*; but she (who was clearer sighted in her malice and revenge to her said Sister, then they in their judgements and affections to themselves) considering that this seale of their marriage was the great tie and Gordian knot for them to performe and finish her desire, the which, if it were once solemnized, then their devotion and zeale thereunto might (peradventure) after wards, either grow cold, or freeze, if not shortly wither and die away upon the designe, shee strongly opposes and contradicts it, as affirming they shall first dispatch her sister before they marry; the which *Bernardo* well observing and considering, he thinks it no folly in him to learne by her, and so to make her discretion his: and therefore that this murder being once committed, shee might after at her pleasure revoke her verball Annuity given him; the which to prevent (and so to be as wise in his covetousnesse, as shee was cruell and bloody in her bounty) hee tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her desire, hee will willingly deferre his marriage till then, but withall, humbly requests her to give him her promised Annuity written and signed with her owne hand; the which, because shee cannot well refuse, she then and there doth in these termes of right hand.

In consideration, that my servant *Bernardo* doe espouse, and take to his wife my Chambermaid *Pieria*, I doe promise, that (after the consummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the said *Bernardo*, or his Assignes, during all the terme of his life, the full and intire summe of one hundred and fifty Duckatons of Florence Money; and in witnesse and testimony of this truth, I herunto subscribe my Name:

AMARANTHA.

A promise and contract written with more blood than inke, or rather not with inke, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to serve as a powerfull witnesse, and Instrument of his glory, and; peradventure, to the infamy and confusion of those who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promise to *Bernardo*, and likewise received his, and his intended wifes *Pieria*'s oaths in counterchange, shee now thinks with her selfe, that shee must againe returne *Pieria* to Florence, and by some sle hypocrisie, to reinvest and scrow her anew into her old Lady, *Babistyna*'s service: thereby to be the more able and fit to dispatch her. Now as shee is maliciously ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident, which seemes both to favour her hopes, and to further her desires and expectation herein: For by this time, *Babistyna* writes over to *Malevola*, to deale secretly and seriously with *Pieria* for her returne to Florence to her service, and that shee shall finde her welcome to exceed her expectation and desires: So the truth is apparant, that *Pieria* (instructed by the Premises) now needs not many great perswasions from *Malevola*, to draw her to consent to this resolution; for as shee and her *Bernardo* receive the first motion of this (unexpected) newes with joy, so *Amarantha* imbraceth and entertaines it with delight; and now their last consultation is held betweene them, about the conclusion and finishing of this mournfull business. To which end, *Pieria* is dispatched for Florence, and the fifteenth day after, *Bernardo* is likewise secretly and precisely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct appointed time for them to close and shut up this Tragedie. Wee must now allow and conceive *Pieria* to be againe entertained of her old Lady *Babistyna* in Florence, with much courtesie and joy; and for the seale and cement of this their reciprocal reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new blacke wrought Silke Gowne, and a puple Damask Petticoat, the which (as a treacherous dissembling wretch) shee seemes to receive of her with much content and thankfulness, the which yet we shall shortly see her requite with a most inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her de-

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fire of marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her thinke every houre ten, before the fiftenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha*, (who sees by no other eyes, but by those of malice and revenge towards her Sister) she thinkes every day an age, before she heare of her dispatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni* his house in *Florence*, and at one of the Clocke after midnight, he findes the little Garden doore open, and his *Pieria* there purposely to receive and welcome him; so they begimme their meeting with kisses. Shee leads him by the hand to the outer doore of her Ladies chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to stifle her in her bed, she had there to that purpose, provided two pillowes, keepes one, and gives him another to effect it: These miserable wretches (for the more secrecie) put off their shooes, and out the candles, and the darknesse of the Moone, and the obscurity of the night, seeming to conspire to their conspiracie, they softly enter her chamber, goe one by one side, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Babistyna* lying soundly sleeping and snoring, they stifle her with their pillowes, and then a little while after, thrust a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was so fierce and implacable towards her, as she hath neither grace to speake, nor power to screech or to cry. Thus she who had formerly poysoned her elder sister *Iaquinta*, is now also cruelly murdered by the trechery of her youngest *Amarantha*, which makes me cry out and say: O Lord, as thou art immense in thy mercy, so thou art inscrutable in thy judgements, and that therefore as we ought not so we cannot resist his divine power and eternall preordination.

Bernardo and *Pieria* (as two limbes of the Divell) having finished this cruell murder on *Babistyna*, they leave her breathlesse body on her bed, and then withdrawing themselves from her Chamber, they softly pull fast the doore, which had a Springlocke, and then shee secretly throwes in the key within side, at a private hole, or cranny; when her Sweet-heart and her selfe descended the staires, and with wonderfull silence stalke away to the Garden, without the Postern doore whereof, his horse, tied up to an Iron ring in the wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kisses they part, hee faithfully promising her to returne to her againe at *Florence* within a moneth after at most, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pieria* now (in the depth and dead of this dismall night) betakes her selfe to her bed, and there (as devoyd of feare as of Grace) sleeps soundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obscure night, gallops thorow the streets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Pistoia*, where God (in all seeing providence) causeth his horse to stumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he brake his necke, and presently died, and his horse then rising, flies from him straglingly in the streets, leaving the breathlesse corps of *Bernardo* in the street, having not the happinesse either to cry or utter one word at this his sudden and disastorous death: God having so ordained and decreed in his Star-chamber of Heaven, that although for the murdering of the Lady *Babistyna* he deserved a more shamefull end, yet that this poore horse which brought him to *Florence*, should at the same time and place be his executioner, as also that there was scarce one houre betweene his crime and his punishment; betweene her murthier and his owne death: An act and example of Gods Justice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Christians most especially to remember, so secret and sacred are the judgements of the Lord of Hosts. All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay ghored in his blood (which abundantly issued forth his mouth) as also in the dirt of the street, unespied of any mortall eye; but as soone as the morning began to appeare thorow the windowes of Heaven, then it was found, and likewise to be done by the fall off a horse, whereof his necke, the beholders saw, was broken, the which the sooner they were induced and led to believe, because they likewise found a horse neere him, stragling in the streets without his rider: This his dead body is therefore presently exposed to the Criminall Judges of that faire and famous City, who forth with, cause his Pockets to be searched, where, in stead of gold, they, by the direction of God, finde the be-
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fore nominated promise of a yearly Annuity, which wee have formerly understood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Seignior Leonar do Streni* his daughter, and, by this note, confidently believing this dead man to be the same *Bernardo*, and hee to be *Amarantha's* servant, they (without once suspecting or dreaming of any murder committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* therewith. But the newes of this dead found Corps rattling thorow the streets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and so speedily arrives to *Streni* his house before them; whereat *Pieria* (looking for nothing lesse) takes so hot an allarm of griefe, feare, and despaire, that her guilty thoughts and conscience (like so many Blood-hounds) still pursuing her, shee seeing this unlook'd for disaster and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; shee therefore presently flies out doores, and (with much celerity, and more feare) betakes her selfe to the least frequented and most remotest streets of the City for her safety. By this time the Criminal officers are arrived at *Streni's* house, whom they acquaint with this mournfull accident, shew him this assurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughters hand, as also the dead corps, and if this were her servant, who (with a countenance compos'd of astonishment, feare and sorrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha's* owne hand writing, and the dead personage to be her serving-man *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he sorrowfully feares, that this death of his, and that assurance of hers, doth either import or include some greater disaster and misfortune: Whereupon, they againe modestly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chambermaid, *Pieria*, who returnes them this answer; that the first is at his Mannor of *Cairdura*, neere *Pistola*, and the second here in his house, and now serving his eldest Daughter *Babistyna*; they demand to speake with *Pieria*, whom hee causeth to be sought in all places of his house, but she is not to be found, so he sends to looke her in his Daughters Chamber, her Mistresse, but his servants returne and report, that the doore of that Chamber is fast lock'd, and that they can get no speech either of her, or of the Lady *Babistyna*; which answer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealousie of the Judges, and the feare of the Father: So they all resolve to ascend themselves to that Chamber, where they aloud againe calling both the Lady and her maid, and hearing no answer of either of them, they instantly cause the doore to be forced open, where (contrary to their expectation) they find the Lady *Babistyna* dead, and well neere cold in her bed, and causing her body to be secretly searched by some Chirurgeons and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that shee is undoubtedly stifled in her bed, and her face very much blacke and swolne with struggling for life against death. They are amazed, and her father *Streni* almost drowned in his sorrowfull teares at the sight of this deplorable accident, and mournfull spectacle, and therefore what to say, or how to beare himselfe herein he knowes not.

But the Judges upon farther knowledge and consideration of the flight of *Pieria*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promised Annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) doe vehemently suspect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly consenting and guilty of *Babistyna's* death, notwithstanding that the Key of her Chamber was found throwne in within side: So they presently leave this sorrowfull Father to his teares, and betaking themselves to their Seat of Justice, doe instantly cause all the Gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of *Pieria* which (in their zeale and honour to sacred Justice) they performe with so much care and speed, as within three houres after she is found out, and apprehended in an Aunts house of hers, who was a poore woman and a Landresse of that City named *Eleanora Fracasa*. The Judges being presently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this Annuity) charge both her and her lover *Bernardo* to be the actors, and *Amarantha* to be

fire of marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her thinke every houre ten, before the fiftenth day bearrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha*, (who sees by no other eyes, but by those of malice and revenge towards her Sister) she thinkes every day an age, before she heare of her dispatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Sireni* his house in *Florence*, and at one of the Clocke after midnight, he findes the little Garden doore open, and his *Pieria* there purposely to receive and welcome him; so they begimme their meeting with kisses. Shee leads him by the hand to the outer doore of her Ladies chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to stifle her in her bed, she had there to that purpose, provided two pillowes, keepe one, and gives him another to effect it: These miserable wretches (for the more secrecie) put off their shooes, and out the candles, and the darknesse of the Moone, and the obscurity of the night, seeming to conspire to their conspiracie, they softly enter her chamber, goe one by one side, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Babistyna* lying soundly sleeping and snoring, they stifle her with their pillowes, and then a little while after, thrust a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was so fierce and implacable towards her, as she hath neither grace to speake, nor power to screech or to cry. Thus she who had formerly poysoned her elder sister *Iaquinta*, is now also cruelly murdered by the trechery of her youngest *Amarantha*, which makes me cry out and say: O Lord, as thou art immense in thy mercy, so thou art inscrutable in thy judgements, and that therefore as we ought not, so we cannot resist his divine power and eternall preordination.

Bernardo and *Pieria* (as two limbes of the Divell) having finished this cruell murder on *Babistyna*, they leave her breathlesse body on her bed, and then withdrawing themselves from her Chamber, they softly pull fast the doore, which had a Spring-locke, and then shee secretly throwes in the key within side, at a private hole, or cranny; when her Sweet-heart and her selfe descended the staires, and with wonderfull silence stalke away to the Garden, without the Posterne doore whereof, his horse, tied up to an Iron ring in the wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kisses they part, hee faithfully promising her to returne to her againe at *Florence* within a moneth after at most, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pieria* now (in the depth and dead of this dismal night) betakes her selfe to her bed, and there (as devoyd of feare as of Grace) sleeps soundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obscure night, gallops thorow the streets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Pistoia*, where God (in all seeing providence) causeth his horse to stumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he brake his necke, and presently died, and his horse then rising, flies from him straglingly in the streets, leaving the breathlesse corps of *Bernardo* in the street, having not the happinesse either to cry or utter one word at this his sudden and disastorous death: God having so ordained and decreed in his Star-chamber of Heaven, that although for the murdering of the Lady *Babistyna* he deserved a more shamefull end, yet that this poore horse which brought him to *Florence*, should at the same time and place be his executioner, as also that there was scarce one houre betweene his crime and his punishment; betweene her murthier and his owne death: An act and example of Gods Justice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Christians most especially to remember, so secret and sacred are the judgements of the Lord of Hosts. All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly issued forth his mouth) as also in the dirt of the street, unespied of any mortall eye; but as soone as the morning began to appeare thorow the windowes of Heaven, then it was found, and likewise to be done by the fall off a horse, whereof his necke, the beholders saw, was broken, the which the sooner they were induced and led to believe, because they likewise found a horse neere him, stragling in the streets without his rider: This his dead body is therefore presently exposed to the Criminall Judges of that faire and famous City, who forth with, cause his Pockets to be searched, where, in stead of gold, they, by the direction of God, finde the be-
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fore nominated promise of a yeerely Annuity, which wee have formerly understood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Seignior Leonardo Streni* his daughter, and by this note, confidently believing this dead man to be the same *Bernardo*, and hee to be *Amarantha*'s servant, they (without once suspecting or dreaming of any murder committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* therewith. But the newes of this dead found Corps rattling thorough the streets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and so speedily arrives to *Streni* his house before them; whereat *Pierya* (looking for nothing lesse) takes so hot an allarm of griefe, feare, and despaire, that her guilty thoughts and conscience (like so many Blood-hounds) still pursuing her, shee seeing this unlook'd for disaster and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; shee therefore presently flies out a doore, and (with much celerity, and more feare) betakes her selfe to the least frequented and most remotest streets of the City for her safety. By this time the Criminal officers are arrived at *Streni*'s house, whom they acquaint with this mournfull accident, shew him this assurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughters hand, as also the dead corps, and if this were her servant, who (with a countenance compos'd of astonishment, feare and sorrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha*'s owne hand writing, and the dead personage to be her serving-man *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he sorrowfully feares, that this death of his, and that assurance of hers, doth either import or include some greater disaster and misfortune: Whereupon, they againe modestly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chambermaid, *Pierya*, who returnes them this answer; that the first is at his Mannor of *Cardura*, neere *Pistata*, and the second here in his house, and now serving his eldest Daughter *Baptistyna*; they demand to speake with *Pierya*, whom hee causeth to be sought in all places of his house, but she is not to be found, so he sends to looke her in his Daughters Chamber, her Mistresse, but his servants returne and report, that the doore of that Chamber is fast lock'd, and that they can get no speech either of her, or of the Lady *Baptistyna*; which answer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealousy of the Judges, and the feare of the Father: So they all resolve to ascend themselves to that Chamber, where they aloud againe calling both the Lady and her maid, and hearing no answer of either of them, they instantly cause the doore to be forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they find the Lady *Baptistina* dead, and well neere cold in her bed, and causing her body to be secretly searched by some Chirurgeons and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that shee is undoubtedly stifled in her bed, and her face very much blacke and swolne with struggling for life against death. They are amazed, and her father *Streni* almost drowned in his sorrowfull teares at the sight of this deplorable accident, and mournfull spectacle, and therefore what to say, or how to beare himselfe herein he knowes not.

But the Judges upon farther knowledge and consideration of the flight of *Pierya*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promised Annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) doe vehemently suspect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly consenting and guilty of *Baptistina*'s death, notwithstanding that the Key of her Chamber was found throwne in within side: So they presently leave this sorrowfull Father to his teares, and betaking themselves to their Seat of Justice, doe instantly cause all the Gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of *Pierya* which (in their zeale and honour to sacred Justice) they performe with so much care and speed, as within three houres after she is found out, and apprehended in an Aunts house of hers, who was a poore woman and a Landresse of that City, named *Eleonora Fracasa*. The Judges being presently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this Annuity) charge both her and her lover *Bernardo* to be the actors, and *Amarantha* to be

be at least accessory, if not the Authour, with them of murdering of *Baptistyna*; she can hardly speake for teares at this her examination, because her sighes still cut her words in pieces; and yet she is so farre from grace and repentance, as at first she stoutly denies all, and boldly affirms, that both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her selfe, were every way innocent of attempting any thing against *Baptistyna*'s life, & that if she were dead, shee died onely of a naturall death by the appointment of God, and no otherwise; and to this answer of hers the Divell had made her so strong, as shee added many fearefull oathes and deprecations, both for her owne and their justification; but yet (notwithstanding this her Apologie) these grave and cleere-sighted Judges are so farre from diminishing, as they augment their suspicion both of her and them, and so commit her to prison, and forthwith to the racke. At the pronouncing of which Sentence, *Pierya* is much daunted, seemes to let fall some of her former fortitude and constancie, and to burst forth into many passionate teares, sighes and exclamations; but they will nothing availe her: For, seeing her pretended Husband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joyes of her heart, shee so fainted, as at the very first sight of the Racke (with some teares, and more deep-fetcht sighes) she confessed to her Judges, that she and *Bernardo* had stifled her Lady *Baptistyna* in her bed; but still constantly affirmed that her sister *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her selfe with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, she (in requitall thereof) could doe no lesse than be a meanes to procure a pardon for her life: But these hopes of hers will deceive her, and shee as fast from her hereafter, as ever she formerly did from God. So the Judges (in detestation of this her foule and bloody crime) adjudge her to be hanged for the same; but first they send her backe to prison, and the very next morning, before breake of day, they secretly send away three of their *Isbieres* (or Sergeants) to *Cardura*, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to *Florence*, being very confident (notwithstanding *Pierya*'s deniall) that shee likewise had a deepe finger and share in her Sister *Baptistyna*'s murther.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence* to *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but flattering her selfe with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her sister *Baptistyna*, & consequently that she should shortly revisit *Florence*, and there dominere alone, and obtaine some gallant Cavallier of her Father for her Husband; she in expectance of her servant *Bernardo* his returne, and of his pleasing newes, had that day (as it were, in a bravery and triumph) purposely dighted her selfe up in her best attire, and richest apparell, and so betaking her selfe to her Chamber, and to that window which looked towards *Florence*, she with a longing desire expecteth every minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clocke before dinner (contrary to her expectation) shee sees three men to enter into the house, appparelled as *Florentines*, whereat shee much museth and wondereth, as not knowing what they, or their comming should import. These three Sergeants having entred the house, they are brought to the Governesse *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her Chamber; to whom (with a dissembling confidence) they report to her, That *Seignior Streni* her Father, hath sent them to conduct and accompany her speedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquires of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect, whereunto one of the subtillest of them makes answer very slyly and artificially to her, that her Fathers haste, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her, for that hee perfectly knew from him, hee was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband: Her Governesse *Malevola* likewise demands of them, if he had not written to her selfe, they answer no, but that he had them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his Daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themselves to *Florence* by Coach, and onely one Foot-boy. The Pupill and Governesse consult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the first as willing as the second is discontented to goe to *Florence* without a Letter; but the policie

police of the Sergeants so prevaile with the simplicity of this young Lady, and old Gentlewoman, that they speedily pack up their Trunks, so dine, and then take Coach and Horse, and away for *Florence*; during which short journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* be great, yet she findes so many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her minde at the absence and silence of her man *Bernardo*, as she cannot possibly againe refraine from musing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at *Florence*, where these Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) in stead of *Amarantha's* Fathers house, do clap her up close prisoner in the Common Goale of that City, notwithstanding all her prayers and cries, sighes and teares to the contrary; and then send her Governesse *Malevola* home to her said Father to advertise him hereof; who tearing the snow-white haire off his head and beard at this sad newes, and extreamely fearing the dangerous consequence of this deplorable accident, he (with teares in his eyes, sorrow in his lookes, and sighes in his speeches) repairs speedily to the Judges, to whom sorrowfully and humbly casting himselfe almost as low as their feet, he prayes them to think of his age, and of his imprisoned Daughters youth, and that having unfortunately lost his eldest Daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngest, nor cast her life away either upon bare presumption or circumstance, or upon the wrongfull reports and malice of his and her enemies: but these grave and Lynce-ey'd Magistrates (who look as deeply into the priviledge and dignity of Justice, as he doth into the passions of paternall affection and nature) cut him off with this sharpe reply, That they honour his age, and respect his Daughters youth, that she shall have justice, and that by the lawes of *Florence* he must expect no more; with which cold answer he returnes home to his house, as disconsolate, as he came forth sorrowfull, being not permitted, but defended to see, or speak with his Daughter *Amarantha* in prison, only he hath permission to bury his murdered Daughter *Baptistyna*, the which he performeth with far more griefe and sorrow then solemnity.

The truth and decorum of this History must now invite the Reader to visite *Amarantha* in prison, who being there debarr'd from speaking with any, or any with her, except (those miserable comforters) her Sergeants and Goalers, she now seeing the imminency of her danger, and fearing the assurance of her death, for that she heard a secret inckling (from the lower Court, through her Chamber window) That her Sister *Baptistyna* was murdered, her Mayd *Pyeria* imprisoned, and she herselfe vehemently suspected for the same: She therefore now beginnes to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of these her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder Sisters with contrition, and solemnly vowes to God, that if his divine Majesty will now please to save her life, she will henceforth religiously redeeme the first and second with repentance. So in the midst of these good thoughts, though vaine desires and wishes of hers, she yet still flatters her selfe with this poore hope, that if her man *Bernardo* be living, then her promised Annuity to him written with her owne hand is still sure, and therefore tacitly dead in his custody; and that both he and *Pieria* cannot any way wrong her without infinitely wronging themselves, and endangering their owne lives: so albeit her Judges have matter of suspicion, yet they can have no cause of death against her, or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Fathers greatnesse and friends are so prevalent in *Florence* and *Tuscany*, that (if the worst fall out) he and they can obtain at least her revivall for the present, if not, her pardon for the future. But (contrary to all these her weak & triviall hopes) the very next morning she is sent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and religious speech to her) they demand her, first, If she employed not her servant *Bernardo*, and *Pieria* to murder her Sister *Baptistyna*, the which shee firmly and constantly denies; Secondly, If shee had not given an Annuity of 150 Duckatons during this life to marry *Pieria*, the which shee likewise denies, then they produce and shew it her under her own hand writing, where

at (they measuring her heart by her countenance) she seemes to be so much perplexed with sorrow, and amaz'd with feare, as shee cannot refraine from giving them lesse words, but more teares; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themselves now to be in a faire way, and a direct course to obtaine the whole truth of this lamentable businesse from her) they bethink themselves of a policie, thereby to effect and compasse it, which is every way worthy of themselves and their offices, of their discretion and justice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility, they desire and intend to save her, if shee will not wilfully cast her selfe away; That her safety and life now consisteth in her plaine confession, and not in her perverse denyall and contestation, of being accessary and consenting to the murder of her Sister *Babstina*; That they have proofes thereof, as cleare, and as apparant as the Sunne: and that they having caused *Pieria* to bee executed for the same this morning, she confessed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which speeches of her Judges, and confession and death of *Pieria*, this wretched and unfortunate Lady *Amarantha* (seeing her selfe so palpably convicted of this her bloody and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with feare toward her selfe, or choller towards *Pieria*, she falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great shower of teares) makes her selfe (by her free confession) to bee the prime authour of her Sister *Babstina's* murder, That shee had hired *Bernarde* and *Pieria* to performe it, and given him an Annuity of 150 Duckatons *per annum*, and to each of them 50 Duckatons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly understood: when (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) she most bitterly exclaimes on the name, memory, and ingratitude of this base wretch *Pieria* (for so shee then termed her) in that she could not be contented to die her selfe, but also as much, and as maliciously, as in her power, to think likewise to hazard her own life with her. And now our cholerick, and yet sorrowfull *Amarantha* (betweene these two different extreames of hope and feare) layes hold of her Judges late promise and profered courtesie to her to save her, and then and there (with many reverences, teares, and wringing of her hands) most humbly beseecheth them for Gods sake, and for honours cause, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although she confesseth she is most worthy of death, in being so degenerate and bloody minded towards her own Sister. But they (having by this commendable meanes, and artificiall policie, drawn this worm from *Amarantha's* tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth) are exceeding sorrowfull, & as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pittie her descent, youth, and beauty; but well knowing with themselves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of Justice upon all capitall malefactoris, and especially on murderers (who are no lesse then monsters of nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of mankind) and that the greatnesse of their quality and blood doth onely serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater: therefore (I say) these wise and religious Judges proove deafe to her requests, and blinde to her teares; and so having first caused her to signe this her confession, and then confronted her with *Pieria*, who now to *Amarantha's* face confirmed as much as shee her selfe right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expiation of this her cruell murder, adjudge her likewise to be hanged the next day, at the common place of execution, in company of *Pieria*, although her aged sorrowfull Father *Seignior Streni* (being well nigh weighed downe to his grave with the extream griefe and sorrow of these his misfortunes and calamities) profered the Judges and the great Duke the greatest part of his estate and lands, to save this his youngest, and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*. But his labour proved lost, and his care and affection vaine in this his sute and solicitation, because these learned Judges, & this prudent & noble Duke, grounded their resolutions and pleasures upon this wholesome & true Maxim, That Justice is one of the greatest Collus & strongest column of kingdoms and common-weales, and the truest way and

meanes to preserve them in flourishing prosperity and glory, and consequently, that all wilfull & premeditated murderers cannot be either too soon exterminated, or too severely punished, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choller then sorrow, and *Pieria*, with more feare then choller, are now both sent back to their prisons; and that night *Streni* sends his Daughter, and the Judges send *Pieria*, some Fryers and Nunnes to prepare their soules for heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I must affirme with equall grieve and pittie, that both these two female monsters had their hearts so sealed, and their soules so seared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perswaded, or drawne, either to thinke of repentance or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* resounds of these their foule and inhumane crimes, as also of their just condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clocke, they are brought to the destin'd place of execution, there to receive their condigne punishments for the same. *Pieria* first mounts the Ladder, who made a short speech at her death, to this effect, That her desire to obtaine *Bernardo* for her husband had chiefly drawne her to commit this murder on her Lady *Babistina*, and that it was farre more her Sister *Amarantha's* malice to her, then her owne, which seduced her to this bloody resolution; and that this her owne shamefull death was not halfe so grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her lover *Bernardo*, whom, she there affirmed to the world, and tooke it to her death, that she loved a thousand times dearer then her owne life, with many other vaine and ridiculous speeches tending that way, and which savoured more of her fond affection to him, then of any zeale or devotion to God; and therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my silence, then of my relation: and so she was turned over. To second whose unfortunate and shamefull end, now our bloody & execrable *Amarantha* (with far more beauty then contrition, and bravery then repentance) ascends the Ladder; who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purposely dighted & apparelled her selfe in a plain black Satin gowne, with silver lace, and a deepe-laced Cambrick Ruffe of a very large Set, with her haire unvailed, and decked with many roses of silver Ribband: Ather ascent, her extraction, beauty, and youth, begate as much pittie, as her bloody and unnaturall crime did detestation, in the eyes and hearts of all her spectators: When after a pause or two, shee (vainly composing her countenance, more with contempt, then feare of death) there to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Countrey to see her dye (with a wondrous boldnesse) confessed, That shee had not onely caused her sister *Babistina* to bee stifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Pieria*, but that her said Sister *Babistina* and her selfe had formerly poysoned their elder Sister *Iaquinta*, and that it was onely their imperiousnesse and pride towards her, which drew her to this resolution and revenge against them both; the which she affirmed, shee could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that shee more sensibly lamented, & grieved for the sorrowes of her Fathers life, then for the shame and infamy of her owne death: when, without any shew of repentance, without any speech of God, or which is lesse, without so much as once looking up towards heaven, or inviting or praying her spectators to pray to God for her soule, shee (with a gracelesse resolution, and prophane boldnesse) conjured her Executioner speedily to performe his office and duty, which by the command of the Magistrate hee forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her second murder, and then by a second decree and sentence of the Criminall Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to ashes for her first; who likewise, in honour to Justice, and to the glory of God, doe also cause the dead body of *Bernardo* (for two whole dayes) to be hanged by his feet in his shirt to the same Gallows, and then to bee cast into the River of *Arno*. And here the Judges also, to shew themselves, themselves, were once of opinion to have unburyed *Babistina*, and likewise to have given her dead body some opprobrious punishment, for being accessary with her Sister *Amarantha* to poyson their elder sister *Iaquinta*; but having no other evidence or prooffe hereof, but onely the

testimony of her condemned dying Sister *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable then impossible, shee might speake it more out of malice then truth, as also that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and punishment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deserved ends, and condigne punishments of these wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the just revenge, and sacred justice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloody crimes.

And now here fully to conclude and shut up this History in all its circumstances; The griefes and sorrowes of this unfortunate old Father was so great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all these his three onely Daughters and Children, that although piety and religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquished and depressed with all these his different bitter crosses and calamities, hee left *Florence*, and retired himselfe to a solitary life in *Cardura*, where hee not long survived them, but dyed very pensively and mournfully.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

A GAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino poysoneth his Brother Pedro, and murthereth Monfredo in the street ; Hee afterwards growes mad, and in confession reveales both these his murthers to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to Cecilliana, who was Widdow to Monfredo, and Sister to Pedro and Martino. Martino hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.



It is a dangerous wickednesse to contrive and plot murther ; So much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finish, and perpetrate it ; for to kill our Christian Brother, who figuratively beares the image of God, is an act so odious, as Nature cannot excuse, and so diabolicall, as no Clemencie can pardon ; And yet this age, and this world is but too plentifull and fertile of such bloudy Tigers, and inhumane Monsters, and Butchers of mankind, as if they had not a Conscience within them to accuse them, a God above them to condemne them, and a Hell below them to punish them ; or as if they had not the sacred Oracles of Gods eternall Word, I meane the Law and the Gospell, and the blessed Precepts and Doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apostles, yea, of Christ Jesus himselve, the great Shepherd, and sacred Bishop of our soules, to teach us the rules of Mercy, Meeknesse, and Long-suffering, whiles wee live in this vale of Misery here below, and that wee must imbrace and follow Peace and Charity with all men, if ever wee thinke to participate

cipate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above : But neverthelesse (yea directly contrary hereunto) this ensuing History will produce us one, who though sufficiently instructed in the rules of Piety and Charity, yet he willfully abandoned the first, and contemned the second, by cruelly and unnaturally imbruing his hands in innocent blood : for the which wee shall see, that he in the end suffereth a severe and shamefull death. May wee read this History to the glory of God, and the instruction of our selves.

THe Scene of this History is laid in *Spaine*, in the famous Province of old *Castile*, and in the faire and ancient City of *Burgos*, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed *Dona Catharina Antunez* (a Surname much knowne, and famous in that City, Province, and Kingdome) who had by her deceased Husband *Don Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two sonnes, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Martino*, and one Daughter named *Dona Cecilliana*. Her eldest sonne *Don Pedro* was a gallant Cavallier of some eight and twenty yeares of age, tall, and well-timbred, by complexion and haire black, and of a swart and martiall countenance, who for the space of seven yeares served as a voluntary Gentleman under that wise and valiant Commander *Don Gonzalez de Cordova* in *Germany*, and against the Lords States of the *Netherlands*, and since in the *Voltoline* and *Millane*, against the *Grisons* and *French* : In both which warres, hee left behind him many memorable testimonies of his prowesse, and purchased divers honorable trophées of true valour, and generosity : but for any other intellectuall endowments of the mind, hee was no scholler, and but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honest, courteous, and affable, particularly to his friends, and generally to all the world. His Brother *Don Martino* was of some foure and twenty yeares of age, short of stature, very slender, but crooke-back'd, of an Aubrun haire, a withered face, a squint eye, of inclination extreamely sullen, and of disposition and nature envious and revengefull, as desirous rather to entertaine a night-quarrell in the street, then a day-combate in the Field ; but as God is many times pleased to countervail and reward the defects of nature in the body, with some rich gifts and perfections of the mind, so though not by profession, yet by education he was an excellent Scholler, of an active and sharp wit, a fluent tongue, and singularly able either to allure or divert, to perswade or disswade, according as the streame of his different passions and affections led him ; Vertues enough relucant and excellent to build a fame, and sufficient to raise an eminent fortune, if his former vices doe not too fatally eclipse the one, and deface the other. Their Sister *Cecilliana* (aged of some twenty yeares) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulencie and fatnesse, of a black hayre, an amiable browne complexion, abig rolling eye, & the ayre of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, then modestly beautifull : She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleasant and facetious, yet so reserved in the externall demonstration thereof, that through her Mothers pious and austere education of her, shee (in all outward semblance) seemed rather to be fit for a Nunnery then a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint, then a Wife ; but as the face proves not still a true Index of the heart, nor our lookes and speeches still a true Sybille of our soules, so how retired soever her Mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye, conspiring with her lascivious heart, made her the more desirous thereof, and farre the more licentious, in regard shee was strictly forbidden it ; so as (not to contradict or dissemble the truth) I am here enforced to relate and affirme, that she imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that City, of her private acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, then modesty can well warrant, or chastity allow of : But there is a young Gallant of this City likewise (more noble by birth, then rich in estate and meanes) named *Don Balthazar de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Cecilliana* as famous for her chastity, as for her beauty) beares a singular affection to her ; yea, his heart and thoughts are so fervently intangled in the snares of her delicious beauty, that in publicke and private, in his de-

fires and wishes, and in his speech and actions he proclaimes her to be his Mistresse, and himselfe her servant; and if he affect and desire *Cecilliana* for his Wife, no lesse doth she *Monfreda* for her Husband; so that they many times by stealth meet and conferre privately in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane than a religious custome of *spaine* (wherein Heaven is too much made to stoope to Earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worse) many times their Courtizans and Strumpets. *Cecilliana* (oftentimes warranted by her Mothers indisposition) can no sooner take Coach to enjoy the pleasure and benefit of the fresh ayre abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfreda* assuredly meets her, where leaping from his Coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her Wayting Gentlewoman in his own) they at first familiarly kisse and conferre, and in a few of these meetings at last effectually resolve to give themselves each to other in the sacred bonds of marriage; so he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and she reciprocally returns him a paire of Gold Bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witnesse) very solemnely contract themselves man and wife, yet for some solid reasons, and important considerations, which conduce to the better accomplishing of their desires, they for a time conclude to beare it secretly and silently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed betweene them, that a moneth after, and not before, he shall attempt to seek her publicly in marriage, both of her Mother the Lady *Catherina*, as also of her two Brothers *Don Pedro* and *Don Martino*. So when this moneth is past over (which to these our two Lovers seems to be many ages) *Monfreda* very fairely and orderly seekes her of her Mother in marriage, and likewise (in tearmes fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two Brothers with his sute and affection to their Sister, and with his best art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable tearmes) to gaine and purchase their consents thereunto. As for her Mother, she (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) considering the weaknesse of *Monfreda*'s estate, the death of his parents, whereby she sees him deprived of all future hope to raise his fortunes, doth absolutely deny to bestow her Daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extreame distaste of this his sute and dislike of himself, she (with much obstinacy and choller) forbids him her Daughters company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbear her house, telling him she hath already firmly ingaged her word and promise to *Don Alonso Delrio*, that he shall shortly espouse and marry her. Now although this sharpe answer of hers seeme to nip *Monfreda*'s hopes and desires in their blossomes, yet relying more on the affection and constancy of the Daughter, than on the power or resolution of the Mother, he againe and againe (with a most respective and honourable importunity) soliciteth her consent; but he sees it lost labour, because she is resolute that her first shall be her last answer to him herein. As for her Brother *Don Pedro*, he loves his Sister so perfectly, and her content so dearely, that he findes him to stand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and respect to him, that he utterly contemnes the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therefore faithfully promisseth *Monfreda* his best assistance towards his Mother for the effecting of their desires. But for her younger Brother, *Don Martino*, he findes a contrary nature and disposition in him; for he never loved, but hated his Sister *Cecilliana*, and therefore hates *Monfreda* for her sake, and loves *Delrio*, because he heares she hates him, and so animates his Mother against them; and thus he gives *Monfreda* cold answers, and (the sooner and better to convert his hope into despaire) tels him plainly that *Delrio* must and shall marry his Sister, and none but he: Thus *Monfreda* departs, as glad of *Don Pedro*'s love, as he is sorrowfull for his Mother and Brother *Don Martino*'s hatred. And here (to observe the better order in this history, and likewise to give the curiosity of the Reader the fuller satisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent for us to understand, that *Don Delrio* was also a well descended Gentleman of the same City of *Burges*, rich in lands and monies, but at least fifty five years old, having

ving a white head and beard, of a hard and soure favour, and exceedingly Baker-legged; yet as old as he was, he was so passionately inamoured of the fresh and sweet beauty of *Cecilliana*, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himself too old to be her husband, but led more by his lust than his judgement, and encouraged by *Dona Caterina* her Mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed downe her affection towards him, he often visiteth her daughter *Cecilliana*, and with his best oratory and power seeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: but she having her heart fixed on *Monfredo's* youth, and comely feature, she highly slightes *Delrio's* frozen age, as disdainning to make her selfe a May to this December, because she apparantly knew, and perfectly beleaved, that he was every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed; for it was *Monfredo*, and only *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and chosen for her second selfe and Husband: And suppose (quoth she) that *Monfredo* be not so rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Castile*, yea all *Spaine* well knowes, that by descent and generosity he is farre more noble, and that there is as great an *Antithesis* and disparity betweene the vertues of the first, and the defects and imperfections of the last, as there is betweene a Clowne and a Capitaine, and a Peasant and a Prince; therefore let my Mother say what she will, *Delrio* what he can, or my brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they shall see, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either he, or my Grave, shall be my Husband.

But the Lady *Caterina* her Mother (notwithstanding her Daughters aversenesse and obstinacie) layes her charge and blessing upon her to forsake *Monfredo*, and takes *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the last will give her, and what afflictions and misery the first doth threaten her: but the affection of *Cecilliana* is still so firmly fixed, and strongly settled and cymented on her *Monfredo*, that she is deafe to these requests, and blinde to these reasons of her Mother, in seeking to dissuade her from him, and in consenting and perswading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her shadow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghost, to draw her hereunto, yet she still findes her Daughter as resolute to denie, as she is importunate to request it of her, vowing that she will rather wed her selfe to a Nunnery, than to *Delrio*, whom she saith she cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily disdaineth to marry. Her Mother seeing her Daughter thus constantly and wilfully to persevere in her obstinacy against her desires, she (with much choller and grieve) relates from point to point to her Sonne *Don Martino* what had past betweene them; whom shee knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monfredo*, as her eldest Sonne *Don Pedro* hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their Sister in marriage. *Martino* takes advantage of this occasion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blowes with one stone, by crossing his Sister in her affection, and his Brother in his designs and wishes, doth now more than ever incense his Mother against her, alleading that it would be a far greater honour, and lesse scandall to their Name and House, that she were rather married to a Nunnery, than a Beggar, and with many powerfull reasons, and artificall perswasions, strives to make her inclinable to this project, and flexible to this resolution of his, as indeed in a little time she doth: For the Mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the flie policy, and fortified by the subtile insinuation of her Sonne *Don Martino*, she hereupon constantly resolves to betake and give her Daughter to God and the Church, affirming that she shall never reape any true content in her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before she see her cloystered up & espoused to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not so closely carried between them, but the vigilancie of *Don Pedro* (whose affection and care aimes to give *Monfredo* and his Sister content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceale from them both; when firmly purposing to prevent it, and so to crosse his Mother and Brother, who herein delight and glory to crosse him, he bethinks himselfe of an invention (worthy of himselfe) how and which way to effect

effect it. He sends for *Don Alonso Delrio* to the *Cordeliers* Church; and there relates him the friendship he bears him, that he will not see him runne himselfe into an error in seeking his Sister *Cecilliana* in marriage; whom he knowes he cannot possibly obtaine; She (to his knowledge) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithstanding all that his Mother and Brother *Don Martino* have said or can do to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thanks *Don Pedro* for the expression of this love to him; the which he affirms he shall ever finde him ready both to deserve and requite; when measuring the time future by the present; and of *Cecilliana's* blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blasted age; he vowes to *Don Pedro*, that he will henceforth no more desire or seek his Sister in marriage, nor yet speak with her, or come neere his Mother or Brother; so that businesse is for ever dashed; and receives an end, almost as soone as a beginning. The which *Don Martino* (out of his deepe reach and polittick part) understanding, and knowing that this falling off of *Delrio*, from farther seeking his Sister in marriage, proceeded wholly from the secret undermining of his Brother *Don Pedro*, he is extremely in choller against him for the same; and so (with more passion than discretion) goes & chargeth him herewith: Whereupon these two Brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outrageous speeches here interchangeably passe betweene them; the repetition whereof I think good to bury in silence, because it matters not much to give it a place in this History; onely (to deale on generals) I must say that *Don Pedro* was high, and *Don Martino* hot, and that the first spake not so much as he dared, and the last dared not so much as he spake. But this tongue combat of theirs was so violent and blustering, as the issue thereof redounding to *Don Pedro's* glory and generosity, and to *Don Martino's* shame and baseness; and *Martino* finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his brother, he is inflamed with choller and revenge against him for the same, as consulting with Satan, not with God, he is so revengefull and inhumane, as he wisheth his said Brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himselfe how to finish it, reasoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himselfe; That he being dead, and his Sister pent and mewed up in a Nunnery, he shall then be sole Heire and Lord to all the Lands and Estate which his Father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choller, and the fumes of his revenge against his Brother *Don Pedro*, he repayres to his Mother, informes her how it is he and his policie which hath beaten off *Delrio* from seeking his Sister *Cecilliana* in marriage; and that through his close treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unassayed to incense his Mother against his Brother, nor means unattempted to inflame her against his Sister, by still putting her in minde of his rashnesse towards *Delrio*; and of her disobedience towards her selfe; and here (he remembring his owne avaritious ends) doth again modestly perswade, and then againe importunately pray his Mother to constitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly understoode) he knowes she is already resolutely bent and resolved: When she (being vanquished with her owne desires, and his importunity) promisseth him very shortly to effect it. But first she sends for her Sonne *Don Pedro*; and in a language of thunder rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in dissuading *Delrio* from so suddenly forsaking his Sister, and in perswading so strongly to affect *Monfredo*, adding withall, that notwithstanding his treachery and policie, and her ingratefull disobedience to her, she is inviolably resolved shortly to send *Monfredo* to seek another wife, and to give and betake her to no other Husband than a Nunnery. *Don Pedro*, holding it his duty to entertaine this choller and these speeches of his Mother rather with modestie than passion, returns her this answer, that he hath not said, nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what he can well justifie with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Sisters present content, and care of her future prosperity, makes him assume this beliefe and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as she worthily bestowed on *Don Monfredo*, and therefore that

that it is both pitty and shame, that the wealth of the first should be preferred to the nobility and generosity of the second; he prays her to consider, that as *Cecilliana* is her Daughter, so she is his Sister, and that he is so well acquainted with her disposition and secrets, as not to dissemble her the truth, he holds her farre more fit to make a Wife than a Nunne, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to be improper for her, and she for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policy, or rather the malice of his Brother *Don Martino*, which hath wrought these false impressions in her beliefe against himselfe, and this her uncharitable resolution against his Sister; for which base treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knowes he is of his scorne, he would not faile to call him to a strict account for the same, but that Nature and Grace prescribe him contrary rules. *Dona Caterina* being farre more capable to distaste, than to relish this bold answer of her Sonne *Don Pedro*, and contenting her selfe to have now delivered him her minde and resolution at full, she leaves him, and findes out his Brother *Martino*, to whom she punctually relates what had past betweene her and his Brother *Don Pedro*; whereat he is afresh so nettled with choller, and inflamed with revenge against him, as what before he hath desperately plotted and resolved against his life, he now vows and swears shortly to execute, whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermission) aime and tend, and next thereunto he desires nothing so much, as to see his Sister made a vowed and vayled Sister.

Whiles thus his Mother and himselfe are deepe in conference, and busie in consultation how to effect and compasse these their different designs, *Don Pedro* goes to his Sister *Cecilliana*, findes out *Monfredo*, and to them both sincerely delivers what hath past betweene his Mother, his Brother, and himselfe, in their behalves; yea, it is a jest (both worthy, and well becomming his laughter) to see how betweene earnest and jest, he tels his Sister (in presence of her lover *Monfredo*) that she must shortly prepare her selfe for a Nunnery, for that their Brother *Don Martino* hath decreed it, and their Mother *Dona Caterina* sworne it: At this pleasant passage and conceipt of *Don Pedro*, *Cecilliana* cannot refraine from blushing, nor *Monfredo* from smiling: for looking each on other with the eyes of one and the same tender affection and constancy, he smiles to see her blush, and she againe blusheth to see him smile hereat, here she tels her brother *Don Pedro* plainly, and her lover *Monfredo* pleasantly, that she will deceive her Mothers hopes, and her Brother *Don Martino*'s desires, in thinking to make her a cloystered Sister; when againe metamorphosing the snow-white lillies of her cheeks into blushing damask Roses, she with a modest pleasantnesse, directing her speech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arme) tels him, that his house should be the Nunnery, his armes the Cloyster, and himselfe the Saint, to whom (till death) she was ready to proffer up, and sacrifice both her affection and her selfe; that as she did not hate, but love the profession of a Nunne in others, so for his sake she could not love, but hate it in her selfe, adding withall, that for prooffe and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleasure) she was both ready and willing to put her selfe into his protection, and to repose her honour in the confidence of his faithfull affection and integrity towards her. *Monfredo* first kissing her, then infinitely thanks her for this true demonstration of her deere and constant affection to him, when againe intermixing kisses with smiles, and smiles with kisses, he swears to her, in presence of God, and her Brother *Don Pedro*, that if the Lady her Mother wholly abandon her, or resolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poore house with delight and joy, and preserve her honour equally with his owne life, and that in all things (as well for the time present, as the future) he will steere his actions by the starre of her desire, and the compasse of her present Brother *Don Pedro*'s commands: for which free and faithfull courtesie of his, *Cecilliana* thanks him, and no lesse doth *Don Pedro*, who in requitall hereof makes him a generall and generous tender of his best power and service to act and consummate his desires;

desires; and so for that time, and with this resolution, they part each from other, leaving the progresse of their affections, and the successe thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiously invoke to blesse their designs in hand.

Leave we them for a while, and come we now againe (curforily) to speake of their Mother *Dona Catharina*, and of *Don Martino* their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom she derives and directs all her resolutions, she is still constant to her selfe, and therefore still vehemently bent against her Sonne *Don Pedro*, her Daughter *Cecilliana* and *Monfredo*, swearing both solemnely and seriously, that she will rather dye, than live to see him her Sonne in law: and yet whatsoever *Don Martino* do say, or can alleadge to her to the contrary, she yet loves *Don Alonso Delrio* so well, and her Daughter *Cecilliana* so deere, that before she will attempt to cloyster her up in a Nunnery, she hoping to reclaim him to affect her, and to revive his suit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her servant send him this Letter.

CATHERINA TO DELRIO.

I am wholly ignorant why thou thus forsakest thy affection and sate to my Daughter *Cecilliana*, whence, before I am resolved by thee, I have many reasons to suspect and thinke, that it was as feigned as thy promises and oathes pretended it to be fervent. Sure I am, that as envie cannot eclipse the same of her vertues towards the world, so Truth dares not contradict the sincerity of my well wishes and affection towards thee, in desiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy Wife. Her poore beauty (which thou so often swore thy heart so deere, admired and adored) hath lost no part of its lustre, but is the same still; and so am I, who have ever wished, and ever will faithfully desire, that of all men of the world, thyselfe only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou doest her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thy owne judgement, and to my knowledge: Or if thou imagine the Portion be too small, which I promised to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou shalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thyselfe shall ever have cause to request, or power to obtaine; yea, thou shalt finde, that for the finishing and consummating of so good a work (which thou so much desirest, and I so much desire) I will willingly be contented to enrich her fortunes with the impoverishing of mine owne. If thou send me thine Answer hereunto, I shall take it for an argument of thy unkindnesse: but if thou bring it thyselfe, I will esteeme it as one of thy true respects and affection to me.

CATHERINA.

Don Martino being solicited and charged by his Lady Mother likewise to write effectually to *Delrio* to returne to seek his Sister *Cecilliana* in marriage; yet notwithstanding drawne thereunto for his owne covetous ends, secretly to desire and wish that he might never marry her, but fine a Nunnery, he therefore to that effect writes, and sends him a most dissembling and hypocriticall Letter by the same messenger, to accompany hers, but he is so reserved and fine, as he purposely conceales the sight and reading thereof from his Mother. This Letter of his, which was as false and double as himselfe, reported this language:

MARTINO TO DELRIO.

MY duty ever obliging me to esteeme my Mothers requests as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as desiring to know who or what hath so suddenly withdrawn thee, or thy affection from my Sister *Cecilliana*. Thou canst not be ignorant of my hearty well wishes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not possible for thee to conceive, much lesse believe, the hundredth part of the bitter speeches, which I have beene enforced to receive and pack up, from her and my Brother *Don Pedro*, for desiring and wishing it. I know

know that inforced affections prove commonly more fatal than fortunate, and more ruinous than prosperous; therefore I am so farre from any more perswading thee to seek her in marriage; that I leave each of you to your selves; and both unto God. And to the end thou mayst see how much the Lady my Mother affects thy fate, and distastes that of Monfredo to my Sister, she upon thy forbearance and absence hath vowed unto God, that if thou be not, he shall not, but a Nunnery must be her Husband. My Mother is desirous to see thee; and my selfe to speake with thee; but because marriages ought first to be made in Heaven, before consummated in Earth, therefore thou knowest far better than my selfe, that in all actions (especially in marriage) it is the duty of a Christian to wait on Gods secret providence, and to attend his sacred pleasure with patience.

MARTINO.

Delrio receives and reades these two Letters, and (consulting them with his judgement) findes that they looke two different wayes; for Dona Catherina the Mother would marry her Daughter to himselfe, but not to Monfredo, and her sonne Martino aimes and desireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himselfe; wherein wealth and covetousnesse are the chiefe ends and ambition of them both, without having any respect to the young Ladies content, or regard to her satisfaction; and although the speech which Don Pedro delivered him in the Cordeliers (or Gray Friers) Church, have so much wrought with his affection, and so powerfully prevailed with his resolution, that he will no farther seek Cecilliana in marriage, yet in common courtesie and civility he holds himself bound to answer their two Letters, the which he doth, and returns them by their owne messenger. That to the Lady Catherina had these words:

DELRIO TO CATHERINA.

THough you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall finde, that the affection which I intended the Lady Cecilliana your Daughter was fervent, not feigned; and because you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbore to seek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her husband: so though envie should dare to be so ignorant, yet it cannot possibly be so malicious, either to eclipse the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweet a grace to the other, and both so pretious ornaments to her selfe, that infinite others besides my selfe hold it as great a prophanenesse not to adore the last, as a happinesse to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my selfe here, and she mine in marriage, I can give you no other requitall but thanks for the present, and my prayers and service for the future. How your Daughter hath, or will dispose of her affection, God and her selfe best know; and therefore I shall doe her right, and your knowledge and my judgement no wrong, rather to proclaim my ignorance, than my curiosity herein: but this I assure you, that if hers to me had equallized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a farre lesse portion than you would have given me with her. To your selfe I wish much prosperity, and to the Lady your Daughter all happinesse. I must returne you this mine answer by mine own servant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindnesse, or affection, in pleasing your selfe you shall no way displease me.

DELRIO.

His Letter to Don Martino spake thus.

DELRIO TO MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy Mother the reasons why I desist from any farther seeking thy Sister Cecilliana in marriage; and because I know she will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will suffice both for thee and her. I am as thankfull to thee for thy well wishes to have obtained her for my wife, as I grieve to understand that thou hast received any bitter speeches, either from her or thy Brother Don Pedro, for my sake. It rejoiceth me to see thee of the opinion, that enforced marriages prove commonly fatall and ruinous, in which believe and truth, if thou and thy Mother persevere, I hope you will espouse your Sister to Don Monfredo, and not to a Nunnery, because (if I am not mis-informed) her affections suggest and assure her, that she shall receive as much content from the first, as misery from the second. As thy Mother is desirous to see me, so am I to serve her, and likewise thy selfe; and as thou writest religiously and truly, that marriages should first be made in Heaven, ere solemnized in Earth; so, doubtlesse, God hath reserved thy Sister for a far better Husband than Delrio, and him for a far worse wife then Cecilliana: And thus (as a Christian) I recommend her with zeale to the providence, and my selfe with Patience to the Pleasure of Almighty God.

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future respect, devoted to the beauty and vertues of Cecilliana, and seeing her selfe her Mother and Brother Don Martino bent to dispose otherwise of her in Marriage, hee will yet be so jealous of her good, and so carefull of his owne honour and reputation, as hee holds himselfe obliged to take his leave of her by Letter, sith not in person, and so to recommend her and her good fortunes to God; the which hee doth, and gives his Letter to the same Bearer, but with a particular charge & secret instructions to deliver it very privately into the Lady Cecilliana's hands, without the knowledge either of her Mother or Brother Don Martino, which he faithfully promised to performe: His said Letter to her was charged with these lines.

DELRIO TO CECILLIANA.

Being heretofore informed by your Brother Don Pedro of your deare affection to Don Monfredo, and your constant resolution to make him your Husband, I held my self bound, out of due regard to you, and firme promise to him, to surcease my sute to you, and (because the shortest errors are ever best) no more to strive to make impossibilities possible, in persevering to seek you in marriage, whom I see (Heaven and Earth have conspired) another must obtaine and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that to Monfredo's, I am so far from condemning your choice, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as resolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this resolution, that my best prayers and wishes shall ever wish you the best prosperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection shall still resplend and shine to you in my future respect, I cannot, I will not conceale the knowledge of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your Mother and Brother Don Martino, they have some exorbitant and irregular designe in contemplation, shortly to reduce into action, against the excellency of your youth & beauty, and the sweetnesse of your content and tranquillity, which howsoever (to your selfe and the world) they seeme to shadow and overvail with false colours, yet although they make religion the pretext, you (if you speedily prevent it not) will in the end finde that their malice to your lover Monfredo is the true and only cause thereof. God hath indeed you with a double happinesse, in giving you an excellent wit to second and embellish your exquisite beauty, wherein to if in this businesse you

take the advice of your best friend Monfredo, and follow that of your noble Brother Don Pedro, you will then have no cause to doubt, but all the reasons of the world to assure your selfe that your affections and fortunes will in the end succeed according to my prayers, and your merits and expectation.

DELRIO.

The Messenger first publickly delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady Dona Catharina, and her Son Don Martino, and then privately the other to the young Lady Cecilliana, according to his promise and Don Delrio's request: As for the Mother, she grieves to see that Delrio will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forsaken her Daughter; But for her Son Don Martino he is exceeding joyfull hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his Mother upon Delrio's refusal, will (in mere malice to Monfredo) assuredly commit his Sister to a Nunnery: Thus if he obtaine his ends and desires, he cares not who misse theirs. As for Cecilliana, she doth not a little rejoyce at Delrio's Letter to her, and at his constant resolution to leave, and commit her to Monfredo; yea she reputes his advice to her concerning her Mother, and her Brother Don Martino's intended discourtesie towards her to much respect and honour. She acquaints her Brother Don Pedro, and her Monfredo with this Letter of Delrio, who now plainly see their Mother and Brothers former resolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make Cecilliana a holy Sister, whereat they againe laugh and jest at her, and she to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and resolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of Delrio's noble respect and true discretion, in being so constant to give over his sute to her, and yet so courteous and honest towards them all in this his kind and respectfull Letter to Cecilliana, the which above the other two, she cheerfully receives, and joyfully welcomes, that she resolves she can (in honour) do no lesse, than return his complement, and answer his Letter with one of her owne to him, the which she doth in these tearmes.

CECILLIANA TO DELRIO.

What my Brother Don Pedro informed you concerning Monfredo and my selfe, was the very truth and sincerity of those affections wherewith God hath inspired our hearts, and settled our resolutions each to other. As I was never doubtfull of your well-wishes and love, so now I am not a little thankfull to you for your dear respect towards me, in approving my choyce, and in praying to God to make it prosperous, whereas the obstinacy of my Lady Mother, and the malice of my Brother Don Martino (without ground or reason) affirme it must needs prove ruinous. I have heretofore been advertised, and now (by your care of me, and respect to me which clearly resplends and shines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my said Mother and Brother have some undeserved designe against me, and my content; and although my poor beauty and silly wit no way deserve those excellent praises of your Pen, yet my heart shal consult with Don Pedro how to bear my self in this so weighty & important a businesse, whereon (although the cause be malice, and the pretext religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happiness or my misery, in the meane time I will pray for those who wittingly hate me, and honour those who vertuously affect and honour me. Of which last number, I ingenuously and gratefully acknowledge, that your generosity, not my merits, hath condignely made you one.

CECILLIANA.

When she had dispatched this Letter to Delrio, then Monfredo by her consent, & the advice of her Brother Don Pedro, holds it very requisite now once again to sound the affection, and to feele the pulse of their Mother Dona Catharina's resolution towards him, to see whether yea or no she will please to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all sides betweene them, that at the very time and house which

he goes there, that she and her Brother *Don Pedro* will purposely absent themselves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the aire, which they doe: To this effect *Monfredo* takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady *Catharina's* house, and sends up his name to her, as desiring to have the honour to salute her, and kisse her hand; but she is so enraged and transported with choller at his arrival and message, as she sends him down a flat and peremptory deniall, That she will not see him, and as formerly shee prayed, so now she commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her House. An answer so unkinde and uncivill, that *Monfredo* well knowes not whether he have reason to digest it with more choller or laughter; so returning her answer by her Waiting-gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her House or her patience, yet that he will still remaine her most humble servant, and although she refuse to see him, that he will ever pray for her long life and prosperity: *Don Martino* is now at home, and laughs in his sleeve as a Gipsie, to see what brave entertainment his Mother gives *Monfredo*, he expecteth also that he should visite him, but because his Mothers stomach is so high, therefore he cannot descend so low, as owing him no such duty and service, and so takes Coach and away; and knowing where *Don Pedro* and his Mistresse *Cecilliana* were, in the fields, he drives away presently to them, and very pleasantly relates them the whole long story of their Mothers short entertainment to him, which administred matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected lesse; so *Monfredo* staying an houre or two with them in the fields, & then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner, in the Garden of the *Augustine Friars*, and there to provide & resolve for their affaires, against the discontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother *Don Martino*.

The next morning, the Lady *Catherina* (storming at *Monfredo's* yesterdaies presumption and boldnesse) sends for her Daughter *Cecilliana* into the Garden to her, as being fully resolved to deal effectually with her for ever to forsake *Monfredo*, or if she cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) she layes before her the poverty of *Monfredo*, the which she affirms will bring her to more misery than she can expect or think of, or indeed which she deserves, at least if she be not so wilful to ruine her self and her fortunes, as she is to preserve them. *Cecilliana* now seeing her Mother bent to play her prize against the merits and honour of her *Monfredo*, and therefore against the content and felicity which she expects to enjoy by enjoying him, she no longer able to brook or digest it, cuts her off with this reply, that (her duty excepted) it is in vain for her, either to seek to disparage *Monfredo* or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him, and therefore with much observance and respect prays her to affect and honour him, if not for his own sake, yet for hers. Her Lady Mother weeps to see her Daughter thus obstinate (she might have said thus constant) in her affection to *Monfredo*, and therefore (with frowns in her looks, and anger in her eyes) she thunders out a whole Catalogue of dispraises and recriminations against him; and because yet she despaireth to prevaile with her hereby, she now (thinking it high time) resolves to divert and change the streame of her affection from him to God, and so at last to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her desires and intentions have so long ruminated, and her wishes and vows aimed at: to which end calming the storms of her tongue, and composing her countenance to patience and piety, she with her best art & eloquence speaks to her thus; That in regard she will not accept of *Don Delrio* for her Husband, with whom she might have enjoyed prosperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom she can, and must expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance, she therefore (out of her naturall regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her self of a *medium* betweene both, which is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and sanctified way to espouse her selfe to God

and his holy Church; when (thinking to have taken time by the forelock) she depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nuns profession and life, so pleasing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and Men: When her Daughter *Cecilliana* being tyred & discontented with this poor and ridiculous oration of hers, she lifting up her eyes to Heaven, with a modest boldnes, yet with a bold truth, interrupts her Mother thus, that God hath inspired her heart to affect *Monfredo* so deereely, and to love him so tenderly, as she will rather content her selfe to beg with him, than to live with *Delrio* in the greatest prosperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although she had no bad opinion of Nuns, yet that neither the constitution of her body, much lesse of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunnery for her; in which regard, she had rather pray for them then with them, and honor than imitate them: when the Lady her Mother, not able to contain her self in patience, much lesse in silence, at this audacity (and as she thought) impiety of her Daughter, she with much choller and spleen demands her a reason of these her exorbitant speeches. When her Daughter no way dejecting her looks to Earth, but rather advancing & raising them to Heaven, requites her with this answer; That it is not the body, but the minde, not the flesh, but the soule, which is chiefly requisite & required to give our selves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worse) to permit our selves to be thrown on the Church through any cause of constraint, or motion of distaste or discontent, is an act which savoureth more of profanenesse than piety, and more of Earth than Heaven; that as Gods power, so his presence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Centre is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Egypt*, as well as in *Palestine* or *Hiernusalem*, and that Heaven is as neere us, and we Heaven, in a Mansion house, as in a Monastery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which sanctifieth the heart and soule, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloysters have no priviledge or power to keep out sin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-saving grace do not. Which speech of hers as soon as she had delivered, and seeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to answer her thereunto with silence than reason, she making her a low reverence, and craving her excuse, departs from her, and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her selfe and her Muses.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choller, in seeing her Daughters firm resolution not to become a Nun; she leaves the Garden & retires to her Chamber, where sending for her son *Martino*, she relates him at full what conference had there past between his Sister and her selfe, who likewise is so much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obstinacy & wilfulnesse. As for *Cecilliana*, she likewise reports this verball conference, which had past between her Mother and her self, to her Brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, when (according to promise) they met that afternoon in the *Augustines* Garden, who exceedingly laugh thereat; and yet again fearing lest the malice of their Brother *Don Martino* towards them, mought cause his Mother to use some violence or indurance to her, and so to make force extort that from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to assume a good courage, and be cheerful & generous, promising her that if her Mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* should steal her away by night, and that he, as he is *Don Pedro* her Brother, will assist her in her escape & flight; wheron they all resolve with hands, and conclude with kisses: neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear and suspicion deceive them herein; for her incensed Mother being resolute in her will, and wilfull in her obstinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, she shuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no lesse than her prison, & her Brother *Don Martino* her Guardian, or rather her Goaler. Poore *Cecilliana* now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her Mother, and Brother *Don Martino*, which as yet her dear Brother *Don Pedro* cannot remedy, by perswading or prevailing with them to release her; she acquaints *Monfredo* with it, they both consulting, find no better expedient to free her from this domesticall imprisonment, than counterfeiting to give her Mother

to understand and believe, that her Daughter hath now changed her minde, and that (by Gods direction) she is fully resolved to abandon *Monfredo*, and so to spend and end her dayes in a Nunnery; but contrariwise, they resolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Cecilliana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this spirituall will and resolution of her mother, as before she was disobedient. Her Mother infinitely rejoyceth at this her conversion, & no lesse (or rather more) doth her Brother *Don Martino*, who to fortifie and confirme her in this her religious resolution, they send some Friars and Nuns to perswade her to appoint the precise day for her entrance into this Holy House and Orders; which with her tongue she doth, but in her heart resolves nothing lesse, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaints both her sons with this resolution of their Sister, which is the next Sunday to give her selfe to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when *Don Pedro* purposely very artificially seemes as strongly to oppose, as his Brother *Don Martino* cheerfully approves therof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the sky, if not many degrees beyond the Moone; so the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing neer, the Lady Abbess is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her spirituall apparell made, all her kinsfolks and chief friends invited to a solemne Feast, to celebrate this our new holy Sisters marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus *Dona Caterina* the Mother, & *Don Martino* her Son are exceedingly busie about the preparation and solemnity of this spirituall businesse, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* resolve to run a contrary course, and so to steale away *Cecilliana* the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fittest time and most voide of all suspicion and feare, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which striking infinite joy to her heart and thoughts, she accordingly makes her selfe ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a small Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brother *Don Pedro*'s chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchfull as her self, for *Monfredo*'s coming about midnight, which was the appointed houre for his *Rendezvous*: when at last both their severall Watches (in their severall Chambers) assuring them that it was neer one of the clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the house stirring, but all hushed up in silence, as if every thing seemed to conspire to her escape and flight; then, I say, *Don Pedro* issues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the doore being a little open, and her Candle put out, he findes his Sister ready, when conducting her by the arme, they softly descend the stairs, and so to a Posterne doore of the Garden; where they finde *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) assisted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horses with swords and Pistols, and for himselfe and her a Coach with six Horses: When briefly passing over their Compliments and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave *Don Pedro* behinde them, and so away as swift as the winde, who seeing them gone, secretly and softly returns to his Chamber and Bed, silently shutting all the doores after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other selfe and his two friends drive away to *Kaldebelle*, a manner house of his some eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lies purposely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Sisters clandestine flight and escape: So his Mother about five, or neer six of the clock, sends *Felisa* her Daughters Waiting-Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awake and apparell her, to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to visit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into Gods House: but *Felisa* speedily returns to her with this unlookt-for answer, That her Ladies Chamber door is fast locked, whereat she hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no speech. The Mother is amazed hereat, & no lesse (rather more) is her Son *Don Martino*, so they both run to her Chamber, and knock and call aloud, but hearing no answer, they force open the doore, where

they finde the Nest, but the Bird flowne away; whereat the Mother infinitely weeps, and her Son *Don Martino* doth exceedingly rage and storme, at this their affront and scandall, he tels his Mother he will ingage his life, that his brother *Don Pedro* is necessary to his Sister *Cecilliana's* flight, & gone with her, so they both run to his Chamber, but finde him in his Bed fast sleeping and snoring, as he pretends and they believe: their out-cries awake him, but they shall find him as subtil and reserved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Sister, so he hears their news, puts on his apparell, seems to be all in fire and choller hereat, profereth his Mother his best endeavours and power, to recover his Sister, and to revenge himselfe on the villaine who hath stolne her away: But his Brother *Don Martino* is so galled and nettled at the escape of his Sister, and these words of his Brother, as he tels him to his face, in presence of their Mother, that his speeches and profers are counterfeit, and himselfe a dissembler, and that it is impossible but he assisted and favoured her escape and departure; for which unciull and foule language of one Brother to another, *Don Pedro* gives him the lye, and seconds it with a box on the eare, and then very cunningly betakes himselfe to console and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her second affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her presence; so *Don Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their sorrowfull kinsfolks and neighbours, he then calls for his Horse, and under colour to finde out his Sister, he rides to *Valdehelle* to her and *Monfredo*, staves there some eight dayes, where being exceeding carefull of the preservation of his Sisters honour & reputation, he before his departure sees them solemnly but secretly married; where leaving them to their Nuptiall joyes, and pleasures, he againe returns to *Eurgos*, and tels his Mother it is impossible for him to heare any newes of his Sister.

And now what doth the returne, sight, and presence of *Don Pedro* do here in his Mothers house at *Eurgos*, but only revive his Brother *Don Martino's* old malice, and new choller and revenge against him, for the lye and box on the eare, which he so lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof so inflames his heart and thoughts against him, that he forgetting his conscience and soule, yea Heaven and God, as he assumes and gives life to his former bloody resolution to murder him, and thinks no safer, nor surer way for him to effect it, than by poyson, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devill. But *Don Martino* is resolute in his rage, and execrable in his bloody malice & revenge against this his generous and noble Brother *Don Pedro*, so (disdaining all thoughts of religion, and considerations of piety) he procureth a paire of poysoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherously insinuating them into his Brothers hands, and wearing, the fatall invenom'd sent thereof in lesse than two dayes poysoneth him; so he is found dead in his Bed: when *Don Martino*, the more closely to overvail this damnable fact of his purposely gives it out, that it was an Impostum which broke within him, and so he dyed suddainly thereof in his bed, there being no servant of his own, nor none else that night near him, or by him to assist him, and this report of his passeth currant with the world; so the Lady his Mother and himselfe cause him to be buried with more silence than solemnity, and every way inferiour to his honourable birth and generous vertues, because she still affected and loved *Don Martino* farre better than him: so his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and farre lesse his Brother *Don Martino*. But for his Sister *Cecilliana*, as soone as she understood and heard hereof, she is so appalled with griefe, and daunted with sorrow and dispaire, that she sends a world of sighes to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her best and dearest Brother. Her Husband *Don Monfredo* (for henceforth so we must call him) likewise infinitely laments *Don Pedro's* death, as having lost a constant friend and a deare and incomparable Brother in law in him; and yet all the means which he can use to comfort this his sorrowfull wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for still she weepes and sobs, and still her heart and soule do

prompt

prompt and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of his and her Brother *Don Pedro*; but shee hath onely presumption, no proofes for this her suspicion, and therefore shee leaves the detection and issue hereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we must understand that *Dona Catharina* hath perfect newes, that it is *Monfredo* who hath stolne away her Daughter *Cecilliana*, and keepes her at his house of *Valdebelle* in the Countrey, but as yet shee knowes not that hee hath married her; wherefore being desirous of her returne, not for any great affection which she now bore her, but onely to accomplish her former desires, in frustrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, she againe still provoked and egged on by the advice of her son *Don Martino*, sends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and so to perswade and hasten her returne to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. *Don Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered *Don Monfredo* and his Sister *Cecilliana* his mothers message for her returne to *Burgos*, hee then vainly presumes to speak thus to them from himself, He first sharply rebukes her of folly and disobedience, in flying away from his and her mother, and then (with more passion than judgement) checks him of dishonour to harbour and shelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his wife, but his strumpet, or at least to give the world just cause to think so; and if he intended to preserve her prosperity and honor, and not to ruine it, that he should restore his mother her daughter, and himselfe his sister, and no longer retain her; but speakes not a word of his brother *Don Pedro*'s death, much lesse makes any shadow to mourne, or shew to grieve or sorrow for it. His sister *Cecilliana* (at his first sight) is all in tears for the death of her brother *Don Pedro*, and yet extreemly incensed with him for these his base speeches towards her and her *Monfredo*, she once thought to have given him a hot and chollericke reply, but at last considering better with herselfe (as also to prevent *Monfredo*, who in shee saw had an itching desire to fit him with his answer) she then in generall termes returnes him this short reply; that she is now accomptable to none but to God for her actions, who best knowes her heart and resolutions, and therefore for her returne to her mother at *Burgos*, or her stay here at *Valdebelle*, she wholly refers it to *Don Monfredo*, whose will and pleasure therein shall assuredly be hers, because she hath, and still finds him to be a worthy and honourable gentleman; when (before she conclude her speech to him) she tels him, that she thought his coming had bin to condole with her for the death of their brother *Don Pedro*, but that with griefe shee is now enforced to see the contrary, in regard his speeches and actions tend to afflict, not to comfort her, and rather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cause of her consolation. But *Monfredo* being touched to the quick, with these ignoble and base speeches of *Don Martino*, both to himselfe and *Cecilliana*, hee is too generous long to digest them with silence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly respect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, he composing his countenance to discontent and anger, returnes him this answer: That if any other man but himselfe, had given him the least part of those unworthy speeches, both against his honour, as also against that of his sister *Cecilliana*, his rapier, not his tongue, should have answered him; that his affection and respects to her, are every way various and honorable; and that she is, and shall be safer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble brother *Don Pedro*, who was in his mothers house at *Burgos*; that as the yong Lady his sister is pleased to refer her stay or return to him, so (reciprocally to requite her courtesie) doth he to her, and for his part, he is fully resolved not to perswade, much lesse to advise her to put her self into her mothers protection, or his courtesie; for that he is fearfull, if not confident in this believe, that the one may prove pernicious; and the other satall and ruinous to her. And so with cold entertainment, and short ceremonies, *Don Martino* is enforced to returne to *Burgos* to his mother without his sister, where as soone as he is arrived, he tels his mother of his sister *Cecilliana*'s constant resolution, from whence he thinks it impossible to draw or divert her, because he

findes

findes *Monfredo* of the same opinion: but whether hee have married her or no, hee knowes not, neither could he informe himselfe thereof. And here yet *Don Martino* is so cautious to his Mother, as he speaks not a word or syllable of any speech or mention they had of the death of his brother *Don Pedro*. But as soone as hee had left his Mother, and retired himselfe to his chamber, then he thinks the more thereof; yea, then hee againe, and againe remembers what dangerous speeches he publickly received from his Sister *Cecilliana*, and *Monfredo*, concerning that his sudden death, whereby they silently meant, and tacitely implied no lesse than Murther; Wherefore hee is so hellish and bloody-minded, that hee resolves shortly to provide a plaister for this sore; and he knowes, that to make their tongues eternally silent, he cannot better or safer performe it, than by murthering them, whereof he sayes the reason is apparently and pregnantly true: for as long as that suspicion lives in them, hee therefore can never live in safety, but in extreame danger himselfe. But because of the two, *Monfredo* seemed to intend and portend him the greatest choller, and the most inveterate rage; therefore (as a limbe of the Devill, or rather as a Devill incarnate himselfe) hee resolves to beginne with *Monfredo* first, and as occasions and accidents shall present, then with his Sister *Cecilliana* after, without ever having the grace to thinke of his Conscience or Soule, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once considering, that our owne malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our enemies; That anger is a short madnesse, and that it is a most assured happinesse for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poysoning of his owne Brother, whose innocent blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but still cries aloud for vengeance from Heaven on his head for that cruell and damnable fact.

But this shame, this monster of Nature, *Don Martino*, who feares none lesse than God, and loves none more than the Devill, will not thus forsake his cruell malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: but understanding that *Monfredo* sometimes (though secretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to see *Burgos*, hee hearkens out therefore for his next comming thither: when being assured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as hee issued forth his house, which hee did betweene eleven and twelve at night, he with his small Target, and darke Lanterne in his left hand, and his Rapier drawne in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith, of which two mortall wounds hee presently fell dead in the street, his misfortune being then so great, as he had no Servant nor Friend present to assist him, and his feare and care of himselfe so small, as hee was kill'd before he could see his enemy, or have the leasure to draw his sword in his owne defence and assistance; so fierce and suddaine was *Martino*'s rage and malice, in murthering of this harmelesse and innocent Gentleman: the which as soone as he had performed, he secretly hies home to his Mothers house, and speedily betakes himselfe to his bed, where the Devill rocking him asleepe in security, hee as his infernall Agent, and bloody Factor, nothing cares what God or man can doe unto him. The next morning at breake of day, this breathlesse body of *Don Monfredo* is found in the Street: so all *Burgos* resounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortall eye hath seene, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer should be. But God (in his Divine Justice, and for the exaltation of his sacred Glory) will shortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no lesse strange than remarkable.

Dona Catharina heares hereof, and is so farre from grieving, as she rejoyceth thereat, no way doubting, but *Monfredo* being dead, shew with much facility (according to her desires and wishes) shall now of two resolutions; draw her Daughter *Cecilliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to marry *Detrio* in earnest, or a Nunnery no more in jeast. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable Accident arrives at *Valdebelle*, and consequently to the knowledge of our *Cecilliana*, who so pitifully weeps and mournes thereat, as for more griefe and sorrow she teares her haire,

haire, bolts her selfe into her Chamber, and there throwes her selfe downe on the floore, and neither can, nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to administer it to her, or which is lesse, to see or speake with her. So although *Monfredo's* Kinsfolkes and Friends doe infinitely lament this his unfortunate Death, yet all their sighes and teares put together, are nothing in regard of those of his young Wife, and now Widdow *Cecilliana*, who (out of the immoderate excesse of this her anxiety and affliction) is now become so reasonlesse and desperate, that first the Murther of her deare Brother *Don Pedro*, and now this of her sweet Husband *Monfredo*, is both a griefe to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and minde, yea to her very Soule: For still she remaines confident in this opinion, that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this suspicion of hers, she cannot, shee will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead Memories, is so extreame and fervent, that to bee assured whether it bee him, or who else that hath murthered them, it leades her minde to a resolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane curiosity in some persons sometimes seeme to allow and practise as tolerable, yet sacred Religion must and doth for ever both reject and contemne it as Diabolicall. She disguiseth herselfe in her apparell, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alphonso Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, some sixe Leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two Pictures of her murthered Brother and Husband, as also a perfect note of their age, and horoscope of their Nativities, she prayes him to discover and shew her in a Looking-Glasse, the true pictures and representations of their murtherers; When to have him dispatch both it and her selfe the sooner, she gives him ten Duckets, upon the receipt whereof he promiseth her his best Art and skill, makes her stay till almost dark night, and then fools her of with this flamme, that he hath effectually invocated and raised his Spirit, from whom he could get no other answer, but that God for that time would not permit him to shew her these Murtherers Pictures in a Glasse; whereby this Wizard proving himselfe more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impostour, than a Christian, hee heerein makes a foole of this sorrowfull young Lady, in thinking to make her know that, which it is both a foule shame, and a shamefull ignorance for any Christian to be ignorant of, (to wit) *That it is not the Devill, or his Agents, but onely God, who (in his divine Pleasure and Providence) hath power to reveale Murthers, and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it seemes most agreeable and pleasing to his All-seeing, and sacred Majesty.*

Cecilliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than gold from this Monster of Men, (because in effect he makes it his profession to be lesse a man than a Devill) she is ashamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer griefe and sorrow) weeps, to see that the foundation of her faith should be so weak and reeling, as not constantly to relye upon the providence and justice of God, but to repose her foolish curiosity and believe upon this prophane and sottish Sorcerer, for the detection of these Murthers. But leaving her for a while in her disconsolation and sorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched Villaine *Don Martino* her Brother in *Burgos*, who having thus committed these two cruell and lamentable Murthers, doth for the first two or three moneths after put a cheerfull and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more absolutely to betray, and bleare the eyes of the World, that the least sparke or shadow thereof should not diffuse or reflect on him. But heere before I proceed further, the Reader is requested to observe this one remarkable Circumstance of Gods Justice and Providence, in detecting of *Don Martino*, to bee the sole Authour and Actor of these two unnaturall and deplorable Murthers. For as the Devill had made him so cautious in his malice, and subtile in his revenge, that hee imployed no other Minister, nor used no other Agent or Assistant herein but Himselfe; so being deprived of any witnesse, either to accuse, or make him guilty hereof; God (I say) out of the immensity of his Power, and profundity of his Providence, will make him-

himselfe to become a witnesse against himselfe, and wanting all other meanes, will make himselfe the onely meanes both to detect and destroy himselfe. The manner thus.

As there is no felicity to Peace, so there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conscience; It is a precious Jewell of an inestimable value, and unparallelled price, yea, a continuall Feast, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more rich or delicious: and the contrary it is, where the Heart and Conscience have made themselves guilty of some foule and enormous crimes, and especially of Murther; wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but wee assuredly wound God the Creator: for then, as those, so this, (with lesse doubt and more assurance) gives in an heavy and bloody evidence against us, and which commonly produceth us these three woefull and lamentable effects, *Despaire, Mourne, Terror*; the which wee shall now see verified and instanced in this bloody and miserable Wretch, *Don Martino*, who (as I have formerly said) hath not fully past over the tearme of three moneths in externall mirth, jollity, and bravery, thereby to cast a chearfull countenance and varnish on those his bloody Villanies, but God so distracted his wits and senses, stricke such astonishment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conscience, as it seemed to him, that (both by night and day) the Ghosts of his harmelesse Brother *Don Pedro*, and of innocent *Don Monfredo* still pursue him for Revenge, and Justice of these their Murthers. And now his lookes are extravagant, fearefull, and ghastly, which are still the signes and symptomes either of a distempered Braine, a polluted Conscience and Soule, or of both. Hee knowes not to whom, or where, or where not to goe for remedy herein, but still his Heart is in a mutiny and Rebellion with his Conscience, and both of them against God. He is afraid of every Creature he sees, and likewise of those who see him not. If he looke backe, and perceive any one to runne behinde him, hee thinkes it is a Sergeant come to arrest him; and if hee chance to behold any Gentleman in a Scarlet cloake coming towards him, he verily beleeves and feares it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraigne and condemne him. Hee hath not the Grace to goe into a Church, nor the boldnesse to looke up to the Tower thereof, for feare least the one swallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and crush him to death: If he walke in any woods, fields, or gardens, and see but a leafe wagge, or a Bird stirre, hee is of opinion, there some furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth hee heare any Dogge howle, Cat cry, or Owle whoot, or screech, hee is thereat so suddenly appalled and amazed, as hee thinkes it to bee the voyce of the Devill, who is come to fetch him away. Hee will not passe over any bridge, brooke, or River, for feare of drowning, nor over any planke, gate, or stile, least hee should breake his necke. The sight of his shadow is a corrosive to his Heart, and a Panique terror to his thoughts, because he both thinkes and beleeves, that it is not his owne, but the Hang-mans; and when any one (out of charity or pity) come to see and visite him, hee flies from them, as if Hell were at his backe, and the Devill at his heeles. The very sight of a Rapier stabbes him at his Heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyson, seemes to infect and kill his Soule; and yet miserable Wretch and Miscreant that he is, all this while hee hath not the goodnesse to looke downe into his Heart and Conscience with contrition, nor the grace to looke up to Heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catharina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and so are all his kinsfolkes and friends in and about *Burgos*, who cause some excellent Physicians and Divines to deale with him, about administring him the meanes to cure him of this his Lunacy and Distraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilfull Art of those, or the powerfull perswasions of these do as yet prevail with him, or performe it. Two Moones have fully finished their Celestiall course, whiles thus his Phrensie and madnesse possesseth him; and in one of the greatest, and most outrageous fits thereof, hee (without wit, or guide) runnes to Saint *Sebastiano's* Church, findes out
Father

Father *Thomas* his Confessour, and in private and serious Confession, reveales him, how he hath poisoned his Brother *Don Pedro*, and also murdered *Don Monfredo*; adding withall, that God (out of his indulgent Mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his Soule with the concealing thereof, and then begges his Absolution, and Remission for the same. His Confessour (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondering at the foulness of these his (Penitents) two bloody facts, although hee finde more difficulty than reason to grant his desire, yet enquiring of him, if there were any other accessory with him in these Murthers, and *Don Martino* freely and firmly acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devill and Himselfe: hee (after a serious checke, and religious *reprimendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a sharpe and severe Penance (though no way answerable to his crimes), and so absolves him: and yet for the space of at least a whole moneth after, his Lunacy (by the Permission of God) still followes him, when (for a further trial of his compoiment, and hope of his repentance) God is againe pleased to stroke the hand of his Judgement, and so frees him from his madnesse and distraction, to see whether he will prove Gold or Drosse, a Christian or a Divell.

Not long after this, his Confessour Father *Thomas* (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Parishes) falls extreame sicke of a Plurisie, and so dangerously sicke, that his Physician (despairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his Soule for Heaven, and God: Who then revoking to minde (what he hath heard and seene) how grievously and sorrowfully the Lady *Cecilliana* takes the Death of her Brother and Husband, and more, in that she is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer resolved to burthen his conscience and Soule with concealing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter, the which hee chargeth and conjureth his owne Sister *Cyrilla* to deliver into her owne hands, some three dayes after his buriall; the which we shall see her shortly performe: for the Priest Father *Thomas*, her Brother lived not three weekes after.

In the meantime, come wee to the Lady *Dona Catherina*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the Death of her eldest Sonne *Don Pedro*, for the disobedient flight and clandestine Marriage of her Daughter *Cecilliana* to *Monfredo*, who is now murdered, but by whom shee knowes not, and seeing her said Daughter thereby made a sorrowfull Widdow, shee (as an indulgent and kinde Mother) forgetting what shee had formerly done and beene, and now desirous to comfort her, and to bee comforted of her, againe sends her Sonne *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to sollicite his Sister to returne, and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (detesting this project and resolution of his mother) is very sorrowfull thereat; but seeing that shee will bee obeyed, hee rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Sister, and there delivereth his mothers will and message to her; but in such faint and cold tearmes, as shee thereby knowes, he is farre more desirous of her absence than her presence, and of her stay, than her returne; yea, (and to write the truth of her minde) his very sight strikes such flames of feare into her heart, and of suspicion into her thoughts, that she still assumes and retaines her old opinion and confidence, that hee is the absolute murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; but heerein shee now holds it discretion to conceale her selfe to her selfe, and so gives him kinde and respective entertainment; shee prayes him to report her humble duty to her mother, that shee will consider of her request, and either send or bring her her resolution shortly: but inwardly in her Heart and Soule, she intends nothing lesse, than either to hazard her content upon the discontent of her mother, or (which is worse) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother *Don Martino*.

And now we approach and draw neere, to see the Judgements and Justice of God overtake this our wretched *Don Martino*, for these his two most lamentable and bloody murthers. And now his Sacred Majesty is fully resolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent, and Sword whetted, to punish him for the same; for we must understand

derstand that the very same day which her Brother *Don Martino* was last with her at *Valdebelles*, his Confessour Father *Thomas* dyed; and some three dayes after, his Sister *Cyrilla* (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady *Cecilliana*; and delivereth her the Priest her Brothers Letter; at the receipt whereof, *Cecilliana* findes different emotions in her Heart, and passions in her minde: when going into the next roome, she breakes up the scales, and findes therein these Lines.

FATHER THOMAS TO CECILLIANA.

Well knowing that the Lawes of Heaven are farre more powerfull and sacred than those of Earth, as I now lie on my Death-bed, ready to leave this life, and to flie into the Armes of my Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus, I could not goe to my Grave in peace, before I had signified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother *Don Martino* in *Saint Honoria's Church*, delivered unto mee in Confession, That hee had first poysoned thy Brother *Don Pedro* with a paire of perfumed Gloves, and then after murthered thy Husband *Don Monfredo* with his Rapier in *Burgos*: And although I must and doe acknowledge, that he was in his Fit of Lunacy and Madnesse, when he thus made himselfe a witnesse against himselfe hereof, yet no doubt the immediate finger and providence of God led him to this resolution, as an act which infinitely tends to his Sacred Honour and Glory. I send thee this Letter by my Sister *Cyrilla*, whom I have strictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my buriall, because I hold it most consonant to my Profession and Order, that not my Life, but my Death should heerein violate the Scale of Confession, and thou shalt shew thy selfe a most religious and Christian Lady, if thou make this use hereof, that it is not my selfe, but God who sends thee this newes by mee.

FATHER THOMAS.

Cecilliana having over-read this Letter, and therein understood and found out that her Brother *Don Martino* is the cruell murtherer, both of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*, her griefe thereat doth so farre overway her Reason, and her malice and revenge her Religion, as once shee is of the minde to murther him with her owne hand, in requitall hereof; but then againe strangling that bloody thought in its conception, shee vowes, that if not by her owne hand, hee shall yet infallibly dye by the hand of the common Executioner: When Love, Pity, Nature, Reason, Griefe, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, acting their severall Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, shee findes a great combate in her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soule, what, or what not to doe herein; when with many teares and prayers (by the advice and counsell of God) shee enters into this consultation hereon with her selfe. Ahlas, unfortunate and sorrowfull *Cecilliana*! It is upon no light presumption, or triuall circumstances, that I beleeve my Brother *Martino* to bee the inhumane murtherer of my Brother *Don Pedro*, and Husband *Monfredo*; for besides that God ever prompted mine Heart, and whispered my Soule that this was true, yet now heere is his owne Confession to his Ghostly Father, and his Ghostly Fathers owne Letter and Confession to me, to the same effect, Evidences and Witnesse, without exception, as cleare as noone day, and as bright as the Sunne in his hottest and brightest meridian, that hee, and onely hee, was the murtherer of them both: but oh poore *Cecilliana* (quoth she) to what a miserable estate and perplexity hath these his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murthered my brother and my Husband, shall I then permit him to live? but withall, hee is likewise my brother, and shall I then cause him to dye? True it is, I cannot recall their Lives, but it is likewise as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the first lay not in my power to remedy, yet all the World knowes, that the second merely depends of my pity, courtesie, and compassion to prevent: but Ahlas (saith shee) the eyes of Heaven are, and ought to bee infinitely more strong than those of Earth, and the glory of God to be farre preferred before
all

all our naturall affections and obligations to our best Friends, or nearest or dearest Kinsfolks whosoever. Therefore, as to detect these Murthers of his, thou art no friend to Nature, so againe, to conceale them, thou thereby makest thy selfe an enemy to Grace; for assure thy selfe, unfortunate *Cecilliana*, that God will never be appeased, nor Justice satisfied, untill their innocent blood be expiated, and washed away in his, who is guiltie thereof; because, as by detecting Murther, we blesse and glorifie God, so by concealing it, we heape a fatall *Anathema*, and curse upon our own heads.

As Clouds are dissipated, and blowne away, when the Sun ariseth and mounteth in his verticall lustre and glory, so *Cecilliana* having thus ended her consultation with her selfe, and now began her resolution with God, she leaves *Valdebelle*, takes her Coach, and dispeeds away to *Burgos*; where in steed of going to her Lady Mothers, she goes directly to the *Corrigador's* (or Criminall Judges) of that Citie, and with much grieve and sorrow (her tears interrupting her sighes, and her sighes her tears) before them accuseth her Brother *Don Martino* to be the bloodie murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; and for prooffe of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father *Thomas* his Confessor. The Judges read it, and are astonish'd with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here see a Sister call the life of her own Brother in question; but they see that she hath as much right and reason for her Accusation, as her inhumane Brother *Don Martino* wanted for his malice, in making himselfe guiltie of these foule and bloodie Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the pleasure and providence of God, they highly extoll her pietie and integritie towards his sacred Majestie, in preferring his Glorie before the scandall and miserie of her so wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeale and honour to Justice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable businesse) send away for *Cyrilla*, and (as soone as she came) upon her Oath propose her these three Questions; First, whether she had this very Letter from her deceased Brother Father *Thomas* his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Ladie *Cecilliana*, three daies after his decease? Secondly, if it were of his owne writing and sealing? And thirdly, if she with her own hands, delivered this Letter to the Ladie *Cecilliana*? To all which three Questions, *Cyrilla* (with a staid look and countenance) answereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with haste and secrecy) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend *Don Martino*, when he was as it were drowned in voluptuousnesse, security, and impenitencie, as making it his vaine-glorie to build Castles of content in the aire, and to erect Mountains of wealth and preferment in the *Vtopia* of his ambitious desires and wishes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future punishment for the same. He is amazed at his Apprehension by the Sergeants, but far more, at the sight and presence of the Criminall Judges, before whom he is now brought. They sharply accuse him of these two aforesaid foule Murthers, and for evidence and witnesses, produce him his Confessor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Sister *Cyrilla*, and his own Sister the Ladie *Cecilliana*; at the sight and knowledge whereof, he at first seemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at last recollecting his Spirits (taking counsell of the Devill, and not of God) assumes a bold countenance, puts himselfe and his tongue on the points of deniall and justification, and so to his Judges tearms his Confessor a Devill, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Sister *Cecilliana* Witches, and no Women, so unjustly and falsely to accuse him of these foule Murthers, whereof he affirms not onely the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apologie: So they adjudge him to the Rack; the first tortures whereof, he indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the second he cannot; but then and there confesseth himselfe to be guilty, and the sole Authour and Actour of both these deplorable Murthers: but yet his heart and soule is still so obdured by the Devill, as he hath neither the will to be sorrowfull, nor the grace to be repentant for the same.

For Expiation of which his inhumane and bloody Crimes, his Judges condemne him to be hanged, and his Right hand to be first cut off and burnt the next morning, at the Common place of Execution, notwithstanding that his afflicted and sorrowfull Mother (out of the naturall and tender affection which she bore him) employed all her friends and possible power, yea, and offered all her own Estate and Lands to save his life; but she could not prevaile or obtain it. So the next morning, (in obedience to this his Sentence) this Monster of Nature *Don Martino* is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his last farwell of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black Silke Grograine Sute, with a faire white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver Hat on his head, which he drew downe before his eyes, that he might neither see, nor be seen of that great concourse of people there present, who came to see him conclude the last Scene and Catastrophe of his life; When after his Right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murdered *Don Monfredo*, he then ascended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting some repentant and religious Speech from him before his Death, he resembling himselfe (I meane, rather an Atheist than a Christian, and rather a Devill than a Man) as he lived, so he would dye, a prophane and gracelesse Villaine; for some speeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himselfe, but spake not one word that could be heard or understood of any one: and so most resolutely he himselfe putting the Rope about his neck (although all the people, and especially two Friers neer him, cryed to him to the contrary) he saved the Hangman his labour, and so (with more haste and desperation then repentance) he cast himselfe off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deserved death of this Hell-hound and limbe of the Devill, *Don Martino*; and in this sort and manner did the just revenge of God triumph ore his foule and bloody Crimes; which, may all true Christians reade to Gods glory, and to the instruction of their own souls. And if the curiosity of the Reader make him farther desirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of *Dona Cecilliana* the Daughter, after all these their dismall and disastrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Post-script) briefly to adde this for his satisfaction, That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was first reconciled to her: and she to her Daughter, to whom she (having no other childe) left all her whole Estate: And for her, who was now become likewise very rich, as having a faire yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceased Husband *Don Monfredo's* Lands and Means, although she were againe sought in Marriage by some noble Gallants of *Castile* and *Burgos*, yet she resolved never to marry more; and as I have within these very few yeares understood, she then lived sometimes at *Burgos*, and sometimes at *Valde-belle*, in great Pompe and Felicity.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonso poysoneth his own Mather Sophia, and after shoots and kils Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short Musket (or Carabine) from a Window. He is beheaded for these two murthers, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.



S Faith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortresse of Christian piety against the tentations of Sathan: so by the contrary we expose and lay open our selves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devill. For if by Faith we do not first beleieve, then pray unto God for our own preservation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choller, to quarrell with our best friends, and in our malice and revenge to murder even our nearest and dearest Kindred. O *Faith*, the true foundation of our soveraigne felicitie! O *Prayer*, the sweet pre-

servative and sacred Manna of our soules, how blessed doe you make those who embrace and retaine you! and contrariwise, how miserable and wretched are they who contemne and reject you! Of which last number, this ensuing History will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt conversation) trampled those two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding much lesse fearing his judgements: But how God (in the end) requited him for the same, this Historie will likewise shew us. May we therefore read it to Gods glory, and to our owne instruction.

IN the Citie of *Verceli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chiefest of *Piedmont*) bordering neer to the Estate and Dutchy of *Millan*, there lately dwelt a rich Canon of that Cathedrall Church, named *Alofius Cassino*, who had a daintie sweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named *Dona Eleonora*, whose Mother (being sister to *Cassino*) named

Dona

Dona Isabella Celia, lately died, and left this her onely Daughter and childe her Heire, very rich both in domains and monies, when her Vncle *Cassino*, being nearest her in blood, takes *Eleanora* and her estate into his protection and wardship, and is a tender of her breeding and education, and as a carious of her composure and carriage, as if she were his own Daughter; for there is no sweet quality, nor exquisite perfection requisite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he caused her to become, not superficial, but artificiall therein, as in Dancing Musick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Verceli* take exact notice and knowledge; yea, her beauty grew up so deliciously with her years, that she was (and was justly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phenix of the City. *Cassino* considering that his House was destitute of a Matron, to accompany and oversee this his Neece *Eleanora*, that his age was too Stoicall for her youth, and that his Ecclesiasticall profession and Function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unseemly (in the Interims of his absence) to leave her to her selfe, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleasure, she being now arrived to twelve years of age; He therefore provides her new apparell, and other pertinent necessaries, and giving her a Waiting-maid, and a Man of his own to attend her, he sends her in his Coach to the Citie of *Cassall*, in the Marquisat of *Montferrat*, to the Lady *Marguerita Sophia*, a Widow Gentlewoman, left by her deceased Husband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all those ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous, not only in *Piedmont* and *Lombardie*, but also to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this ensuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeeth his Man with the delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO TO SOPHIA.

TO satisfy your courteous requests, and my former promise, I now send you my Neece *Eleanora* to *Cassall*, whom I heartily pray thee to use as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Vncle but me, nor any other acquaintance but thy selfe, with whom I would entrust her for her Education, and recommend her for her Instruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of, except to those imperfections wherein her youth excuseth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that she carefully and curiously adorne her selfe with vertues in thy example and imitation, without which the priviledges of Nature and Fortune (as Beautie and Wealth) are but only obscure shadowes, and no true substances, because there is as much difference betwixt those and these, as between the purity of the soule and the corruption of the body, or between the dignitie and excellencie of Heaven, and the invaliditie and baseness of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few moneths, but do infinitely desire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary transaction and donation, thou wilt confer much happinesse to her, and honour to me, and consequently for ever binde both her Youth, and my age to thee in a strict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparell, or other necessaries thou deemest her to want, thy will shall be mine. God ever bleesse her in his feare, and you both to his Glory.

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this sweet young Virgin with much content and joy, yea, she sees her tender yeares alreadie adorned with such excellent beauty, and that beautie with such exquisite vertues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom she entertaineth with much respect and care, as well for her own sake, as also for her Uncle *Cassino*'s, whose Letter she againe and againe reads over, highly applauding his vertues and honourable care of this his Neece, whom in few yeares she hopes will prove a most accomplished and gracious Gentlewoman; when *Cassino*'s Coachman after a daies stay, deeming it high time for him to return to *Verceli* to his Master, he takes his leave of his young Mistress *Eleanora*, who, out of her
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few yeares; and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prays him to remember her best service to him at his coming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewise returns and sends him this Letter in answer of his.

SOPHIA TO CASSINO.

I know not whether you have made me more proud, or joyfull, by sending me Eleanora, where you have given me far more honour than I deserve, though far lesse than she merits, and who henceforth shall be as much my Daughter in affection, as she is your neece by Nature, and if these any Apt in Nature, or Indgement in Inclinations, her vertues and beauty doe already anticipate her years, for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory: so (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable friends) they already seeme to strive and contend in her for Supremacie, by the List of which (as being indeed the most precious and soveraigne) if my poore capacities, or weak endeavours may add any thing, I will esteeme it my ambition for your sake, and my felicitie for hers. But if you resolve not rather to give her to me for some yeares, then to lend her to me for a few moneths, you will then kill my hopes in their buds, and my joyes in their blossomes, and so make me as unfortunate in her absence, as I shall be happy in her sight and company. As for her Apparell, and other necessaries, she shall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever desire, and follow her welfare, and then rest confident, that her prayers and mine shall never faile to wish you long life, and to implore all prosperity for you.

SOPHIA.

Cassino did well to place his young Neece *Eleanora* with the Lady *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that she had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Sonne, named *Seignior Alphonso*, of some two and twenty years of age, who (to her grieve and shame) haunts her and her house as a Ghost, makes himselfe the publick laughter and pittie of all the different humours of *Cassall*, yea the lewdnesse of his life, and the irregularity of his conversation, and actions, hath reduced him to this fatall point of misery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to precipitate himselfe and his reputation into base debts, vices, and company, making this his shame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the world will not care for him, nor he for himselfe, untill he have wholly lost himselfe in himselfe, without either desert, or hope ever to be found or recalled againe. But at last seeing so sweet a beauty, and so rich an Heire as *Eleanora* fallen into his Mothers hands, and therefore he variely thinks into his, and hoping that her wealth shall redeeme his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Estate and Fortunes, he secretly courts her: but *Eleanora* (as young as she is) sees his vices with disdain, himselfe with contempt, and his affection to her with scorn. He is importunate in his sute, and she perverse and obstinate in her deniall, but she resolves to conceale it from all the world. As for *Alphonso*, he (after some six moneths time) acquaints the Lady *Sophia* his Mother herewith, and with his fervent desire and affection to marry *Eleanora*; but she chargeth him on her blessing, never to proceed any further herein without her consent and order; and quoth she, if here (in the presence of God and my selfe) thou wilt now swear wholly to abandon all thy former vices, henceforth to be absolutely led by my advice and counsell, and to steere all thy actions by the starre of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promise thee to use all my best endeavours, and possible power, both with *Cassino*, and *Eleanora*, to effect thy desires: *Alphonso* herat (with much courttesie and humility) thanks his Mother, and solemnly sweats to God and her, to performe all these points carefully and punctually; and to adde the more Religion and reverence to this oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderfull joy to her, to see that the fruits and effects thereof doe accordingly fall out and follow: for this

her Sonne *Alphonso* in a very few daies, is become a new man, and she from her heart and soule praeth and glorifieth God for this his happy conversion; and if his Mother *Sophia* be glad thereof, no lesse is our sweet young *Eleanora*, for now hereby she sees that she is rid of her Sutor.

Cassino comes over three severall times to *Cassall* to see his Neece. The Lady *Sophia* gives him her best entertainment. He is wonderfull glad to see that she hath imprinted such characters of vertue and honour in her; and during his stay there, *Sophia* chargeth her Sonne *Alphonso* not to speak or motion a word to *Cassino*, of this his affection to his young Neece *Eleanora*; so he beares himselfe exceeding modestly and respectfully towards him, and for his Mother, she holds it fit not as yet to break or speak a word hereof to *Cassino*, *Cassino* (no way dreaming of their intents and desires towards his Neece) tels the Lady *Sophia*, he is infinitely joyfull to see that her Sonne *Alphonso* proves *Fame* to be no true, but a tatling goddesse in his condition, and conversation; whereat she heartily thanks him: and thinking then (though reservedly and secretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, she leaves not a vertue of her Sonnes either undisplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himselfe beyond the Mooone; and so leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the issue to God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her minde, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtaine this rich and beautifull young prize for her Sonne; and holding it discretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, she secretly layes wait at *Verceli* to know when *Cassino* will have home his Neece, and so some three weekes before that time she holds it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which she doth in these termes,

SOPHIA TO CASSINO. He fervent affection, and vertuous desire of my Sonne *Alphonso*, to marry your Neece *Eleanora*, is now the sole cause and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to write or send you, but that I know his love and zeale to her is as pure, as her beauty and vertues are excellent. Hee (without my privacy or knowledge) hath already motioned his sute to her, and as he telleth me, she hath returned him her deniall in steed of her consent, whereof I held my selfe bound to advertise you, because his ambition and mine herein is so honourable, as it shall goe hand in hand with your goodwill and approbation, but never without it, especially in regard you have pleased to recommend her to my charge and custody, wherein I faithfully promise you, nothing shall be designed or practised to the prejudice of her honour or your content. All the estate and meanes which I can give, or you require of mee, to make my Sonne a fit Husband for your Neece, I will freely and chearefully depart with; and yet were I not fully and firmly assured, that bee is now as deeply enamoured of vertue and goodness, as heerebefore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or penne had dared thus to have presented his sute to her acceptance, and your consideration. The joy and blessing of which Marriage (if God in his secret and sacred Providence resolve to make it a Marriage) will I hope in the end bee theirs, she honour mine, and the content your owne; wherein I request your Answer, and entreat you to remaine most confident, that both in this, and in all things else, *Alphonso's* will and resolution shall ever be *Sophia's*, and here *Cassino's*.

SOPHIA. *Cassino*, upon the receipt and perusal of this Letter of the Lady *Sophia*, is not a little displeased, to see her ambition in desiring his Neece *Eleanora* for wife to her Sonne *Alphonso*, and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakness of the Mothers estate, as also perfectly advertised of her Sonnes debauched life, and corrupt and prodigall conversation; howsoever she pretend to put a vertuous glosse and colour hereon to the contrary, yet he holds it discretion to seeme to be ignorant of the

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heart, so I am sure will not she likewise to allot it one in her remembrance: in which meane time, I forget not my chiefest respects first to your selfe, then to your Sonne. God give us all his Grace that we may live and die his servants.

CASSINO.

Now as *Cassino's* first Letter to *Sophia* (wherein hee denied her Sonne to marry his Neece) exceedingly afflicted and discontented her, so this his second to her, wherein hee so suddenly sends for her away from her, doth extreamely afflict and torment her, and not onely her, but likewise her Sonne *Alphonso*, who is all in sorrow, all in griefe herat: For now they feare that their hopes of this young Lady are frustrated, and shee according to her Uncles report in his Letter is contracted to some Gallant of *Vercely*: When *Alphonso* againe laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to *Eleanora*, and representing unto her the extremity of the griefe and misery which her refusall of him, and his losse of her, will occasion him, hee with sighes and teares againe and againe entreates his Mother to seeke out some cure for this his disconsolation, and that she will please once more to try her chiefest wits and invention to change *Eleanora's* refusall, and her Uncle *Cassino's* deniall of him to bee her Husband; when at last his Mother being much moved and induced with these his sorrowfull passions and importunities, she before her departure doth herselfe breake this motion for her Sonne to her, wherein her wit and age sets upon the innocency and simplicity of her youth, with the sweetest oratory and most delicious speeches and perswasions which possibly she could invent, but shee findes her Art to bee Ignorance, and her Eloquence Folly therein. For *Eleanora* is (as young as shee is) deafe to her requests, and dumbe to her entreaties and perswasions; returning contempt to the first, and little deafnesse to the second, and disdaigne to both; so as in detestation of his sute, and envy of his affection, shee will no more heare the Mother for her Sonnes sake, nor see the Sonne for his Mothers sake. When yet againe, although *Sophia* despair of the Neece, yet shee will once more make farther triall of her Uncle *Cassino*, flattering her selfe with this hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, mought be but only a policy of his, to try her Sonnes affection in his constancy towards his Neece, and her owne zeale in her perseverance thereof towards himselfe: When seping Break-fast ended, the Coach prepared, and *Eleanora* ready to depart, shee betakes her to her Closet, where taking penne and paper, shee hastily scribbles out a few lines, and sealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to *Eleanora*, whom she secretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Uncle *Cassino* at her coming to *Vercely*, which this young Lady confidently promiseth her; when likewise taking her owne Coach, she and her Sonne conduct her three or foure miles in her way, where the Mother with many sugred speeches and complements, and the Sonne with many amorous sighes, regards and kisses, take their leave of her, they returning to *Cassino*, and shee driving away to her Uncle *Cassino* at *Vercely*, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladnesse and humanity; to whom she delivering the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, he hastily breaking up the scales thereof, findes therein this Language.

SOPHIA TO CASSINO.

BEfore I was so happy to answer your first Letter, your second which now calls home your Neece from me, makes me againe double unfortunate: Neither doe I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policy, in thinking to make me beleewe you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not say but that she deserves my Son better in marriage; but thus much I will speake for him out of my knowledge of his affection, and confidence, of his zeale towards her, that in heart and soule hee is a perfect honourer of her vertues,

tues, and a true Admirer of her Beauty: Yea, and a way to exceed or stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this heliofe of mine; that he is a servant to the first, and a slave to the second, and that his flame is so fervent towards her, that he would think himselfe honoured to prostrate his life at her feet; and esteeme himselfe blessed to receive his Death at her commands. Think not thus slightly of him, who thinks so seriously and sincerely of her; and this assure your selfe, that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Neece, and I am sure that her proficiency as her stay, hath been so small with me in Cassall, as it neither deserves her debt, or your obligation, your requitall or her remembrance. My Sonne was desirous to have visited you with his Letter; but that I commanded his Pen and resolution herein to silence: And notwithstanding all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your reall Servant, then you as yet are his intended friend. God bleffe your selfe and my Sonne, your Neece and my selfe, and make us all the lovers of his Grace, and the heires of his glory.

SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusal of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady Sophia and her Sonne Alphonso, were so farre from giving over their sute to his Neece Eleanora, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence than before, hee not onely calls her respect toward him, but her discretion in her selfe likewise in question, to see that shee is incredulous that hee hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalfe are not worthy of her beliefe and confidence: Whereupon being sensible of a kinde of disrespect and wrong, whereof shee had voluntarily made herselfe guilty towards him, in the passage of this businesse, and absolutely refusing to hearken to, or entertaine any other parley, and so to cast away his Neece on the vices and prodigalities of her Sonne, Hee arming his penne with discontent and choller, returns her this peremptory answer, which he covenanteth and resolves with himselfe, shall be the very last that he will either write or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO TO SOPHIA.

I Had well hop'd and thought, that your affection and judgement would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to be currant, not counterfeited; yea, to be the pure truth, and therefore no way my policy to informe you of the contrary; for such proceedings to any one, especially to your selfe (whom I so much respect for your Birth, and honour for your Vertues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them: As for your Sonne, his zeale to my Neece, or his affection to her service in the way of Marriage, if it be as pure and fervent as you affirme it, shee is the more bound to him; but I notwithstanding, the lesse to your selfe, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my selfe, and to mine owne honour, which next to my Soule is the best part of my selfe, in perswading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promise) I have solemnely given her; and as this was my first, so it shall bee my last resolution and answer to you, which I assure you I write not slightly, but (to use your owne words) seriously and sincerely: Therefore I thanke you for imposing silence to your Sonnes penne; and if you will, henceforth likewise prescribe the same Law to your owne herein, I will take it both for a courtesie and a respect from you; onely in any other matter whatsoever that you shall thinke me capable to stead him, or serve you, your will and pleasure shall bee my Law, and your Letters shall receive many respects and kisses from mee. I have received my Neece, and her tongue, and mine eye and eare informe me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiency in Cassall, the which my Age and her Youth will expose to Usury before I have the honour to pay you the Principall, and shee the interest thereof: God ever bleffe you, and your Sonne Alphonso, and give you no lesse joy and honour of him, then I hope and desire to finde in mine owne Neece Eleanora.

CASSINO.

The

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Sonne *Alphonso* stormes at the receipt of this unkinde Letter from *Cassino*, whereby they see their hopes of his Neece *Eleanora* reversed and frustrated; and although this his flat refusall made her of opinion no more to stirre or entremedde herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delays) some three weekes after, he prayes his Mother to ride over to *Vercely*, againe to prove *Cassino*; and likewise to (againe) motion and sollicite it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her presence may purchase that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very desirous and willing to accompany her himselfe. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requests; they arrive to *Vercely*, where the Mother courts the Uncle, and the Sonne the Neece; and although they finde exceeding great Cheere and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their businesse, which is *Alphonso's* Marriage to *Eleanora*, they finde themselves lost, and their time in vaine, and so they are enforced to returne to *Cassall* with their definitive sentence of deniall, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves and exasperates her Sonne; so now hee againe casts off the Cloake of Vertue, and farre worse than ever, flies to his old vices and sinnes, which his Mother with her sweet perswasions and remonstrances can no longer retaine or conceale, especially from his Whoring and Drunkenesse: yea, and which is most lamentable and deplorable, hee will no longer serve God, either abroad or at home, for hee forsakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that sweet and Heavenly Vertue of Prayer, which is the spirituall food and life of the Soule. His Mother *Sophia* exceedingly weepes and grieves heereat, but how to remedy it shee knowes not: For his discontent hath made him so vicious, his vices so obstinate, and his obstinacy so outrageous and violent, as his Mother surfeits with his Love-sute to *Eleanora*, and will no more entremedde with it. Hee prayes and reprayes her to make one Journey more for him to *Vercely*, to see what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, but shee is as averse and wilfull, as hee is obstinate and peremptory: and therefore constantly vowes, neither to write, nor ever to conferre more with them herein. But this resolute answer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Sonne, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civill Warre in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his resolutions against her for the same, to which the Devill (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Soules) blowes the Coales. For hee who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at least will not) see her now but with contempt and malice; yea, he is so devoid of Grace, and so exempt of Goodnesse, that hee lookes from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell; and so resolves to murder her, thinking with himselfe, that if he had once dispatcht her, he should then be sole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and absolute Estate would soone induce *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection: But hee reckons without his Soule and without God; and therefore no marvell if these his bloody hopes deceive and betray him: his Religion and Conscience cannot prevaile with him, neither hath his Soule either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatall businesse, and execrable resolution: for he will be so infernall a Monster of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He consults with himselfe, and the Devill with him, whether he should stab or poyson her, but he holds it farre more safe and lesse dangerous, to use the Drug then the Dagger, and so concludes upon poyson; to which end hee being resolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villaine (or indeed rather as a Devill) provides himselfe of poyson, the which he still carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable businesse, the which the Devill very shortly administred him: The manner thus.

This refusall of *Cassino* to her Sonne *Alphonso*, and his miserable relapse to whoredome, drunkenesse, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly distemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mothers spirit, and they her body, so that shee is three dayes sicke of a burning Feaver; when to allay the fervour of that unaccustomed heate, shee causeth some

some Almond-milke to be made her, the which she compoundeth with many coole hearbs and other wholesome Ingredients of that nature and quality, which she takes three times each day, morning, after dinner, and before shee goes to bed: So the third day of her Sicknesse, walking in the afternoone in one of the shaddowed Allies of her Garden with her Sonne, and there with her best advice rectifying and directing his Resolutions from Vice to Vertue, shee is unexpectedly surpris'd with the Symptome of her Feaver, when sitting downe, and causing her waiting Maid to hold her Head in one of the Arbours, she prayes her Sonne *Alphonso* to runne to her Chamber, and to bring her a small wicker Bottle of Almond-milke, the which hee doth; but bloody Villaine that hee is, nothing can withhold him (but his Heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) hee first powres in his Poyson thereir, and then gives it her, who, good Lady, drinckes two great draughts thereof; when a sweat presently over-spreading her face, and shee beginning to looke pale, hee (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud outcry from the Garden to the House, and calling there Servants to her assistance, he likewise calls for a Chaire, so she is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her bed, and within few howres after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) shee forsakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned teares, together with his excessive lamentations) doe coffin her dead body up somewhat privately and speedily, so that there is no thought nor suspicion of Poyson; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wise and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her owne wretched and infernall Son. Now this Devill *Alphonso* (to set the better lustre on his sorrowes, and the better varnish and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a stately Funerall, the pompe and cost whereof, not onely equallized, but exceeded their ranke and quality: For he left no Gentleman or Lady in or about *Cassall* uninvited to be at her Buriall, and his Feast, and dighted himselfe and all his Kinsfolkes and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the least reflexion or shadow of suspicion from him of this his foule and inhumane Murther.

The newes of the Lady *Sophia's* death, runnes from *Cassall* to *Vercely*, where *Cassino* and his Neece *Eleanora* understanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and sorrow for it, in regard she was a very honourable, wise, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitely beholding and indebted for many of her sweet vertues and perfections; so that as her Uncle honoured her, so this his Neece held her selfe bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and singular vertues the mould and patterne whereon she framed all her terrestriall comportments and actions, which in few moneths after were so many, and so excellent, that as she was knowne to be one of the most beautifull, so she was likewise justly reported to be one of the wisest young Ladies of all that city and country, which together with her owne great Estate, as also that of her uncle *Cassino's*, to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and consanguinity) he had justly both designed and adopted her his sole Heire; the which made her to be sought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chiefe Houses, most whereof were superior to *Alphonso*, both in blood and wealth. When her uncle at last (with her owne free affection and consent) privately marries her to *Signior Hieronymo Brasiano*, a rich and brave yong gentleman of *Vercely*, who was nephew & heire to the Bishop of that city; but he being likewise very young, the tendernes of both their ages dispensed them from as yet lying together, and both the Bishop and her uncle *Cassino* (for some important reasons best known to themselves) caused this their marriage as yet to be concealed from all the world with great privacy and secrecy, he for the most part living with the Bishop his uncle at the city of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and she in *Vercely* with her uncle *Cassino*, only they visit each other with their letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reape and receive each of other.

And

And here the true order of our History calls us againe, to speake of this degenerate and debauched Gentleman *Alphonso*, who had no sooner embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any farther shew of sorrow, or sight or sense of repentance for the same, againe desperately abandoneth himselfe to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparell (for his mourning weeds hee speedily cast off) and swimming as it were in the vast Ocean of all his carnall Delights, and worldly Pleasures and Sensualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but passeth away whole dayes and nights, yea consumeth whole weekes and moneths in all licentious riots, and excessive prodigalities with his debauched Companions and Strumpets, which beganne to drowne his Estate, and to devour his Landspace: and in the heate and ruffle of these his joviall follies, and exorbitant intemperancies, he bethinks himselfe againe of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and so (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecillity of his judgement) flattering himselfe, (that being now Lord of all his deceased Mothers Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle *Cassino* could not refuse to give her him in Marriage, not so much as once dreaming or remembring how plainly and peremptorily, both hee and shee had formerly given him the repulse: To which effect hee dights himselfe and his Followers in exceeding rich apparell, and (with a traine too worthy of himselfe) he rides over to *Vercely*, and there becomes a most importunate Sutor, both to *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, first seeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: but all in vaine, for hee puts him off with disrespect, and shee rejects him with disdain; and when yet they see that his importunacy herein passeth the bounds of reason, and exceedeth the limits of discretion and civility, then *Cassino* tels him plainly that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that consideration) he forbids him his house and her company: which point of discourteisie (and as *Alphonso* termes it of dishonor) to him, he takes in so ill part from *Cassino*, that exchanging his reason into rage, and forgetting himself to be a man, or which is more a gentleman, or which is most of all a Christian, he again strikes hands and agrees with the Devill, and for meer despight and rage vowes that he will murther *Cassino*: The Devill making him strong in the vanity of this beliefe and confidence, that this speech and suggestion of his, that his Neece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and false, and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from enjoying the faire and rich *Eleanora* to his Wife, which is the same prodigious baite and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyson his Mother: the Devill still so closely over-vailing his Conscience and Soule, and so eclipsing, and wincking his understanding and judgement, that as his hand, so his heart is inured and obdured to the effusion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finishing of this cruell Murther of *Cassino*; and although he had an itching desire, and an hellish ambition likewise to effect it by Poyson, yet in regard he was denied accesse to his house and company, as also for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Physician of *Vercely*, hee therefore resolves with the Devill to doe it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing easier than to doe evill, and as it is the nature, so it is the policy of Sathan, as well to furnish us with the meanes, as the matter thereof: For when we cast our selves from Malice to Revenge, and from Revenge to Murther, he then makes us industrious, first in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof, but in the end God will so ordaine, that this hellish policy shall turne to misery.

Alphonso's malice against *Cassino* will give no peace to his thoughts, so hee informes himselfe, that every morning and evening hee is accustomed to walke alone in his Garden, for an houre or two in his spirituall Meditations, and therefore hee thinks this a fit place (from some adjacent house or window) to shoote at him; when being likewise assured, that there was a poore small Taverne (not much frequented with company) that lay somewhat neere and commodious to *Cassino's* Garden, hee resolves

to make choise of that, and there to give end to this bloody businesse, which his heart so much desireth, so abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devill, he about six of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horse to the door, he in a disguised suite of apparell, pretending there to stay for a friend of his, which promised to come thither to meet him (and having purposely sent away his Servants before him to *Cassall*) he goes up into the Chamber, calls for wine and something to eate, the better to favour and colour out his stay there, when bolting the Chamber doore to him, he (putting aside the paper Casements, which they use in *Italy* to expell the fervency of the Sunne) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives *Cassino* walking in his Garden, with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book) wherein he reads, in another, with which he was as busie with God in his meditations and devotions, as he was with the Devill, in charging his Carabine with a brace of bullets, and dressing of his fire-lock, and priming of his powder touch-hole, when, without the least spark of grace, or feare of God, or his punishments, he lets flye at him; and the Devill had made him so expert a Mark-man, that as *Cassino* was softly comming on, walking towards the window, wherein he secretly and scelerously stood, both the bullets hit him right in the brest a little below the left pap, whereof this harmelesse and religious old Gentleman *Cassino* fell presently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my self have since sometimes been) I could not understand, that he had the power or happinesse to speak a word: But we shall see, that this inhumane and bloody murtherer, shall not go farre before the judgements of God will surprise and oretake him. The manner whereof is thus.

As soone as *Alphonso* had given this bloody blow, and seen *Cassino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber doore, presently resolves to take horse and flye away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had againe put up his Carabine into his Belt, God presently struck him into a stupified swoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noise of his fall, the report of his Carabine, and the ratling of his sword and it, presently invited the people of the house below, to see what had befallne above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gasping for life, they (by Gods immediate direction) do think that he hath there shot and murdered himselfe; when devesting him of his apparell, and laying him in bed to search for his wounds, they finde none; but yet it is an houre before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him: And then opening his eyes, he with a distracted look and amazed countenance, deeming himselfe upon the very point of death; and that for his murthering of *Cassino*, the Lord in his judgement had infallibly stricken him with sudden death, he finding this foule and bloody act of his, to lie heaveie upon his soule and conscience, in this last Scene (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving then speaking) in the heat of his madnesse and distraction, cryes out againe and again, that he had murthered *Cassino*: The which the people of the house are exceedingly astonished to understand. And now by this time *Cassino* is found dead in the Garden, and shot thorow with a brace of bullets. So his Neece *Eleanora* is all in tears hereat, and all *Vereclie* resounds of this his lamentable murther. When *Cassino's* friends and servants make speedy search for the Murtherer, and finding a Horse tyed to this little Taverne doore, they finde the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in out-cryes and amazement: So they ascend the stairs, finde *Alphonso* in bed, with his Carabine by him on the bench, and his clothes on the Table, and examining the people of the House, they report to them this sudden accident of his swooning, and therein of his confession of the murthering of *Cassino*; so they all praise and glorifie God, in that they have so soone, and so readily found out the inhumane Authour, and Actor of this bloody Murther.

But here before I proceed farther, I (in the name and feare of God) do request

R. f. and

and invire the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may say miraculous) circumstance of Gods mercy and glory, which likewise appears in this detection and confession of *Alphonso*, to be the cruell murtherer of this innocent, harmelesse Gentleman *Cassino*; for he being no better than distracted of his wits, before God had caused and brought him to confesse it, which else he had never done, but that in the agony and anxiety of his stupified spirits he (as I have formerly said) thought himselfe on the point and brink of death, and no shadow of hope left him, either of this life or this world: Then, I say, as soone as he had confessed it, God in his good pleasure and providence presently restored him again to his perfect health, strength, and memory; so that being put in minde, and againe remembering his confession, and seeing the eminency of his danger by the presence of *Cassino's* friends and servants, who were there present about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to prison for the same; he now with teares, and bitter oathes, and curses, declines and recants what he hath formerly spoken thereof, and, rather as a Devill than a Christian, in lofty and proud speeches stands upon the termes of his justification, alleading and affirming to them farther that what he had formerly confessed, or said to them, concerning the Murther of *Cassino*, proceeded from the distemperature of his heart & brains, in that of his distraction, or else from the delusions and temptations of the Devill, and no otherwise. But his own confession, the testimony of those of the house who heard it, and the rest of the presumptions and circumstances are so pregnant and apparant, that he is the undoubted murtherer of *Cassino*, as they beleieve not what he now sayes in his own behalfe and Apologie, or that it is any way the delusions of the Devill, but the good pleasure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himselfe for the same: So they being deafe to his requests and oathes, they enforce him to draw on his apparell, and then by order of the criminall Judges, they that night commit him to prison, where the Devill having brought him, he now leaves him to himselfe, and to his owne misery and confusion, which it is to be beleaved, that the Lord hath ordaind shall speedily befall him.

The next morning this Monster of Nature *Alphonso*, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foule Murther, the Devill hath as yet so obdurated his heart, as he not only denies it, but contests against it with vehemency and execrations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced against him as witnesses, who acknowledge and confesse his own confession thereof, as also the report of his Carabine, and the vicinity of their house, and prospect from the Chamber wherein he was, to *Cassino's* Garden, wherein as he was walking he was shot to death. When the mournfull and sorrowfull young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewise brought forth as a witness against him, who informes his Judges, that *Alphonso* was a most importunate Suter to her, both in his Mothers house at *Cassall*, as also at her deceased Uncles house, here in *Vercelie*; adding withall, that (in her heart and soule) she verily beleeves him to be the Murtherer of her said Uncle. But still he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the presumptions and circumstances hereof, being more apparant to his Judges, than the knowledge of this truth, they adjudge him to the Rack, where at his very first torments thereof, he with tears confesseth it; and God is now so mercifull to his soule, as he seemes to be very sorrowfull and repentant thereof: so they seeing him guilty, pronounce sentence against him, the next day to have his head cut off for the same; and that night the Judges (out of their honourable zeale to charity and piety) send him some Friars to prison to him, to direct his soule to Heaven, who willing him to disburthen his conscience and soule of any other capitall crime, which he mought have committed in all the course of his life, to the end that it mought not hinder her passage and transmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveales them, how he had also formerly poysoned his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Cassall*, for the which he likewise craved absolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly

amaz'd

amaz'd and astonish'd, to see a Gentleman so degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his owne Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The day following (according to his sentence) *Alphonso* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black sute of silk Grograine, and a falling Band, where ascending the scaffold, and drawne to much humility and contrition, by his secular Priests and Friars, he in presence of a great concourse of people, there made this short speech. That these two murders of his, and especially that of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were so odious in the sight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deserved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not justly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and misery of his, but to his continuall neglect and omission of prayer, whereby he banished himselfe from God, and thereby gave the Devill too great an interest over his body and soules; that he desired God to forgive him, these his two foule and bloody crimes of Murther, as also that of his neglect of Prayer; and so (with tears in his eyes) besought all who were there present, likewise to pray unto God for him: When againe beseeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murder of her good old Uncle *Cassino*, he often making the signe of the Crosse, and recommending himselfe into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his office, who presently with his Sword severed his head from his body, and both were immediately burnt, and the ashes throwne into the River of *Ticino*, without the wals of *Vercelie*, although his Judges were once of opinion, to send his said head and body to *Cassall*, for the Judges of that place to do their pleasure therewith, for there poysoning of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miserable (and yet deserved) death and end, of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonso*, and in this sort did the judgements and punishments of God befall him, for these his two most inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, still fortifie and confirme our faith by constant and continuall prayer (the want whereof was the fatall Rock whereon he perished) that so we may secure our selves in this world, and our soules in that to come.



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chaufey kills La Roche in a Duell. Quatbriffon causeth Moncallier (an Apothecary to poison his own Brother Valfontaine, Moncallier after falls, and breaks his neck from a paire of stairs. Quatbriffon likewise causeth his Fathers Miller Pierot to murther, and strangle Marieta in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a wheele, and Quatbriffon first beheaded, then burnt for the same.



We may truly affirme, that the world is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Christians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devill; and how frequently those wofull accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horreur, nor remember but with grieve of minde, and compassion of heart; For it is not to make our selves wilfull Traitors and Rebels to God; to violate his Divine Majestie, in spoiling his true Image and resemblance; yea, is it not the highway of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth such Monsters of Nature, reade we but this ensuing History, and it will informe us of much innocent blood shed, we know not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

IT is not unknowne, that the Province of Little Britaine, was (long since) annexed Land united to the flourishing Kingdome of France, by the marriage of Charles the Eighth, with Anne the young Dutchesse thereof, notwithstanding that she were

formerly contracted to *Maximilian* (Arch-Duke of *Austria*) where we shall understand, that in the City of *Vannes* (formerly the Court and Residence of those British Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman (of rich Demaines and Revenues) termed *Monsieur de Caerstaing*, who by his Wife *Madamoyse de la Ville Blanche*, had two Sonnes, the eldest named by his title *Monsieur de Quatbrisson*, and the youngest *Monsieur de Valontaine*: The first aged of twenty foure years, being short and corpulent, the second of twenty, being tall and slender; both of them brave and hopefull Gentlemen, as well in their outward personages, as in the inward perfecti-
ons, and endowments of their mindes; For in all respects, the care and affection of their Parents, had made their education answerable to their births. *Valontaine* (for the most part) lived in the Citie of *Nantes* (the second of that Dutchie) with an Uncle of his named *Monsieur de Massie*, being President of the Kings Chamber of Accounts which is kept there, who frequenting the Bals or publike Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongst many other excellent beauties, wherewith that Citie is graced, and those pastimes and meetings honoured, he sees a young Gentlewoman (being a stranger, and newly come to the Citie) so infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, and the treasure of loveliness and beauty, as (with a kinde of imperious commanding power) she attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although *Valfontaines* youthfull heart and yeares, had never as yet stooped or sacrificed to Love, yet at the very first sight of this sweet yong Gentlewoman, (whose name we shall not go far to know) he cannot retaine his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roses, and ranging on the Lillies of her sweet complexion, nor his resolutions from enquiring, what her name and her selfe was; when being enformed, that she was the only Daughter and Heire of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widdower termed *Monsieur de Penelle*, of the Parish of Saint *Aignan*, foure leagues from the City, and her name *Madamoyse la Pratiere*, of the age of some seventeene, he at the very first sight likes her so well, and loves her so deere-ly, that (if her interiour vertues come not too short of her exteriour beauty and fea-
ture) he vowes he will be her Sutor and Servant; and so he attempts to court and seek her for his Wife.

To which end, he (more like a Tutor than a Pupill, in the Art and Schoole of Love) is so farre from neglecting any, as he curiously and carefully seeks all opportunities and occasions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and so (for the most part) he conducts her to and from the dancings, sits and talks with her in her lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at Vespers as Masse, he accompanies and prayes with her, and (briefly) she can difficultly be present any where, where he is long absent from her; For by this time (which is scarce a moneth since he first saw her) her peerelesse beauty, and unparalleld vertues and discourse, have acted such amorous wonders in his heart, as he vowes he must either live her Husband, or dye her Martyr. But see the providence and pleasure of God, for if *Valfontaine* tenderly love our sweet and faire *La Pratiere*, no lesse doth she him; for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of noble extraction and worth; and seeing him to be wise, discreet, and proper, as also remembring and marking, that he fervently and infinitely affects her, she is so delighted with his neat feature and personage, and ravished with the melodie of his discourse, as albeit at first, her tongue be so civill and modest to conceale her affection from him, yet her eyes (the Ambassadors of her heart) cannot but in dumbe Eloquence, and silent Rhetorick bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, presents, and especially the Letters, which interchangeably pass between them) and which indeed powerfully assisted to the sympathizing and cimenting of their youthfull affections, it sufficeth that we take notice and knowledge, that *Valfontaines* presence was *La Pratiere's* delight, & the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, and that she in life and death would remain his obedient and faithfull Wife, and he her faithfull and loving Husband; only she prayes him
carefully

carefully and respectfully to conceale her affection to him, and so likewise to observe her Father in seeking his consent to their marriage, the which he promiseth her shortly to performe; For as soone as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purposely retired her selfe home to her Fathers House, at *Saint Aignaw*, *Valfontaine* is not many dayes behinde her, where he acquaints her Father *Pennelle*, with his affection to his Daughter, seeks her in marriage, requesteth his consent, and with many reasons, fairly and discreetly endeavoureth to induce him thereunto, where for three or foure dayes he takes up his lodging and residence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won, but his sute is no way pleasing, but distastfull to *Pennelle*, who although he know, that *Monsieur de Caerstainge* his Father (as well for lands as blood) is every way rather his Superiour than his Equall, yet because his Daughter *La Pratiere* is his only Childe and Heire, and *Valfontaine* but a Cadet (or younger Brother) therefore covetousnesse makes him assume this resolution, that he will have none of him for his Son in Law: but this reason, and conclusion he conceals to himself, and so (in generall termes) gives *Valfontaine* a cold and averse answer, little better in effect than a flat deniall; and thus for his first Journey, *Valfontaine* takes leave of his sweet *La Pratiere*, no way doubting but that his second to her, will prove lesse distastfull and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes* and rides home to *Vannes*.

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother, with his affection and sute to *Mademoiselle La Pratiere*, the only Daughter and Heire (as we have heard of *Monsieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Aignaw*, whereunto (because they know him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter faire and vertuous) they give good approbation and allowance, when *Valfontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monsieur de Pennelle*, to confer with him about this businesse, whose presence he hopeth will effect that with him, which he feares and knowes his poore power cannot: But his Father although he be very glad, to procure his Sonnes advancement and content by this match, yet being at that time much troubled with the Gout, he excuseth himselfe upon his indisposition, and so defers off that journey to another time. *Valfontaine* missing of his Father, deems it rather expedient than impertinent, to entreat his Brother *Quatbrisson* herein, to whom he fully relates what hath past between *Pennelle* and himselfe, but withall conceales upon what termes he stands with *La Pratiere*, or that she is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promise, to the end that he may have no just cause, either to tax her immodesty, or condemne her indiscretion, in so sodainely giving her selfe to him. *Quatbrisson* very willingly yeelds to his Brothers request; when (followed with a train and equipage answerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Fathers Letter to *Monsieur de Pennelle*) they take horse and ride to *Saint Aignaw*. Now as it is the errour (or nature) of Lovers to be still unsecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk & prattle of their Mistresses, whom they esteeme their soveraigne good and chiefest felicity: So all the way between *Vannes* and *Saint Aignaw*, *Valfontaine* could neither reffraine, nor restraine his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellency of her prayses, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea, he ran so curious a division, and so ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verball relation already prepared his Brothers eyes to behold a female Master-peece of Nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived to her Fathers House (a little before dinner time) and seeing, and saluting, first him, then her, at the very first encounter and sight, his senses are so surpris'd with the sweetnesse of her countenance, and so taken with the exquisitenesse of her feature, as he now findes that his Brothers report and prayses of her come infinitely short the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, and *Quatbrisson* delivering his Fathers Letter to *Pennelle*, with whom making a slight and superficial conference, concerning his Brothers affection and sute to his Daughter, he turnes from him to her, who dying her milk white cheeks with a roseat blush to entertaine him, he ravished with the delicacie of so amorous

an encounter, and sweet object, could not likewise refraine from blushing to see her blush, when enquiring of her, if she pleased to take the aire of the Garden (where her Father and his Brother were already gone and attended them) and she replying, that his pleasure therein should be hers, he taking her by her hand conducts her thither; where *Valsontaine* in civillie purposely walking aloofe off, because he hoped and assured himselfe, that his Brother *Quatbrisson* now meant effectually to speak with his Mistrisse in his behalfe, there being then no witnesses to their conference, but only the sweet Quiristers of the woods (the Thrushes and Nightingales) who purposely and pleasantly sate on every bush and tree, to delight them with their mellifluous melody; the very first words he administred and directed to her was, That if she pleased to swear her tongue to secrecy, to what he should now say & deliver to her, he would reveale her a secret which should infinitely import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondering at the nature of *Quatbrissons* first speech and request, and what it might meane and concerne) stood a little while mute and silent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much lesse what to answer thereto: But at last considering that *Valsontaine* was her Lover, and *Quatbrisson* his Brother, she imagined there was some plot secretly compacted betweene them, that if her Father would not condescend to their desires, that they had then resolved to steale her away from him, and so to make it a Clandestine marriage: Whereupon (her affection being desirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curiosity ambitious to see this abstruse mysterie unlocked) she grants him his request, vowing to impose secrecy to her tongue in what he should deliver, or intrust her with: When he kissing her, and evaporating many far fetch'd sighes (as the Herald to proclaime his affection) he tels her; that her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, and made his heart both her Tributary, and her Prisoner; that he envies his Brothers happinesse; in having the honour to see her before himselfe. That as he is his Superiour in years, so he is in affection to her, and that he knowes his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himselfe worthily bestowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whose affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary *Cariere*, lest dreaming of that which she is now enforced to understand) is so afflicted, and withall so incensed at these unexpected speeches of *Quatbrissons*, that (her passion giving a law to her civility) casting a snow-white vaile over her crimson cheeks, and bending her brow (in whose furrowes it seemed that discontent and choller sate now triumphant) her affection is so sincere and entire to *Valsontaine*, as she returnes his discourteous Brother *Quatbrisson*, this short and sharpe answer: *Quatbrisson* (quoth she) to have offered this unkindnesse of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude, but to do it to your own Brother, can be no lesse than treachery; and therefore this know from me, that I esteeme your primogenitorship as inferiour to *Valsontaines* Vertues, as they are in all respects superiour to yours, and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to silence, I would now presently publish it to the world, to the admiration and detestation of all good men, and so (with a look ingendred of choller, and derived from disdain) she hastily and suddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the Garden to his Muses; *Quatbrisson* biting his lip at this sharpe repulse of *La Pratiere*, is yet resolute not thus to leave her, when hoping to finde her Father more tractable and propitious to his suite than his Daughter, he seeks him out, and in fair tearms informs him of his affection & love to her, and that (notwithstanding his Brothers research of her) he himselfe infinitely desireth her to be his own wife: Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughters preferment, then any way carefull of her content) gives an attentive and pleasing eare to his motion of *Quatbrisson*, and is so delighted with the melody of his speeches, as already in heart, he willeth her married to him, but how to answer, or give content to *Valsontaine* he knowes not.

Now the better to effect, and to compasse this match, so much wished of *Quatbrisson*, and desired of *Pennelle*; he (in the absence of *Valsontaine*) sends for his Daughter into his Closet, shewes her what preferment and happinesse is now offered

red her, if she will forsake *Valfontaine* and accept of his elder Brother *Quatbriffon* for her Husband: *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with this her Fathers proposition and speeches) very humbly beseecheth him; that if ever he will respect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontaine* may be her Husband, and not *Quatbriffon*, because she confesseth she loves the younger Brother, but that she neither can nor will affect the elder: Now although this her resolute and obstinate answer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time will prove capable to draw her to his desires, he secretly bids *Quatbriffon* to ride home to *Vannes*, to take his Brother with him, and shortly after to return againe to *Saint-Aignan* without him, and and that he shall finde no cause to feare, or reason to doubt, but that he shall enjoy his Mistis; the managing whereof, he prays him to refer to his care in his absence: Thus we see the Father and Daughter differently affected, he loves *Quatbriffon* and not *Valfontaine*, and she *Valfontaine*, but not *Quatbriffon*, who grieving as much at the Daughters refusal, as he rejoyceth at her Fathers consent: He now venteth his malice on the Innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him, that he hath used his best power and art of solicitation towards *Pennelle*; and that he findes it impossible to draw him to reason; adding withall, that he is so farre from consenting, that he shall obtaine his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear & apparant, he futurely denies him access to his house; Wherefore Brother (quoth he) because I see with griefe, that you strive against the streame, and that in all actions and accidents whatsoever, the shortest errors are still best, let us to morrow take horse and away, and let this indifferency be your resolution: That if God have decreed it shall be a match, it then will be, otherwise not. *Valfontains* heart bleeds at *Pennelles* averfenesse and cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, so soon to forsake the sight and company of his Daughter, of his deare and faire Mistis *La Pratiere*, but (being ignorant of all his Brothers passages, and treacheries intended, and meant towards him) he holds it folly to impugne, or contradict his pleasure, and so resolves to leave *Saint-Aignan*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our faire *La Pratiere*, seeing all things bent to crosse her desires, and her *Valfontains* wishes, she (out of her tender affection to him) resolves to give him a private meeting and conference; when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their Beds soundly sleeping) she sends for him into her Chamber, where seeing him extreemely pensive and sorrowfull; she bids him be cheerefull and couragious, tels him that he hath no reason to despaire, but to hope, for that in life and death she will be his, and onely his; and then informes him, that instantly upon his arrivall to *Vannes*, she will write and send him a Letter, wherein she will acquaint him with the passage of a businesse, whereof he neither can conceive or dreame, conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoyned to secrecy, and sworne to silence, and so (with much chat, and more kisses) he giving her a Diamond Ring from his fingers, and she him a paire of Pearle Bracelets from her armes, in token of their mutuall constancy and affection each to other, they (infinitely against their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the succeeding morne being come, the two Brothers prepare, and dispose themselves for their Journey. When break-fast ended, according as it was concluded betwixt *Pennelle* and *Quatbriffon*, *Pennelle* takes *Valfontaine* aside to a window, and in short tearmes prays him, henceforth to forbear his house, and refraine his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; so having severally and solemnly taken their Congees, first of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horse and away. Now as they are riding home towards *Vannes*, as it is a sensible and heart-killing griefe to *La Pratiere*, so soone to be deprived of her *Valfontains* deare and sweet company, so againe she cannot refraine from smiling, to see how ingratefully and subtilly *Quatbriffon* goes to work to betray his Brother, in seeking to obtaine her for himselfe in marriage; but measuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the

the other, and likewise remembring her promise to *Valfontaine*, to write to him at the end of two dayes after their departure, she (by a confident Messenger) accordingly sends him this Letter.

LA PRATIERE TO VALFONTAINE.

MT promise owes you this Letter, whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me or hate your Brother *Quatbrisson*, in regard he vowes, he affects me dearer than your selfe, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and consequently me of my Husband; and as this is ingratitude in a friend, so it must needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his courting, and seen his complements tending that way, but for your sake I relish these with distaste, these with neglect, and him selfe with contempt and disdain. He hath won my Father to his will, but rest you confident (my deare *Valfontaine*) that he neither can, nor shall draw me to his desire. And because true affection, especially in accidents of this nature, cannot still be exempt of fear, therefore if any arise, or engender in your thoughts, let this dissipate and dispell it, that although my Father have banished you his house, yet his Daughter is (till death) constantly resolved to retaine and cherish you in her heart, and none but you: Manage this your *Pratieres* advice with discretion towards my Father, and not with choller towards your Brother, and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and constancy to you, and you shall assuredly see him at his own shame, and your glory; his affliction, and your content and desire.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine having received and read this Letter; the base ingratitude and foule treachery of his Brother *Quatbrisson*, doth extremely afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledge and remembrance thereof, throwes him into such passions of choller, and fumes of revenge, as once he resolved to right himselfe on him, by sending him a Challenge, and fighting with him; vowing that the bonds of nature were not by far so strong, as those of affection, and that his Brother having given the first cause of offence, and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvel that he took that course and preferred that forme of proceeding to any other. But then againe considering his deare *La Pratiere*s injunction and prohibition from choller, this last reason ore-swaied and prevailed against his former resolution, when knowing himselfe infinitely obliged to her for her courtesie, and constancy, so sweetly expressed to him in this her Letter, he can do no lesse, than return her an answer thereof in requittall, the which he doth by her own Messenger in these termes:

VALFONTAINE TO LA PRATIERE.

OF all men of the world, I least thought that my Brother *Quatbrisson* would have proved my Rival, in attempting to love you, because he perfectly knowes, I affect you farre dearer than the whole world; yea, this error (or as you justly terme it, this treachery) of his, is so odious, so strange to me, as it had far exceeded my belife, if your affection and constancy had not so courteously revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both blessed and palled to peruse. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he missed of his desire, in missing of you, rather to your vertuous selfe, which distasted his courting and complements for his own sake, and disdained him for mine. Deare and sweet *La Pratiere*, in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve, but in that I have not lost his Daughter, I farre more triumph and rejoyce: But why think I of losing you, sit to call your constancy in question, is no lesse than to prophane your affection and my judgement; and so to make my selfe both incapable and unworthy of you, for how can my love to you, retain any spice or spark of hate, for that being banished your Fathers House, I am yet so happy, to recover so safe a Harbour and Sanctuary, yea so pre-

cious

cious a Temple, as your heart; In which regard it is every way fit, that your requests should be to me commands, for otherwise my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this time I had not called my Brother to a strict and severe account for this his treachery. I will still observe your Father with respect, though he refuse to respect me with observance; and for my ingratefull and treacherous Brother, he may act his own shame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content, or desire, because that must soly proceed from your selfe, sith in the sweet enjoying of you to my Wife, consists the only content of my life, and the chiefeft of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two dayes after that *La Pratiere* was made joyfull with this answer of her *Valfontaine*, she hath againe sorrowfull newes of *Quatbriffons* arrivall to her Fathers house at *Saint Aignan*, who had purposely given it out to his Brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Hennban*. He here renewes his late sute to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the same humours and resolutions, he left them; he willing, and she coy, he desirous to have him his Son in Law, and she resolute never to make him, but his Brother *Valfontaine* her Husband. He profereth her many rich gifts and presents, and a blanch to write downe what Jointure she pleaseth to demand, but she peremptorily refuseth it all, and bids him bestow it on some other, of whom it may finde better acceptance; yea, I may safely say, and truly affirme, that their affections are far more opposite, and contrary, then their sexes, for the more he sees her, he loves her, and the oftner she beholds him, the more she hates him; so that when he apparantly perceives, that she deeply vowes to her Father, and himselfe, only to marry his Brother *Valfontaine*, or her Grave, he seeing his labour for the time present lost, and his affection to her in vaine; having nothing left to comfort him against the repulse of this amorous sute, but the constant friendship of her Father, he sorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes*; but as close as he bears this his Journey from his Brother *Valfontaine*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her selfe bound to signifie it to him, the which the very next day she doth by her second Letter, which speaks thus.

LA PRATIERE TO VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection to advertise you, that these two dayes, I have beene againe importunately haunted and solicited by your unkinde Brother *Quatbriffon* for marriage, but he hath found my first answer, to be my second and last; Yea I have so nipt his vaine hopes in their blossomes, by signifying to him and my Father, my infallible resolution, either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their judgements) the one is assured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparant to the World, that my words will prove deeds, and that the last will make the first real: But if your said Brother will yet (notwithstanding farther exercise his folly in my patience, and so make himselfe as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous, I (out of the deare affection, and tender respect which I beare you) will then fall on my knees to my Father, to hasten his consent to our marriage; that in seeking my content, you may therein finde your own; and this is my resolution, wherewith if yours concur and sympathize, Heaven may, but Earth shall not crosse our desires.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this second Letter from his Mistresse with smiles and frowns; with smiles to see her inviolable constancy and affection, with frowns to behold his Brother *Quatbriffons* continuall malice and treachery towards him, the which considering (as also because it so neerely concernes him) he resolves to tax him thereof, and to see whether (by faire requests and perswasions) he may reclaime him from affecting

afflicting his faire and deere *La Pratiere*, and so to give over his sute to her, but first he knowes himselfe indebted and obliged, to returne her an answer to this her last Letter, the which he doth in these termes.

VALFONTAINE TO LA PRATIERE.

IT is every way your affection, no way your duty (*sweet La Pratiere*) which againe adverti-
seth me of my Brother *Quatbrillons* perseverance in his treachery towards me, by seeking
to betray and bereave me of your selfe, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadise their most
soveraigne earthly felicity; and your resolution in nipping his hopes, and your Fathers will, by
electing me or your grave for your Husband, doth so ravish my heart with joy, and so rap my
conceits in an extasie of sweet content, as I am confident God hath reserved *La Pratiere*, to be
Valfontaines sweet Wife, and he to be her deare Husband. But as I know not whether my un-
kinde and treacherous Brother, will yet farther bewray you his folly, in exercising your pati-
ence with his importunity; so to save you that labour and penance, which for my sake and
love you are ready to impose to your selfe, I am both ready and resolved, not only to fall on my
knees to your Father, but also to your sweet selfe, that our marriage be hastned; for as your re-
solution herein, is, and ever shall be mine, so our hearts and thoughts sympathizing in these
wishes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have resolved, not to crosse, but shortly to consum-
mate and finish our desires.

VALFONTAINE.

He having thus dispatched and sent away his Letter, to his sweet and faire Mi-
stresse, he now resolves to have some conference with his unkinde Brother, to see what
a brazen face, he either will, or can put upon this his ingratitude and treachery: But
Quatbrillons pollicie will anticipate and prevent him; for he having his heart and
contemplations deeply fixed on *La Pratiere*s beauty, and having ranne over all the in-
ventions of his art and affection, how to make her forsake her coyneffe, and so how to
obtaine her for his Wife, he at last resolves to faine himselfe sick, and so then to re-
veale to his Brother *Valfontaine*, that it is his deare and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*,
which is the cause thereof. To which purpose he keeps his Bed, and in his perfect
health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when sending for his brother to his
Chamber, and exempting all other company thence, he acquaints and informes him,
That since he first saw *La Pratiere*, he still most tenderly loved her, and that he must
now die, because she will not affect and love him; He prays and conjures him (by
virtue of all the same blood which equally streames in both their bodies) for the sa-
ving and preserving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and
so yeeld him up all the power and interest that he hath, or pretends to have in her, and
that in requitall thereof (if occasion require) he shall still finde him ready, not only
to expose all his means, but his dearest blood and life at his command: A request so
unjust, and a proposition so devoide of common sense and reason, as *Valfontaine* ob-
serving it, and therein seeing his Brothers impudency, now growne to the height of
basenesse and folly, he exceedingly incensed thereat (with a disdainfull look) returns
him this sharpe and bitter, yet deserved reply. Was it not enough that I understood
your treachery, by my faire and deare *La Pratiere*, in seeking and attempting to be-
reave me of her, but that thou art thy selfe become so sottish, to make thy tongue the
Advocate, as well to pleade and apologise thy treachery to me, as to publish thy
shame to thy selfe, and to the whole world, in seeking and desiring me to surcease my
affection to her, and to renounce my interest of her to thy selfe: No, no, base *Quat-
brisson* (for henceforth I highly disdaine to terme or esteeme you my Brother) I give
thee to understand and know, that in heart, and in honour she is mine, and I hers, and
therefore you shall die and damne, before I will permit thee to enrich thy selfe with
my

my losse of her, whom I affect and prize a thousand times dearer than my selfe, or than all the lands and treasures of the World; when without any other farewell, he hastily and cholerickly flings forth his Chamber from him.

Quatbrisson seeing his Brothers furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivill answer to him, hee (in his heart and thoughts) vowes revenge, and in his resolutions sweares to make him repent it. To which effect, forsaking his bed, and abandoning his counterfeited sicknesse, his choller hardly affording his patience three dayes to recover his blood and strength, but knowing his Brother to be now at *Nantes* with their Uncle *De Massy*, he seekes out a deare and intimate friend of his named *Monsieur La Roche*, whom ingaging to be his Second in a Duell, against his own Brother *Valfontaine*, they ride over to *Nantes*, when comming to a small Parish, termed *S. Vallerge*, within a league of the City, hee writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and so dispeeds him away with it to his Brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nantes*, findes out *Valfontaine* at the President, his Uncles house, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named *Monsieur de Pont Chauſey*, and delivereth him his Brothers Challenge faste sealed, the which hee hastily breaking open, and perusing, he findes that it speakes this Language.

QUATBRISSEON TO VALFONTAINE.

IN regard it is impossible for both of us to enjoy the faire *La Pratiere* to Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us die, that the other may survive and live, to be enriched with so precious a treasure, and crowned with so inestimable a blessing and felicity; which considering, as also because my modest requests have (undeservedly) met with thy incivill carriage, and been requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore finde it not strange, to see affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to contemne thy contempt and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your single Rapiers, to morrow twixt two or three after dinner, in a faire meadow at the East end of *Saint Vallery*, within a little flight shot thereof, where thou shalt finde this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hercof) who will safely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee; I expect no other answer but thy selfe, neither doe I any way doubt (much lesse despaire) of thy meeting mee, since by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendest to be Generous.

QUATBRISSEON.

Valfontaine smiles at the reading of this Challenge, and in conceit laughing at his Brother *Quatbrissons* errors and folly, hee cheerfully turnes himselfe to *La Roche*, to whom he speaks thus. *Monsieur La Roche*, I make no doubt but you are *Quatbrissons* Second; to whom he replies; My respect to your Brother hath engaged mee thereunto, in stead of a more worthy, and yet I ingeniously confesse and protest (Sir quoth he) that I have promised no more to him, than (if occasion presented) I am ready to performe for your selfe. *Valfontaine* thanks him, and prayes him to returne his Brother *Quatbrisson* this answer, That to morrow at the appointed houre and place hee will not faile to meete him: When entreating *La Roche* to walke with him into the next Chamber, hee told him, hee presumed hee should shew him his Second; when *Valfontaine* taking *Pont Chauſey* to the window, he shewes him his Brothers Challenge, and prayes him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Chauſey* (not out of any feare in himselfe, but in love to these two Brothers) as a Christian Gentleman proffereth to ride over to *Quatbrisson* to *Saint Vallery*, and to use his best power and endeavours to take up and reconcile these differences betweene them; but *La Roche* telles him hee may save that journey and labour, For (that to his knowledge) *Quatbrisson* is both resolute and irreconcilable in that quarrell; whereupon *Pont Chauſey* freely engageth himselfe to *Valfontaine*, and so these two Seconds (though not as lo-

ving friends, yet as friendly and honourable Enemies) very secretly that evening provide their Rapiers, which done, *La Roche* rides backe to *Saint Vallery*, acquainting *Quatbriffon* with his Brother *Valsontaine*s generous resolution, to meete and fight with him the next day, as also that *Pont Chansey* is his Second: And although (by the instigation of Sathan) that Choller and Revenge make minutes seeme houres, and houres yeares, ere it hath wrought his wished effects; and effected his bloody designs: So these our foure rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Vertue, and of Courage than Christianity) the houre appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and *Quatbriffon* with his Chirurgion, being first in the field, hath difficultly made two turnes, before *La Roche* ushereth in his Brother *Valsontaine*, his Second *Pont Chansey* and their Chirurgion; when they all tying up their Horses to the hedge, they (according to the custome of Duels) doe all throw off their dublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appeare in their silke stockings and white pumps, as if they were fitter to dance *Coranto*s or *Pavins*, than to fight Duels.

So the two Brothers first draw, and approach each other, and at their first coming up, *Valsontaine* (without being touched himselfe) gives *Quatbriffon* a deepe wound in his right thigh, and if his Rapier had not beaten downe the thrust, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground; at their second encounter they are both hurt, *Quatbriffon* in the right arme, and *Valsontaine* of a scarre in the necke, and heere they make a stand to take breath, *Quatbriffon* not as yet despairing, nor *Valsontaine* triumphing or assuring himselfe of the Victory, and the sight and effusion of their blood is so farre from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more spleene and animosity, so they will againe try their fortunes; They now traverse their ground, and approach each other, and although they are not lesse valorous than before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgions) they are now more cautious in their plea, and more advised in choosing and refusing their ground, when *Valsontaine* breaking a thrust (which his Brother presented him) he then calling to mind the sweetnesse of his *La Pratiere*s beauty, and the foulnesse of his Brothers malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thrust at him, which entereth betwixt his short ribbes, and making the blood to gush and streame forth, doth soone quail his courage; so as he who right now thought himselfe master of his Brothers life, now feares his owne, so that he thinks he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to secure his reputation from the scandall of his friends, as to warrant his Generosity from the detraction of his Enemies, and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wisdom than honour) begges his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forsake and leave him *La Pratiere*, and to love him as dearly as formerly hee hated him deadly: Which cowardise of his, is so farre from being relished, or approved of the Spectatours, as it proves the wonder of *Valsontaine*, the laughter of *Pont Chansey*, the disdain of his owne Second *La Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgions; but *Valsontaine* was as benigne as *Quatbriffon* was base and envious, and as noble as he was treacherous, and so upon his submission, he sheathes up his sword, gives him his life, and with his hat in his hand embraceth him, and thus with many fraternall words and complements, these two Brothers (in all outward shew) are againe reconciled, and become perfect friends: But the end proves all things.

Now to follow the streame of our History, and the ceremonies of Duels, we must passe from *Quatbriffon* and *Valsontaine* the Principals, to *La Roche* and *Pont Chansey*, their Seconds, to see in what shape they will come forth, and how they resolve to beare themselves in the conclusion, and knitting up of this reconciliation; As for *Pont Chansey*, hee thinks it no disparagement or shame to him now to refuse to fight, sith his Principall hath given his Enemy the foile, in giving him his life; but contrariwise, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, hee therefore holds it no lawfull plea or excuse for him to exempt himselfe from fighting, *Pont Chanseys*

Chaufey's modesty seemes to over-vaile his valour with silence and indifferency, which the insulting vanity of *La Roche* doth so far misconstrue, as he erroneously attributes it, rather to feare and cowardise, than to reason or judgement. The worst of *Pont Chaufey's* malice venteth no other speeches and language, but that he will follow and abide the censure of their Principals, whether they being their Seconds ought to fight or no, and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance; but *La Roche's* intemperate passions (flying a higher pitch) with much vehemency and choller protesteth, that he came into the field purposely to fight, and not to keep sheep, or to catch flies with his Rapier. The two Brothers interpose and consult hereon, and do joyntly affirme, that because they themselves are reconciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reason and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds should once draw their weapons, much lesse fight; But this neither doth nor can as yet satisfie *La Roche*, whose choller is now become so boundlesse, as he in lofty termes elevateth *Valsontaine's* valour to the skies and dejecteth *Quatbrisson's* cowardise as low as Hell, begging permission of the one to fight with his Second, and peremptorily informing the other, that he will fight, but both *Quatbrisson* and *Valsontaine* condemn those fumes, and this heat of *La Roche*, and are so far from applauding it in him, as they (in downright termes) repute it to temerity and rashnesse, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea, his impatiency hath so provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jest but in earnest) they bandy these words to him, that he glorieth so much in his generosity, as in now ambitiously seeking to adde to his valour, he substracteth from his judgement. When *Pont Chaufey* (to retort and wipe off the least taint or blemish, which either *La Roche*, or the two Brothers might conceive, lay on his reputation) thinks it now high time to speak, because as yet he had spoken so little, and prays *La Roche* to finde out some expedient, either that they might returne as loving Friends, or fight it out as Honourable enemies, and that for his part he is so far from the least shadow of feare, or conceit of cowardise, as he tels him plainly, he shall finde his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better: Whereupon vaine and miserable *La Roche*, consulting with nature, and not with grace; he to give end to this difference, resolves on an expedient as wretched, as execrable, the which he proposeth to *Pont Chaufey* and the two Brothers in these termes; That the only way, and his last resolution is, that a faire paire of dice shall be the Judge and Umpier between them, and that who throwes most at one cast, it shall be in his choice either to fight or not to fight, whereunto *Pont Chaufey* willingly consenteth, although *Quatbrisson* and *Valsontaine* do in vaine contradict and oppose it. But the decree is past, and *La Roche* (very officious in his wickednesse, and forward in his impiety) spreads his Cloak on the ground, drawes a paire of Dice forth his Pocket, and because he was of the challengers side, he will throw first, which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gives him seven; *Pont Chaufey* followes him and likewise taking the Dice throwes only five: Whereat *La Roche* gracelessly insulting and triumphing, with an open throat cries out, fight, fight, fight; and so presently drawes his Rapier. *Pont Chaufey* seeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer, either safe or honourable for him to be unarmed, when (yet with a kinde of religious reluctancy, and unwilling willingnesse) he likewise unsheathes his Rapier, and so without any farther expostulation, they here approach each other: But because (for brevities sake) I resolve to passe over the circumstances, and only to mention the issue of their single combate, let me (before I proceed farther) in the name and feare of God conjure the Christian Reader, here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his sacred Providence, and divine Justice which in the issue of this Duell is made conspicuous and apparant to these two rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen, the Combatants, and in them to all others of the whole world; For loe, just as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice, so many wounds they severally received each from other, as *Pont Chaufey* five, and *La Roche* seven, and he who so extremely desired to fight, and so insatiably thirsted after *Pont*

Chaufey blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathlesse corps all gored and washed in his own blood. A fearfull example and remarkable president for all bloody minded Gentle men of these our times; to contemplate and look on, because wretched *La Roche* was so miserable, as he had no point of time to see his errour, no spark of grace to repent it.

Quatbrisson and his Chirurgion (as sorrowfull for his death, as his Brother *Valsontaine* is glad thereof) take order for his decent transporting to the Citie; whiles *Valsontaine* congratulates with *Pont Chaufey* for his good fortune and victory, who for his safety flies to *Elavet*, untill the Duke of *Razes* (to whom he was homager) had procured and sent him his pardon from the King, the which in few weeks after he effected. *Monsieur de Caerstange*, and *Madamoyelle Ville-blanche* his Wife are advertised of their two Sons quarrell at *Saint-Vallery*, and of the cause and issue thereof, who condemne *Quatbrisson* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valsontaine* for so nobly giving of his Brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have deprived him thereof, which newes is likewise speedily conveyed first to *Nantes*, and then to *Saint-Aignan*, where *Pennelle* as much grieves at *Quatbrissons* foile and disgrace, as his Daughter our faire *La Pratiere* triumphs at her *Valsontaines* victory, and because she will no longer be deprived of his presence, whose absence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity, she makes her prayers and tears become such incessant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as he now drawes his free consent to take *Valsontaine* for her Husband, which at last to their own unspeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents of either side, is at *Saint-Aignan* performed and consummated, with much pompe and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbrisson* (as we have formerly understood) have all the reasons of the world, to be fully and fairly reconciled to his Brother *Valsontaine*, yea (and according to his promise and oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly, yet where the heart is not sanctified and in peace, the tongue may pretend though not intend it; For the more he gazeth on his Sister in law *La Pratiere*s beauty, the more the freshnesse and delicacy thereof, revives and inflames his lascivious lust towards her, when knowing her to be as chaste as faire, and being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodest courtesie, or familiarity from her, whiles her Husband his Brother *Valsontaine* lives, the Devill hath already taken such full possession of his heart, as (with a hellish ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly resolves to deprive him of his life, of whom as it were but right now he had the happinesse to receive his own.

As soon as we think of revenge we meerly forget our selves, but when we consent to murther we absolutely forget God; for that hellish contemplation, and this inhumane and bloody action, doe instantly work so wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monsters, and (which is worse) of Christians Devils; for thereby we make our selves his slaves and members. A misery to which all others are not comparable, because those are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies, but this infinite in regard it occasioneth the death of our soules: But all this notwithstanding, it is not in jest but in earnest, that *Quatbrisson* assumes this bloody resolution to murther his Brother *Valsontaine*; For seeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duell, he therefore holds it more safe, lesse dangerous, to have him poysoned, and so deals with his Brothers Apothecary, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and performe it, and in requitall thereof he assureth him of three hundred crownes, and gives him the one halfe in hand, whereupon this Factor of the Devill, this Emperick of Hell, confidently promiseth him speedily to effect and performe it, the which he doth, The manner thus.

Valsontaine within six weeks of his marriage, findes his body in an extreame heat, some reputing it to an excesse of wine, which he had the day before taken at *Pontion* Fair, and others for having bin too amorous and uxorious to his sweet young wife *La Pratiere*; but it matters not which excesse of these two gave him his sicknesse, only

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let it satisfie the Reader, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much inflamed and hot, the dangerous symptomes either of a burning Feaver, or a Plurisie, the which to allay and coole, he sends for his Apothecary *Moncallier* from *Vannes* to *Saint-Aignan*, and after their consultation he openeth him a veine very timely in the morning, and drawes ten ounces of blood from him; and towards night gives him a Glister, wherein he infused strong poyson, which spreading ore the vitall parts of his body, doth so soone work its operation, and extinguish their radicall moisture, that being the most part of the night tortured with many sharpe throes, and heart-killing convulsions, he before the next morning dyes in his bed: His Wife *La Pratiere* being desperately vanquished with sorrow, doth (as it were) dissolve and melt her selfe into teares, at this sudden and unexpected death of her Husband *Valfontaine*, and indeed her griefs and sorrowes are farre the more infinite and violent, in that she sees her selfe a Widow almost as soone as a Wife. Her Father is likewise pensive and sorrowfull for the death of his Sonne in Law, and so also is his own Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhumane Brother *Quatbrisson*, although he neither can, or shall bleare the eyes of God, yet he intends to do those of men, from the knowledge and detection of this foule and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournfull and disconsolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart, for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publish in his speeches and apparell; so he rides over to *Saint Aignan* to his Sister in Law *La Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Husband his Brothers death, and with his best oratory strives to dissipate and dispell her sorrowes; but still her thoughts and conscience do notwithstanding prompt her, that considering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother her Husband for her) sure he had a hand in his death, but in what manner or how she knowes not, and so as a most vertuous and sorrowfull Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleasure and providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nantes* and *Vannes* concur with her in the same conceit and believe.

But three moneths are scarce past over, since *Valfontaine* was laid in his grave, but *Quatbrisson* is still so deeply besotted with his own lust, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he sells his wit for folly, and againe becomes a Sutor to marry her, having none but this poore Apologie to colour out his incestuous desires; that he will procure a dispensation from *Rome* to approve it; and that he hath already spoken to *Tyon* Bishop of *Reims* to that effect, who was many yeares Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indiscretion of his work with *La Pratiere*, but only to increase her jealousy, to confirme her suspition, and to make her the more confident, that her Husband had been still in this World if he had not been the means so soon to send him into another: Wherefore she rejecteth both his sute and himselfe, tels him, that if he can finde in his heart and conscience to marry her, she cannot dispence with her soule to espouse him, and therefore that hee shall do well to surcease his sute, either to the Pope or Bishop; sith if it lay in their powers, yet it should never in her pleasure to grant, or resolution to effect it; but this peremptory refusal of hers cannot yet cause *Quatbrisson* to forsake and leave her; for if his lust and concupiscence formerly made him prevish to seek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly sottish and impudent to alter his sute, and so to attempt and desire to make her his Strumpet: But he hath no sooner delivered her this base and obscene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing in her face, she highly disdaineth both his speeches and himselfe, and vowing and scorning henceforth ever more to come into his company, so she informes her Father of his dishonourable intent, and unchaste motion to her, who to rid himself of so uncivill and impudent a guest, thereupon (in sharpe termes forbids him his House and his Daughters company, as having hereby altogether made himselfe unworthy to enjoy the priviledge of the one, or the honour of the other, when this sweet and chaste young Lady (to be no more haunted with so lascivious a Ghost and Spirit) being sought in marriage by divers no-

ble and gallant Gentlemen, she among them all (after a whole years mourning for her first) makes choice of *Monsieur de Pont Chauſey* for her second Husband, and marries him; *Quatbriffon* seeing himſelfe ſo diſdainfully ſleighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a baſe Gentleman, and diſhonourable Lover) metamorphoſeth his affection into hatred towards her, and vowes that his revenge ſhall ſhortly match her diſdaine, and meet with her ingratitude, and ſo flies her ſight and company as much as he formerly deſired it. But as the beſt revenge is to make our enemies ſee that we proſper and do well, ſo he quite contrary makes it his practice and ambition to do evill, for from henceforth among many other of his vices he deſileth his body with whoredome, and gives himſelfe over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up ſo deepe a habit in him, as it is now growne to a ſecond nature; for he wholly abandoneth himſelfe to Queans and Strumpets, that be ſhe Maide, Wife, or Widow, his wanton eye ſcarce ſees any, but his luſtfull heart deſireth, and his laſcivious tongue ſeeks.

Now *Quatbriffon* (among many other) hearing that a poore Peaſant, or Countrey-man, termed *Renne Malliot*, of the pariſh of *Saint Andrewes*, three miles from *Vannes*, had a ſweet and faire young Daughter, he therefore very lewdly reſolves to ſee her, and to tempt her to his obſcene deſires, when provoked and halled on by his luſt, as that was likewiſe by the Devill, he rides over to her Fathers houſe, and alighting from his Horſe calſ there for ſome wine, but with his Hawk on his fiſt, and his Laquay and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-vaile and colour out his laſcivious deſigne and intent: And that the Reader may the better and apparantly behold this countrey Virgin *Marieta*; ſhe was aged of ſome ſixteene yeares, and towards her ſeventeenth, tall and ſtraight, and rather a little enclining to fatneſſe than to leanneſſe; her haire was of a bright flaxen colour, and ſhe of ſo freſh a beauty, and ſweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame deſire, and her cheeks to engender and exact affection, ſo that as it was a wonder among many to finde ſo delicate a Countrey-laſſe, it was alſo many wonders in one, to ſee how ſweetly her rich beauty graced her poore clothes, whiles they (though in vaine) endeavour to diſgrace it. *Quatbriffon* no ſooner ſees *Marieta*, but ſhe is ſo faire and amiable in his eyes, as they informe him, that report comes infinitely ſhort of her beauty, when burning in the flames of his beaſtly concupiſcence towards her, his luſt ſo exceedingly outbraves his reaſon, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is ſo farre caught and inſnared in the contemplation of her freſh youth and beauty, as he vowes to leave no art unattempted to obtain his luſtfull deſires in enjoying of her virginity: To which end he very often & ſecretly viſiteth her, diſcovereth her his lewd deſires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bonlace, Lawne, worſted Stockings, and the like trifles, thereby the ſooner to prevaile with her, when God knowes this faire poor Maiden was ſo chaſte, as yet ſhe knew not what belonged to unchaſtity, ſuch was her obſcure dwelling, and innocent education, and yet behold the Devill was ſo buſie with her, and *Quatbriffon* with the Devill, to draw and prostitute her to ſin, as ſhe was ſo far in love with his gay clothes, ſugred ſpeeches and faire promiſes, rich gifts, and eſpecially becauſe he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks ſhe had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no nor her ſelfe.

But whiles thus *Quatbriffon* layes cloſe ſiege to the chaſtity of the Daughter, her Mother *Jane Chauinetti* (being of a quick wit and ſharpe apprehenſion, meaſuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to miſtruſt and feare that by his often viſits, he endeavourd to put a rape on her vertue, in ſeeking to enrich himſelfe with the loſſe of her maiden-head, the which to prevent, ſhe forbids him her houſe, ſhewing him that ſhe had rather dye, than live to ſee her Daughter made a Strumpet, adding farther, that if hereupon he did not forbear her houſe and her Daughters company, ſhe would forthwith acquaint his Father *Monsieur de Caerſainge* therewith, alledging that how cloſe ſo ever he bore himſelfe, ſhe knew him to be his Sonne and Heire, and

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termed *Quatbrisson*, which croſſe ſpeeches of hers do much afflict and perplex him, and the more becauſe he ſees he cannot now approach *Marieta*, and which is worſt of all, in regard he knowes not whom to employ towards her, to win her to his deſires: But at length remembring that he was well acquainted with an old Franciſcan Frier of *Auroy*, named Father *Symplician*, who many yeares begged the Countrey for the repaying of their Monaftery, and with whom he had often carouſed and been merry: He therefore holds him a fit Inſtrument and Agent for his purpoſe, and ſo rides over to *Auroy*, and ſends for him to his lodging, where giving him good cheere, and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point diſcovereth this ſecret, and layes open himſelfe to him: So this old Frier loving his cups better than his Beads, and *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* better than his Guardian (becauſe he had twice formerly expelled him the Monaftery for ſome of his diſhoneſt and debauched prancks) hee freely engageth himſelfe to him, affirming that hee well knew both Father, Mother, and Daughter, having heretofore many times layen in their houſe, when he hath been overtaken, either by night or raine.

Hypocriſie is the Devils Mask or Viſard, and there is no way ſo ſubtle or ſinfull to deceive as under the Cloak and Colour of Religion, and therefore it is a moſt pernitiouſ and odious ſhame to Chriſtians, that thoſe who profeſſe piety ſhould prophane it. This good Fellow Frier *Symplician* (taking the tide of time, and the winde of opportunity) under the pretext of viſiting ſome of his Kinſfolks leaves *Auroy*, repaires to *Vannes*, and ſo to *Malliot's* houſe in the Countrey, where purpoſely faining himſelfe ſick, thereby to procure himſelfe the better colour for his ſtay, and the better means for the diſpatch of this love buſineſſe for *Monsieur Quatbrisson*, there *Malliot* and his Wife *Jane Chauvet* (out of their reſpect to Religion, and reverence to Churchmen) entertaine him lovingly, and attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no coſt too much, nor any meat, care or labour enough which they ſpent and beſtowed on him; But we ſhall ſee him requite this Hoſpitality, and repay this courteſie of theirs with a baſe ingratitude.

For in the abſence of the Father and Mother, this deborſhed Fryer teacheth their faire Daughter *Marieta* a new Catechiſme; he tels her that *Monsieur Quatbrisson* is deeply in love with her; that if ſhe will hearken to his affection, and ſo become flexible to his deſires, he will ſhortly ſteale her away from her Parents, and either maintaine her Gentlewoman-like in brave apparell, or elſe marry her to ſome rich Serving-man, or Farmers Sonne, with whom ſhe might live merrily, and at her hearts content all the dayes of her life; adding withall, that it was pity her delicate freſh beauty ſhould be ſo ſtrictly and obſcurely mew'd up in her Fathers poor Cottage, and that it was a ſhame to her to prove an enemy to Nature, who had been ſo bountifull and ſo true a friend to her, with many more obſcene reaſons, and deborſhed ſpeeches looking that way, the which (in modeſty) I cannot remember without ſhame, nor relate without deteſtation. So this pandariſing old Fryer (degenerating from his habit, profeſſion, and name,) what with the honey, (or rather indeed the poiſon) of his ſpeeches and promiſes, and the ſugar of ſome gifts and tokens which he delivered her from *Quatbrisson*, he drawes this harmeleſſe and innocent poore countrey Maide, ſo far to forget her ſelfe, her Parents, and God, that in hope of rich apparell, and a good Huſband, ſhe tels her Father *Symplician*, that ſhe is wholly *Quatbrissons* at command, and that for his ſake and love ſhe is abſolutely reſolved to forſake her Father and Mother, and to go away with him aſſy night or day; when he pleaſeth to fetch her; the which he ſhortly doth, and ſhe accompliſheth: And thus was the odious ingratitude of this Fryer *Symplician*, towards honeſt *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good cheere, lodging, and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only childe and Daughter, whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the ſtaffe and comfort of their Age.

Quatbriffon (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts) having thus (by himselfe and the Fryer) played his prize in stealing away faire *Marieta*, he by night brings her to his own old Nurse her house, which is a little mile distant from that of his Father, where he secretly keeps her, takes his pleasure of her, and as often as he pleaseth, lies with her whole nights together; but *Marieta's* sorrowfull Father and Mother seeing themselves thus robbed of their only Jewell their Daughter, they bitterly lament her losse, and their own misfortunes therein. They complaine to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Parishes or Houses unsought for her; yea her Mother *Jane Chaumets* griefe and jealousie transport her so far, as vehemently suspecting that *Monsieur de Quatbriffon* had stolne her away, she trips over to his Fathers House, and there (with sorrow in her looks, and teares in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof; who presently send for their Son *Quatbriffon* before them. They shew him what an infinite scandall this foule fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewise reflect upon themselves, and all their Kinsfolks and Family. How the justice of God infallibly attends on whoredome and fornication, and that he hath no other true course or means left him to expiate and deface it, but Confession, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poore Countrey Girle againe to her aged and sorrowfull Parents: But *Quatbriffon* their Son (as a base deboshed Gentleman) denies all, termes old *Malliot's* Wife an old Hag and Devill, to charge him thus falsly with the stealing away of her Daughter; and so without any other redresse or comfort, this poore Mother returnes againe home to her sorrowfull Husband, and *Quatbriffon* secretly to his Nurser, to frolick and sport it out with his sweet and faire Countrey Mistris *Marieta*.

But to observe the better Order and *Decorum* in the dilation and unfolding of this History, leave we (for a small time) this lascivious young couple, wallowing in the beastly pleasures of their sensuality and fornication, and come we a little to speak how suddenly and sharply (at unawares) the vengeance and justice of God surpriseth our execrable Apothecary *Moncallier*, who so wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly understood) had sent innocent *Valsontaine* from Earth to Heaven; by that damnable drug and ingredient of poyson. The manner whereof briefly is thus:

Quatbriffon (as we have already seen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envie towards his Sister in Law *La Pratiere*; doth still retaine such bloody thoughts against her, that striking hands with the Devill (he in favour of three hundred Crownes more) hath againe ingaged his hellish Apothecary *Moncallier* likewise to poyson her, at his first administring of Physick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs is no sooner projected and plotted of the one, then promised speedily to be acted and performed by the other, to the end (quoith these two miserable wretches) to make her equall, as in marriage, so in death with her first Husband *Valsontaine*. Thus *Quatbriffon* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkning out for *La Pratiere's* first sicknesse, two moneths are scarce blowne over; since her marriage with *Pont Chaussey*, but she is surpris'd with a pestilent Fever; when he as a loving and kinde Husband (at the request of his sick Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this Monster of his profession and time *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her physick, the which presently (with as much treacherous card, as feigned sorrow) he promiseth to effect; and so inwardly resolves with the Devill, and himselfe to poyson her; but we shall see here that Gods providence will favourably permit the first, and his goodnesse and mercy miraculously prevent the second.

Moncallier sees this his faire and sweet Patient *La Pratiere*, but he is yet so far from shame or repentance that he had poysoned her first Husband, as (with a gracelesse ratiocination) he confirms his former impious resolution likewise to dispatch her self; but for that time he contenteth himselfe only to draw six ounces of blood from her, and promiseth to returne to her the next morning with Physick; and therein to inliquate and infuse the poyson. But here (in the feare, and to the glory of God) let

me request the Christian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the strangeness of this sudden and divine punishment of God, then and there shovne on this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*: For as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the Staires (next to the Chamber doore where *La Pratiere* lay sick) complementing with her Husband *Pont Chaussey* at his farewell, he trips in his Spurs, and so falls down headlong at the foot thereof, there breaks his neck, and which is lamentable and fearful, he hath neither the power or grace left him to speak a word, much lesse to repent his cruell poisoning of *Valsontaine*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miserable end of this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*, who, when he absolutely thought that that bloody fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we see) in his due time remembred to punish him for the same, to his utter confusion and destruction, that as his crime was bloody, so his punishment should be sudden and sharpe.

Returne we now againe to *Quatbrisson* (who amidst his carnall pleasures with his young and faire *Marieta*) is advertised of *Moncalliers* sudden and unnaturall death at *S. Aignan*, whereat (resembling himselfe) he is so far from any apprehension or grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus broke his neck, because he can now tell no tales, as sorrowfull if now before his death he have not poisoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her Husband *Valsontaine* his Brother. Whiles thus *Quatbrissons* joy in enjoying *Marieta*, proves the griefe and disconsolation of her Parents, for it is now generally bruted in *Vannes*, that *Quatbrisson* hath stolne away *Malliot*s Daughter *Marieta*, whereof her Father and Mother being sorrowfully acquainted (he being weak and sickly) she again repaires to *Monsieur de Caerstuinge* and his Lady, and with teares in her eyes throwing her selfe at their feet, acquaints them with this publick report, humbly beseeching them to be a means to the Gentleman their Son, that he restore them their Daughter; but they are (in a manner) deafe to her requests, and so only returne her this generall answer, that they will againe examine their Son, and cause all their Tenants houses neere about to be narrowly searched for her, and this is all the redresse and consolation which this sorrowfull Mother could get from them; Whereof *Quatbrisson* being advertised, he (with much secrecy and haste) about midnight, causeth *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, to fetch *Marieta* away from his Nurfes house to his Mill, which is some quarter of a League from his Fathers House, the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbrisson* goes secretly to the Mill and visits her; he informes her how her Parents have incensed his against him, and against her selfe likewise; he bids her be of good comfort; that she shall want nothing, that he will very shortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her safety and reputation, and so continually frolicks it out, and there takes his pleasure of her; yea, he lies so often with her many whole nights and some dayes at this Mill, that at last her belly swells, and both of them apparantly perceive that she is with childe by him: when poore soule, seeing her selfe as it were pent up in a prison, that she had no new apparell, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back into the foulness of her fault, and seeing that she had made her selfe the griefe of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almost the disdain of *Quatbrisson*, who (surfetting in his pleasures with her) began now to look lesse familiar, and more strange to her than accustomed, she with many sighes and teares repents her selfe of her error; but how to remedy it, she knowes not.

As for *Quatbrisson*, he supposing he had his Fathers Miller *Pierot* at his command, profereth him two hundred French Crownes to marry her; whereat this Meale-cap Miller (being a lusty young fellow of some five and twenty years old) could not at first refraine from blushing and laughing; when seeing *Marieta* to be young and faire, he is so farre in love with her, as at first he wisheth her to his wife; but then againe considering that she hath a great belly by his young Master, that he still lyes with her, and that if he should marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Master and

owner

owner of her than himselfe, he prays him therefore to excuse him, for that he is fully resolved not to marry her. When *Quatbrisson* yet farther desirous to draw him to take her to his Wife, profereth *Pierot* a new Lease and Estate of his Mill from his Father for seven years, at his own cost and charges. But this Miller (being a pleasant joviall wag) tels his young Master that he had rather never heare the clacking of his Mill, than to live to see himselfe cornuted; and so upon no termes will marry *Marieta*, but for any other service, he sweares to him, that he is, and ever will be wholly at his command. Poore *Marieta* now seeing her hopes grow small, and her belly great, and consequently her joyes decline, and her sorrowes increase, finding that she is now rather *Quatbrissons* prisoner than his prize, and the Miller rather her Goaler than her Landlord, (she with many far fetcht sighes and brinish tears) very passionately beseecheth *Quatbrisson* on her knees, that he will speedily either provide her a Husband, or permit her with her shamefull and sorrowfull burthen to returne home to her afflicted and angry parents. Two requests, and both so reasonable (quoth she to him) as if it be not in your power to grant me the first, yet I hope it will be your pleasure not to deny me the second. But *Quatbrisson*, notwithstanding all these teares and prayers of *Marieta*, he is still so vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the sharp complaints of his own Parents, and the bitter lamentations and outcries of hers, that (in the heat of sottish choller and ingratefull disdaine) he flies from her, absents himselfe longer then accustomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to loathe her, as he formerly loved her. *Marieta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingratefull unkindnesse towards her, it pierceth her very heart with griefe, and her soule with despair; She requests the Miller to tell *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* that she prays him to see her, or to permit her to see him; but he perceiving that his young Master slighted her, and that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuseth to go himselfe, and so sends his Boy; But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbrisson*, but only the more inflame his choller, and therein the more increase her own sorrowes, and accelerate and hasten on her miseries? For he bids the Boy tell her, that he is gone to *Rennes*, and will not returne in a moneth; and withall, he wils him to bid his Master to come secretly to him in the morning, at his Fathers Orchard. So if *Quatbrissons* unkindnesse to *Marieta* formerly made her seem to be the picture of sorrow, Alas, now this his discourteous departure, and disdaining either to see her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to be sorrow her selfe; for she tears her haire, and (with a mournfull and sorrowfull Ambition) endeavoureth to drown her selfe in the Ocean of her teares; yea, her griefes are so infinite, and her discontents so insupportable (in that she hath so deeply disobeyed her Parents, and offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of these sins and crimes of hers make her not dare to look up to Heaven for assistance; a thousand times she repents her selfe of her folly, and as often saith and dictateth to her, that she should be as happy as now she is miserable, if she againe were a childe, and not with childe, and that she were againe as living in her Mothers belly, as now by this time she findes her own poore unfortunate innocent babe is in hers. She as high as Heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbrissons* ingratitude, and curseth the name and memory of Fryer *Symplician* as low as Hell, for thus betraying and seducing her to sin, which hath now brought her to misery and disconsolation; yea, her unfortunacy is so great, as she cannot write for assistance from any where, or if shee could, shee knowes not from whom once to expect, much lesse to receive it: but rather sees her selfe reduced to such extreme affliction and misery, that she is every way far more capable to weepe or sigh forth her sorrowes to her selfe, then to speak, or make them knowne to the world.

Whiles thus *Marieta* is pensively and pittifully echoing forth her complaints to the bare wals of her poore Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller findes out his young Master *Quatbrisson*, in the Orchard behind his Fathers house, according to his appointment, where

where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple the Reader must prepare to see them consult and conclude a most bloody and mournfull businesse, which will both exact pittie, and command lamentation from the most flinty and barbarous heart, yea in a word, from any living mortall man, whose prophane life and impiety hath not absolutely made him a meere Devill. For *Quatbriffon* having thus satiated and sur-fetted himselfe in reaping his beastly pleasures of poore *Marieta*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envie towards her, knowing that she will be a perpetuall eye-sore to his Parents, and a continuall shame and scandall to himselfe, as long as she lives in this world, he therefore most ingratelously and cruelly resolves speedily to send her into another; and no consideration whatsoever either of her youth or beauty, of her great belly, or of his quick childe within her, or of his own soule, can prevaile with him to the contrary: But the Devill is so strong with him, that he is miserably resolute not to retire, but to advance in this bloody businesse. To which effect, he breaks with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finish it, and againe promiseth him the Fee-simple (or at least a Lease of seven yeares) of his Mill, to finish it; which this bloody miscreant (out of his hellish covetousnesse, and itching desire to please his young Master) promiseth to accomplish. They now consult of the manner how to murder *Marieta*: The Miller affirms it to be the surest way (under soine pretext) to take her into the next Wood by night, and there to murder her, which *Quatbriffon* contradiceth, because (saith he) her dead body being found so neere his Fathers house, this her murder will reflect on him; and therefore to make sure work, he bids the Miller to strangle her by night in her bed, and so to bury her in his outer yard, and there to clap a Wood-vine over her, whereon they both agree. When swearing perpetuall secrecy each to other, this execrable Miller here promiseth *Quatbriffon* to dispatch her within three dayes at farthest.

This bloody bargain and compact being thus concluded betweene them, *Pierot* the Miller returnes to his Mill, where poore *Marieta* (little suspecting or dreaming, what a dismall stratagem was plotted and resolved against her life) she (finding comfort from no where, and therefore seeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from *Monsieur de Caerstaignes* house, and if his Sonne *Monsieur Quatbriffon* were departed from *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull her asleep, thereby with more facility to finish his bloody designe on her) tels her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure he had left secret word for him to use her courteously in his absence, the which he swore to her he would carefully performe; whereat *Marieta* thanks him, but yet againe prying more narrowly into this Millers looksthan his speeches, she found that he now looked more sullen and haggardly to her than accustomed, or else that either her conceit or his countenance and Physiognomy deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us remarke the strange effects, and events hereof; For as dreames prove seldome true, because they are as incertaine as their causes, which for the most part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or else flow from the operations of the brain in their different passions of affection, Envie, Hope, Feare, Joy, Sorrow, or the like; So it pleased God that the very same night *Marieta* dreamt, that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembring the next morning, she likewise remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vile wretch and dissembling Hypocrite) seemed to be in choller thereat, vowing and swearing to her with many oathes and deprecations, that she was and should be as safe in his Mill, as if she were either in the Tower of *Blyn*, or the Castle of *Blavet*; which indeed are reputed to be two of the strongest and most important peeces of little *Britany*; whereat poore *Marieta* again and again thanks him. But this notwithstanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next ensuing night (*Marieta* proving too true a Herauld and Propheesse, to her owne immediate mournfull Tragedy) as the night had given truce to her teares, and sleepe administred rest to her eyes, as she lay in her poore pallet bed,

bed, then this bloody villaine *Pierot* the Miller very secretly enters her Chamber, and softly conveies a small cord under her head, and fastning it to her further bed poast (his strength conspiring with his malice) he then and there strangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much lesse to speak one word, and as soone as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and consequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within lesse than an houre after (not to give the lye to her own dreame) changeth his purpose in the manner of her buriall, and so (in her clothes as she was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where fastning a great piece of an old broken Mill-stone to her middle (or waste) by a strong new rope which he had purposely provided, he there throwes her into the deepest place of his Pond, hoping, yea assuring himselfe, that he should never see nor heare more of her.

The very next morning after the finishing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* (the Miller (not able to sleep for joy) at the very break of day, dispeeds himselfe away with the newes hereof to his young Master *Quatbrisson*, who heares and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promise and oath againe assuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to beare, and wipe off the suspicion which this Murther might reflect or cast on him (if it should ever hereafter come to be detected or discovered) rides away to the Citie of *Rennes*, where the States Generall of that Province (which we in *England* terme our Parliament) was then to assemble, where rejoycing that he had so happily dispatched his clownish Strumpet *Marieta*, & *Pierot* the Miller at home likewise singing and triumphing at this his easie purchase of his Mill, they not so much as once look up to Heaven and God, or downe to their own consciences and soules, what this foule and detestable Murther of theirs deserves. And not to go far, by this time the Lord thinks it high time, to bring this their cruell Murther to light, by a strange (I may justly say by a miraculous accident, which at unawares and when they least think thereof, will (amidst their mirth and security) befall them.

A moneth is not full past over since this Murther of *Marieta*, but God (in his sacred mercy and justice) is now resolved to make *Monsieur de Pont Chauzey* (*La Pratières* second Husband) to be the first meanes for the detection hereof (and in that likewise afterwards of the poysoning of *Valsontaine*) who being one day at *Vannes* with three other Gentlemen, his friends, he is desirous to hunt a Duck with two of his owne Spaniels; And no Pond being so fit or neere as that of *Monsieur de Caerstaignes*, he makes choice thereof, but the Duck is no sooner in the Pond and the Dogs after her, but these two poore harmelesse Curs swimming eagerly for their prey, as they come to the place where *Marieta's* dead body was sunck and tyed, they instantly forsake and abandon the Duck, and there pudling with their feet, and snuffling with their noses in the water, they most lamentably set up their tunes, and aloud howle and bark each at other, without departing or stirring thence, the which *Pont Chauzey* and the other Gentlemen well observing, God instantly inspires their concepts with this apprehension, and their hearts with this jealousie; that (peradventure) there was some body, either accidentally or purposely drowned there, and that it now pleased his divine Majestie to make these two poore Dogs his Agents and Officers to discover it, whereupon they once resolve to draw up the sluice, and to let out all the water of the Pond, but first they resolve to make another triall and experiment hereof, so for that time they take up their Duck, depart, and call away their Spaniels, but after dinner they returne, and the Duck being againe put in, the Spaniels in the very same place do the like as in the morning, still howling and barking most lamentably, the which indeed yeelds harsh & displeasing musick to the trembling heart and guilty conscience of this murderous Miller, but still the Devill his Schoole-master makes him put a brazen face on his feare. Now this second action and demeanour of the Spaniels, confirms the first jealousie and apprehension of *Pont Chauzey* and his associates, who (to vindicate this truth) are now resolute in their former proposition, and desire of letting out the water of the Pond, the which they attempt to effect: But then

then this wretched Miller seeing himselfe now so narrowly put to his trumps and shifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at least if he meant to provide for his owne safety and life; hee with many humble and sugred speeches (not seeming any way to take notice of their apprehension) tells them, that he is a poore young man; that this is his first yeare offsetting up his Trade of a Miller for himselfe, that it being now in the midst of a hot and dry Summer, his Pond will not receive in water againe for his Mill to goe in a weeke or two after, which will infallibly begger him, and therefore (almost with teares) he beseecheth them to desist from their purpose, and not to turne out the water of his Pond, yea hee speakes so passionatly and pittifully to them, as his reasons prevaile with the three other Gentlemen, but with *Pont Chaufey* they cannot, but rather the more confirme his former apprehension and beleefe, that sure there was some one or other drowned, and withall God doth afresh distill and infuse into his imaginations, that this very Miller himselfe might have some hand therein, notwithstanding all his humble prayers and smooth speeches to the contrary: To which end *Pont Chaufey* the better to effect his desire and resolution, hee (as a wise and discreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his request, when purposely sending away his Servants, Duck and Dogs, he enquires of the Miller if hee have any dice or cards in his Mill, who answereth him that he hath cards, but no dice: So into the Mill they all fower goe, and play at Lans-knight for Cardescus, and the Miller (now ravished with Joy to see how his faire tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderfull diligent to waite, and officious to attend them and their commands.

But they having played an houre, *Pont Chaufey* now thinks it high time for him to effect his designe and resolution, and then tells *Pierot* the Miller, that he is very dry and thirsty, demanding of him if there be any wine to sell neere his Mill, who tells them there is none neerer then the Towne, where hee willingly profereth to goe and fetch some speedily, which indeed is that very part and point whereat *Pont Chaufey* only aimed: So he gives him money to fetch two grand pots of wine; when this inconsiderate and secure Miller (without either feare or wit) seemes rather to flye then to run to the Towne with Joy for it, thinking and assuring that the storme of his danger was now already quire past and blowne over; but he is no sooner out of sight, but *Pont Chaufey* presently throwes up the Cards, and prays the rest of the Gentlemen to assist him in drawing up the flace and emptying the Pond, for that his heart still prompts him there is some one drowned therein, whereunto they all give free consent; so by that time the water is halfe out, *Loe* (with much admiration and pittie) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet fastned with a rope to the bottome of the pond. And prying more narrowly to discerne it, they (by the coats it wore) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cause to be taken up in the Mill-boar, but her flesh is so riveld and withered with the water, and eaten and disfigured by the fish, as it was impossible to know what she was, and she stunk so odiously, as almost none durst approach her. *Pont Chaufey* (and his associats) seeing this wofull and lamentable spectacle, and comparing therewith the Millers earnest refusal, not to permit them to empty his pond, he here confirms his former jealousy, and now confidently suspects him, either to be the Author or Actor of this cruell murder; To which end hee and his associats lay exact and curious waite for his returne with the wine; who comming therewith from the Towne merrily singing, and not so much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond, hee ascending the top of the Hill by the Woods side, and espying his Pond emptied, then the foulness of his fact and conscience, and the eminencie of his danger doth so terrifie and amaze him, that he sets downe his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his safety to the celerity and swiftnesse of his heeles) he with all possible speed runs away towards the centre of the Wood, the which *Pont Chaufey* and the rest of the Gentlemen espying, they need no other evidence but this his flight, to proclaime himselfe guilty of this murder, and so they speedily send after him, and within one houre after he is found out, apprehended and

brought back; they vehemently accusing, and he as resolutely excusing himselfe of this murther; but notwithstanding they shut him up close in his owne Mill, till it be found out what this drowned murdered woman is.

The report of this mournfull accident being speedily divulged in *Vannes*, and bruted in the neighbour parishes, there are a world of people, who from all parts flock to the pond, to be spectators of this dead woman; and among the rest, *Yvon Mallot* and his wife *Jane Chaumet*, no sooner understand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, and drowned in *Monsieur de Gerssaings* pond, they exceedingly feare it is their Daughter *Marista*, and to see the issue and truth hereof she runs before, and he limps after as fast as he can, as if they should not come time enough to make themselves miserable, with the sight and object of their misery. Now they are no sooner arrived to the pond, but they see all the people stand aloofe from this murdered corps, because of the stinch thereof; but they (hardned by their feare, and encouraged by their affection) doe willingly rush towards it, but cannot as yet discern what she was, by reason the fishes had almost eaten away all the flesh from her bones, which therefore no way satisfying their curiosity and enquire, they then fall to wash away the mud and oze from her clothes, hoping to draw some information and light from them, as alas they now instantly doe, for they find the Waist-coat and two Petty-coats; that of ash colour serge, and these of greene and red bayes to be the very same which their Daughter *Marista* wore, when she either fled, or was stolen from them; whereat crossing their armes, and sending their sighes to heaven, and their teares to earth, this poor afflicted Father and Mother cry out that it was the dead body of their faire and unfortunate Daughter *Marista*, and doubtesse, that either *Monsieur Quatbrisson* or *Pierot* the Miller, or both of them were her Murtherers; whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one speaking thereof as their severall fancies led them, and as they stood affected, or disaffected to *Quatbrisson*, and the Miller.

But *Pons Chaufer* rides presently to *Vannes* (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to guard the Miller in his mill) and adviseth the Seneschall, and the other two Judges of this deplorable fact; so they send for this Miller to *Vannes*, and the next day being brought before them, they examine and accuse him for thus murthering of *Marista*, but (having learnt his answer and resolution of the Devill) hee with many blither oaths and curses denies it, deposing and swearing that he never knew her nor saw her; but this false answer and counterfeite coyne of his will no way passe current with his Judges, but they forthwith ordaine him to the Rack. Our wretched Miller *Pierot* is amazed and terrified at the sight hereof, yea now his courage begins to faile him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and farall Harbinger to his death; so he endures the single torment reasonable well, but feeling the pinches and tortures of the second, and well knowing that his heart, Joynts, and patience can never endure it, he then and there confesseth to his Judges, that he was the only Author and actor of this murther, & that he strangled her in his Mill, and then sunk her in his pond, because she would never consent or yeeld to be his wife, but speaks not a word of *Quatbrisson*, or that he had any way seduced, or hired him to commit it; but fed his exorbitant thoughts and erroneous hopes with the ayre of this vaine beleefe, That when he was condemned to die here in *Vannes*, that hee would then appeale thence to the Court of Parliament of *Beauvais*, where hee knew his young master *Quatbrisson* then was, & where he presumed he had so many great and noble friends, as he should not need to feare his life. But (contrary to these his weak and poore hopes) the very next morning when hee expected to heare the sentence of death pronounced against him, his Judges againe adjudge him to the torments of the Scarpines, to know if *Monsieur Quatbrisson*, or any other were accessory with him in this murther, when they caust his left foot to be burnt so soundly, as hee will not endure to have his right touched, and so confesseth that his young master *Quatbrisson* seduced and hired him to strangle *Marista* in her bed in his Mill, and promised him the

Fee Simple or Lease thereof to performe it, that hee it was who likewise threw her into the Pond, and that he also beleeveth she was quick with child by his said master.

All *Vannes* wonder and talke of *Quatbriffon*s base ingratitude and cruelty, towards this filly and harmelesse young countrey maiden *Marieta*, yea this foule and lamentable murder, administred likewise talke in all the adjoyning Townes and Parishes; So this execrable miller *Pierot* is by the Seneshall condemned to be broken alive on the Wheele, but yet (in regard of the necessitie of his confrontation) they deferre his execution till *Quatbriffon* be apprehended in *Renues*, where the Seneshall, and Kings Attourney Generall of *Vannes*, doe by post send away his accusation to that famous Court of Parliament; where whiles hee is praucing in the streets of that Citie on his great Horfe, and ruffling in his scarlets and sattins, with three Lackies (richly clad) at his heeles, the height of this his pompe and bravery makes his shame the more apparant, and his crime the more foule and notorious; For then when he thought himselfe to be farthest from danger, loe the Justice and Providence of God brings him neereft to it; for he is now here by a band of Hufsiere (or Purseuants) taken off from his horse, apprehended and imprisoned by the command of the Lievtenant Criminall of that great Court, who yet vainly reposing on the fidelity and secrecie of *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, hee seemes to bee no way dismayd or daunted thereat; But when he heares his accusation and inditement read, that *Marieta*s murdered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended and imprisoned for the same, and that hee had confessed him to bee the Author, and himselfe the Actor of this her cruell murder, then I say hee is so appalled and daunted, and so farre from any hope of life, as he utterly despaireth thereof, and palpably sees the Image of death before his eyes: When (with a few teares, and many fighes) hee here to his Judges confesseth himselfe to be the Author of this foule fact, and so begs pardon thereof of God; for from these his grave and incorruptible Magistrates he is assured and confident to find none; Whereupon although foure of the Counsellors, and one of the Presidents, were resolved in regard of this his inhumane and base crime, to have him hanged, yet the rest of that wise and honourable Senate, knowing him to be Sonne and Heire to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly descended, they ore-sway and prevaile with the others, and so they adjudge him the very next day to have his head cut off, although this his sorrowfull aged Father *Monsieur de Caerstainge*, offered the one halfe of his lands to save his life, and likewise was a most importunate Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremoville* (who then and there preceded at the Estates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprivall, and with the King for his pardon, but in vaine; For that noble Duk (considering the basenesse and enormity of this his inhuman fact) was too wise to attempt the one, and too honourable and generous to seeke the other: So the very next morning *Quatbriffon* (apparelled in a sute of blacke Sattin, trimmed with Gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of execution, which is in the midst of the Citie) where a very great concourse of people of all sorts, resort and flock to see him take his last farewell of this world, of whom the greatest part and number, lamented and pittied, that so proper and noble a Gentleman, should first deserve, and then receive so untimely a death: When after the Priests and Friars have here prepared and directed his soule, hee ascending the Scaffold, with somewhat a low voice, and dejected and sorrowfull countenance, he delivered this short speech.

That in regard he knowes, that (now when he is to take his last leave of this life) to charge his conscience with the concealing of any capitall crime, is the direct and true way to send his soule to hell in stead of heaven, hee will now therefore reveale, that hee is yet more execrable and bloody, then his Judges thinke or know, or his Spectatours imagine, for that he not only hired *Pierot* his Fathers Miller to murder *Marieta*, but also the Apothecary *Moncallier* to poyson his owne brother *Valfontaine*; of both which foule and bloody crimes of his, hee now freely confesseth himselfe guilty, and now from his heart and soule sorrowfully lamenteth and repenteth them; that his filthy lust

and inordinate affection to women was the first cause, & his neglect of prayer to God the second, which hath justly brought him to this shamefull end and confusion; & therefore he beseecheth all who are present to be seriously forewarned of the like by his wofull Example and that (in christian charity) they will now joyne their devout prayers with his to God for his soule: When on the Scaffold praying a little while silently to himself kneeling, and then putting off his doublet, he commits himselfe to the Executioner; who at one blow severed his head from his shoulder. But this punishment and death of *Quatbrisson* sufficeth not now to give full content and satisfaction to his Judges, who (by his owne confession) considering his inhumane and deplorable poysoning of his own brother *Valsontaine*, they as soone as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudge his body to be taken downe, and there burnt to ashes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curiosity must now returne poast from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbrisson* to the base and bloody Miller *Pierot*, whom God and his Judges have now ordained shall likewise smart for this his lamentable murther on poore and harmlesse *Marieta*. Hee is brought to the Gallows in his old dusty mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Priest preparing him to dye, hee (either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle speech to the people, That because *Marieta* was young and faire, hee is now heartily sorry that hee had not married her, and that if hee had beene as wise as covetous, the two hundred Crownes, or the Lease of his Mill, which his young master *Monsieur Quatbrisson* proffered him, might have made him winke at her dishonesty, and that although she were not a true Maid to her selfe, yet that shee might have proved a true and honest wife to him, with many other frivolous words and lewd speeches tending that way; which I purposely omit, and resolve to passe over in silence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation, or the Readers knowledge: when not having the grace once to name God, to speake of his soule, to desire heaven, or to seeme to be any way repentant and sorrowfull for this his bloody offence, hee is stripped naked, having onely his shirt fastned about his waste, and with an Iron bar hath his legs, thighes, armes, and brest, broken alive, and there his miserable body is left naked and bloody on the Wheele, for the space of two dayes, thereby to terrifie and deterre the beholders from attempting the like wretched crime. And the Judges of *Vannes* being certified from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbrisson* at his death charged the Apothecary *Monsieur Moncallier* to have (at his hiring and instigation) poysoned his brother *Valsontaine*, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and buriall of so prophane and bloody a Villaine: When after well neere a whole yeares time that hee was buried in Saint *Francis* Church in that Towne, they cause his Coffin to be taken up, and both his body and it to be burnt by the common Hang-man, and his Ashes to be throwne into the aire; Which to the Joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXV.

Vast first murdereth his Sonne George, and next poysoneth his own wife Hester, and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, hee revealeth these his two murders, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.



O religious hearts, there can nothing be so distastefull as Sinne; nor any Sinne so odious and execrable as Murther; for it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, strikes horrou to their hearts and consciences. Wherefore, if this foule and bloudy Sinne bee so displeasing to godly men, how infinitely more detestable is it then to God himselfe, who made all living creatures to serve Man, and onely created Man purposely to serve Himselfe? But as Choller and Malice proceed from the passions of men, so doth Murther from the Devill; for else wee should not so often and frequently see it perpetrated in most Countreyes and Cities of the World as we doe: A mournfull Example whereof I here produce to your view and serious consideration.

THe place of this History, is *Fribourg* (an antient city of *Switzerland*) which gives name to one of the Divisions (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike country: Wherein

(of fresh memory) dwelt a rich burger named *Peter Vassi*, who had to his wife a modest, discreet, and vertuous woman named *Hester*, by whom he had one only child, a Son called *George Vassi*, whom God sent them the latter end of the first yeare of their marriage; and for the restime of some ten yeares following, this married couple lived in most kinde and loving sort each with other, yea their hearts and inclinations so sympathized in mutuall and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their Neighbours so rich in content as themselves; for she was carefull of her Family, and hee very diligent and industrious to maintaine it; both of them being chaste and continent in themselves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance, onely they are so temperate in their drinking, as hee would not, and shee could not be tainted with that beastly Vice of drunkennesse, whereunto that Country, and the greatest part of that people, are but too excessively addicted and subject: So that had *Vassi* still imbraced and followed those Vertues in the course and conduction of his life, hee had not then defiled this History with the profusion of so many finnes, nor be sprinkled it with the effusion of so much innocent blood, nor consequently have admittred so much sorrow to the Reader, in perusing and knowing it: but as contrary Causes produce contrary Effects, so hee (by this time) polluting himselfe with filthy and pernicious Company, it is no marvell if he leave his temperancie to follow drunkennesse, his chastity to commit fornication and adultery; yea, it is no marvell I say, if these foule finnes (as Bawds to rage and revenge) exact such power in his heart, and predominancie in his soule, as in the end to draw him to murther: for good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the devill afford or give them a worse pestilence, then bad company. It is the fatall Shelves, and dismall rocks, whereon a world of people have, and doe daily suffer shipwrack; yea, it is the griefe of a Kingdome and Countrey, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyson of our Times: for it turnes those who professe and pursue it, out of their estates and homes, which they are then inforced either to sell, or rather to give away to usurers and Cormorants, and consequently which makes themselves, and their poore wives and children ready to starve and dye in our streets. So this is now the cause of our *Vassi*, and therefore it will be his happinesse, if it prove not his misery hereafter; for after twelve yeares time of a most peaceable cohabitation, and Godly conversation betweene him and his vertuous wife *Hester*, it is a thousand griefes and pitties that she must now be inforced to see so brutish and beastly a Metamorphosis in her husband; for he is no more the man which hee was, nor the husband which shee formerly found him to be. Hee loves neither his house nor his wife, but staves abroad every day with his whores, and then at night returnes home to her stark drunk, and in lamentable sort reviles and beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have lost his life then have stricken her, and whereas heretofore he affected and loved her so dearly, as he thought he could not be kinde enough to her, now (in the extravagancie of these his deboshed humours) he hates her so deadly as he deemes and supposeth he cannot be sufficiently cruell to her, although her affection be still so fervent to him, and her care so vigilant and respectfull of him, as shee gives him nothing but either sweet words, teares, sighes, silence, or prayers; yea, she proves her selfe so good a woman to so bad a man, and so courteous and vertuous a wife to so unkinde and vicious a husband, as to the eyes and judgements of all their kinsfolkes and neighbours, they know it is now her praise and glory, and feare it will hereafter prove his shame and misery. She leaves no means unassayed, or invention unfought and unattempted, to divert and turne this foule inundation of his vice into the sweet streames of Vertue, and the pure rivers of Godlinesse: But Ahlas good woman, her care proves vaine, and her affection and zeale impossible herein, although her pale cheekes, mournfull eyes, brinish teares, far fetcht sighes, religious prayers, and sweet perswasions, doe still second and accompany her indeavours in this her desired hope of his reformation; for she is inforced to know that he keeps a young strumpet, named *Sally*, at the towne of *Cherrie*, some six Leagues from *Fribourg*, whither most

mornings

mornings hee goes to her, and to make himselfe the more treacherous a dissembler to his wife, and the more execrable a traitor to his soule, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accustomed journey to his strumpet with this false Apologie, that he goes to *Cleraux* to heare the Sermons of Mr. *Abraham Tiffin*, a very famous and religious Preacher there, when God and his ulcerated soule and conscience know the contrary, and that this pretended excuse of his is but only a false cloak to overvaile his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety: for he needed not to have formerly added whoredom to his drunkenesse, and now ingratitude, cruelty, and impiety to his Whordome, in regard the least of these enormous crimes and sinnes assuredly have the power, and will infallibly find the meanes to make him futuramente as miserable, as now he foolishly thinkes himselfe happy; for these his journeyes to *Cleraux* are onely the Pilgrimage of his wanton Lust. *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her house the Temple of his obscene wishes, and Adultery the oblation and Sacrifice of his lascivious desires.

Wee can difficultly make our selves guilty of a fouler sinne on earth, then to seeme sanctified in our devotions towards God, when we are prophane, or to indeavour to appeare sound without, when we are rotten within in our faith & religion; for as man is the best and noblest of all Gods creatures, so an hypocrite towards God is the worst of men, yea or rather a devill and noman; for our hearts and actions, and our most retyred thoughts, and secret darling sinnes, are as conspicuous and transparent to Godseyes, as his decrees and resolutions are invisible to ours, sith he sees all things, and wee see nothing when we doe not see him. A miserable sight of impiety, in making of our selves foolishly sinners, and wilfully Hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatall and fearefull degree thereof, when we so delight in sinne and glory in hypocrisie, as to make Apologies for the same.

But *Vasti* not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his strumpet in *Cleraux*, whiles his owne vertuous wife *Hester* weepes at home at *Fribourg*, and when he returnes thence, hee is still so hard hearted and cruell to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time *George* their Sonne is sixteene yeares of age, of a mans courage and stature, and of a very pregnant wit; so that as young as he is, hee hath beene long enough a sorrowfull eye-witnesse of his Fathers cruelty, in beating of his Mother; Hee hath formerly seene the lamentable effects, and now hee falls on his knees to her, and (with teares and prayers) beseecheth her to acquaint him with the true cause thereof, and from whence it proceeds; when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wisdom then to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as wee have formerly understood; *George* burst forth into sorrowfull passions at her repetition, and his knowledge hereof, as not able to refraine from sighing to see her sigh, nor from weeping to see her weep; Hee as much grieves to be the Sonne of so vicious a Father, as he rejoyceth and glorieth to be that of so vertuous a Mother, so he makes her sorrowes his, and here weds himselfe to her quarrell (with promise and oath) either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knowes to be the originall cause of all these stormes and tempests, of all these afflictions and miseries which befall his mother, and in her himselfe: He will no longer be a child, because God and nature hath now made him a man, so the very next time he sees his Father beat his Mother he steps to her assistance, and defends her from the tyrannye of his blowes, and then advanceth so farre, as hee performs it with an unwilling willing resistance of him, the which his Father takes extremely ill and cholerickly from him, gives him sharp words & menaceth him with bitter blowes. *George* his Son, first returnes him a brieve rehearfall of the wrongs and indignities he still offereth to his Mother, when protesting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertaine his words, but no longer capable to digest and receive his blowes, adding withall (as a passionate Corollary) that ere long hee will visit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feele a part of her base carriage, and ill deservings, both towards his Mother and himselfe: *Vasti* is much astonish'd at this audacity and boldnesse

boldnesse of his Sonne, but farre more to heare him name and threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his speeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his soule, so hee puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a vertue, to be no longer stormy but calme, and then (chollerickly threatening him with his finger) he departs to his chamber, leaving his wife and his Sonne consulting in the Parlour, how (with most assurance, and least scandall) they may provide for their affaires.

The next morning, *Vasti* his Father keepes his bed, and gives order, that neither his Wife or Sonne have admittance to him, the which discourtesie of his, gives his Sonne a fresh and strong motive, to revive his last nights discontent against his Father, and his choller against *Salyna*, when bidding his Mother the good morrow, and craving her blessing, he (purposely) frames an excuse to leave her till shee be ready, and so very privately takes horse, and that morning acts a businesse, every way worthy of himselfe, and indeed farre more worthy of laughter, then of our pittie. For it is not so much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Hester*, which carries him and his resolution to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna's* house, he (with fire in his lookes and thunder in his speeches) calls her whore and strumpet, chargeth her for abusing his Father, and in him his Mother and himselfe. His choller cannot retaine his patience, to heare her false answers & apologies to the contrary, but disdainig as much to use his sword on a woman, as to foule it on a strumpet, hee takes his mans short cudgell, and gives her at least a dozen blowes on her back, armes and shoulders therewith, seriously vowing and swearing to her; That if she forsake not his fathers company, and use the meanes that henceforth he do utterly abandon hers, he will shortly give her so bitter a payment and requitall, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thanke him for his courtesie, & so remounts his horse, and presently gallops home to his Mother, whom hee acquaints therewith, but yet conceales it from his Father, whereat shee seemes not to be a little joyfull, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her husband, or prove either an incitation to his choller against her telfe, or a propension of revenge against their Son.

But this joy of *Hester* and her Sonne *George*, proves the sighes and teares of *Salyna*, who not accustomed to receive such sharp payment, and usage from any mans hands whosoever, it makes her extreame chollerick and vindictive, so that her stomach is so grear, and her heart so highly and imperiously lodged, that she will not suffer this cruell affront offered her by *George Vasti*, to goe unrequited; but yet she will bee as advised and secret in her revenge towards him, as hee was rash and publick in his towards her. To which end and purpose, seeing that *Vasti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby shee judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son) shee that night writes him a short Letter, and the next morning sends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident messenger of hers, who arriving there and finding him pensively walking in his Garden, hee respectfully delivered it to him, who breaking up the seales thereof, found it spake thus.

SALYNA TO VASTI.

B*T all the inviolable love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, and come over to me with haste and expedition to Cleraux, because I have a great and important secret to reveale you, which equally concernes us, and which I dare not to commit to pen and paper; for that the relation and knowledge thereof needs no other witnesse but our selves. If you any way neglect this my advise, or deny, or deferre this my request, the griefe will be mine now, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you these few lines with infinite affliction and sorrow, which nothing can deface but your sight, nor remedy but your presence, and when you come to mee, prepare your heart and resolution, to receive it from me, with farre more teares then kisses.*

SALYNA.

This letter of hers doth so nettle *Vasti* with apprehension and feare, that his Son *George* hath offered her some violence and out-rage, as hee is almost as soone in *Cleraux* as he is out

out of *Fribourg*, where his Mistresse *Salyna* very passionately and chollerickly informes him of his Sonnes cruelty towards her, and (to adde the more efficacie to her speeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more oyle to the fire of his anger and revenge) she forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Sonnes blowes, and the nature and quality of his threats given her, when watering her words with her teares, she swears, that if he speedily doe not right and revenge these her wrongs upon his said Sonne, she will never kisse, or see him more. *Vasti* takes these speeches from *Salyna*'s tongue, and placeth them in his owne heart; yea he hereat is so chollerickly intended towards his Sonne, and so fortishly affected to her, as consulting with rage, but not with reason, and with Satan, not with God, hee (to exhale her teares, and so to give consolation to her sorrowes) tels her, That he loves her so tenderly and constantly, as hee will not faile to kill his Sonne for this incivill and inhumane fact of his towards her, *Salyna* is amazed and astonished at this his unnaturall resolution to his Sonne, the which (as vicious as she is) she abhors and condemnes in him as soone as understands. So she tells him plainly, that albeit she have given him her heart and body, yet that shee is not so exempt of grace, or so wretchedly instructed in Piety, as to take away her soule from God, and therefore that although shee be guilty of Adultery, yet shee will never be of Murther; so in religious termes (worthy of an honest woman then her selfe) shee powerfully seekes to dissuade him from this bloody and unnaturall attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and feares, as to secure their dangers and reputations, and so prayes him to seeke out some other remedy and requitall towards his Sonne, the which he promifeth her, and seales it with some oathes and many kisses, stayes and dines with her, and immediately takes horse and rides homewards. His Son *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being ascertained that he was gone to *Cleraux*, to his strumpet *Salyna*, where shee should acquaint him at full with his beating of her, hee fearing his choller, holds it more discretion then disobedience in him, to take his sword with him for his defence; when choosing a good horse out of the stable, he deemes it more secure and lesse dangerous to meet his Father halfeway, betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open Field to expect and attend what he had to say to him. *Vasti* seeing his Sonne *George* a far off come riding towards him, with his sword by his side, hee much marvelleth thereat, when well knowing his courage and valour, and that (as young as he was) hee had lately at *Shafouse* acquitted himselfe of a duell to his honour and reputation, hee therefore resolves to make it a tongue and not a sword quarrell with him, and so they meet; *George* doing his duty to his Father with his hat off, and his Father speaking not angerly but mildly to him; Their meddow conference which they then and there had betwixt them was thus.

Fa. What reason hadst thou so cruelly to beat poore *Salyna*?

So. A thousand times more then you have to beat my Mother *Hester*.

Fa. Tell me why.

So. The reason is just and pertinent, because that is your lascivious whore, and this your chaste and vertuous wife.

Fa. What hast thou gotten by this thy rash choller in beating her?

So. Not by farre so much as you have lost by your sottish lust in kissing her.

Fa. It is thy Mothers jealousy which hath sowne and scattered these untruths in thy believe.

So. I pray excuse me, for they are palpable and apparant truths, and such as it is wholly impossible either for your hypocrisie or policie to root thence.

Fa. Since when becamest thou so sawcie and peremptory?

So. From that very time I first understood you were become so vicious.

Fa. I have a mad Sonne in thee.

So. It were a great happinesse both for my Mother and my selfe, if you proved a tamer Husband to her, and an honest Father to me.

Fa. If thou follow these courses, to love thy Mother better then my selfe, I vow I will wholly disinherite thee.

So.

So. If you follow these courses, to love Strumpets better then my Mother, I sweare you will shortly consume all your estate, and disinherite your selfe first.

Fa. This word Strumpet is very rife in thy mouth.

So. I wish to God that the thing were not so frequent in your heart.

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with *Salma*, and reconcile thy selfe to her?

So. Yes, when I see you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother, and your selfe, but not before.

Fa. Why, Charity is the true marke of a Christian.

So. But I assure you, so is not Adultery and Cruelty.

Fa. Shall I make peace betwixt thee and *Salma*?

So. No, but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be so happy to knit and confirme a good peace betwixt your selfe and my Mother.

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I request thee?

So. I will, if you please to command me.

Fa. I pray thee *George* doe.

So. My best indeavours shall herein wait on your desires, and dutifully follow your commands.

Fa. But be carefull to make my reconciliation with thy Mother eternall.

So. It can never subsist, nor prosper, if you henceforth resolve to make it temporary, because affection and amity which once receives end, had never beginning.

Fa. Here I vow constantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetuall renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. God and his Angels bleffe this your conversion, and confirme this resolution in you.

Fa. And God bleffe thee my Sonne, for wishing and desiring it.

So. I thanke you Sir, but I humbly pray you likewise to forgive and forget this my boldnesse to you in my Mothers behalfe.

Fa. *George*, here in presence of God I cheerefully and freely doe it from my heart.

So. Amen, Amen, Sir.

This meddow conference thus ended betweene them, they ride home towards *Fri-bourg*, and by the way *Vassi* willeth and prayeth his Sonne, to finish this peace betweene him and his mother that very night, and to dispose her so effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry supper of it, and all former differences betweene them, to bee then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot, the which *George* his Sonne to the best of his possible power cheerefully and joyfully promiseth him; So home they come; *Vassi* walkes in his Garden, and *George* finds out his Mother in her owne Chamber, being newly risen from her prayers; wherein she was so zealous and religious as she spent the greatest part of her time. Here *George* informes his Mother *Hester* at full, what conference had now past in the open fields betwixt him and his Father: And (in a word) hee here acts his part and duty so well and discreetly, as he leaves no art nor perswasions unattempted to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When she at first considering the nature and quality of her husbands unkind and cruell usage to her, she found an opposition hereof in her mind, & a resistance in her will, & a reluctancy in her nature and judgement; But at last giving now her former discontent to charity, her passions to peace, her sorrowes to silence, her resolutions to religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her griefe unto God, she (after a brieve consultation, and a short expostulation hereof betweene them) with a cheerefull countenance thanks her Sonne for his care of her, and his affection to her herein; and so informes him, That shee (having never justly offended her husband in thought word or deed) is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can possibly desire or wish, and here to testifie it to her Sonne as well in action as words, she would then have gone downe with him to her husband, there privately to have concluded this Christian businesse betwixt them, had her Sonne not diverted

diverted her from it; For being exceeding careful to preserve his Mothers right and reputation, he prays her to stay, alledging that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requisite and just, that the delinquent, should first see and seeke the party wronged, before the party seeke the delinquent whereat she cannot refrain from smiling, and then bids him goe: So George descends to the Garden, and acquaints his Father with his Mothers free disposition, and cheerefull resolution to a perpetuall peace with him, whereat he seemes infinitely glad and joyfull, and so ascends her Chamber, and having saluted her, tells her, that he is very sorrowfull and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindnesse towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and constantly vowes reformation; so this his vertuous and kind wife *Hester* freely forgets and forgives *Vasti* her husband; and then hee gives her many kisses in requitall, and bids his sonne *George* to provide good cheere for Supper; and the better to seale and solemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, hee bids him to invire some of their Kinsfolkes and Neighbours to bee present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheere and choyce wine is wanting; So they are wonderfull frolick, pleasant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good newes, and highly applaud their Sonne *George*, for his discreet carriage and care in the managing of this businesse. Thus all things seeme to be fully reconciled, and here *Vasti* drinkes many times to his wife *Hester*, and shee againe to her husband with much affection and joy: When supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Sonne *George* having received both of their blessings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all humane sense and reason) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow conference of *Vasti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now Table reconciliation with his wife *Hester* were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himselfe, with deepe affection to her, and infinite zeale and devotion to God; but Ahlas nothing lesse, for here I am inforced to relate, that *Vasti* the same night had not layen in bed by his wife five or six houres, but she (good woman) sleeping in her innocency, he (as a devill incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his sleeve to see how cunningly and subtilly hee hath lulled a sleep the courage of his Sonne, with a Meadow conference, and the jealousie of his Wife with a Supper, and a few sweet words and kisses: When here againe the Devill blowing the coles to his lust, and marshalling up his former obscene desires and resolutions, onely his body is in bed with his wife *Hester*, here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is still in the bosome of his strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleranx*; yea the devill I say, is now both so busie and so strong with him, that (as a hellish counsellour, and prodigious pen-man) hee writes downe this definitive sentence in his thoughts, and fatall resolution in his heart, That *Salyna* he will love, and his wife *Hester* he cannot, and that shortly hee will give so sharp a revenge to his Son *George*, for his disobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as she shall have no further cause to feare his cruelty, nor himselfe his courage; and because he prefers her love to his own life (as being dangerously intrangled and captivated in the snares of her youth and beauty) hee likewise resolves to write and send her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge Christian Reader, is not this like to prove a sweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vasti* to his wife and Sonne, sith these are the sparkes which diffuse and flie out from the fire of his lust, and the fatall lines which issue forth from the Centre of his bloody heart, and sinfull soule; for in the morning before his wife is out of her bed, he is stirring, and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which hee sends her by a trusty messenger.

VASTI TO SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a businesse, which will infinitely import both our contents: so if thou wilt resolve to brooke my absence, with as much patience, as I doe thine with sorrow, I shall finish it the sooner, and consequently the sooner see thee. I have met with an Accident, which I thought was wholly impossible for me to meet with; and though at first it brought me feare and affliction, yet at length I was inforced to interpose discretion; instead of courage, thereby to draw security out of policie, which I

could

could not hope for out of resistance; for I must informe thee of this truth, that if my Zeale and Affection to thee had not bene of greater power and consideration then that of mine owne life, I should then with more facility and willingnes rather have hazarded it for thy sake, then have reserved it for mine owne. But the mists of those doubts are now dissipated, and the clouds of these feares blowne away; or if not, I will shortly take that order, that thou shalt have no cause to feare the one, or I to doubt the other. When I shall be happy to see thee I know not, but if Fortune prove propitious to my desires and wishes, my returne shall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with Affection and Passion.

VASTI.

Salina receives this letter of *Vasti* with equall feare and joy; for as she was glad to heare of him and his newes, so she was sorrowfull, as fearing that for her sake he should imbarke himselfe in some bloody businesse, which might prove ruinous to them both: And although her apprehension doe farre exceed her knowledge herein, yet her suspicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealousie administer any peace either to her heart or mind, before she be resolved by *Vasti* of the doubtfull and different truth hereof. She is so prophane and lascivious, as she can content her selfe to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left some sparkes and impressions of Piety in her, that she would still have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own messenger she returnes him this answer.

SALYNATO VASTI.

BEcause you deeme mee unworthy to know your Designes, therefore I have assumed the boldnesse to feare them, in which regard and consideration, find it not strange that I now intreat you to engrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, that Malice is most commonly squint-eyed, and Revenge still blind: therefore if you will not ruine our affections and fortunes, take heed that you imbrue not your heart or hand in innocent blood; for Murther is a crying and a scarlet sin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercie, but will not by his Justice; whereof this my Letter of Advice to you shall be a witnesse betwixt God, your selfe, and me: and therefore, as you love mee, hazard not your life for my sake, but preserve it for your owne. As it is in your will to make your stay from mee as long or short as you please, so it shall be in my pleasure to judge thereof, and thereby likewise of your affection to me. I wish I could be more yours then I am, and your selfe as often in my sight and company, as I desire God prosper you in your stay, and me in your absence.

SALYNA.

Vasti having thus settled his affection and affaires with *Salina*, he sees with griefe that it is now almost impossible for him to see her in *Cleraux*, because of the vigilant and watchfull eye of his Son *George*, over himselfe and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore notwithstanding her wholesome and religious advice to him to beware of blood, yet his lustfull affection to her doth so outbrave and conquer his naturall love to him, that to satisfie his inordinat concupiscence, and to give content to his obscene and beastly desires, hee vowes he will shortly send him to heaven in a bloody Coffin. Now the sooner and better for him to compasse and finish this his deplorable stratagem, and unnaturall resolution against his sonne, his counsellour the devill adviseth him that he must for a short time make wonderfull faire weather with him, and gild over all his speeches and actions to his wife *Hester*, with much respect and courtesie; the which *Vasti* doth speedily put in practice: So for a moneth or six weekes time, hee sees nor *Salina*, but all things (to the eye of the world) goe in great peace, affection, and tranquillity betwixt Father, Mother, and Sonne. But this false Sunshine will be too soone o'retaken with a distinnall storme and tempest; for what religious or Christian shew soever *Vasti* externally makes unto them, yet although hee have God in his tongue, he neverthelesse internally curses the Devill about him in his heart; so againe and againe he definitively

VOWES

vowes and swears to himselfe, that his Son *George* shall not live but die. Thus being resolute in his bloody purpose, he likewise resolves to adde policy to his malice against him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility to draw him to the lure and snare which (in his diabolically invention) he hath ordained for his destruction, he fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generosity and dignity of a Souldier, whereunto as also to travell into other Countries, he knew that this his Son of himselfe was already ambitiously inclined and affected. At other times he representeth to him, to how many dammages & dangers Idlenesse is exposed and subject, and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learne Vertues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practise them at home, and with what renowne and glory their Ancestours have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundie*, their professed enemies, and now made themselves and their Countrey famous to the greatest Princes and Potentates of *Europe*, especially to the Kings of *France* and *Spaine*, who these many years, and now likewise at present (qd. he) do equally court our affections and service, though not with the same or like integrity. And these, and such treacherous Lectures, doth *Vasti* still reade unto his Son *George*, as often as he calls him into his company and presence, untill at the last the fame and name of a souldier, and the honour of travell, have so surpris'd his youthfull affection, and seiz'd on his ambitious resolutions, that at last he beseecheth his Father to send him abroad, in some martiall service, or generous imployment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is rash and inconsiderate, suffereth himselfe of purpose to be earnestly and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at last his Father promiseth to send him to *Rome*, to his Uncle *Andrew Vasti*, who (he saith) is a chiefe Captaine of one of the Companies of this present Pope *Urban VIII.* his Guard; who was an old man, very rich, and without wife, childe, or kinsman with him. *George* thanks his Father for this his courtesie and honour, and importuneth him againe and againe to hasten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Uncle, the which he then firmly promiseth him: but yet the greatest difficulty hereof is, how he may obtaine his Wifes consent to this journey of her Son; who at first opposeth it very strongly and passionately, as knowing her Son to be her only childe, her right arme, a great part of herselfe, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and stay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw and obtain his Mothers consent, as politickly knowing and foreseeing, that the lesse himselfe, and the more his Sonne importun'd her, the sooner she would grant it; the which indeed fell out as he expected. Only whereas the Son requested to stay foure years abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would grant him but two, whereunto at last both Father and Son were inforced to condescend; and now this cruell-hearted Father provides his courteous natur'd Sonne *George* a new Sute of apparell, a Horse, and Money, and resolves to accompany and bring him as far as *Turin* in his journey; which courtesie of his, his Wife and Son take most lovingly and thankfully. The morne of *George* his departure comes, and because his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son should die in this journey, she was now exceeding sorrowfull to let him go and depart from her; but being againe fortified and rectified by the advice of her Husband, and likewise vanquished by the importunate requests and prayers of her Son, she bedewes his cheeks with her teares, gives him much good counsell, some gold, and her blessing; and so they take leave each of other, God putting apprehension into her heart, and the Devill assurance into her Husbands resolutions that she should never see her Son againe: And indeed I write with griefe, that we shall progresse very little farther in this History, before we see her dreame verified, and her apprehension confirmed. The manner thus:

For *Vasti* (being privately as resolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deserving it of his Father) is so far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Losanna* (where he tells his Son he would lye that night) the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he saw that no earthly eye could see him (being wholly deprived of the grace

and feare of God, and absolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his sonne rides close before him, he shoots him thorow the backe with his Pistoll, charged with a brace of bullets, who immediately falling dead to the ground, he there descends his horse, and (without any remorse or pittie, as no father, but rather as a Devill incarnate) cuts off his nose, most lamentably scarres and mangles his face, that he might not bee knowne, and so takes him on his shoulders, and there throwes him into a deepe ditch or precipice, as also the saddle and bridle of his horse, and turning the horse to seeke his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his safety) rides swiftly to *Morges*, and there very secretly husheth himselfe up, pretending to bee sicke, and eight dayes being expired (which was the prefixed time and day, he gave his wife for his returne) hee by a contrary Rode way of *Rolle* and *Saint Claude*, arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her sonne, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin* expecting the benefit of good company to travell up to *Rome*; whereat, harmelesse loving Mother, she weepes for joy, and yet rejoyceth in weeping.

And now for some ten dayes after his returne from acting this wofull and deplorable tragedy on his sonne, hee keepes a good correspondencie and decorum with his wife *Hester*; but at the end thereof (solely forgetting his heart and soule, his God and his conscience, his promises and oathes, and his attonement and reconciliation) hee againe falls into the dangerous relapse of his former old Vice; Whoredome and Drunkenness; and yet counsell'd by a better Angell then his owne, hee forbears to beate her, as well seeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but scandall and scorne from all his neighbours, Friends, and Kinsfolkes. But now his lust is againe so great, and his desires so fervently lascivious towards *Salyna*, that in staying lesse then eight weekes, he thinks hee hath stayed more then seaven yeares from her; when pretending another journey to his Wife, hee rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kisses for his welcome, and as many more for relating to her, that hee hath sent away his sonne *George* to *Rome*, and to reside and live there: for hee being his Fathers strumpet, her guilty and sinnefull conscience made her stand in extreame feare of him; but yet amidst her kisses and pleasures with him, (remembering the renour and contents of his last Letter to her, and her answer thereof to him) her thoughts are something touched with doubt, and her minde assaulted and perplexed with feare, that the Father had played no faire play with his Sonne, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, he might have sent him to heaven, and not to *Rome*. To which purpose, she feels and sound him every way, but he is as constant to deny it, as she curious to inquire after it. So shee believing that hee had assumed no bloudy thoughts against his Sonne, she is not yet so devoyd of grace, or exempt of goodnesse, but she gives him this religious caveat for a Memento, which she delivers to him attentively and passionately, That if she knew he had made away his Sonne by any untimely end, or unnaturall accident, or that he were any way accessory to any prodigious disaster which had befallne him, she vowd to God, and swore to him, that she would spit in his face, disdaine his company, and reject his affection and himselfe for ever; for that she was most assured and confident that God (in his due time) would poure downe vengeance and confusion on those whom the Devill had seduced and drawne to imbrue their hearts and hands in innocent blood. But *Vasti* is past grace, and therefore slightly passeth over these vertuous speeches of his vitious *Salyna*, with a denyall and a kisse; and then they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and hee staves there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following; but still *Salyna* (resembling her selfe and her profession) is very fingrative of his gold, and he as sottisly prodigall in giving it to her, as she is covetous to crave and desire it of him: so (after he had glutted himselfe with his beastly pleasures of *Salyna*) hee the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where, and with whom hee had beene, and considering it to bee the first time of his new error, and his first relapse into his old one, since their reconciliation, she sayes nothing to him to discontent him; but yet thinks and feares the more. When retyring

Retiring herself into her Garden (after many bitter sighes and teares for these her im-
merited crosses and calamities) she there grieves and repents herselfe for permitting her
sonne *George* to goe to *Rome*, and a thousand thousand times wisheth his returne to assist
and comfort her. but her teares herein prove as vaine, as her wishes are impossible to be
effected, although at present very needfull and necessary for her.

For now *Vasli* her husband (to make her sorrowes the more infinite, her hopes the
more desperate, and her afflictions the more remediable) falls againe to his old practice
of beating her, notwithstanding all his late oathes and new promises to the contrary; but
hee the more especially playes the Tyrant with her in this kinde, when he comes home
to her from his cups and whores, for she knowes with griefe, that he retaines and enter-
taines more then *Salina*, onely she is too sure that *Salina* hath his purse, his company, his
affection, and his heart at her command, farre more then her selfe; she sendes her sighes
to heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and good-
nesse) he would be pleased, either to amend her husband or to end her selfe; for griefes,
sorrowes, and afflictions are so heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall so fast
one upon the necke of the other to her, that she is weary of her life, and of herselfe. When
on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torne off her head attire, given her a blacke
eye and swolne face, and disheveled and dispirited her haire about her eares and shoul-
ders (making God her Protector, and her Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her ser-
vants who came to assist and comfort her, and fast bolting her doore) she to herselfe ve-
ry pensively and mournfully breathes forth these speeches.

O poore *Hester*, what sensible griefe is it to thy heart, to thinke, and matchlesse tor-
ments to thy minde, to see and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy husband *Vasli*,
he proves both ingratefull and false to thee, and that hee continually makes it his de-
light and glory to hate thee who art his deare wife, purposely to bestow his time and his
affection, yea to cast away his estate and himselfe, on his lewd young strumpet *Salina*:
O were hee more happy and lesse guilty in that lascivious and beastly crime, I should
then be lesse miserable, and more patient and ioyfull in the remembrance thereof. O
how wretched is his estate and condition! and therefore how miserable is thine, in that
hee wilfully forsakes God and his Church to follow adultery and drunkennesse, and a-
bandoneth all piety and prayer, to shipwracke himselfe, and (which is worse) his soule,
upon all carnall pleasures & voluptuous sensualities; The wth grieving to see, and almost
drowning my selfe night and day in my teares to understand, I have none but God to
assist me in these my bitter afflictions and miseries, and under God, none, but my hope-
full Sonne *George*, left to comfort mee in these my unparalleld calamities and disconsol-
ations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardest the prayers, or beheldest the teares of a
poore miserable distressed woman, because I can neither now see, nor futurely hope for
any reformation, in the life and actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, bee (I
beseech thee) so indulgent and gracious to me, thy most unworthy Hand-maid, that ei-
ther shortly thou returne me my said Sonne from *Rome*, or speedily take me to thy selfe
in heaven; But yet O my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in
all things.

She having thus (privately to herselfe) vented her sorrowes, but not as yet found the
meanes, either how to remedy or appease them, because her husband is no Changeling,
but is still resolute in this ingratefull unkindnesse and cruelty towards her, she is now
resolved (though with infinite griefe and reluctance) to acquaint the Preacher of the pa-
rish, and some two of her husbands dearest & neereest kinsfolks to speak with him againe
and to acquaint them with his pernicious relapse into all his old vices of drunkennesse,
whoredome, & fighting, and to desire them to use all their possible power to divert him
from it, wherein her resolution hath this iust excuse, that if they cannot work it, none but
God can; But all their care, affection & zeale cannot prevaile with him; For he with the
filthy dog returns to his vomit, and with the brutish swine againe to wallow in the dirt
and welter in the mire of his former vices and voluptuousnesse. For now her husband

Vasti is oftner at *Clermex* with his *Salyna*, then at home at *Fribourg* with his wife, who (as formerly we have understood) still makes him pay deare for his pleasures, and as a subtle rooking strumpet, emptieth his purse of his gold, as fast as hee foolishly filleth it, he being not contented to waste his body, to shipwracke his reputation, to cast away his time, but also to cast away his estate, and himselfe on her; the which his vertuous wife cannot but observe with sorrow, and remember with griefe and vexation, but shee sees it impossible for her how to redresse it: For shee is not capable to dissemble her discontent to him so privately, as hee publicly makes knowne his cruelty to her, wherefore her thoughts suggest her, and her iudgement prompts her, to prove another experiment and tryall on him. To which end she tels him, that if hee will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forsake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed husband, that then all delays set apart, shee will speedily (by some one of her nearest kinsfolkes) send poast to *Rome* to his brother Captaine *Andrew Vasti*, that her Sonne *George* returne home to her to *Fribourg*, the which she is more then confident, upon the receipt of her first Letter, he will speedily and ioyfully performe.

Her husband *Vasti* is extremely galled with this speech, and netled with this resolution of his wife *Hester*, because (wretched villaine as he is) hee (but too well) knowes hee hath already sent his Sonne to heaven in a bloody winding sheet, and therefore both feares and knowes, that by this his wifes sending poast to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burst forth and come to light, the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruell hearted as the Devill himselfe) is execrably resolved to heape *Offa* upon *Pelson*, to adde blood to blood, and murther to murther; and so now to poyson the Mother his wife, as he had lately pistoled his and her only Sonne to death. O *Hester*, it had beene a singular happinesse for thee, that thou hadst not thus threatned thy husband *Vasti*, to send to *Rome* for thy sonne *George*, but that thou hadst either bin dumbe when thou speakest it, or he deafe when hee heard it; for hereby thinking to preserve, thou hast extreemely indangered thy selfe, and hoping to make thy Sonne thy refuge and champion, I feare with griefe, and grieve with feare, that thou hast made thy selfe the ruine of thy selfe.

For *Vasti* is so strong with the Devill, and so weake with God, in this his bloody designe, to murther his wife *Hester*, as neither grace or Nature, Religion or God, the feare of his bodies tortures in this life, or of his soules torments in that to come are able to divert him from it, he having no other reason for this his damnable rage, nor no other cause for this his infernall and hellish cruelty, but this triviall and yet pittifull poore one, that his wife *Hester* is an eye-sore to him, because his *Salyna* is so to her. A wretched excuse, and execrable Apologie, and no lesse execrable and wretched is hee that makes it. So he (turning his backe to God, and his face and heart to the Devill) provides himselfe of strong poyson, and cunningly infusing it into a muske Mellon, which he knew she loved well, and resolved to eate that day at dinner, she greedily eating a great part of it, before night dies thereof. When very subtly he gives out to his servants and neighbours, that she dyed of a surfet, in then and there eating too much of the muske Mellons; and so all of them confidently beleeve and report.

Thus we have seene with sorrow, and understood with griefe, that this execrable wretch *Vasti* hath played the part of a Devill, in poysoning his vertuous and harmelesse wife *Hester*, and now we shall likewise see him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceale it, as if it lay in his power to blind-fold the eyes of God, as well, or as easily, as to hoodwinck those of men from the sight and knowledg therof. He seemes wonderfull sorrowfull for his wifes death, dights himselfe and his servants all in blacke, provides a great dinner, and performes her funerall with extraordinary solemnity. But notwithstanding God lookes on him with his eye of Justice, for both these his cruell and inhumane barbarous murders of his sonne and wife, and therefore now (in his Providence) resolves to punish him sharply and severely for the same; As marke the sequell, and it will instantly informe us how.

Our debauched and bloody *Vasti*, immediately upon his wifes death and buriall, doth without intermission haunt the house and company of his lascivious strumpet *Salyna* at *Cl. raux*, as if the injoying of her sight, prefence, and selfe, were his chiefest delight, and most soveraigne earthly felicity. He spends a great part of his estate on her, and to satisfie her covetous and his lustfull desires, he is at last enforced to morgage and sell away all his Lands. For as long as he had mony, she was his, but when that failed him, then she (as a right strumpet, acted a true part of her selfe) failed in her accustomed kindnesse and familiarity towards him, and casts him off.

The judgements of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as secret as sacred, and as intractulous as just, which wee shall see will now by degrees be apparently made good and verified in this monster of men, and Devill of Fathers and Husbands, *Vasti*. For his mansion house, and all his utensills and moveables in *Fribourg*, are consumed with a sudden fire, proceeding from a flash of lightning from heaven; as also all his granges of come, and stacks of hay, and yet those of all his neighbours round about him are untouched and safe. His come also which growes in the field brings forth little or no increase, his vines wither and die away, all his horses are stolne from him, and most of his cattell, sheepe and goats, die of a new and strange disease; For being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outragiously run themselves to death one against the other; hee is amazed at all these his (unexpected) wonderful losses and crosses, and yet this vile miscreant and inhumane murderer, hath his conscience still so seared up, & his heart and soule so stupified and obdured by the Devill, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace to looke up to heaven or God, and so to see and acknowledge, from whom and for what all these afflictions and calamities befall him: He growes into great poverty, and againe to raise him and his fortunes, hee now knowes no other art or meanes left him then to marry his strumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great store of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath spent the greatest part, of his lands and estate. Hee seekes her in marriage, but (heating of his great losses, and seeing of his extreme poverty) shee will not derogate from herselfe, but very ingratfully denies and disdaines him, and will not henceforth permit him to enter into her house, much lesse to see or speake with him: hee is wonderfull bitten and galled with this her unkind repulse, and then is driven to such extreame wants and necessity, as he is enforced to sell and pawne away, all those small trifles and things which are left him, thereby to give himselfe a very poore maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had justly abandoned for the enormity of his defects and crimes) he now roames and straggleth up and downe the streets of *Fribourg*, and the country parishes and houses thereabouts, without meat, mony, or friends, and which is infinitely worse then all, without God. But all these his calamities and disasters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miseries and punishments, which are now suddenly and condignely prepared to surprize and befall him; whereof the Christian Reader is religiously prayed to take deepe notice, and full observation; because the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in these his Judgements, doe most divinely appeare, and shine forth to the whole world therein.

Vasti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had beene to beg some mony or meate of *Salyna*, either whereof she was so hard hearted to deny him) the Providence and pleasure of God so ordained it, That in the very same Meadow and place, and neere the same time and houre, which formerly he, and his Sonne *George* had their conference there (being very faint and weary) he lay himselfe downe to sleep there at the foot of a wilde Chestnut-tree; yea, he there slept so soundly, the Sunne being very hot, that hee could not heare the great noyse, and out-cry which many people there a farre off made in the meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; This Bull I say, no doubt but being sent from God, ran directly to our sleeping and snoring *Vasti*, tost him twice up in the ayre on his hornes, tore his nose, and so wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his assistance held him dead; but at last they knowing him to be *Vasti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life against death, they take

off his clothes and apparell, and then apparantly discover and see, that this mad Bul with his hornes hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a small piece of his gut hangs out, they carry him to the next cottage, and laying him downe speechlesse, they and himselfe beleeve, he cannot live halfe an houre to an end, and as yet hee still remaines speechlesse; but at last breathing a little more, and well remembring himselfe, and seeing this his disastrous accident, it pleased the Lord (in the infinitenesse of his goodnesse) to open the eyes of his faith, to mollifie the flintinesse of his heart, to reforme the deformity of his conscience, and to purge and cleanse the pollution of his foule; for now he layes hold of Christ Iesus and his promises, forsakes the Devill and his treacheries, and God now so ordaineth and disposeth of him, that for want of other witnesses (seeing himselfe on the brinke and in the iawes of death) he now becommeth a witnesse against himselfe, and confesseth before all the whole company, That he it was neere *Lofanna*, who murdered his owne Sonne *George* with a Pistoll, and who since poysoned his owne wife *Hester* with a muske Mellon, for which two foule and inhumane facts of his, he saide, he from his heart and soule begged pardon and remission of God.

Here upon this his confession, some of the company ride away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the Criminall Officers of iustice thereof; who speedily send two Chirurgions to dresse his wounds, and foure Sergeants to bring *Vasti* thither alive, if possibly they can. They search his wounds, and although they finde them mortall, yet they believe he may live three or foure dayes longer. So they bring him to *Frybourg* in a Cart, and there hee likewise confesseth to the Magistrates his two aforesaid bloody and cruell Murthers, drawne thereunto as he saith, by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devill: So the same day, they for satisfaction of these his unnaturall crimes, doe condemne him to be hanged; and then his body to be burnt to ashes; which is accordingly executed in *Fribourg*, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who came to see him take his last farwell of the world, but they thinking and expecting that hee would have made some religious speech at his death, hee therein deceived their hopes and desires: for he onely prayed to himselfe privately, and then repeating the Lords prayer, and the Creed, and recommending his soule to God, and his body to Christian buriall, without once mentioning or naming his sonne *George*, his wife *Hester*, or his strumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the rope and fell, yet he was found starke dead on the ground.

And thus was the wretched life, and deserved death of this bloody Monster of Nature *Vasti*. May we therefore reade this his History to Gods glory, and to our owne reformation.

The End of the Fifth Booke.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR JAMES STANLEY KNIGHT OF
the Bath, Lord Strange, Sonne and Heire apparant
to William Earle of Derby, one of the most ancient Knights
of the illustrious Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,



He first time that I had the honour to see and know your Lordship was in France, when you then began your travels, accompanied with your Noble and Generous younger brother Sir Robert Stanley, (likewise Knight of the Bath) who now lives with God: And (if my fancy deceive not my Judgement) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts, and of your Lordships memory, to see how propitious God hath since proved to your content, and remaines to your felicity, in so highly recompensing this your losse of a Noble Brother, with the rich gift of a Vertuous Wife, your Right Illustrious Lady, who is descended from no meaner house than the famous Dukes of Tremoville by her Father, and the Victorious Princes of Orenge by her Mother, and who being transplanted from France, and (in the Sacred Bonds of Marriag^e) here matched and incorporated to your Lordship

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ship, hath (by the Mercy and Providence of God) in a few yeares brought you many sweet Olive Plants and Branches to perpetuate your ancient Name, and most Honourable Family of the Stanleyes.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, and blessings of Grace, which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofes of his Mercy and Goodnesse towards you, and I doubt not but (in a pious resolution) your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternall gratitude and thankfulnessse to his sacred Maiesty for the same.

And indeed who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, and not by Passion: That as you esteeme Vertue, to be the chieftest earthly Honour, so you likewise value Piety and Godlinesse to be the best and most Sovereigne Vertues. That you are confident, that in Hearts and Soules which are well and fairely endowed, Honour and Honesty should still bee Twins, or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as fire of straw to the Sunne-shine, and to shut up this point, that your Honour gives the chieftest functions and faculties of your Soule to God, and the second to the prosperity and service of your Prince and Countrey, that being the true marke of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent Subiect, and Honourable Patriot.

And this (my good Lord) was the Originall cause, and these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so farre upon your Lordships Greatnesse and Goodnesse, in proffering up this my Sixth and last Booke of Gods Revenge against Murther, to your Noble Protection and Patronage; not that your Lordship is the last in my Affection and Zeale, much lesse in my Respects and Observance: But that I could give no satisfaction to my selfe, before I had prefixed your Illustrious Name, to this my unpolished Worke, and before I had given a publike testimony to the whole world in generall, and more especially to our little world England

The Epistle Dedicatory.

gland in particular, what place and power your Honourable Birth and Vertues have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most reserved and intire affection.

The Histories which this Booke relates, are memorable and mournesfull, and to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloody facts, as memorable for the sharpe, yet just punishments inflicted for the same; wherein Gods sacred Iustice and Revenge (with equall Truth and Glory) triumphed ore their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of language, and therefore if they come short of your Lordships accurate Judgement, my Presumption in this my Dedication to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, then to stie to your Lordships innate Goodnesse, and to appeale to your known and approved Generositie and Candor, as making it your Honourable Ambition to cherish Vertue in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandall, and malicious detraction.

Proceed my Lord, as you have fairely and fortunately beganne, in the happy exercise and progresse of Piety, Vertue and Honour; and as the hopes are now ours, so may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly still prove your Lordships hereafter, untill it have perfected and compleated you to bee a most Illustrious Patterne of Goodnesse in this world, and a glorious Saint in that to come, the which none shall pray to God for with more true Zeale, nor desire with more unfaigned Affection, then

Your Honours humblest

devoted Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

which now shall prove to cost far more than true Zeal; nor desire
with me no assigned Affection, then

Your Honors humblest

devoiced Zervant

John Reynolds.

THE GROUNDS AND CONTENTS OF THESE HISTORIES

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia for the love shee beares to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts, Astonicus and Donato) to stifle to death her old husband Palmerius in his bed; Morosini misfortunately letting fall his gloves in Palmerius his chamber that night which he did it; They are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knowes them to bee Morosinies, and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt Imperia, for the Murther of his Vnkle, So they together with their accessaries Astonicus and Donato, are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the same.

HIST. XXVII.

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inne keeper, poyson De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up, and deuoures a great part of his body; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they flye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

HIST. XXVIII:

Hippolito murdereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chamber-maide Denisa poysoneth her Husband Roderigo; Denisa afterwards stranglet her own new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged; on the Ladder she confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady Dominica in the poysoning of her Husband Roderigo; for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with childe, and then afterwards very ingrately and treacherously rejecteth her, and marries Bertranna: Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace disguiseth her selfe in a Friers habit, and with a case of Pistols kills Sanctifiore as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.

HIST. XXX.

De Mora treacherously kills Palura in a Duell with two Pistols: His Lady Bellinda with the aide of her Gentleman vnder Ferallo, poysoneth her Husband De Mora, and afterwards shee marrieth and murdereth her said Husband Ferallo in his bed; so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes throwne into the aire for the first.



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVI.

Imperia for the love shee beares to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts, Astonicus and Donato) to stifle to death her old husband Palmerius in his bed; Morosini misfor tunately lettin^g fall his gloves in Palmerius his chamber that night which he did it; They are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knowes them to bee Morosinies, and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt Imperia, for the Murther of his Vnkle. So they together with their accessaries Astonicus and Donato, are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the same.



Those Intemperate and lascivious affections which savour more of Earth than Heaven, are still attended on with shame and repentance, and many times followed by miserie and confusion: For God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption; consequently should bee of our loves and affections, and the true and sole object, in whom onely they should begin and terminate: For Nature must bee a handmaide, not a Mistresse to Grace, because God (in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortall, but our soules immortall. And the like Antithesis which there is betweene Lust and Charity, the same there is between sinnefull adultery and sanctified marriage. But where our youthfull affections beginne in whoredome, and end in murther, what can bee there expected for an issue,

but ruine and desolation. Crimes no lesse then these doth this insuing History report and relate : A History I confesse, so deplorable for the persons, their facts and punishment, that I had little pleasure to penne it, and lesse joy to publish it : but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my resolutions, in giving it a place among the rest of my Histories : That the sight and knowledge of others harmes, may the more carefully and conscionably reach us to avoid and prevent our owne.

THe free Estates and Common-weales of *Italy*, more especially the famous Seigniory of *Venice* (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendome) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an happy and honourable vertue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the facultie and profession of Merchants, the which they Generally performe in *Turkie*, and all other parts of the levant Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envy of their private and publike enemies : of which number of Venetian Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Morosini* is one, a young man, of some twenty and foure yeares of age, descended of a Noble name and family, and (if reports bee true) from whence ours here in *England* derives their Originall : Hee is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely sanguine complexion, a bright Chestnut-coloured haire, but as yet adorned with a small apparition of a beard : He is active of body, of a sweete carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and gracefull speech; and hee is not so young, but he hath already made two severall voyages to *Constantinople* and *Alexandria* in both which hee resided some five or six yeares, and through his wisdom and industry wonne some wealth, but more reputation and fame, in so much as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promiseth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his blood and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marry, or which is a thousand times worse, to passe his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladyes and courtisans of *Venice*, upon whome (by the way of a premonition and precaution) hee saw so many deboshed young Gallants to cast away their estates and themselves, hee assumes his former ambition to travell, and so undertakes a third voyage to *Constantinople*: He embarks himselfe upon a good ship named the Little Saint *Marke* of *Venice*, and in company of Seignior *Astonichus*, and Seignior *Philippe Donato*, likewise two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his deare and intimate acquaintance (with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they set saile from *Malanoca*, the Port of that City; and so direct and shape away their course for the islands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to stop, and take in some commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the port of the Great Seignior. But as men propose, and God disposeth of all terrestriall actions and accidents, so they are overtaken by a storme, and with contrary windes put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous and strong Chy which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capitall of that Province of the *Marca Anconitona*, from whence it assumes and takes its denomination, and where in there are well neare three thousand Jewes still resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holinesse. The wind being as yet contrary for our three Venetian Gallants, and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the christian world) was but fiftene small miles off in the Countrey, whereas yet they had never either of them beene, they in meere devotion ride thither, their ship now being fast anchored and moored in the Peere of *Ancona*, which stands on the Christian side, upon the *Adriatique* Sea, Vulgarly tearmed the gulf of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpose or desire to write much, either of the (pretended) pietie, of this holy chappell of *Loretto*, which the Romanists say was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Sonne, our Saviour Iesus Christ; or of her Picture which they likewise alleadge was drawne by the hand and pencill of the Apostle Saint *Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirme miraculously brought over the Seas from *Palestine* by Angels, and first placed by them on the hills of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long since by the said Angels translated and placed here in this small towne of *Loretto*. But as for my selfe, this legend is too weak to passe current with my faith, much lesse to esteeme it as an article of my Creed. Onely this I will confesse and say. That as it was devotion, not Curiosity which carried our *Morosini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato* thither: so it was my curiosity, not my Devotion which made mee to take the sight thereof in my Travells. Where in the rich and sumptuous Quire of a stately Cathedrall Church, I saw this little old Brick Chamber (now tearmed the Holy Chappel) verie richly adorned with great varietie of massie Gold and Silver Lampes, and this Picture of the blessed Virgin in a shrine of Silver, most richly decked with Chaines and Robes, imbrodered with Gold and silver, and set with pretious Stones of inestimable valew, which (to expresse the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and returne againe to our History, which was the onely Relique that I brought thence.

The two first dayes, our three *Venetian* Gallants visit this holy Chappell with much solemnity and devotion, where not to Iesus the Sonne, but to *Mary* the Mother they offer up their prayers, and pay their vows of thankfulness for their deliverance from the late storme which put them and their ship in safety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident to *Morosini*, which will administer matter and life to this History. He leaves his two friends and companions in bed, and steales away to the holy Chappel, where being on his knees at his devotion, hee neere to him, sees a sweet young gentlewoman likewise on her knees at her devotion and orisons very rich in apparell, but incomparably faire and beautifull. Hee curiously markes her Roseate Lilly Cheekes, her piercing Eye, the Amber Tresses of her Haire, her Alabaster Necke and Paps, and her streight and slender wast, all which made her to bee the Pride and Glory of nature; At whose sight and contemplation his minde is so sodainely inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not possibly be drawne to love any Gentlewoman, or Mayden, now despight of himselfe (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) hee at first sight is enforced to love her, and only her. For the more hee sees her, the more hee affects her; which engendereth such strange motions, and sodaine passions in his heart, that the sweetness of this sweet object, enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Morosini* would faine have boorded and saluted her there, but that hee would not make Heaven so much stoop to Earth, nor prophane the holiness of his affection and of this place with such impietie. But at last seeing her to rise from her prayers, and so to depart the chappell, hee could not, hee would not so leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity to make himselfe knowne to her; When withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto* to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistress) in *Loretto*, hee trippes away after her, into the body of the Church, where seeing her onely attended, by a well clad Boy and her young waiting Gentlewoman, (after salutes on both sides performed,) hee there profereth her his service in these generall Tearmes.

Morosini I know not sweet young Lady, whether I may tearme my selfe happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the sight of so beautifull a Nymph, and Virgin as your selfe, because in thinking to gain my soule, I feare I have lost my heart in the amorous extasies of that delicious Object and contemplation; therefore I beseech you thinke it not strange, that having received my wound from your beauty, I flie to

your Courtserie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakly guarded, I presume to request the favour of you, that you will please to accept of my Company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady, seeing her selfe so much gazed on by this unknowne Gentleman in the holy chappell, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, shee could not refraine from dying her Lilly Cheekes with a Vermillian blush, when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much Coyness and modesty at first to prove too courteous to him, shee (brooking her name well) returnes him this answer.

Imp. Sir you being so happie to have given up your Soule this morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder, that you so soone prophane it, by endeavoring to make mee believe, that you have lost your heart in the contemplation of so poore, and so unworthy a beautie as mine; For herein as you prophane your zeale to her, so your affection to me, sith that should be more sacred, and this not so much fained or hypocraticall. But such wounds still cary their cures with them, and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtesie be guilty in granting the other: if my weake guard bee not strong enough to conduct mee to my home, my *innocency* and *chastity* are, as also to defend mee from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best vertue consists more in their tongues then their soules, and more in their complements then their actions; Of which number fearing and taking you to be one, and my fathers house being so nigh, I shall not want your company, because as I deserve so I desire it not, and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thanks with you, for this your proffered favour, and unexpected courtesie.

Although *Morofini* could not refraine from smiling at this her sharpe and witty answer, yet hee seeing his complement retorted, and his courtesie returned with a refusall, hee could not yet refraine from biting his lip thereat. But againe considering her to bee exceeding faire and vertuous, and hoping withall that her father might likewise prove rich, hee would not disgrace his breeding nor make himselfe a Novice in Love to bee put off with this her first repulse, but againe sounds her in these tearmes.

Morof. My devotion to the mother of our Saviour doth not prophane, but I hope blesse and sanctifie my affection to you, and therefore if it bee not the custome of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to use strangers with this discourtesie, I cannot believe that you would purposely thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjust refusall. As for your feigned shewes of Hypocrisie: I am as innocent of them as you suspect and tearme mee guilty, and have no more snares or lures in profering you my affection and service, than that which your pure beautie and chaste vertues give mee. Neither am I of the number of those Gentlemen, whome you please to traduce and disparage because their hearts and tongues agree not, or for that their actions prove not their speeches, and complements reall; because I as much disdain as you condemne them; Therefore if you cannot give mee the courtesie, I pray at least lend mee the favour, that I may waite on you to your fathers house; whome I shall ever bee readie to serve with as much humilitie for your sake, as to cherish and obey your selfe with affection for mine owne.

This answer of *Morofini* makes this young Gentlewoman (whose name he and we shall anon know) as sweetly calme, as right now she was unkindly passionate, so that looking stedfastly on him, & composing her countenance rather to smiles than frownes, shee joyynes with him thus.

Imp. It is the custome of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to use Strangers rather with too much respect than too little favour, especially those Gentlemen who favour more of honour than vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged mine owne judgement, in suspecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuse as of your reprehension. And because I understand by you, that you are

a stranger to this place though not to this Country, as also that you seeme to be so importunately desirous and willing to conduct me to my fathers house; I will therefore give a contrary Law to my owne will, and now make civility dispencc with my discretion by accepting of this your kind proffer, and you shall not accompany mee thither to him, with so much respect and zeale, as I will you with observance and thanks.

Which kinde speech she had no sooner delivered and *Morosini* received, but hee againe closed with her thus:

Moros. Sweet Lady, this courtesie of yours seconding your beauty, shall eternally oblige me to your service; and in requitall thereof, I will ever esteeme it my best happiness to receive your Fathers commands, and my chiefest felicity and glory to execute yours: When reciprocally exchanging salutes, he takes her by the hand and arme, and very gracefully conducts her to her Fathers house, not farre off from this sumptuous Church, and by the way thither (among other speeches and complements hee gathers from her that her Fathers name is *Signior Hierome Bondino*, and hers *Donna Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he for the former fame of his wealth and the present sight of her Beauty doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which he shall enjoy in her sight and company; whereof for the time present he hath farre more reason to flatter than to assure himselfe.

Now we must here understand that this *Signior Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an ancient house and noble descent; and of a very great estate both in lands and meanes, and withall he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his wealth than in his generosity, and more in his faire and beautifull Daughter *Imperia*, then in any other of his Children. Here *Morosini* brings *Imperia* home, and she presents him and his courtesie to her Father, who receives him respectfully, and kindly thanks him for this his observance and honour to his daughter: who led by the lustre of her eyes, and the delicacy of her beauty, was so extreemely inflamed with affection towards her, as at that very instant he proclaimed himselfe her Servant, and she the Lady Regent of his heart and desires, and then it was that he first acquainted her with his name and quality, with his intended voyage to *Constantinople*, but chiefly with his constant desire and resolution to seeke her in marriage both of herselfe and her father. Wherefore to contract this History into a narrow Volume, I will passe over his often courtings and visits of her, as also those sweet speeches, and amorous discourses and conferences which past between them during the space of three weeks; wherein the wind proving contrary to his voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his fute and affection. In which time he proved himselfe so expert a Scholler (or rather a Master) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and consent to be his Wife upon his first returne from *Constantinople*, but yet it was wholly impossible either for him or her to draw her fathers consent hereunto, although many times he sought it of him with prayers, & she with teares. For he making wealth to be the very image and idol of his devotion, and gathering that *Morosini's* birth farre exceeded his state and meanes, as also that in his opinion, that his estate was yet farre greater than his capacity or judgement, hee would never hearken to him, much lesse give way that hee should be his Sonne in Law: but with much obstinacy and resolution, vowed that hee would first rather see his Daughter married to her grave than to him, the which froward and harsh resolution of his, makes our two lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedy it they know not. *Morosini* now acquaints his two consorts *Astonicus* and *Donato* with his affection to *Imperia*, and brings them the next morning to see her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beauty and vertues to the skies; They in *Morosini's* behalfe deale effectually with *Bondino* to draw his consent to this match, mounth his praises and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly office, or reasons unattempted to perswade and induce him hereunto; but they speake either to the winde, or

to a deafe man; for his will is his law, and therefore they finde it a worke, not onely of extreame difficultie, but of meere impossibilitie to effect it; for neither they nor *Morofini*, can so much pray and exhort *Bondini* to this match, as hee with sharp words and bitter threatnes seekes to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth these two Lovers to their very soules. For by this time their affections and hearts are so strongly and firmelie united, that *Imperia* loves *Morofini* a thousand times dearer than her owne life, and hee her no lesse. So when they thinke of their separation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof drawes even drops of blood from their hearts and an Ocean of teares from their eyes. But because they are more amorous then superstitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and desires) they sacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus* then to that of the Virgin *Mary*; Therefore fortune more envying then pitying them, and therefore resolving to separate their bodies as farre asunder, as their hearts are nearely linked and combined together: the winde comes faire, and the Master of their ship sends speedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loretto* to come away, for that hee is resolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and set saile for *Corfu*.

Morofini receives this newes with infinite sorow, and *Imperia* with extreame griefe and amazement, so as if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquished and given a law to her affection towards *Morofini*, she could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and accompanied him in his voyage to *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, so sweet was his sight and presence, and so bitter was the verie thought of his absence to her heart and minde; Here *Morofini* comes againe with his hat in his hand, and *Imperia* on her knees with teares to her father, that hee will grant they may contract themselves each to other before his departure, but he is deafe to his requests, and inexorable to her teares and prayers. For he vowes he cannot, and swears hee will not consent thereunto; And therefore here the Reader must conceive, for it is impossible for mee to expresse the thousand part of the sighes which he, and the teares which she expends, at this their sorowfull departure, in so much as I cannot truly define whether he then gave her more kisses, or shee him teares. So here she vowes to remaine unmarried till his returne, and hee both promifeth and swears, that hee will returne within one yeare to her and marry her, the which the more authentically to seale and confirme, he gives her a rich Emerauld ring from his finger, and she him a faire carkammet of Orient pearles from her necke, with which the great drops of her teares trickling downe her vermillion cheekes seemed to have some perfect sympathy and resemblance; Of which interchangeable and mutuall contract *Astonicus* and *Donato* are joyfull witnesses, who seek to adde comfort and consolation to these her unspeakeable sorowes, and unparalleld afflictions, for this their separation; whiles *Imperia* in the meane time at the very thought and consideraton hereof, (she gazing on her *Morofini*) seemes to burst her heart with sighing, and to drowne the Roses and Lillyes of her beautie with the shoures and rivulets of her teares. So *Morofini* being againe and againe called away by *Astonicus* and *Donato*, hee then takes leave of *Bondino*. and then of his deere and sweet Daughter *Imperia*, in whose heart and brest hee imparadiseth all his most religious prayers, and treasureth up all his amorous desires and wishes, and from thence (with his two faithfull friends and companions takes horse for *Ancona*, where as soon as they come, their long boat is a shoare and takes them in, when the wind continuing still exceeding faire, they are presently for *Corfu* & *Constantinople*, where we will leave them floting upon the Seas, exposed to the favour and mercy of the windes, and according to the order of our history come wee againe to speak of *Bondino* and of his sweet and faire daughter *Imperia*, to see what matter they will administer us, and what Actions and Accidents they will produce.

While our faire *Imperia* day and night weeps and sighes for the absence of her dearest and second selfe *Morofini*, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven continually

ally prays for his prosperitie and retourne, her old Father *Bondino* assumes a direct contrarie course and resolution; for within two or three moneths of *Morofini*'s departure, he makes it his greatest care and ambition to provide another husband for his daughter. He is not ignorant of her teares and pensivenesse for his absence, and knowes full well, that her solitarie walkes and pale thinne cheekes, looke still constantly to him and never from him. But he is resolute that his old covetousnesse shall prevent and decieve this her young affection, and that to worke on the advantage of *Morofini*'s absence, his best and shortest course is to heave him out of her heart and minde, and contrariwise to propound and place another Husband in his stead. To which end his said daughters beauty & his own wealth having already procured her two or three other Sutors, who earnestlie seeke her in marriage, hee likes none of them so well as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, aged of at least sixty yeares; whereas his faire Daughter *Imperia* was not above twentie foure, who was of so deformed and decrepit a personage and constitution, that he seemed but as a withred Ianuarie to this fresh Lady May, and his age but a frozen winter to the fragrant flourishing Sommer of her youth and beautie. But this old dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his owne grave than for *Imperia*'s bed) is so taken with the daintinesse of her personage, as hee hopes that her youth and her fathers age will stoope and strike sail to his wealth; and therefore he trickes and prides himselfe up both in his apparell and beard, as if Love had taken away much of his age, now purpose lie to adde it to his vanity and indiscretion, so he comes to *Bondino*'s house at *Loretto*, and seekes this his faire daughter in marriage, where the consideration of his great estate and wealth act such wonders with her fathers heart and resolution, that her father and he have already swapt a bargaine that he, and none but he shall marry his daughter, before as yet hee have the happinesse to see her. But at last her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands to dispose her selfe to affect & marry him, & speaks to her not only in the language of a father, but of a king; for such is his pleasure. These speeches of her father, and the sight of her old lover yet new sutor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young daughter *Imperia*: so she receives & heares thole with infinite affliction and sorrow, and him with much contempt and disdain; for she rejects his sute and himselfe, and boldly tells both her father and him, that *Morofini* is too deeply lodged in her heart; for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with sighes and teares) casts her selfe at her fathers feet, and prayes him that hee will not force her to marry Signior *Palmerius* whom shee affirms shee cannot possibly affect much lesse obey. But her father is resolute to have it so, and therefore (passing over all other respects and considerations) hee addes threats, to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her againe and againe to consent thereto. But her absent *Morofini* is still so present in her heart and minde, and so fresh and pleasing to her eye and memorie that shee cannot, shee will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to speake with *Palmerius*, or draw her to see him, and thus she puts him off for his first comming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitely glad to have thus given her father the foile, and old *Palmerius* the repulse, shee raiseth a thousand new Trophees of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the same, as if that outrageous storme and tempest (so contrary and displeasing to her heart) had received end almost as soone as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing lesse then on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more than on her sweet and deere *Morofini*, (to whom in his absence she sacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vowes, desires and wishes of her soule) shee passeth away her time in perpetuall praying for his retourne, for the which shee leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of *Loretto* unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and desires herein, this her old sutor *Palmerius*, (having wholly lost the solidity of his judgement in the excellency of her beautie) he still keeps good correspondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runnes as much on her youth, as her fathers covetousnesse doth on his wealth and gold; so within

two moneths hee returns againe to *Loretto*, where hee is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extreame discontent and sorrow of his Daughter *Imperia*, who now poore soule can receive no peace nor trace from either of them, but they incessantlie haunt her as her ghosts, and faile not day and night to importune her for the consummation of this contract and marriage, but her heart is so close united & wedded to *Morosini* that it is as yet impossible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him. *Palmerius* thinkes to gaine her by rich gifts and presents, but shee refuseth them all for the sake of the giver, and her father now tempts her with sweet speeches and persuasions, and then again, terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end to make her flexible to his desires and wishes; But his daughter *Imperia* notwithstanding all this (with a constancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equall to her selfe) resolves to frustrate the hopes of the first, to annihilate and make vaine the expectation of the second, and so to deceive the desires and wishes of them both, and to keepe her heart wholly for *Morosini*, as shee hath formerly promised and obliged her selfe to doe.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the first time so easily beaten off with *Imperias* refusall, hee will not bee so the second, and therefore his heart and minde telling him that the sweetnesse of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty deserve a stronger, and longer siege of his affection. Hee (by the free advise and consent of her father) resolves to stay and burne all that sommer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her resolutions and make that feasible in his Daughters affection, which now in a manner seemed to bee impossible. Thus if *Palmerius* use his best endeavours to beare and conquer *Imperia* one way, no lesse doth her father another way, for the first gives her a world of sugred words and promises, and the second of sharp and bitter threatnes to effect it; Poore *Imperia* seeing her selfe thus streightly and narrowly begirt on both sides, shee hath againe recourse to her sighes and teares, the only weapons left her in the absence of her *Morosini* to defend her affection and constancie against the lust of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyranny of her father *Bondino*. A thousand times a day shee wisheth that *Constantinople* were *Loretto* or *Loretto*, *Constantinople*, and as often prayes that either shee were in *Morosini's* armes, or hee here in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obstinate as her father was resolute and furious in this sute and motion towards her, shee shuts her selfe up in her chamber, where seeming to drowne her selfe in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention shee should find out and practise, to abandon *Palmerius* and to call home her *Morosini* to marry her, then which under Heaven she desired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing else. So at last shee resolves to send one purposefully to *Constantinople* to hasten his returne (which now wanted but a little of his prefixed time of a yeare) when making choice of a deere friend of his of *Ancona* named *Seignior Mercario*, and furnishing him with gold for so long a journey as to saile from *Brundisium*, to *Ragusa*, and so from thence by coast to *Constantinople*, shee takes pen and paper, and thereon (as much with teares as inke) traceth her *Morosini* these lines wherewith shee dispatcheth him away.

IMPERIA TO MOROSINI.

I should betray my affection to thee, and consequently make my selfe unworthy of thine, if by this my letter (which I purposely send thee by thy friend *Seignior Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatiency and sorrow my selfe, and with how much ioy my Father brookes thy long absence. Thou knowest in what a sweet, & strict sympathy of Love, our hearts are united. So as measuring *Morosini* by *Imperia*, I am confident that all those Seas betweene *Ancona* and *Constantinople* are not capable to wash away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my soule. And yet holding it a part both of my duty and of my selfe, I am enforced to command

my pen to relate thee, that my Father Bondino begins to exercise a point not onely of his will, but of his power, yea I may justly say of his tyranny over me, to perswade mee to leave my young Morosini to make me marry his old Palmerius. In which regard and consideration, if my poore beauty or merit have left any impression in thy brest or memory, I now most heartily pray thee to leave Turkey for Italy, and Constantinople for Loretto, and to make me as happy in injoying thy sight and presence, as I am miserable without it. And when our God, and my good fortune, shall permit this my innocent and sorrowfull letter to fall into thy hands, thinke, yea judge with thy selfe, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be for thee not to bring me thy selfe, but to send me any excuse whatsoever to the contrary. Farewell my other selfe, my sweet selfe, and may God and his Angells ever prove propitious to thy Desires and my Wishes.

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weekes time) arrives at Constantinople, and findes out his friend Morosini, to whom he delivereth his Mistris Imperias letter; the which he first kissing, presently peruseth it, and very passionately both rejoyceth and grieves thereat: So Morosini very kindly feasts his friend Mercario there some eight daies, and then returneth him home with an answer, which in lesse than a moneths time he delivereth into Imperias owne hands in Loretto, who is extreamely glad thereof, and then beautifying her snow white cheekes, with some crimson blushes, she hies her to her closet and breaking up hastily the scales thereof, findes it traced and charged with this message.

MOROSINI TO IMPERIA.

Thy health and constancy makes me as joyfull in the receipt of thy Letter, as thy Father Bondino his disrespect to me, and love to Palmerius makes me sorrowfull, for so deare and tender is the true affection of my Imperia to her Morosini, and the sympathy of our hearts so sweetly and sacrealy united, that for my part not onely those small rivers of the Mediterraneum and Adriatique Sea betweene Constantinople and Ancona, but that of the vast Ocean is incapable to wash off the least sense or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of humane life, reputation and profit, deserves sometimes to be intermixed with pleasure, because the sweetnesse thereof is still made sweeter by its substance and permanency. So by the Seigniorie of Venice, and by Landy their Embassadour resident here in Constantinople, (contrary to my expectation or merits) I am now made consull of Aleppo. I cannot therefore so soone leave Turkie for Italy, which I infinitely desire, nor in that consideration so soone imbrace and kisse my faire and deare Imperia, which above all the Crownes and Scepters of the world I chiefly love and long for; but what this year cannot performe the next shall, and then (all delays and excuses set apart) I will bring thee thy Morosini with as much true joy, as hee transported himselfe from thee with bitter teares and unfained sorrowes: in the meane time my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me shall surmount thy Father's tyranny to thy selfe, and that thy beauty and merits are so incomparably resplendent, that though Palmerius be the fayle, yet Morosini shall live and dye the Diamond of thy love and the Love of thy Heart, as God is of thy Soule. O then my deere and sweet Imperia, repulse it no ingratitude, much lesse a crime in me to send thee this letter of excuse instead of bringing thee my selfe, for I speake it in presence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other halfe so I am wholly thine, and that thou canst not be the thousand part so sorrowfull as I am miserable in this our short yet too long sequestration. Farewell, Farewell the only Saint of my heart, and Goddesse of my affection; and assure thy selfe that no mortall man whatsoever is or can be so much thy faithfull Servant and Slave, as

MOROSINI.

OUT

Our *Imperia* kisseth this Letter a thousand times for her *Morofini's* sake who wrote and sent it her, and againe as often weepes to see, that he loved Honour and profit better then herselfe, and *Turkie* better then *Italy*, so whereas shee formerly hoped, now she begins to despaire of his speedy returne, and esteemes herselfe as miserable without him, as she thought to have bene happy with him. She reads over his Letter againe and againe, and then weepes as fast as shee reades, at the very perusall and consideration thereof; shee would faine draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended stay affords her nothing but disconsolation and sorrow instead thereof. Shee blames her owne misfortune, as much as his unkindnesse, and then againe imputes this impatiency of hers, more to her fathers cruelty, than to *Morofini's* discourtesie; she loves him as much as shee hates *Palmerius*, and hates herselfe because *Morofini* will not love her more, and *Palmerius* lesse. But *Morofini* is so firmly seated and enthronized in her heart, that shee is constantly resolved to stay his returne, and rather to dye his victim and martyr, than to live *Palmerius* his wife. And here her affection acts a great part in passion, as this passion doth in Love, shee cannot refraine from enquiring of *Mercario* how *Morofini* lives, and how hee lookes, who performes the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her that hee lives in great pompe and reputation, and is the properest and bravest young Gallant either of *Venice* or *Italy* which hee saw in *Constantinople*, at the report whereof, shee could not refraine from blushing and smiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were such, as she could not receive or heare it, without these publike expressions and testimonies of her private zeale and interiour affection to him; But all this notwithstanding, wheresoever shee goes or turnes herselfe, her Father as her shadow, and *Palmerius* as her spirit, are never from her, but still follow her in all times and places without intermission. It is a wonder to see and consider their obstinacy to make it a match, and her resolution and refusall against it, as if they were wholly composed and made of commands, and shee of denials. In which interchangeable comportment, and different carriage of theirs, Wee must allow sixe moneths time more past and slidden away, where in despite of *Palmerius* his importunities and her fathers power, she still remains inflexible to them, constant to her *Morofini*, and true to her promise. But at last this old lustfull Lover *Palmerius* (who was fitter to kisse an image in the Church, then so sweet and faire a young Lady as *Imperia* in her bed) seeing that he had consumed and spent so long time in vaine by courting her, and that she sleighted him and his suite as much if not more now, than when he first meant and intended it to her, hee bethinkes himselfe of a new policy and proposition to gaine her, which love cannot so much excuse, as discretion justly condemne in him; Hee goes to her father *Bondino*, and proffers him that if his daughter will become his wife, that hee will infeoffe, and endow her with the one halfe of his lands, and give all the rest of his estate and wealth into his hands and custody, for him to purchase her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his doth solely and fully weigh downe her covetous father to *Palmerius* his will and desire, as he constantly tells him, that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his daughter: he will speedily use all his power and authority with her fully to dispose her to affect and content him; To which end *Bondino* goes to his daughter *Imperia*, acquaints her with this great gift, and voluntary proffer of *Palmerius* to her if she will marry him: he sayes before her how infinitely it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of *Loreto*, or Ladies of the whole *Marca of Anconitana*, do enjoy such rich Fortunes, that his wisdom and wealth is farre to bee preferred to the vanity and prodigality of *Morofini*, and that the first will assuredly bring her much content and prosperity, but the second nothing else but poverty, ruine, and misery, and therefore he most importunately conjures and commands her to cut and cast off all delays and so forthwith to dispose her selfe to love and marry *Palmerius*, or else he vowes for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledge himselfe for her Father.

A crueltie which (in my opinion and judgement) ought to be admired with pittie, and pittied with admiration, and not to serve for a precedent and example to other Parents, because this of *Bondino's* was grounded on farre more passion than reason, and covetousnesse than vertue; and which Nature hath all the reasons of the world, rather to tearme tyrannie than providence or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, struck dead with griefe and sorrow, at the thunderbolt of these her Fathers cruell speeches towards her, so that shee cannot speake, nor yet weepe, for sighing and sobbing; but at last encouraged by her owne vertue, as much as shee was daunted and dismayed by her fathers severitie and crueltie towards her, shee (casting her selfe at his feet) with a trembling heart and faltering voice, returns her heart and minde to him in these tearmes.

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and sorrowes are such, and so infinite, that I am farre more capable to weepe and sigh, than to breathe or speake them forth to you, yet I hold it my dutie, not my disobedience, to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in Heaven, before contracted or consummated in Earth; therefore being so happie first to love *Morofini*, before I was so unfortunate as to see Seignior *Palmerius*, I hope it is the pleasure of God, that he hath ordained the first to be my Husband, and consequently my selfe never to be Wife to the second: I am proud in nothing but in my humilitie and obedience, and therein I hope I shall still both triumph and glory, and yet I farre more under-value *Palmerius* wealth than you doe *Morofini's* vertues. If then you will not for my sake, I humbly beseech you for my Mothers sake, or which is more, for Gods sake, to make me Wife to *Morofini*, and not to *Palmerius*, because my heart and minde tells me, that I shall be as happie in the companie of the one, as miserable in that of the other. In granting me which just desired favour and courtesie, my soule shall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shal have no true cause either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to denie your selfe for my Father. And to conclude this my sorrowfull and humble speech, it is impossible for you to wrong me, but you must and will extremely wrong your selfe, by attempting and resolving to enforce me to the contrarie. But if yet you will not be sensible hereof, then I invoke God to be a just witnesse, and Judge betweene us, of your crueltie towards me, and of my candid innocencie towards you, and my betrothed Spouse *Morofini*.

Imperia had no sooner (with sighes and teares) delivered this her speech to her Father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he suddenly rushesth forth her companie; when, more to displease her than to please himselfe, he looking backe on her, gives her this sharp answer, and cruell farwell: Minion (quoth he) I will very shortly coole thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to disobey thy Father, in making so much esteeme of *Morofini*, and so little of Seignior *Palmerius*, contrarie to my advice and request to thee; for I say, consider well with thy selfe, and thou shalt then doe well speedily to forsake this errour and obstinacie of thine, except thou resolve to die as miserable, as I desire thou shalt live happie: Once more Girle, consider and remember what I have now said to thee, and beware lest *Morofini* prove thy shame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weepes because she can weepe no more at these heart-killing speeches of her Father to her, against her absent *Morofini*: So being not well, she betakes her selfe to her bed, and there againe consults with God and her selfe, what she shall doe in this perturbation of minde and affliction of heart, and then and there (with waking eyes) reades a whole nights Lecture to her selfe of her obedience to her Father, and her affection and constancie to the other halfe of her selfe, *Morofini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and desires, that she shall receive more delights and joyes from the last, than discontents from the first, she at her up-rising resolves againe to write away for her *Morofini*, as hoping that his presence would easily dispell and scatter all these her clouds and tempests, when dispatching a private messenger to *Ancona* for *Mercutio*, she againe earnestly prayes him to undertake a second

voyage for her, either to *Aleppo* or *Constantinople*, to her *Morosini*; the which he then promifeth: fo that night againe peruling over his Letter, ſhee then from point to point punctually makes answer to it, and the next morning very ſecretly gives it to *Mercario* in her Chamber, and therewith takes off a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arme, and prayes him to deliver it to him as a token of her true affection and conſtancie, the which ſhee affirmes to him ſhall ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his commiſſion from *Imperia*, as alſo more Gold for the diſcharge and defraying of his journey, he hires a ſmall Brigantine to transport him to *Corfu*, and from thence embarkes himſelfe on a ſhip of *Marſeilles*, which accidentally ſtopped there, and ſo ſayled firſt to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in leſſe than three weekes, and finding his deare friend *Morosini* to be Conſull there for the Seigniorie of *Venice*, hee ſecretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his ſtudie, where hee was then haſtily writing a diſpatch for *Constantinople*: But the arrivall of *Mercario*, who he knew came from his deareſt friend and Miſtreſſe *Imperia*, (for meere joy) made him preſently to caſt away his Hat and Pen, and ſo to kiſſe and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haſte and more affection breaking up the ſeales, hee therein found couched theſe enſuing Lines.

IMPERIA TO MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (becauſe leſſe deſerved) that either profit or preferment had beene dearer to thee than *Imperia*, or that the Seigniorie of *Venice*, or their Ambaſſadour Landy, had had more power to ſtay thee in *Aleppo*, than ſhe to have requested or conjured thy returne to *Loretto*; for if my poore beautie, or rich affection to thee, be of ſo low and baſe an eſteeme, as thou preferreſt thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miſerable as I thought my ſelfe happie in my choiſe, and the ſweetneſſe of my deſires and wiſhes conſequently have end, as ſoone as they received a beginning. And ſee what a palpable incongruities, yea, what an apparant contradiction there is betweene thy heart and thy pen, ſith ſainedly endeavouring to make me believe thou loveſt my kiſſes & embraces above all the Crownes and Scepters in the world, I yet am truly enforced to ſee that thou loveſt *Turky* farre better than *Italy*, and art well contented that *Palmerius* ſhould love me better than thy ſelfe, for elſe thou wouldeſt never permit, that my fathers tyrannie to me ſhould (in thy abſence) give a law to my affection to him, or conſent that *Palmerius* ſhould be the Diamond, and thy ſelfe prove onely the foile of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how nor in what tearmes to define or determine thereof. Indge therefore with thy ſelfe (at leaſt if thou art not as wholly exempt of judgement as of love) what a poore halfe, yea, what a ſmall part I am of thee, when by thy voluntarie abſence thou wilt wholly reſigne me up to another, and that *Palmerius* muſt be my Husband, when my heart and ſoule, yea, when God and his Angels well know, I deſire nothing under Heaven ſo much, as to live and die thy Wife, or elſe thou wouldeſt not have been ſo unkind, to conſume thy will or to bound thy obſtinacie to no leſſe than a whole yeares ſequeſtration and abſence from me, which if thy heart were equall, or but the leaſt ſhadow of mine, thou wouldeſt deeme to containe as many moneths as houres, and as many ages as moneths. But God forbid this diſcourteſie of thine ſhould prove ſo great a crueltie to me, or before I know what belongs to fortunacie. I ſhould be conſtrained to feele and ſuffer ſo much infelicities. Come away therefore, my deare *Morosini*, and my ſighs, teares, and prayers ſhall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy ſpeedie returne, and blame not me, but thy ſelfe, if thy abſence and my fathers obſtinacie bereave me of my ſweet *Morosini*, and thee of thy Deare.

IMPERIA.

Morosini could not refrain from bluſhing at the reading of this his Miſtreſſe *Imperia*'s Letter, as aſhamed to ſee what an exceeding advantage her courteſie had got of his unkindneſſe. Hee oftentimes kiſſerh this her Letter and Braceler, as the two ſweet pledges of her ſweeteſt love and affection to him, the which hee vowes to requite, and ſhortly to make his returne, redeeme and ranſome the ingratitude of his long ſtay from her.

her. He shewes this Letter of hers to his two old Camerados, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, (for their friendship and familiaritie is still so great, as they cannot, they will not forsake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindnesse, and condemne his inconstancie, in sequestering himselfe so long from so sweet and faire a Mistresse as *Imperia*. Now for the space of some ten dayes *Morosini* feasted his friend *Mercutio* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to solemnize his *Imperia's* health in the best and richest Greeke wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and paines, for so often crossing those dangerous Seas in his behalfe) he chargeth him with his Letter in answer of his, and in requitall of her bracelet of sparks of Diamonds, he returnes and sends her a faire chaine of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring fastned to the end thereof, with a paire of Turkish silver embroydered bracelets, and so commits him to the mercie of the Winds and Seas; who in six weekes after arrives safely to *Ancona*, and the next morning posts away to *Loretto*, where repairing secretly to *Bondino's* house, hee findes out his daughter *Imperia* alone, solitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among ranks of Sicamour and Olive trees: Who no sooner espies *Mercutio*, but all her bloud flashing into her face for joy, shee speedily trips away towards him, who (after salutes) bidding him a thousand times welcome home, and hee giving her *Morosini's* Letter and token, shee claps the last in her pocket, and hastily kissing and breaking up the scales of the first, steps aside a pace or two, and therein findes and reades these lines.

MOROSINI TO IMPERIA.

THy sweet beautie, and rich affection and constancie shall not onely command my resolution but my selfe, and it is impossible either for my profit or reputation to give but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requests being to me commands, and consequently thy felicitie and miserie equally mine, I will therefore shorten and hasten the time of my stay, and so convert a whole yeere into a few moneths: For if *Imperia* be *Palmerius's* Wife, *Morosini* can then never be either himselfe or his owne friend, and to write thee the life of my heart, as thou hast now the heart of thy soule, It is not the ambition of a Consularie dignitie, nor all the treasure of Turkie, or the Indies, which shall keepe me from enjoying of my faire and sweet *Imperia*, in whose divine cheekes and eyes my heart hath imparadized all my most soveraigne earthly felicitie: So that I not onely denie but desie that *Palmerius*, or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thousand part, or so tenderly or dearly as my selfe; to whose sake and service I will still be found readie to lay downe my best bloud and to prostitute and sacrifice my dearest life. O then, my faire and sweet *Imperia*, live therefore my deere Wife, and *Morosini* will assuredly dye thy loving and constant Husband, and thou shalt briefly see that I will hate ingratitude as much as thy inconsiderate Father loves and intends crueltie towards thee, and make thee as joyfull in my presence, as thou writest me thou art afflicted and sorrowfull in my absence. I comie my sweet *Imperia*, and if I want Windes or Seas to bring me to thy blessed presence, my sighes shall encrease the one, and my teares supply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to see and salute me, as I doe mine armes and lipps to embrace and kisse thee, and I both hope and rest confident, that my prayers and constancie seconded by thine, will make thy Fathers obstinacie vaine and prove *Palmerius's* attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine by choice and promise.

MOROSINI.

This Letter of *Morosini* affords no small musicke to the heart, or melodie to the mind of our *Imperia*, for shee sweetly and carefully treasureth it up in her brest and memorie; and now in hope of his short returne, shee leaves no Church nor Chappell in or about *Loretto* unfrequented to pray for it; yea, shee is so religious and vertuous, as shee gives her selfe wholly to prayer, the sooner to obtaine it: whiles (in the meane time) her cruell Father *Bondino* (contrarie to her expectation and desires) curs her out

new worke, in resuming his old resolution to marry her to her old Lover *Palmerius* who still loves her so tenderly that for her sake, he will not forsake *Loretto* to live in *Ancona*, so that here the Reader is prayed to understand and know, that *Bondino* finally, (and once for all) to cast his daughter *Imperia* and her affection from *Morofini* to *Palmerius*, seeing that all other meanes will not prevaile, he infinitely debarrs her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefest apparell and Jewells (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as also her best viands and diet, and in a word intreateth her so rigorously, as (upon the matter) hee makes her more his prisoner than his Daughter. *Imperia* who was never heretofore acquainted with such sharpe severity and course entertainment bites her lip and hangs her head hereat. But the more shee prays her Father to reserve her for *Morofini*, the more tyrannously hee commands her speedily to marry *Palmerius*, so that all her sighes and teares to the contrary doe rather exasperate then appease his indignation against her, and now she finds the long stay of *Morofini* from her, not only to exceed her first expectation, but also his last promises to her in his Letter, and is enforced to see, that her Father is as cruell as *Palmerius* is obstinate and resolute in his sute to her. Shee hath nothing to comfort her but the memory and letters of *Morofini*, and yet nothing doth so much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in crossing this her affection. But at last despairing of *Morofini*'s returne, and vanquished by her Fathers tyranny, she (with an unwilling willingnesse) is enforced to suffer her selfe to bee overcome by him, as also to permit the walles of her affection, and the bulwarkes and fortifications of her constancy to be battered and razed downe, by the incessant sollicitations, gifts, and prayers of *Palmerius*; So that forgetting her promise, and her selfe, and putting a rape on her former resolution, shee is at last contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miseries which wee shall shortly see will ensue thereof.

Here now then this old dotard *Palmerius* is married to faire *Imperia*, who esteemes himselfe as happie as she findes her selfe unfortunate in this match. His Age is too old for her Youth, and her youth farre too young for his Age; Disparity of yeares seldom (or never) breeds any true content or felicitie in marriage. Hee cannot sufficiently estimate, much lesse deserve or requite the dainties of her youth, so that truth must here needs implore this dispensation for mee of modesty, to affirme that his chiefest power was desire; and his best performance but lust towards her; for whiles every night, as soone as hee comes to bed to her, hee falls to his sleepe; so poore young Gentlewoman shee turnes to her repentance, wishing (from her very heart and soule) that her husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had bene her funerall. A thousand times every day and night shee accuseth her Fathers crueltie and (with bitter sighes and teares) as often condemneth her owne levity and inconstancy for consenting thereunto. Shee can neither honour or love her husband, or rather not love him, because shee so tenderly loves the person, and honoureth the memory of *Morofini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no lesse doth shee her *Morofini* in her heart, so that the first hath only her body, but the second wholly her minde and affection, the sorrowfull consideration and remembrance whereof, doth so torment her heart and perplex her mind, that shee protesteth publikely to her selfe, and privatly to all the world, that there is no calamity equall to hers, nor no misery comparable to that of a discontented bed. Thus being as much a maid as a wife, and yet more a Nunne than a maid, shee makes spirituall bookes her exercise, solitarinesse her pastime, her chamber her chappell, and her closet her Oratory to pray to God to forgive her Fathers cruelty, and her Husbands indiscretion towards her, as also her owne inconstancy and treachery towards *Morofini*, which soule ingratitude and crime of hers shee cannot remember but with extreame griefe, nor once thinke of, but with infinite shame, sorrow, and repentance. Although this her old husband *Palmerius*, be so amorous and kind to her, and so tender of this his faire young wife,

that

that he leaves no cost bestowed on her, as well in rich apparell, as chaines and Jewells, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themselves. But this was not the content and felicity which our *Imperia* desired because deserved; because her fresh youth, and her husbands feeble and frozen Age, cast her heart on other opposite conceits, and her minde on other different contemplations.

Whiles thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mournes and grieves at this her unequall and discontented match, and *Morosini* confidently relying on the firme affection and constancy of his *Imperia* made his stay in *Alepo*, some 10. months longer than his promise to her. He at last led by the starre of her beauty and his owne affection to her, leaves *Turkie*, and (in company of his constant old friends *Astonicus* and *Donato*) sets saile for *Italy*, and purposely puts in with their ship into *Ancona*, where they and he are no so sooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertaines him with the welcome of this sorrowfull newes, that his Mistris *Imperia* is now in this Citie of *Ancona*, and married to old *Seignior Palmerius*, whereat *Morosini* infinitely grieves and *Astonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He is stricken at the heart at this sorrowfull newes, and (too too soone for him) beleeves it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewise is *Imperia* advertised of his and their arrivall, whereat she seemes to drown her selfe in a whole deluge of teares; yet not for sorrow, but for joy of his arrivall. He employes *Mercario* to her to grant him a private visit, the which most joyfully the next night she doth in her own house, her old husband being in bed and snoring fast asleepe. At *Morosini's* first sight and entrance into her chamber (where shee all alone privately staves for him) she throwes her selfe on her knees at his feet, and with sighes, teares, and blushes begges his pardon for her unconstancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which she no way attributes to his long stay, but rather to her Fathers cruelty and her own misfortune. *Morosini* is as joyfull of her sight as sorrowfull of this her error, and so will not permit her to kneele, because hee sees and knowes, and also assureth her, that shee is still the Goddesse of his heart and affection. Hee takes her up in his armes, and there embraceth and freely pardons her, and so they reciprocally speake each to other in the sweet language of love, I meane of kisses, sighes, and teares, with the last whereof, they againe and againe, bedew and wash each others cheekes, as if love had made them farre more capable to sigh than speake, and to weepe than sigh: Here their old affections revive, and flame forth a new with more violence and impetuosity. Shee hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her selfe. For as he sweares to live her servant, so shee constantly vowes to live and dye his handmaid, and that his will shall ever be her Law, and his requests in all things her commands. Here his heart beates for love, and her brest pants for joy. For as hee promiseth her, that shee shall bee his sole and only love; so shee (willingly) forgets her selfe so farre, as solemnly to protest to him, that hee shall bee more her Husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kisses, they for that night part.

The next morning *Morosini* and his two consorts *Astonicus*, and *Donato* (by the feined way of a rejoycing complement) doe visit his young Mistris *Imperia*, and her old husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his owne goodnesse than their deserts) bids them all most kindly and courteously welcome. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia*, for which, old *Palmerius* respectively thanks them, but hee knowes not what dangerous snakes lurke under the greene leaves of this their pretended faire courtlesie. As for his Wife *Imperia*, shee is so reserved in her comportment, and so coy in her carriage towards them, that (according to the custome of *Italy*) her Husband can hardly perswade or cause her to see and salute them, the which at last shee faintly and feinedly performs; rather with an eye of disdain than of respect. They all see the young Wife with love and pity, but looke on her old Husband with contempt and envie; yet *Morosini* then and there in stealth sees *Imperia's* heart in her eyes, when in counterchange, shee knowes his heart by his enamoured

lookes and countenance : So *Palmerius* (being as innocent as aged) having discoursed with them about their voyage, and about *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, and courteously prayed them to be no strangers to him and his house, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona*, which they readily and thankfully promise him, they for this time take leave each of other, *Astonichus* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*, and *Morofini* infinitely condemning and contemning the simplicity and age of her old husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all, for that very after-noon *Morofini* (out of the intemperate heat and passion of his love) by a confident messenger sends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pretty way distant from her house, the which shee joyfully grants him ; and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to say, that in the pavillion or banquetting house of this Garden, these our two youthfull lovers (after a thousand sweet kisses & embraces) first received each of other those amorous delights and pleasures, which modesty will nor, and chastity and honesty cannot permit mee to mention, as also for that these pills of sugar are most commonly candide in bitter wormwood and gall, and but too frequently prove honey to the palate, but poyson to the heart and soule.

And here in this her Garden (I say againe) was the very first time and place where our faire *Imperia*, who was so famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona* for her pietie and chastity, forgetting the first, made shipwracke of the last, and where of a Gentlewoman of honour, shee lost her honour, by committing this her beastly sinne of sensuality and Adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to *Morofinies* voyage, proved so favourable and propitious to his lustfull desires, that he thinks of nothing lesse than of his return to *Venice*, nor of any thing so much as of his stay here in *Ancona*, with his faire and sweet love *Imperia*, who likewise finds lesse content and pleasure in the company of her husband *Palmerius* than she hoped for, and now farre more in her deare friend *Morofini* than she either dreamt or expected : In which triviall regard, and sinfull consideration, she (in a manner) abandons the first, and gives her selfe wholly over to the will and pleasure of the second, and so turning the custome of these their lascivious dalliances into a habit, and that into a second nature, both in her Garden, and her owne house, she very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-sweet sinne of Adultery with *Morofini*, whereof a subtile young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of some eightene yeares old, who was his sisters Sonne, and termed *Richardo*, takes exact and curious notice, and once among the rest hee peeps in at the key-hole of his Aunts chamber doore, and there sees her and Seignior *Morofini* on the bed together, and in no lesse familiarity than was requisite or could be expected betwixt his Uncle her husband *Palmerius* and her selfe ; whereupon secretly envying and hating her, because he was afraid shee should beare away all, or at least the greatest part of his said Uncles Estate and wealth from him, (who for want of children, hoped that he therefore should be his adopted heire) hee therefore maliciously beares the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent that when occasion should hereafter present the report and knowledge thereof to his said Uncle, he might justly cause him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection. As for *Morofini* and *Imperia* they (notwithstanding all this) doe still strongly endeavour to blear the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his wife to be as chaste as faire, and rather a *Diana* than a *Lais*) out of his good nature doth sometimes in his house feast *Morofini*, and his two Consorts *Astonichus* and *Donato* : But they will prove pernicious and farall guests to him, for ere long wee shall see them requite this hospitality and courtesie of his, with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which meane time all *Ancona* resounds of the great expence and profuse prodigality of *Morofini*, and his two associates, for they here revell it out in the best Tavernes and companies of the Citie, and not onely

onely exceed others, but also themselves, in the richnesse and bravery of their apparell, but most especially *Morosini*, whose apparell is every way fitter for an Italian Nobleman, than a Venetian Merchant. Our lustfull and lascivious *Imperia* is never well contented or pleased but in his presence, and her husbands absence; and here to relate the truth of her heart, *Morosini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*, or rather *Palmerius* is but the shadow, and *Morosini* the essentiall substance of her Husband, and therefore (I desire the Reader to know and remember) that in that regard and consideration I have purposely entituled this History not to bee of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Morosini* and *Imperia*.

Morosini, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* (in their lodging and chambers) have many times many private speeches and conferences, what pittie it is that so sweet and faire a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, should (by the constraint of her unkinde and cruell Father) thus be clogged and chained in marriage to so old a dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epichete their vanitie and folly could not afford to give him) and *Morosini* (in the dumbe eloquence and Logick of *Imperia's* sighes and teares) apparantly beleeves that (in her heart and soule) she infinitely desireth and wisheth that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himselfe now her Husband here on earth in his place: He reads as much in her lookes and countenance, and is therefore confident that her heart and ambition aspire to no sweeter earthly felicity. Hee hath not lost his wit in his affection, nor wholly drowned his judgement, either in the fresh Roses and Lillies of her beauty, or in the resplendent lustre of those sparkling Diamonds and starres, her eyes. Hee knowes that his Estate is farre inferior to his birth and extraction, and yet that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turkey* and *Italy* are farre superiour and above his estate: He would faine (therefore) find out the meanes to beare up his port, and consequently to preserve his reputation with the whole world, the which he esteemes equall to his life, if not above it. Hee knowes that *Imperia* is already more his Wife than her husbands, and is very confident that he can make her apt for any impression, and capable of any designe, which may advance his owne fortunes, and confirme both their contents, whereunto conjoyning the sweetnesse of her beauty, the excellencie of her feature, and the exceeding great wealth of her old Husband, hee adding all these considerations together, they here weigh him downe to hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts and fixing his heart upon this hellish resolution, to send him speedily to heaven in a bloody winding sheet; and no other charitable thought, or Christian consideration can divert him from this inhumane and bloody project, neither can hee possibly reape any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his heart, before hee have attempted and finished it.

To which end, the very next night that hee lay and wantonized in bed with his *Imperia* (for God knowes her old husband lay but seldome with her) and finding her extraordinarily to sigh, hee layes hold of this advantage, and opportunitie, and very earnestly demands of her what ayles her, whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, because her heart was then flying from God to the Devill, so shee continues her sighing but is still mute and returnes him no answer. Till at last *Morosini* suspecting that in her which his hopes desired, and his desires hoped for, then I say what his demands could not obtaine of her his kisses doe, when swearing him to secrecie, shee (after many farre fetcht sighes) tells him; that she loves him so deeply and tenderly, as for his sake shee either wisheth her selfe in her grave or her husband *Palmerius* in heaven, which is the sweet musique and melody that *Morosini* expects, and which to his unexpressible joy hee now receives from her, when paying her the principall and interest of this her dearest Love and affection towards him, with many kisses; hee passionately intreates her, that shee will imploy him to finish this pleasing tragedy, but shee is againe mute hereat, and therefore hee againe more earnestly entreates her to conferre this favour on him; Who then taking counsell of her Lust, and of hell;

hell, shee grants his first request herein with silence, but his second with a free and cheerefull consent. When (as two wretched and bloody miscreants) they reciprocally sweare secrecie herein each to other, as also that they will speedily dispatch him, and so in a very short time after marry each other, and no longer live in *Ancona* but in *Venice*. But what a fatall, what a hellish contract was this, which they equally confirme as well with oathes as kisses, and how at one time doe I pittie both their youth and folly, and hate their obscene affections each to other; and their foule crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themselves with lust but with blood, for they are so resolutely inhumane and impious, as they will needs adde murther to adultery, as if one of these two foule sinnes were not enough sufficient to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miserable in that to come; but the devill is so strong with them as they vow to advance, & disdain to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable businesse; So from the matter they proceed to the manner hereof. *Morosini* proposeth poyson, but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring, and administring. When shee propoundeth to have him stifled by night in his bed, to the which after two or three pauses and considerations, hee will and freely consenteth. So hereon they both doe finally agree and resolve. But because *Morosini* knowes his *Imperia* to be a wise and weake woman, and therefore fitter for counsell than execution, and himselfe alone peradventure not strong enough (with safety) to performe it without some other mens assistance, hee therefore tells her that hee will likewise engage his faithfull friends and companions *Astonicus* and *Donato* herein. But *Imperia* is extreemely against it, as grounding her apprehension and feare upon this Maxime. That as one is more capable and proper to keepe counsell then two, so consequently are two than foure. But when (in answer hereof) hee vowes and swearesto her that they are no lesse his faithfull friends and servants than hee hers; then (with much alacrity and joy) shee yeelds thereunto, so they confirming this their agreement with many oathes, and sealing it with a world of kisses, hee leaves this his faire sweet-heart in bed, and at breake of day departs from her, and so hies him home to his owne Lodging to his two companions *Astonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premises considered) doe perfectly know, at what midnight Masse he hath beene, what shrine he hath visited, and what Saint adored and prayed to.

Some three houres after they all call for their breakfasts, the which as soone as they have taken and ended, (for still as yet the winde is contrary for them to set saile for *Venice*) *Morosini* prayes them forthwith to walke with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedrall Church) of that Citie which stands over it on a high rockie hill, and there proudly lookes up toward the Mountaines of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and downe to the azurd plaines and valleyes of the Adriatique Sea (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northerne peales, and *Neptune* danceth his Southerne Lavolta's.) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the devill) *Morosini* first acquaints them with this businesse, and with his, and his *Imperias* most earnest prayers, and affectionate requests for their assistance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no lesse their affliction and misery, then this his death would infallibly prove their prosperity, triumph and glory, because shee was formerly contracted to himselfe, long before hee married her: which shee was enforced and constrained to doe through the cruelty and tyrannie of her Father. Now as their needs not many good words and perswasions to base hearts, and polluted and prophane soules, who of themselves are already disposed to wickednesse, and prepared to sinfull actions: So (because of *Morosini*'s old friendship and familiarity, of *Imperias* beauty, and her old husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) these two gracelesse wretches *Astonicus* and *Donato* doe cheerefully promise *Morosini*, the very utmost
of

of their possible powers for the accomplishment hereof, whereon they all three doe there solemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oathes, as also for eternall secrecie. Which done they returne to their Lodging; and at dinner (when they had purposely sent away their Servants, as also those of the house) they in very great glasses of *Albania* wine, doe on their knees drinke healths to the prosperitie of this their intended great businessse: The which after dinner *Morofini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and shee (for her part) understands and receives it from him with no lesse delight and exhilaration. When being (as strongly seduced and provoked by their lascivious desires, as they were meerey propagated and engendered by the Devill who was the first and sole Author thereof) impatient of all delays they conclude to finish this businessse the second night after, which (as I have beene credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the purification of the blessed Virgin *Mary* so famous and famoused in *Loretto*, and and hereon these our two lustfull and lewd Lovers *Morofini* and *Imperia* doe give and take exact and curious directions each from other, both of the houre and the manner, thereby the better to dispatch it, with lesse danger and more assurance and facilitie; And they are so lascivious in their wishes, so vaine and prophane in their hopes, so cruell and inhumane in their desires, and so fierce and bloody in their resolutions, as they think every houre an age before they see it effected.

All this while our innocent and harmelesse old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to please his young wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea and almost every day) he hath both the power and will to bestow some rich gifts and presents on her, and to raine downe showers of Gold into her lap, as *Iove* did to his faire *Danae*, and as one way he held it his felicity to gaze & contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty, so againe he made it his delight and glory to see her flant it out in rich and brave apparell, and also to provide her the most rarest Viands and daintiest dyet that gold or silver could procure. But poore *Palmerius* (all this cost and courtesie of thine to thy wife notwithstanding) I am enforced to write with equall pittie to thee, and shame to her, little dost thou conceive or thinke, what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernicious Vipet thou harbourest in harbouring her in thy House, thy Bed, thy Bosome.

The dismall night being now come, which these foure execrable persons have designed and destined for the finishing of this deplorable businessse. It is no sooner twelve of the Clock by *Morofini*s watch, but hee with *Astonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Pistols without any light) issue forth their lodging, and presently trip to *Palmerius* house, where (according to promise) they find the street doore a little open and *Imperia* (as a fury of hell) there ready to receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble than kisse, yet so fervent is the fire of *Morofini* & *Imperia*s lascivious & furious affection, as they cannot yet refraine from giving each other one, or two at least. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawne) close within the doore, to guard and make it good against all opposing and intervening accidents, *Morofini* leads *Imperia* by her right arme, & *Astonicus* by the left, and so for the more security (purposely) leaving their shoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on wollen pumpes, they all three ascend the staires when she (with wonderfull silence) first conducts them to her owne chamber (which was some two distant from her (husbands) where the windows being close shut, and a small wax candle burning on her table, and her prayer booke by it wherein (still expecting the houre of midnight) she silently read whiles the Devill held the candle to her, shee there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having silently given such order, that her husbands Nephew *Richardo*, and all the servants of the house, were gone to bed above three houres before: Thus this treacherous she-devill *Imperia* (for I can no more tearme her a woman, much lesse a wife, and least of all a Christian) is the fatall guide to bloody *Morofini* and *Astonicus*, who brings them first to the doore of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which shee had purposely left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deeply and soundly sleeping in his innocency towards them, as they

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were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice against him, shee keeping the doore, and *Morofini* standing by one side of the bed, and *Astonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotencie and weaknesse) doe easily stifle him to death, not so much as suffering him either once to crie or screech; and then to make sure worke, they speedily and violently thrust a small Orenge into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villanie to the world, in making all men beleieve, that it was *Palmerius* himselfe who had put that Orenge into his owne mouth, thereby purposely to destroy himselfe; when leaving his breathlesse body in his bed, they secretly issue forth the Chamber, and she drawes fast the doore after her, and so descends with them downe the staires to the street-doore, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks betweene them all, *Morofini* giving his *Imperia* many kisses, and shee desiring them all three immediately to repaire to their Lodgings, and not to stirre thence till they heare from her, which shee promiseth *Morofini* shall be as soone as conveniently and possibly shee can, they depart home: When shee first softly bolting the street-doore, and then her owne Chamber-doore, shee presently (with much securitie, and no repentance) betakes her selfe to her bed, where (vilde wretch that shee is) shee no more wakes for grieve at the life, but now sleepe for joy at the death of her old doating Husband *Palmerius*. But wee shall not goe farre, before wee see God convert these her triumphs into reares, and this her false joy into true miserie and confusion for the same: The manner thus.

Whiles *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* doe in their Lodging, for joy of this their bloudie fact, carowse the remainder of the night, and the next morning keepe their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan; *Imperia* putting an Angels face on her divellish heart, goes (according to her accustomed manner) about sixe of the clock in the morning away with her waiting-maid, and her prayer-booke and beads in hand, to heare Masse at Saint *Francis* (which is the Gray-Fryers) Church neere to the Jewes Street, with an intent to stay there in her Oraisons till past eight. But let the reader judge, with what a prophane zeale and prodigious and impious devotion she doth it; as also farther know, that God who is the great Judge of Heaven and Earth (in his sacred Justice) is now resolved to bring this lamentable murdering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and to proclaim and publish it to the sight and knowledge of the world by a way no lesse strange than remarkable.

Within lesse than halfe an houre that *Imperia* went away to Masse to Saint *Francis* Church, an Inne-keeper of *Loretto*, who dwelt there at the signe of the Crowne, named *Antonio Herbas*, arriveth there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* house, with a Letter for him from his Father *Boudino*, who speaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, hee delivereth and sendeth up the Letter to his Uncle, who then opening the Latch of his Chamber doore, hee no sooner entereth, but with his foot hee stumbles at a paire of rich Gloves, which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Morofini*, because some two or three dayes together hee had seene him weare them, hee with a smile claps them into his pocket, and so giving his Uncle the good-morrow, hee advanceth up to his bed, to deliver him this Letter: When withdrawing the curtaines, hee (contrarie to his expectation) finder him dead, and well-neere cold in his bed, with a whole small Orenge in his mouth; whereat hee makes so lamentable and sorrowfull an out-cry, that the noise thereof brings up two servants of the house, to enquire and know what the cause thereof might be: Who being likewise sad spectators of this their Masters sodaine and unfortunate death, they conceive and beleieve, that hee had voluntarily stopped his owne breath, and destroyed himselfe by putting this Orenge in his mouth, and that his face being blacke and swollen, was onely his owne struggling for life against death; which opinion of theirs, in common sense and reason was probable enough, if God had not here resolved to disprove it, in verifying and making appar-

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rant the contrarie. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a sharpe and quicke apprehension) considering that these were *Morosini's* Gloves which hee found there in his Unckles chamber; and his memorie now telling his heart, what lascivious dalliances and obscene embraces and familiaritie his eyes had lately seene and knowne betweene him and his Aunt *Imperia*, as also that God heretofore prompted and informed his soule, that they both had an equall shure and hand in this lamentable murther of his Unckle, and that it was farre better for him justly to ruine her now, then she unjustly to begger him hereafter: Hee therefore (with teares in his eyes) prayes the servants to stay a little while in the chamber with his dead Unckle till his returne; and then (with those Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he speeds away to the Podestate (or criminall Judge) of this Citie, named Seignior *Ludovicus Cernino*, and in a passionate and sorrowfull speech makes him know as much as himselfe knowes of this lamentable murther of his Unckle *Palmerius*, for the which hee strongly chargeth *Morosini* and his said Aunt *Imperia* to be the Author and Actor, and so craves Justice on them both for the same. This grave personage is very sorrowfull at this lamentable accident, and likewise at this relation and accusation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the qualitie of the persons who he heares and feares are interested herein, when walking a turne or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his chamber, he sits himselfe downe in his Chaire, and then (bidding *Richardo* approach neerer to him) he seriously demands of him these foure Questions. First, if he were assured that these were *Morosini's* Gloves; to which *Richardo* answered, he perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had seene him weare them three or foure severall times. Secondly, where *Morosini* was lodged in that Citie; whereat he replied, that he and his two associates, *Affonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the signe of the Ship upon the Key. Thirdly, where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was; whereat he tells him, she is now in Saint *Francis* Church, in her devotions. And fourthly, what Letter that was which he held fast sealed in his hand; when he also informed him, that this was the very same Letter which he formerly told him of, the which Seignior *Bondino* (the Father to his Aunt *Imperia*) sent to his Unckle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inne-keeper of that Towne, named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he said he had brought along with him to affirme so much; the which being called up before the Podestate, he upon his corporall Oath did so: when the Podestate raking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the seales thereof, he findes it to speake this language.

BONDINO TO PALMERIUS.

IT was a sensible griefe to me, when I first heard of *Morosini's* arrivall from Turkie to Ancona; but farre the greater, when I since understand of his long and lingring stay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreamer by night, doe still prompt and assure me, that as it is likely he will attempt something against the Chastitie of thy Wife my Daughter, so it is not impossible for him likewise to plot somewhat against thine owne life, for by nature and inclination I heare he is very malicious and revengesfull. If he depart speedily to Venice, then burne this Letter in Ancona (which I now send thee there by my neighbour *Antonio Herbas*;) but if he farther protract his stay there, then speedily bring thy selfe and thy Wife away to me here in *Loretto*; where my House shall be a Sanctuary for her, and a Castle and Cittadel for thy selfe: slight not this my carefull and tender advice to thee, but rather resolve with confidence, that as God gave it first to my heart; so from my heart I most affectionately now send it to thee.

BONDINO.

The Podestate being ascertained of all these Evidences, from the confession of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Morosini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgement of *Herbas*,

Herbas, although hereupon he verily beleeves that *Palmerius* was stifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia* and her lover *Morofini*, yet (as a wise Judge and a prudent Magistrate) he will informe his knowledge of one important point more, for the better diuision and vindication of the truth of this deplorable businesse: He will not send any subordinate Officer, but a private friend of his, to the Hoast of the Ship upon the Key, where *Morofini* lodged, whose name he now knowes to be *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he should courteously allure him home to his house and presence, the which that friend of his performes; where the Podestate then told him, that he hath beene informed by divers, that he is an honest man, and therefore in friendly sort he prays him to answer him the truth of three demands which he shall make unto him. First, if *Morofini* and his friends *Astonicus* and *Donato* lay in his house all the last night, or if not, when they went abroad, and at what houre returned. When *Fundi* (performing his dutie and reverence to the Podestate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his house together the last night with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clocke, and returned home againe a little before two, as neere as he could guesse. Secondly, the Podestate shewes him the Gloves, and asks of him, if he thought these were *Morofini's*; to the which he answered, he did assure himselfe they were, for that he had many times seene him weare them. Thirdly, he enquires of him, if he knew where *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* now were; whereunto he made answer, that after they came home to his house the last night, they merrily carowed and dranke in their Chamber till six of the clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they all lay soundly sleeping. The Podestate having thus happily cleared all these rubs, he makes no doubt they were the murderers of *Palmerius*, and therefore resolves speedily to lay sure hold of them all. But he is so solid and wise in his administration of Justice, as he will adde subtiltie to his power, and discretion to his authoritie. First therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a Chamber here in his owne house, to prevent that he should not returne home to tell tales to *Morofini* and his associates. Then he presently sends away two of his owne sonnes, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named *Seignior Alexandro* and *Thomaso Cerranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his Coach to Saint *Francis* Church, and when they there see the faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to issue forth, then in courteous manner not to faile to bring her away in Coach with them to his house, under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honorio* their Mother doth desire to see and speake with her, and that she will please to passe one houre with her in her Garden, with whom and where she (by the way of visits) had formerly sometimes beene. These two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Fathers commands) drive away to that Church, and presently espie *Imperia* on her knees, who now riseth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the street, with their Hats in their hands, doe present their Lady Mothers request and errand to her, as wee have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podestates two sonnes, she at first is so infinitely perplexed, grieved, and amazed hereat, yea, she is hereupon vexed and tormented in so strange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind, she now (through her foule and guiltie conscience) lookes pale for sorrow, and presently red againe for shame; so that in the turning of a hand, and twinkling of an eye, she exchangerh the Lillies of her cheekes into Roses, and those Roses as soone againe into Lillies. But then (fearing her danger least, when she had all the reasons of the world both to doubt and feare it most) considering that the Podestate and the Lady his Wife were her kinde and honourable good friends, and had now sent their Coach for her, as also observing the faire carriage and courteous language of these two her young sonnes towards her, she then (being blinded by the Devill) doth so wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her selfe, that rejecting her feare, and composing her countenance to a modest chearefulness, she willingly obeyes the Mothers commands, and accepts of the Sonnes courtesie, and so goes along home with them in

their Coach, where being arrived. These two young Gentlemen, doughter and conduct her up to the gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podestate their Father, (accompanied with two other grave Officers of justice attend her coming. Their very first sight is sufficiently capable to daunt her courage with feare, and to transpierce her heart and soule with sorrow; When the Podestate calling her to him, hee with a sterne countenance gives her this thundering peale for her goodmorrow and breakfast. That he is sorry to see that so faire a Gentlewoman as her selfe, should harbour and enshrine so foule a heart. That her good old Husband *Seignior Palmerius* is this morning found stifled to death in his bed with an Orenge in his mouth, and that he both thinks and assures himselfe, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato *Morofini*, for the which he saith he is constrained (in honour to justice) to make her Prisoner to the Pope his Holinesse, his Sovereigne Lord and Master, whereat this false hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of sighes and teares cries out and tels him, that she left her old husband *Palmerius* in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore shee hopeth and trusteth in God he is not murdered, or if he be, that it must needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great wealth and riches, or else by some Devill in his shape, of his seducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Morofini* is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave Marchant by his profession, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by birth and extraction, and that shee dares pawne her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent of this foule crime as the infants who were borne but the last night, and that she hath farre more reason to weepe for the death of her husband, than any way to feare her own life, because she knowes that God is the defender of innocents, and the protector of the righteous, with many other passionate and sorrowfull speeches conducting and looking that way; but these her speeches and teares cannot prevaile with the Podestate, for both he and his two Collegues do yet firmly beleve that she is guilty of this inhumane murder; So he imprisoneth her in a chamber of his own house for that day, and intends at night to send her to the common Goale of that City. Now as she is led along betweene two Ushers (or Serjeants through a lower roome, where all the Podestates Servants and some few others of the City were flocked thither to see her passe by, she infinitely more caring for her *Morofini's* life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to espie *Mercario* (whom we have formerly understood she sent with her Letters to him to *Constantinople* and *Aleppo*, and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to speak with any of the company, she amidst her teares berhinks her selfe of a pretty policy; for as she past close by *Mercario* she purposely lets fall her gloves and wet handkerchiefe for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was stooping to effect it, she secretly and swiftly rounds him in his eare thus. I pray go instantly upon the Key to *Morofini's* lodging, and tell him that I am a prisoner in the Podestates house, for the businesse he knowes of, and therefore that he (and *Astonicus* and *Donato*) do speedily provide for their safety, as also that if I had a thousand lives I would willingly lose and sacrifice them all for to preserve his, and that I will live and dye his most loving friend and faithfull handmaide; the which as soone as she had uttered, she is imprisoned in a dark Chamber: where she hath none but her guilty conscience, the bare walles, and the two Serjeants for her miserable comforters; and yet here (thinking to breath and draw some hope among all her dispaire and sorrowes, she prayes one of the Serjeants to report her humble service to the Lady *Honorio* the Podestates Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her so much as to see and speak a word with her. But she having beene informed by the Judge her Husband that he absolutely held and beleevd her to be the murderess of her own Husband *Seignior Palmerius*, she was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courtesie, and therefore (in detestation of her foule fact) highly disdaind to afford her this charity and consolation, and so flatly denies either to see or speak with her.

And now do the Podestare, and his two Colleagues sit and debate in counsell with themselves, how and in what manner to surprize *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*; for although they are not sure, yet by their absence the last night from their lodging with *Morofini* they think that they two are accessaries with him herein; First, they are of opinion to seize on their ship, which is at anchor in the Roade, termed the Realto of Venice (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City termed the Realto, or else from the Realto Bridge, which (for one Arch) is doubtlesse the rarest, fairest, and richest Bridge of the world) which ship was of some three hundred Tunnes, and bore some twenty peeces of Ordnance, and then presently after to seize on themselves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they resolve to abandon this their opinion, and so to seize on their persons, but not to arrest or make stay of their ship; and although their zeale to justice, and haste for their apprehension be very great, yet *Mercario* out of his respects to *Imperia*, and affection to *Morofini* tripped on through the by-streets and neereft way to the Key so swiftly, as he had already secretly related him and his two comforts the sorrowfull newes which *Imperia* sent them by him. Whereat with feare in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their lookes and countenances, they all three leape from their beds to their swords, discharge their Inne, pack up their Truncks and baggage, and resolve with all possible speed to flye to their ship, and then if not with, yet against the windes to put into Sea, and for their safety to leave *Ancona*, and sayle for *Venice*. But yet here *Morofini*'s heart is perplexed with a thousand torments to understand of his *Imperia*'s eminent and apparent danger, and with many Hels instead of one to see that hee must now thus suddenly leave her deere sight and company, which hee every way esteemes no lesse than either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth. But here againe violently called away by the importunate cryes of *Astonicus* and *Donato*, and yet farre more by the consideration of his own proper feare and danger; *Mercario* is no sooner stollen away from them, but they all three with their swords drawne rush downe the stayres with equall intents and resolution to exchange their Inne for their ship, and thereby to metamorphose their danger into security; But they shall see that these weak and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them. For they finde all doores of their Inne lockt within side, and furrounded and beleagured without, with many armed Serjeants, Souldiers, and Citizens for their apprehension: And although *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, were so inflamed with their youthfull blood and courage, as they were once generously resolved to sell their lives deerely, and with their Pistols and Swords to prefer an honourable to an infamous death, yet being farre overmastered with numbers and therefore enforced to take a Law of the stronger; Whereunto they the sooner hearken and consent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld, as affirming that to their knowledge their resolution and feare doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a vertue of necessity, and unlocking the doores of their Inne and Chambers, do cheerefully yeeld up their persons, Pistols, and Swords to the Popes Officers of Justice, who as soone convey them all three to the common Prison of that City, which was the same wherein our not so sorrowfull as unfortunate *Imperia* was already entred, and where to her unexpressible griefe, and *Morofini*'s unparallell'd affliction and disconsolation, such exact charge was given of the Podestare, and such curious heed observed and taken of the Goaler, that he could not possibly be permitted either to see or speak with her, or she with him, the which indeed they conceived to be far more sharpe than their crime, and infinitely more bitter than the consideration either of their feare or danger.

Now the newes of these lamentable accidents being speedily posted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperia*'s cruell Father *Bondino* no sooner is ascertained thereof, But seeing his sonne in law *Palmerius* murthered in his bed, and his Wife and his owne only Daughter *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Morofini* and his two comforts) to be imprisoned as

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the authors, and actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life and the tender pitty and sorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, suddenly falls sick, and dies; whereof his imprisoned daughter *Imperia* understanding, she (in regard of his former severity towards her) is so much passionate, and so little compassionate, as she rather rejoiceth than lamenteth at it; Onely she prayes God to forgive his soule of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which she knowes to be the originall cause, and fatal cloud from whence have proceeded all these dismall stormes of affliction, and tempests of untimely death, which she feares must very shortly befall both her selfe, and her second selfe *Morosini*.

Whiles thus *Astonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Morosini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and sorrow for their separation than for their imprisonment, and that the Podestate and other Officers of justice of *Ancona* are resolved first to informe the Pope, and then to expect his holiness pleasure for the arraignment, and punishment of these foure prisoners; it pleased God exceedingly to visite the Towne of *Loretto*, and especially the City of *Ancona* with the Plague, whereof many thousands in a few moneths were swept away, so by speciall commission and order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Prisoners) are conveyed to the City of *Foligno*, two small dayes journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tried upon their lives and deaths; at which time as they pass by the old, little City of *Tolentino* where I then (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a burning Feaver; When I say, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their persons made my curiosity so ambitious, as to see and observe them in their severall Chambers of the Inne where they that night lay which was at the signe of the Popes Armes, as for *Astonicus* and *Donato* I found them to be rather sad then merry; *Morosini* to be farre more merry than wise, and *Imperia* to bee infinitely more faire than fortunate, and all of them to bee lesse sorrowfull for their affliction and danger, than for the cause thereof.

Within three houres of their arrivall to *Foligno* they are all foure convented before the two criminall Judges, who are purposely sent from *Rome* thither, and are there, and then severally charged with this foule murder of stifling to death the old *Signior Palmerius* in his bed, which all and every one of them apart doe stiffely deny. Notwithstanding that *Fundi* the Host, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of strong presumption against them, and also notwithstanding of *Morosini's* Gloves and *Bondinos* Letter written to his Sonne in law *Palmerius*, and delivered by *Herbas* as we have formerly understood. But these two grave and prudent Judges, yet strongly suspecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words, and sugred speeches and pretestations of their pretended innocency, but consult betweene themselves what here to resolve on for the vindication of this truth; so at last they hold it expedient and requisite first to expose *Astonicus* to the torments of the Rack, the which (he being a strong and robustuous man) he endureth, with a firme resolution and constancy every way above himselfe, and almost beyond belife, and still confesseth nothing, but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact, whereof the Judges resting nor yet satisfied, they within an houre after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion and weak constitution of body, his right foot no sooner feels the unsufferable fury of the fire, and his tormentors then confidently promising him all desired favour from his Judges if hee will confesse the truth, but after some sorrowfull teares, and pittifull cries hee fully and amply doth, and in the same manner and forme, as in all its circumstances we have formerly understood. The which when the Judges heare of, they cannot refrain, first from admiring and wondring thereat, and then from lamenting that personages of their ranke and quality should be the authors and actors of so foule and lamentable a murder, especially of this faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to her own good

old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time also are *Morofini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus* acquainted with this fatall confession and accusation of *Donato* against them for this murther, whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, because they are thereby perfectly assured that it hath infallibly made them all three liable, and obnoxious to death, as also for that their supposed firme friend *Donato* proved himself so false a man, and so true a coward to be the cause thereof, wherein they so much forget themselves, as they do not once think, and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foule murther proceeded immediately from Heaven, and originally from the providence and justice of the Lord of Hosts.

The very same afternoone, the Judges sent for *Morofini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus* to appeare before them in their publick tribunall of Justice, where they first acquaint and charge them with *Donatos* confession and accusation against them for murthering of *Palmerius*, whereat they are so far from being any way dismayed or danted, as they all do deny, and refell his accusation, and so in high termes do stand upon their innocency, and justification. But when they see *Donato* brought into the court in a chaire, (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines, had so cruelly scorched, and pittifully burnt away the flesh of the sole of his right foot, almost to the bone that he was wholly unable either to go or stand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him, as also they being also hotly terrified and threatened by the Judges with the torments of the Rack and Scarpines, then God was so gracious to their hearts and so mercifull to their soules, that they looking mournfully each at other, she weeping, and they sighing, and all of them despairing of life, and too perfectly assured of death, they all confesse the whole truth of this foule fact of theirs, and so confirme as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murthering *Palmerius* in his bed; when one of these two reverend and grave Judges immediately thereupon do condemne them all foure to be hanged the next morning at the common place of execution of that City; although *Donato* because of his confession hereof (in vaine) flattered himselfe that he should receive a pardon for his life; So they are all sent back to their prison from whence they came, where all the courtesie which the importunate requests of *Morofini*, and the incessant sighes and tears of *Imperia* can obtaine of their Judges is, that they grant them an houre of time to see, converse, and speak one with the other that night in prison, in presence of their Goalers, and some other persons before they dye. When *Morofini* being guided towards her chamber, such is the weaknesse of his Religion towards God, and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he passeth from chamber to chamber, he is so far from once thinking, much lesse fearing of death, as he absolutely beleeves he is going to a victory, and a triumph, here *Morofini* with a world of sighs throwes himselfe into his *Imperia's* neck and brest; and here *Imperia* with a whole deluge of teares imbraceth and enclostereth her *Morofini* in her armes, when after a thousand kisses, they beg pardon one of another, for being the essentiall and actuall cause each of others death, and do enterchangeably both kisse and speak, sometimes privately, and most times publickly before the spectators, that if those reports be true which I first heard thereof in *Tolentino*, next in *Foligno*, and lastly in *Rome*, I say to depaint and represent it at life in all its circumstances, I should then begin a second history, when I am now on the very point and period to end the first, neither in my conceit is it a task either proper for me to undertake or pertinent for my pen to performe, because (to speak freely and ingenuously) I hold the grant and permission of this their amorous visit and interview in prison before they dye, to be every way more worthy of the pity than of the gravity or piety of their Judges. If therefore I do not content the curiosity, I yet hope I shall satisfie the Judgement of my Christian Reader, here briefly to signifie this their limited houre is no sooner past, but to the sharpe affliction of *Morofini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by their Goalers are separated and confined to their severall chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they finde two Friers and two Nuns attending them to prepare their soules

foules for Heaven, and in a lesse vaine, and a more serious and religious conference to entertaine both their time, and themselves, from an earthly to the speculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love, as also from them to *Affonicus* and *Donato*.

But before I proceed farther, we must understand; that the two Friars have not benee with *Morofini*, and the two Nunnes with *Imperia* above an houre, but by the two Judges there is a chiefe subordinate Officer of theirs sent to prison to tell *Imperia*, that her Uncle *Seignior Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this present Pope *Urban* the eighth. But she is not so glad of this newes, as she is then curious to enquire if her *Morofini* be likewise pardoned, so the Officer tels her no, and that hee absolutely must suffer death, then she weeps farre faster than she rejoyceth, and affirmes that she will not live but dye. The Judges fend for her, and perswade her to live, but she begs them as importunately to give *Morofini* his life, as they doe her to accept and receive her own. They tell her they have not the power to grant her the first, and she replies, that she then hath not the will to embrace and entertaine the second. They acquaint *Morofini* herewith, who by their order and by their selves do strongly perswade her hereunto, but her first answer and resolution is her last, that she will accept of no life if he must dye, neither will he refuse any death conditionally that she may live to survive him. The two Friars and two Nunnes use their best art and oratory to perswade her hereunto, but they meet with impossibility to make her affection to *Morofini*, and her resolution to her selfe flexible hereunto. Her life is not halfe so pretious to her as is his, for if she had many as she hath but one, she is both ready and resolute to lose and sacrifice them all for his sake, and would esteeme it her felicity that her death might redeeme and ransom his life. The Judges (out of their goodnesse and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perswade her hereunto, but she is still deafe to their requests, and still one and the same woman, desirous to live with him, or constant and resolute to dye for him. Therefore when nothing can prevaile with her, because dye he must, so dye she will; to the which she cheerefully prepares her selfe, with an equall affection and resolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all foure brought to the place of common execution to suffer death. Where *Donato* is first lifted up to the Ladder, who being fuller of paine than words said little in effect, but that hee wished he had either dyed in *Constantinople* or *Aleppo*, or else sunke in the Sea before he came to *Ancona*; and nor to have here ended his dayes in misery and infamy. The next who was ordered to follow him was *Astonicus*, who told the world boldly and plainly, that hee cared lesse for his death than for the cause thereof, and that he loved *Morosini* so perfectly and deerely, that he rather rejoyced than grieved to dye for him, only he repented himselfe for assisting to murder *Palmerius*, and from his heart and soule beseeched God to forgive it him, and so he was turned over. Then *Morosini* ascends the Ladder clad in a haire colour Satin sute and a paire of Crimson filke Stockings, with Garters and Roses edged with silver lace, being so vaine in his carriage, action, and speeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of sighes) takes a solemne leave of his sweet heart *Jasperia*, and wicall the powers of his heart and soule prayes her to accept of his life, and so to survive him; Hee makes an exact and godly confession of his sinnes to God and the world, and yet neverthelesse he is so vaine in his affection toward *Imperia*, as he takes both such a thousand lives hee would cheerefully lose them all to see her live; such was her deere and tender affection to him, the Capirall City of *Burgundy*) named Mopas he lives, and yet she equally desires to see him live thre score years or upwards, having been at *France* because she hath not the power to have him, Jewels, Bracelets, and chaines of Pearle, for the which hee yet have the will to see him die. Crownes, as he returned homewards with all that great soule into the hands of a Noble Gentleman, which he carried behinde him in his Clo

Now although our *Imperia* be here againe and againe solicited by the Iudges, Friers, and Nuns, to accept of her life, yet she seeing her other selfe *Morofini* dead, she therefore disdaines to survive him; she hath so much love in her heart, as she now hath little life, and lesse joy in her looks and countenance. She ascends the Ladder in a plaine black Taffeta Gowne, a plaine thick set Ruffe, a white Lawne Quaise, and a long black Cypress vaile over her head with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than speak, she casting a wonderfull sad and sorrowfull look on her dead lover *Morofini*, after many volleys of far fetcht sighes she delivers this short speech to that great concourse of people who from City and Countrey flocked thither to see her and them dye.

Good people: I had lived more happy, and not dyed so miserable, if my Father *Bondino* had not so cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerius* whom I could not love, and to leave *Morofini*, whom in heart and soule I ever affected a thousand times deerer than mine own life, and may all Fathers who now see my death, or shall hereafter heare or reade this my History be more pitifull and lesse cruell to their Daughters by his example. I do here now suffer many deaths in one to see that my deere *Morofini* is dead for my sake, for had he not loved me deerly and I him tenderly, he had never died for me, nor I for him, with such cheerfulnesse and alacrity as now we do. And here to deale truly with God and the World, although I could never affect or fancy my old husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and soule I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death, the which God forgive me, and I likewise request you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceale or dissemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather because I have no more lives to lose for my *Morofini*'s affection and sake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his soule, and so I heartily request and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and prosperous lives, my selfe to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyfull and glorious resurrection in heaven, when signing her selfe often with the signe of the Crosse, she puls her vaile down over her face, and so praying that she might be buried in one and the same grave with *Morofini*, she bad the Executioner performe his office, who immediately turns her over.

And if reports be true. Never three young men, and one faire young Gentlewoman died more lamented and pitied than they. For *Morofini* died with more resolution than repentance, and *Imperia* with more repentance than resolution, thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wisdom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty, so shall we live as happy as they dyed miserably, and finish our dayes and lives in as much content and tranquillity as they ended theirs in shame, infamy, and confusion.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVII.

Father Iustinian a Priest, and Adrian an Iane-keeper payson De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a month after a Wolfe digs him up, and devourres a great part of his body; which Father Iustinian and Adrian understanding, they flye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.



Here our hearts are given to covetousnesse, and cruelty, there is little signe of grace, and therefore lesse hope of our prosperity either in this life, or the next; For those are sins which so eclipse our judgements, and obscure and darken our understandings, that we thereby run blindfolded, and headlong to all misery and confusion, and make our estates so desperate that wee shall not deserve to be pitied of others, because wee would neither pity nor compassionate others, or which is worse, our selves. A deplorable example whereof, this ensuing History will present to our knowledge and consideration, in the persons of two execrable wretches which did wilfully cast away themselves, and their lives upon foule and enormous motives. May we religiously reade it to the information of our Consciences, the reformation of our lives.

A Rich Goldsmith of Dijon (the Capitall City of Burgundy) named Monsieur De Laurier, aged of some threescore years or upwards, having been at Frankfurt Mart, and there sold many Jewels, Bracelets, and chaines of Pearle, for the which he had there received some 1700 Crownes; as he returned homewards with all that great summe of money, converted into usable Pistols, which he carried behinde him in his Cloak-bag, and

and some remaining jewels; and in a private leather girdle next to his body. It chanced that he fell sick on the way, whereof finding himselfe ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travell, he got into a poore countrey Taverne upon the high way, some five leagues off from the Towne of *Salines*, where he took up his lodging for that night, and there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxonne*, and the other two of *Troyes* in *Champagne*) very unkindely forsook him, and left him alone to himselfe; His sicknesse that night increasing (which gave him much paine and little rest) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himselfe not safe there; the next morning takes horse, and very softly rides towards *Salines*, where he arrived about some two of the clock after dinner and went into the very first Inne which he met, at the extreamest end of the Towne, at the signe of *S. Denis*, whereof the Hoast of the house was named *Adrian*, and his Wife *Isabella*, they were both of them about some forty yeeres old, very short of stature, and weak of constitution of body, he of a cole black countenance, but she faire and of a pale white colour, as for him he was of a dissolute life and carriage, extreamely given to wine and women. He was of poore parentage and borne to no meanes at all, but she was well descended, and brought him at least two thousand Crownes to her portion in marriage, the which he had prodigally wasted, and deboshedly spent and squandered away, in following of his vicious riots and obscene pleasures and prodigalities: As for her, she was of a modest carriage and of a vertuous disposition and inclination, so that by Antithesis I may very well averre and affirme, that his base vices made her sweet vertues the more apparant and conspicuous, and her vertue his vices to all that knew them. She made chastity and piety to be the two sweet ornaments, and Iumeall vertues of her life, yea to be the Elixar of her life, and the life of her soule. It was therefore an extreame griefe to her heart, and a matchlesse torment to her minde, to see the fordid actions and humors of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to see how because he would not serve God, she could not serve him, and therefore that he had viciously spent so much, as now in a manner he had almost nothing more left to spend. The sight and knowledge whereof drownes all the pleasures of her life, insomuch as she could sacrifice to nothing but to sorrow and repentance, and that which grieved her most and worst of all, was to see that he disdained her advise and counsell, and that he was so farre from reformation, as his vices grew and encreased with his yeares: and had now not only taken up a habit but a second nature in the perversity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lilies of her joyes and the Roses of her content were turned into thornes of griefe, and briers and thistles of her vexation, insomuch as she was farre more able to sigh than to speak forth her Calamities and miseries. He loved not his house, and which was worse he hated her company, yea his estate was so miserable, so deplorable, as he never conversed with God in prayer, and very seldome frequented his Church, the Service or Sacraments, and to shew himselfe the more prophane, hee hated all Priests and Preachers of Gods holy word and ordinances, and loved none so well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyson and contagion of the soule.

And into this house, and to this virious Hoast *Adrian*, is our sick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his sicknesse, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with teares than inke, that it was impossible for him to have entred into a worse; but such was his fate, such his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Isabella* his Hostesse, farre better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his disease gives him no truce, so consequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to bee sick in an unknowne place, and among strangers, but farre more to be so farre off from his owne house, and from his only childe and sonne *Leonardo*, whom hee loves farre dearer than himselfe. It is another affliction to him; that his money and some jewels are here, and not at his home, and if his judgement faile him nor, he suggesteth

gesteth to himselfe, that the sight and knowledge thereof may engender him far more danger than security; but he conceales and dissembles that, far better than he can his sicknesse, for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and bolster. He causeth *Adrian* his Host to bring him a Physician, named *La Motte*, who seeing his water and feeling his pulse, tels him he is very dangerously sick of a burning Feaver, the which to prevent, he lets him blood two severall dayes following, and then gives him farre more hope than despaire of his health: But all this notwithstanding, *De Laurier* findes himselfe very weak, and his sicknesse rather much to increase, than any way to diminish. As for *Isabella*, according to the lawes of hospitality (which ought to be unviolable to all the world) she tends him with much respect and diligence, and in a word, performes the part and duty, both of a good Hostesse, and of a good woman: But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and resolutions run another contrary course and Carriere; for he imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray that he may speedily dye in his house, or else he hath already swapt a bargaine with the Devill, to murder him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruines of his poore and rottering estate. He findes it a work not only of difficulty, but of impossibility, to know what rich stuffe he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, because he still keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wresting from him, that he is a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, and that he came now from *Franchford* Mart, he therefore beleeves that he hath store of Gold and jewels about him. His poverty and his covetousnesse gives the switch to the Devill, and the Devill gives the spur to him, to raise his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and resolutions as so many lines, runne to terminate in this one only Centre, which is that of *De Lauriers* death. He sets his wits and inventions on the Tenter hooks, to discover this imagined Indies, but he findes him to be as cautious and secret in concealing, as he himselfe is curious to bewray it. He purposely keeps all company from him, and will not so much as permit his Physitian or Apothecary to speak a word with him, but he will still be present to hear and understand it. He with oily words and silken speeches, pryes into his deepest secrets, and purposely endeavoureth to insinuate and screw himselfe into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather feare than love him, and so esteemes the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger, to the which end, with many colourable excuses and evasions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But he is so miserable to see his miseries approach, because the violence and impetuosity of his Feaver doth every way advance, no way retire; and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health do fade, not flourish, and rather quaille than prosper. He resolves to be as religious as he is sick, and therefore prayes his host *Adrian* to bring him a Priest to give him the Sacrament; *Adrian* performes his request, but brings him a Priest named father *Iustinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine, better than he doth either Heaven or God; so this unspirituall Father gives him the extreame Unction, and prepares him for his journey and transmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continuall vanities and prodigalities have likewise made him poore; so being equall with *Adrian* both in vice and poverty, he is likewise equal, and sympathizeth with him in hope and desire to repaire his indigence, and to enrich himselfe by the supposed treasure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this deboshed Priest is malicious in this his policy, so he is also politick in this his malice: for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aimes with him at the same Butt and Mark; he dares, but yet will not acquaint him with his bloody purpose, to contract a hellish league and confederation with him, for the violent dispatch, and inhumane and untimely dispeeding of him away from earth to heaven. Whiles thus *De Lauriers* sicknesse and weaknesse encreaseth, and his Priest and *Adrians* covetousnesse begins wholly to weigh downe their soules and resolutions to hasten his deplorable death; as the Priest is ready to break his minde to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they should finish and compasse this bloody businesse, *Adrian* contrarywise, yea, and directly contrary to the rules of Nature, and Lawes of Grace, breaks his minde

minde hereof to his vertuous and Religious Wife *Isabella*, whom he seeks to draw in as an actor in this mournfull, and as an agent in this cruell Tragedy. He is as gracelesse as impudent in this foule and fatall attempt of his; for he sets upon her with the sweetest speech, and smootheest perswasions, that either art could suggest, or the malice of the De-vill invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon, leaves not to conveigh and distill in her minde, yea, and to imprint in her memory their forepast wealth, their present poverty and misery, and the undoubted great riches of gold and jewels which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have observed) he very carefully day and night kept his Casket under his pillow, and in a hellish eloquence represents unto her the facility of this fact, either by Poniard, or poyson, adding withall, that the danger thereof would infallibly dye with him, with a thousand other damnable alluring speeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am farre more inclinable to silence than expresse: But wretched villaine, and execrable miscreant that he is, he speaks not a word, no not a syllable of God, or his justice, of heaven or hell, or of the fouleneffe of that fact, or the just revenge and punishment incident and due thereunto.

His vertuous wife *Isabella* is amazed and astonished at this bloody and inhumane proposition of her husband, and all trembling, with sighs and teares, receives it from him with no lesse true affliction and sorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for shame, as his were pale with envie thereat; when God infusing as much goodnesse into her heart and tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his foule and resolutions, she fell on her knees to his feet, and with her eyes and hands erected towards heaven, delivered him this vertuous and religious speech; That it was with infinite griefe and amazement that she understood this his bloody position to her, which he knew she could derive from none but hell and Satan: She represents to him (with much griefe and passion) that as punishment is ever the reward of sin, so that of all sinners murther was the foulest, and the most pernicious and diabolically. She tels him farther, that covetousnesse is the root of all mischief, that for her part she is as thankfull to God, as he is displeased with himselfe for their poverty, and that she would ever choose rather to live in want, than to dye in shame and misery, and which is worst of all, either to live or dye in the horrors and terrours of a guilty and ulcerated conscience. That it is a prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the lawes of hospitality, but a fearfull, yea, a horrible crime, to kill any one under our own rooffe, and who (in the right of humanity and Christianity) comes to us for shelter and protection. When rising againe from her knees, she takes him about the neck and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prays him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been so deere and precious to him, by the memory of their fixteene years sweet cohabitation and conversation together in the holy Estate of Wedlock, yea for his own sake, for his soules sake, and for Gods sake, that he would defie this Devill, which thus with his two bitter sweet pills of Covetousnesse and Murther mocked and sought to betray him: and that therefore (in the name and feare of God) he would henceforth resume, and put on a constant and religious resolution, no more to seduce her, or to suffer himselfe to bee seduced by the Devill in imbruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honest and harmelesse Goldsmith *De Laurier*, whom God hath now made their guest and lodger; In doing whereof (quoth she) the same our sacred Lord and God, (in his due time) will be graciously pleased to increase our estate and means, and to blesse our poverty with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a most wretched villaine takes this godly refusal and deniall of his Wife in ill part, and in requitall and consideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a squint eye, I meane with an eye rather of contempt and envie than of affection; but at board, and bed, yea day and night he haunts her as a ghost, and never leaves pursuing of her with his prophane and importunate solicitations to draw her consent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody businesse; but God so well assisted her minde and thoughts, with the grace of his holy Spirit, and so divinely fortified her heart

and

and soule with his sacred feare, that her Husbands sweet persuasions could not gaine, nor his threats or menaces obtaine any thing of her, but still she answered this murderous request of his, sometimes with religious refusals, and then againe with passionate and peremptory denials, and therefore the more that she sees her husband bent to maligne and hate *De Laurier*, the more devoted and resolute she is to respect and tend him, still bearing a curious, a carefull, and a vigilant eye over him during all the time of his sicknesse, to see that no disaster whatsoever might befall him in her house.

Adrian missing of this his purpose and desire in his Wife, he is yet so hasty and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that measuring of Father *Isidorian* the Priest, by himselfe, and finding a conformity in their deboshed vices and inclinations, he the sooner hopes to finde a sympathy in their affections and resolutions, and therefore although he be a Priest, yet knowing him to be extreame poore, he therefore the more easily beleeves, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon these hopes, and this confidence, he delays no time, but on a Monday morning repayres to his house, and after their morning cups, telling him he hath a secret of great importance to reveale him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut trees behinde his house, and there (swearing him to secrecy) reveales him this his bloody businesse, where this vitious Priest *Isidorian*, in hope of *De Lauriers* wealth needed no great labour or industry to be drawne to make one in this deplorable Tragedy. For had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, such was his insatiable thirst and desire of gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully resolved to doe it to him, so he freely consents to him herein, and sweares to assist and second him in murdering of *De Laurier*, and the tye and condition of this their hellish bargaine is, that what gold, silver, or jewels they shall finde him to have, they will instantly after his death equally divide and share betweene them; and hereunto like two bloody hell-hounds, they interchangeably give hands, and solemnely sweare each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody designe and resolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein. For Father *Isidorian*: little Boy which was accustomed to answer him at Masse comes thither hastily and with his little wine pot on his finger tels him, that there were many persons who stayed for him before the Altar on their knees and earnestly enquired for him to say Masse, whereupon they both referre the conclusion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very same place and Grove, but at least an houre sooner; So away goes *Adrian* home to his house, and away likewise trips Father *Isidorian* with his Surplesse under his arme and his Breviary (or Matines Book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagine what a prophane sacrifice, his bloody heart and hands offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of gold and blood, in the morning they (impatiant of all delays) come at the aforesaid time and place of their rendezvous where they presently fall to their former consultation of the manner and time of murdering *De Laurier*, first, they propose to stab him in his bed to death; but this they reject, because the blood would appeare in the sheets, bed, and chamber; So they resolve to poyson him, and to this end *Adrian* buyes the poyson, and Father *Isidorian* will give and administer it to him in a Wafer or *Agnus Dei*, the which he is sometimes accustomed to give him in his sicknesse: But here Father *Isidorian* suggesteth another doubt; and proposeth another designe, which is, that *Adrian* must likewise draw in his wife *Isabella* to make one in this bloody conspiracy and murder, or else hee alledgeth that it can never bee safe for them to attempt or effect it; *Adrian* answereth him that he hath heretofore with his best power and art sought to seduce his Wife hereunto, but that he findes it wholly impossible to draw her to this consent: But Father *Isidorian* will yet make another triall and experiment on her himselfe, so he and her husband *Adrian* set afresh on her, to allure her to bring at least her consent, if not her hand to the murdering of *De Laurier*. But our sweet
and

and vertuous *Isabella* is still one and the same woman, for she heares these bloody speeches and perswasions of theirs with infinite discontent and detestation. Shee is too much a Christian to bee so much a Devill to consent to the murther of this honest man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) she seeks to divert them from it, but especially her Husband, because (quoth she) the issue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her resolute repulse and deniall, and yet to make a vertue of necessity, and to cast the better glosse and varnish on their villany, they now falsly seeme to be diswaded from this murther, by the sight of her teares and the consideration of her requests and prayers; wherefore with a prophane and hellish dissimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious speeches and dissuasions hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs against *De Laurier*, as also the very thought thereof, and therefore they conjure her to keep and sweare secrecy herein from all the World, the which she willingly doth. But yet her feare prompts her heart, that this humane conversion, and religious resolution of theirs is only false and feigned, as every way favouring more of dissimulation than truth. In which regard she feares with suspition, and suspects with doubt, that no lesse than honest and innocent *De Lauriers* life, lyes now at the stake of their bloody malice and envie.

Here Father *Iustinian*, and *Adrian* (to make smooth and cleere work) do conclude and resolve that *Isabella* must be speedily removed from *Salines* to some place in the country without once seeing or speaking with *De Laurier* when a favourable occasion seconds their damnable intents and desires herein: for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her own old Father who dwelt some foure leagues off from *Salines* is very sick and not like to live; whereupon *Adrian* presently dispatcheth away his wife *Isabella* to him, and with her their servant maide *Graceta*. But before her departure she is desirous to see *De Laurier*, and to take her leave of him; but her husband will by no meanes permit her; so she goes from her home, and from him into the countrey, with a sorrowfull and a trembling heart, as far more fearing *De Lauriers* unnaturall death, then doubting of her Fathers naturall case. For her heart frames her so many apprehensions, feares, and terrours; that her Husband and Father *Iustinian* are fully resolved to murther and make away *De Laurier*, as she absolutely and sorrowfully beleeves, that he shall never see her more nor she him. Poore *De Laurier* takes his Hostesse *Isabellas* sudden and unexpected departure from him very pensively and heavily, and far the more in that she could not be permitted to see him before she went. He holds it for a bad presage, and fatall Omen to him, in regard she was as diligent as her husband distrustfull to him, for that her care and carriage towards him, pleased him as much as his harsh lookes and foure countenance discontented him; and now it is that God first imprints in his heart and thoughts, a fearfull suspition and a suspicious feare, that his Host *Adrian*, and Father *Iustinian* the Priest, have assuredly some dangerous and execrable plot, both against his gold and his life. For he now sees himselfe reduced, to this misery and despaire, that he can be permitted to see no body, nor no body to see him, except only they two. He prays them both, that his Physician *La Motte* may come to him to confer with him about the state of his sicknesse, but they maliciously and wilfully deny it him, and tell him hee is gone into *France*; This refusing answer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our sick and discontented *De Laurier*, so that his feare encreaseth with his sicknesse, and his sicknesse with his feare. Every day and night brings him more cause of dispaire, than hope of consolation, and almost every moment he wisheth his gold and himselfe in *Dijon* with his Sonne *Du Pont*, or he here in *Salines* with him, to comfort him with his sight and presence. He still conceales his gold and jewels from this Priest and his Host, with the greatest art and care he can, and yet he thinks and feares that their jealousie thereof is not only the foundation, but will also prove the acceleration of his danger, for he very often sees them privately whispering together and still he observes some bad signe and fatall apparition in their looks and countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is

not

not well. And although they yet give him some sweet words and sugred speeches, yet he notwithstanding the more beleives that they are candide in wormewood and confest in gall; and that they are no other but false and flattering Sunne-thins, which portend some ensuing cruell stormes and dismall tempests towards him. Once he was minded to write and send to *Dijon* for his Sonne, but then he as soone resolves the contrary, as finding it to relish more of danger than discretion, as well for the matter which his Letter might containe, as also for the party who should carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weaknesse, and sicknesse, to his doubts, and feares, and to his sorowes, calamities, and perplexities, and come we againe to speak of wretched *Adrian* his Hoast, and of prophane Father *Iustinian* the Priest, to see in what shapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the stage of this history.

They are both of them so inhumane and cruell in their resolution to murder poore sick *De Laurier*, that neither the consideration of heaven nor hell is capable to reclaime or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for his hellish Hoast *Adrian*, he is so willfull and hasty in his malice, as he tels Father *Iustinian*, that they delay too long from murdering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to dispatch him. But for Father *Iustinian* who was no lesse malicious in his subtilty, but yet farre more subtile in his malice towards *De Laurier*; He, I say, maturely considering that it were both a folly and a madnesse for them to murder him before they first knew he were rich, and that he had some store of gold about him, he therefore in sweet tearms and phrases pathetically adviseth him to write and send for his Sonne *Du Pont*, to come over to visit and comfort him; when likewise the better to guild over his speeches with the more pleasing and palpable shew of affection he proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himselfe to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poore sick *De Laurier* taking this Priests kinde advice to him in good part, thereupon first thanks him for this his courtesie, but then againe deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from false treachery, than from any true or reall affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and so rather to reject, than imbrace and follow that resolution; but at last weighing and considering his sicknesse by his danger, and his gold and jewels by both, as also if he should chance to dye or miscarry there, that his Son were then consequently ruined in the losse thereof; he thereupon changeth his resolution, and presently resolves to write and send over to *Dijon* for his Sonne, and to that end requesteth Father *Iustinian* to excuse him, and so prayes his Hoast *Adrian* to undertake that journey and businesse, the which he willingly and cheerefully granteth. Now the rest of that day and the greatest part of the next night *De Laurier* lyes ruminating and musing in his bed what he should write to his Sonne, and no lesse doth Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* to think and know what he would write him; the next morning, six of the clock having stricken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writes his Letter to his Sonne: An houre after, *Adrian* comes into his chamber booted and spurred to receive his commands, whom he bad to take and ride his owne horse, then gives him foure double Pistols to defray his journey, and so seales and gives him this ensuing Letter, and prayes him and his Sonne *Du Pont* to make all possible speed back from *Dijon* to him.

DE LAURIER TO DU PONT.

Some seven weeks since, comming from Franckford Mart, I fell sick at Salynes where I still ly. I very weak in body and much discontented in minde in the house of mine Hoast Adrian (the bearer hereof) whom I purposely send over to thee, to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all possible speed: I have here with me in gold and Jewels to the valew of one thousand seven hundred Crownes, and (for some private reasons) I feare that neither it nor my life is safe here. Come away with an intent to finde me dead or dying. Conceale this Letter from all the world. Love this Messenger, but trust him not; God prosper my health, and ever blesse thy prosperity.

DE LAURIER.

As soone as *De Laurier* had delivered his Hoast *Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father *Iustinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to see *Adrian* take horse. But alas these two lewd Villaines do deceive his honest hopes, to performe their own treacherous intents and purposes; for they flye to a low parler, and then lock and bolt the doore to them; where (as if the Devill had throwne them on covetousnesse, or covetousnesse on the devill) they hastily break up the seales of *De Lauriers* letter to his Sonne (which we have already seene and understood) wherein they glut and surfet their hopes with joy of this new desired treasure and discovered Indies, and so they presently sacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly resolve to make that very same insuing night to be the very last of *De Lauriers* time and the first of his eternity. To which end *Adrian* husheth himselfe up privately in his house from the sight of all the world, and especially from *De Lauriers* knowledge, and so here he ends his pretended, but not his intended journey to *Dijon*, before he began it: And he having procured exceeding strong poyson therewith that night to send *De Laurier* to Heaven whereof giving a little to his great old massive Dog in a peece of bread for a triall, he therewith presently fell dead to the ground; he likewise sends away *Thomas* his Otter a dayes journey into the countrey upon some feigned businesse, to the end hee should bee no witnesse of this foule and cruell fact of theirs, and then all things being first by the Devill, and then by these his two execrable agents prepared in a readinesse; Father *Iustinian* goes up to *De Lauriers* chamber, and treacherously entertaines him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the haste of *Adrians* journey, and consequently with the speedy returne of his Sonne *Du Pont* to him from *Dijon*. But I write it with truth and grieve, that *De Lauriers* heart and minde is preoccupied with too many obnoxious apprehensions and feares, and taken up with too much doubt and despaire to the contrary; For as most sicknesses and diseases are most commonly devanced and preceded by their symptomes, so all that day and all that evening he found a swimming in his head, and his sight obscured and darkned, as if some black scarfe, or farall cloud had beene drawne and extended before his eyes. His heart likewise pants, beats, and trembles within him, as if it and his senses were in a factions muring each with other at this their direfull departure and farall sequestration. For still his feares and doubts informe him, and his apprehensions and despaire prompt him, that either Father *Iustinian* the Priest, or his Hoast *Adrian*, or both of them, had conspired to murther him, the which hee once thought to have revealed to Father *Iustinian*, but yet againe hee dares not, as holding it more folly than discretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than safety; hee neither can nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and minde is so incessantly perplexed with feare, that hee feares hee shall not out-live the next ensuing night: And now indeed comes that sorrowfull and dismall night, wherein these two bloody Villaines have fully resolved to poyson him, *Adrian* having in a lower roome the poyson ready, and Fa-

chamber

ther *Iustinian* above, almost ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in *De Lauriers* chamber burnit dimme and obscure, as disdainning to see, or bee accessary to so cruell a murther; neare about twelve of the clock of that night hee awakes out of his sorrowfull distracted slumbers, and prayes Father *Iustinian* to give him a little spoonefull or two of warme wine, in a small earthen pot wherein he was used to drink; when this monster of men rejoycing for this fit opportunity, he steps forth to his bloody companion *Adrian*, takes the poysoned wafer from him, and powres the poyson from it into this small black pot of wine, and so warms it a little by the fire in *De Lauriers* chamber, and then gives it to him to drink, the which he as greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many strong convulsions and struglings, he within one houre after dieth, having neither the meanes to utter one word, or the power to scritch or cry, and yet for feare and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnate of Hell, they with the bed-staves ram in a great holland towell into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knowes that deadly strong poyson had wrought its operation before, made a full conquest of his life, and given up his soule into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As soone as these two wretched miscreants have dispatched this lamentable businesse, then they reare off his secret leather girdle full of gold from his waste, and then break open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathlesse body was halfe cold) they finde this aforesaid great summe of gold and jewels, the which they presently divide, and equally share betweene them, when having curiously searched his purse, pockets, doubler, and hose, they make a great fire, and immediately burne it all, as also his Riding Coat, Casket, and leather Girdle, yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuffes, that no marks might remaine either of it or him, and likewise turne his Horse into the open field and high-ways, to seek for the fortune of a new Master; so wise (as they thought) were they in their villany, and so industrious and cautious in this their divellish cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murdered corps of *De Laurier* growes cold, these two Factors of hell likewise begin to provide for his buriall; so a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in *Adrians* Orchard, next adjoyning to his house, and so giving him no other winding sheet or coffin but his shirt, they secretly and silently carry down his body between them, and there bury him, and to make all things sure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with greene turfes, that no mortall eye might take suspicion or notice thereof. This bloody businesse being thus acted and perpetrated by these two execrable wretches, Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian*, who now surfet in gold, and wallow in jewels, they presently dight themselves into new apparell, and costly suits, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Tavernes and Stewes, as if they wilfully meant to drowne themselves in all sorts of ungodly riors, prodigalities and voluptuousnesse, whereof their neighbours, yea, all *Salynes* take exact observation and knowledge, as wondring at the manner, but farre more at the cause thereof, or from whence it should proceed.

Some three weekes being past over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to send home for his Wife *Isabella* to *Salynes*, the which he doth, who much wondring at her husbands unaccustomed bravery, she presently enquires of him for *Monsieur De Laurier*, as if she had farre more cause to doubt and feare of his danger, than any way to assure her selfe of his safety and welfare: When, hee putting on a brazen face, and steeling and tempering his tongue with equall falsehood and impiety, tels her that he departed thence safe and well some ten dayes since; that he gave him fifty Crownes for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewise left her and Father *Iustinian*, to each of them twenty other Crownes in gold: But his wife *Isabella* (out of her goodnesse and piety) deeming these speeches of her Husbands to be as false as fall, and verily suspecting and fearing, that he (with the assistance of Father *Iustinian*) had sent that harmelesse good old man to an untimely death and grave; shee bursts

forth into immoderate sighes and teares, as suspecting all was not well, yea, fearing nothing more, and beleeving nothing lesse, than that which hee affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crownes in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) (he fearing it to bee the hire and price of innocent blood, her tender conscience is too prevalent, and her harmelesse heart and soule too powerfull with God to accept thereof, and therefore she refuseth it with as much disdain and discontent, as hee endeavoureth to give it her with affection and desire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein, I meane to the present memory and well wishes of absent *De Laurier*, whom she silently feares is for ever absent, both from this life and this world; she never goes into the chamber where he lay sick, but she sacrificeth some sighes to sorrow in his behalfe, and her imaginary apprehension of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either shee still sees his living picture, or his dead ghost and representation, such was her charitable care of him, such her Christian feare for him.

We have seene this deplorable and cruell murther committed on the harmelesse person of old *De Laurier*, by these two members of Satan, *Adrian*, and Father *Iustinian* the Priest, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we shall not proceed much farther in this their history, but we shall see Gods just judgements miraculously to resplend and shine forth in his punishments on them for the same: For I may properly terme murther and punishment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one follows the other, as the shadow doth the body, as the first derives its originall from Satan, so doth the second from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it still cries for restauration and satisfaction. But neverthelesse God is as secret as sacred in disposing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how hee will afflict and execute it: It is no false axiome in Philosophy, but a true tenent and maxime in Divinity; That God who made all things, sees and governes all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his sacred Power and divine Providence: All the foure Elements are the ministers of his justice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, the fowles of the ayre, and the beasts of the field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which last sort and nature, the Reader (to Gods glory, and his owne information and admiration) may here observe a lively example, and receive a most powerfull president; but whether more strange for the truth, or rare for the strangenesse thereof I know not, and therefore will not define. For the same day moneth next after, that *Adrian* and Father *Iustinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and ravening Wolfe (being lately aroused from the adjacent vast woods) seeking up and downe for his prey, came into *Adrians* Orchard next adjoining to his house (purposely sent thither by God as a minister of his sacred justice and revenge) who senting some dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corpes of *De Laurier*, that was but shallowly buried there in the ground) hee fiercely with his pawes and nose tears up the Earth, and at last puls and dragges it up, and there till an houre after the break of day remaines devouring and eating up of the flesh of his armes, legges, thighes, and buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undisfigured; When instantly some Gentlemen hunters of *Salynes*, and the neighbour Parishes, being ascertained by some Peasants in the fields, that the Wolfe was past that way, they closely follow him with their Dogs and Hornes, and so at last finde him in *Adrians* Orchard, eating as they think, of some living beast or dead carrion; But the Wolfe being terrified with the noise of the hunters loud shoutes and cryes, as also of their Dogges fierce yawling and bawling, presently forsakes his prey, and saves his life by his flight, although the Dogges and many Peasants do eagerly pursue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediate finger of God) with their Javelins and Borespeares in their hands, rush into the Orchard to see and finde out whereon the Wolfe had preyed, when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced

forced to behold the piti ull spectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead mans body, miserably devoured and eaten by that savage Wolfe, and the which they saw he had digged and torne up, as they fully beleevved from his untimely grave: They therefore at first stand astonished with griefe, and amazed for sorrow at this prodigious and deplorable sight, and yet such was their living compunction to this dead corps, and consequently their zeale to Gods glory and justice, as confidently beleevving that hee was proditoriously murdered by some inhumane person or persons; that the odious stinch of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to survey and behold it; They finde the greatest part of the flesh of his body devoured by the Wolfe, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they see (and extremely grieve and sorrow to see) that it was a grave old man with a long white beard, but so besmeared with earth and dust as they could not refraine from sighes and teares to behold it. Here they cease to pursue the Wolfe, and because neither of them knew this poore and miserable dead carcase, they therefore step to the other end of the Orchard, and there consult what is fit to be done in this lamentable businesse and accident. But their opinions as so many lines concur and terminate in this centre, that absolutely this dead body was cruelly murdered, and there by the murderers privately and silently buried. They farther vehemently suspect and beleeve, that because it was buried in *Adrians* Orchard, that therefore it was apparantly probable, it was hee with his Wife and Servants who had murdered and buried him there, wherefore to keepe these suspected bloody Birds in their Cages, they (as wise and judicious Gentlemen) place a strong Guard of their Servants and Peasants to watch the doores and windowes of *Adrians* house, that none issue forth thence, and they themselves go presently to the Criminall Judges of the Towne, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the meane our harmelesse and vertuous *Isabella*, hearing these loud shouts and outcries at her doores so soone in the morning, she in the absence of her Husband; (who lay forth of his house that night deboshing and revelling with his cups and Queanes) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and sorrowfull heart, not willing to know that whereof she was infinitely desirous to be ignorant, she lay still bitterly sighing and weeping in her bed, because her thoughts and minde, her suspicions and feares told her, that this unseasonable alarum and noise might descend and reflect from some fatall newes which had beryded *De Laurier*, and if this storme and tempest fell not on her, yet alas she extremely feares and doubts it would fall on *Adrian* her husband, whom she vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbrathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honest man. As for *Thomas* her Ostler, and *Graceta* her Maide, although this unaccustomed noise made them suddenly forsake their beds and apparell themselves to receive their Mistris commands how they should beare themselves in this hurly burly, yet because they were white with innocency, yea, so innocent as they knew no hurt, or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either some unlawfull assembly of Peasants, or else some cast and disbanded Souldiers from Flanders, who came to rob their Masters house or Poultry in his absence, wherefore meere feare hereof, kept them from either opening the doores, or looking out at windowes. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the criminall Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salvies* to do the like, and amongst the rest, the Physitian *La Motte* (of whom this History hath already made mention, and he of all the rest knowes the dead body, and therefore with much passion and sorrow, cries out: that it was a Goldsmith of *Dijon* named *Monsieur De Laurier*, who lay long sick in *Adrians* house, and that he had formerly given him Physick there, and so he said and affirmed that he perfectly knew him to be the same, and verily imagined that he was brought to some untimely end, and so buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Judges therefore beleeving the report of this honest Physitian *La Moite*, they cause the remainders of the flesh of this dead body to be searched and visited, the which they finde without any wounds. And yet neverthelesse deeming both *Adrian*, his Wife *Isabella*, and their Servants, to be the murderers of this honest man, they break open the doores, and missing *Adrian* they seize on his Wife *Isabella*, as also on her Ostler *Thomas*, and his Maide *Graceta*, and then bring them to the sight of this dead body with whose murder they flatly charge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himselfe. At this unexpected sorrowfull newes and object, *Isabella* is all in teares, yea she is so extreamely perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other assistance and comfort shee implores that of God. She tels them that her husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her the last night, and freely and plainly affirms to them; that that dead body was *Monsieur De Laurier* a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, who lay long sick in her house as he came from *Franchford Mart*, but how he came to his end or by whom, she takes heaven and earth to witnesse shee knowes not, and with this her deposition do her Ostler and Maide concur and agree in all proofes and circumstances. The Judges likewise causing a curious search to bee made in *Salvies* for *Adrian*, it was found out that that night he lay in *Father Justinians* house the Priest, and two whores in their company drinking and revelling all night, and upon the very first report they heard of *De Lauriers* unburiall by a Wolfe, they both (galled with guilty consciences) berake themselves to their heeles, and left both their two Strumpers to their repentance. Their flight proclaimes their guiltinesse of this murder to all the world, especially to the Judges. Who upon knowledge thereof to finde out the truth of this deplorable disaster, they adjudge *Isabella*, *Thomas*, and *Graceta* to the Rack: as for *Thomas* and *Graceta*, their innocency makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and constancy, for they can never be drawne to reveale that of which they are ignorant, nor to accule themselves of that whereof they are not guilty. But for *Isabella*, the incessant prayers and importunate requests and sollicitations of many of her honest neighbours, doth ingrave such deep impressions of her vertues and piety, and of her sweet inclination and disposition in the hearts of the Judges, as they chang their resolutions against her and so dispence with her for that torture: when sending every way abroad to pursue *Adrian* and *Father Justinian*, they content themselves to keep the Mistris, the Man, and the Maide close prisoners. They are so advised in their judgements, and so judicious in their advise, as they speedily send away poast to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Sonne, with this disastrous accident which had berided his Father *De Laurier* here in *Salvies*, who at the first alarum of this sad unexpected newes, seemes now to drowne himselfe in his teares thereat, and so thereupon rather to flye than poast away from *Dijon* to *Salvies* where he confers with the criminall Judges of that Towne, who report to him the flight of *Father Justinian* and *Adrian*, as also of their imprisoning of his Wife *Isabella*, of her Maide *Graceta*, and her Ostler *Thomas*, in whose house his Father lay sick. So *Du Pont* visits the dead sinking mangled body, and findes it to be that of his Father, whereat nature and duty prescribe him so powerfull a law, as at the sight thereof, he bursts forth into many bitter reares and lamentable cryes and passions. When giving him a decent and solemn buriall in the next Church, he informs the Judges, that to his knowledge, his Father had good store of gold and jewels about him, so he entreats them, that *Adrian* and *Father Justinians* houses may be curiously searched for the same, which is performed, but finding no part thereof, and both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaimes them guilty of his Fathers murder and consequently that *Isabella*, her Ostler, and Maide, infallibly were accessaries thereunto. Whereupon he repairs againe to the Judges, and with many importunitie prayses them that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the same, thereby to velt and finde out the truth of this lamentable accident, the Judges approve of *Du Ponts* living affection and zeale to his dead Father, but (as impartiall Oracles and Officers of Justice) they tell him that they have already caused *Thomas* and *Graceta* to be racked, and that they

both have strongly justified their innocency of his Fathers murder, by suffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Mistris *Isabella*, they tell him they are fully resolved and assured, that she was absolutely innocent, as well for that shee was many dayes absent with her Father in the countrey, when by all likelihood and circumstance, his Father was murdered, as also because the generall votes and voices of all her neighbours reported her to be a very vertuous and religious woman, and that therefore in their hearts and consciences, they must needs exempt and free her from those torments. But they told him farther, that in honour to justice, and to see what God and time might produce, they would detain them all three in Prison for the space of three or foure moneths, in which meane time concurring with him in opinion that Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murderers of his Father *De Lawrier*, they therefore perswade him with all possible speed and diligence to pursue them up and downe the Countrey, untill hee had detected, apprehended, and brought them to justice; the which *Du Pont* doth, but with such extraordinary zeale and hast, that hee forgat a singular circumstance, of no meane importance, the omission whereof might very well have made his research of them vaine. For hee forgat at *Salymes* to take with him their Pictures and Effigies whereby to finde them out in the Countrey, with farre the more ease and facility, whereof hee afterwards much repented himselfe.

As for our two execrable wretches, father *Iustinian* and *Adrian*, their guilty thoughts and consciences (like so many Ghosts and bloodhounds) so incessantly pursued them and stupified their judgements, that resolving to flye and save themselves, from the free Countrey, into Switzerland, they hush themselves up the day for shelter in some thick grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salymes*, they notwithstanding, the next morning (to their unspeakable feare and vexation) saw themselves againe within a litle league thereof, and in this manner they for some eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknowne wayes and Woods, and yet here let the Reader behold and observe the wonderfull justice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are not as yet fully gone seven leagues off from *Salymes*, and they could not ascend the least hill or hillock, but they looking back behinde them, the Towers, and Turrets of *Salymes* were still apparent and conspicuous to them, as if they pursued and followed them, the which indeed struck extreame feare to their guilty hearts, and infinite terror and amazement to their soule and trembling consciences. But this circumstance of Gods wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith seconded and followed by another, wherein his divine providence and justice miraculously appeares and shines forth (with infinite lustre and glory) to all those who shall reade, or heare this history. For the tenth evening after their flight from *Salymes*, they being extremely wearied and tired with their foot travels (for horses they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entering into a great Wood, they in a faire plaine, seeing nobody present, they at last espyed an erring horse, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle: which resolving to seize on thereby to recreate their wearied limbes and bodies, they approach and surprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Lauriers* horse, which (we have heard they had formerly turned off in *Salymes* the same night wherein they murdered his Master, they extremely joyfull of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their girdles and garters, and so caking their cloakes under them, they both ride away on him, and night drawing on, they hope to recover the Towne of *Pontarlin* before break of day; But God is here strongly bent against them, so that this horse which they took for the cause of their joy, will very shortly prove the matter of their misery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their safety will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confusion. For God (in his revenging justice) carrying their horse, and hee them a

straying

straying and masking that night through contrary wayes and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unspeakable grieve, do see themselves three great Leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foule facts and consciences make them still so trembling fearfull, that every bush they beheld, every bird they heare, and every leafe they found wagging, they think are so many Serjeants come to arrest them, as also every tree they saw, they confidently beleeve are so many Judges come to sentence and condemne them to death for this their cruell murdering of *De Laurier*, such was their prodigious despaire, such was their ominous and fatall feare for the same.

But here their horse (overcharged with this foule and monstrous burthen) begins to faile them; so the more hee lesseneth his pace, the more it increaseth their apprehension and feare: And here they consult what to doe, whether to retire with their Horse into the next Wood till night, or else to advance towards *Pontarlin*. But their Bread and Meate failing them, and they seeing the coast cleere, they therefore resolve to ride thither, and farre the sooner doe they assume and embrace this resolution; because as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and consequently few or no people stirring. Now to dispatch their journey the sooner, *Adrian* is content to walke on foot, and Father *Infinian* to ride, and both of them are equally resolved to put cheerefull faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here as I will not say it was their bad, but their just fortune, which conducted them within lesse than one League of *Pontarlin*, without being espyed or seene of any: So it was likewise the providence and Iustice of God, at that very houre and place first to bring *Du Pont* in sight of them, who in two dayes was parted from *Salines*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or Towne, unsought to finde out and apprehend these murtherers of his Father; Now as hee drawes neere them, his eyes tell him, that the horse whereon one of these two men ride, was of the very same haire and shape as was that of his Fathers, which struck some suspicion and apprehension in his heart, that sure these were Father *Infinian* and *Adrian*, and farre the more because by his habit hee knew that hee who rid was a Priest. The better therefore to be fully assured hereof, hee resolves to outride them, thereby the more narrowly to observe both the horse and them, the which hee doth. Hee passeth by them and viewes them with his countenance purposely composed more of neglect than of observation towards them. When perfectly knowing the horse (by his two white feet, and white Starre in his forehead) to bee his Fathers, and therefore they by all consequence and appearance to bee his murtherers, then I say nature and grace infused a secret reluctance into his heart and soule, whether hee should more grieve or rejoyce to see them; Now as he is loth to leave them behinde him, so hee bethinks himselfe of a pretty policy. For riding some hundred paces before them, hee descends from his horse, ties him up to the branch of a tree, cast downe his sword and riding coate in the high way, untrusseth his points, and steps within the hedge, as if hee purposely meant to ease himselfe; but indeed it was to have them passe before him, that so hee might incompasse them as two murthering Wolves in a Toyle; At his descent from his horse (as guilty consciences are still afraid of all things) Father *Infinian* and *Adrian* first begin to feare this Stranger, as being sent to apprehend them, and so resolve to trust to their heeles and the woods for their safety, but when they see his Sword and coat in the way, and himselfe within the hedge with his hose downe, then they againe take courage and heart at grace, and so proceed on in the way towards the Towne, but still they looke back on him as if the foulness of their fact continually made their feares and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiously observed of *Du Pont*, who (now comes after them a soft trot) contenting himselfe to see them a flight shot before him, as well knowing that his horse was farre nimbler and swifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleasure. By this time

time they two arrive at *Pontarlin*, which they enter; where (being hungry and fearefull, and their horse weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Innes, which is at the signe of the *Tygre* where thinking themselves free of him who followed them, they recommend their Horse to the Ostler, and calling for some Mutton, Bread, and Wine, they there privately hulk themselves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye and care of *Du Pont* sees where they are entered, so he puts up his horse to another Inne close by, and presently with much silence and celerity, trippes away to the *Tygre* Inne where they are, and knowing them to bee above the staires in their chamber to break fast, he calls for the Host thereof, takes him into a close low roome next the doore; tels him that the Priest and the other man which entred his house right now, had cruelly murdered his Father in *Salynes*, and therefore most courteously and earnestly prayes him, to step presently and fetch the Criminall Officers of that Towne to apprehend them for the same, and till his and their returne, that hee will give him two of his servants to guard the doores that they escape not away; The Host of this house in derestation of this foule fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himselfe and his house, speeds away to the Officers who presently arrive with him, to whom *Du Pont* sorrowfully and passionately relates, that this Priest named *Iustinian*, and this *Adrian* who was an Inn-keeper of *Salynes* and now above, had very lately in his own house, murdered his Father *De Laurier*, who was a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, stript and robbed him of much gold and jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard, and therefore (with teares in his eyes) conjures them to do him justice by speedily apprehending them for the same, the which they as soone grant him. So they all ascend to their chamber where they finde them deeply tripling in their cups, as much devouide and insensible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (with equall passion and sorrow) strongly chargeth them both with the murder of his Father *De Laurier*, as also for robbing of his gold and jewels and for burying of him in the Orchard. But these two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of stout looks, impious oathes and fearefull asseverations, vow and sweare the contrary. So the Officers take them aside and examine them severally hereon. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials and prophane execrations. The which *Du Pont* hearing and understanding he (with much affection to his Father, and discretion to himselfe) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the lesse time, entreats the Officers to search them both narrowly for his Fathers gold and jewels, whi h by Gods direction they do, the one after the other, when they finde quilted up in their doublets and hose, store of gold, and some rich jewels and rings, and yet these two bloody Villaines deny this murder of theirs with much audacity and impudency, swearing that they found this treasure in a Casket in the high way a little League beyond *Salynes*. But this lye of theirs is as false, as their murder and robbery of honest old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and justice) will briefly bring to light and punishment far sooner than these bloody miscreants either think or feare of.

Du Pont (all this notwithstanding) constantly assures these Officers, that all this gold and jewels, and much and many more were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his onely sonne and childe, and so demands possession thereof. But these Officers mildly deny this request of his, tell him they must take them by an Inventory, and so together with the two prisoners to send them to the Judges of *Salynes* under whose jurisdiction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* to two severall prisons, where they shall finde leasure though not enough to repent this foule and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no sooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked these Officers of *Pontarlin*) sends away a Poast to *Salynes* to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of these the two Murderers of his Father, whom hee earnestly besought to hasten their executions; so according to his request at the end of two dayes these two

Prisoners

Prisoners are sent for, and brought from *Pontarlin* to *Salines*, and there imprisoned.

The very next morning the criminall Judges send for them to one of their houses, and first severally private, and then publicly by confrontation, examine them on this cruell murther and robbery, but the Devill is still so strong with them, that with much courage and vehemency, they continue and stand firme in their negative resolution and deniall; but *De Laurier* being now found and knowne to have layen some seven weeks sick in *Adrians* house, as well by the confession of *Isabella* his Wife, of *Graceta* her Maide, and of *Thomas* their Ostler, as also of the *Apothecary La Motte*, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and *Adrian* and Father *Iustinian* their sudden flight upon the same, and now lastly, his horse, gold, and jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the Officers of that Towne, and his Sonne *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparant as the Sunne that (in honour to justice and in glory to God from whom all true justice is derived) these wise and grave Judges of *Salines*, do reject these denials of *Adrian* and Father *Iustinian*, as false, prophane, and impious, and therefore that very instant adjudge them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which sentence they seeme to be appalled and daunted, but they being advertised that *Isabella* his Wife was likewise imprisoned for this fact, she for her part, by some friends of hers makes sute to the Judges, that she may be permitted to speak with her husband, and so doth Father *Iustinian* that he likewise may speak with her. But the Judges hold both of these their requests to be vaine and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is first brought to the Rack, who though hee bee weake of constitution yet hee is still so strong in his villany, as hee will not bee perswaded or drawne to confesse it, but with much courage of body, and animosity of minde, suffers himselfe to be fastned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertised, they in their discretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and so first to make triall of Father *Iustinian*, to see if these his torments will make him lesse stout, and more flexible in the confession thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgements nothing deceive them, for at the very first wrench of the Rack, God is so mercifull to his soule, and so propitious to his new conversion and repentance, that he then and there confesseth this lamentable murther, in all its branches and circumstances (as we have formerly understood) affirms only himselfe and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; swears that *Isabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledge therein whatsoever. Whereupon the Judges send againe for *Adrian*, and cause him anew to bee brought to the Rack, but first they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion Father *Iustinian*, who boldly affirming, and constantly confirming all his former deposition to him in his face to be sincere and true. *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as also at the sight of the Rack which was againe prepared and brought for him, when the Devill flying from him, and he casting his heart and soule at the sacred feet of Gods mercy, he there very sorrowfully confirmed all Father *Iustinians* confession to be true, and then falling on his knees, he (with many bitter sighes and teare) said againe and againe aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maide were as truly innocent, as Father *Iustinian* and himselfe were alone truly guilty of this foule and cruell murther and robbery of *De Laurier*. When their Judges, asmuch rejoycing at the detection and confession of these their crimes, as they lamented and detested their perpetrations thereof, They condemne them both to be hanged the next morning and because Father *Iustinian* had violated his sacred Order, and *Adrian* the humane and Christian Lawes of Hospitality, their bodies after to be burnt to ashes.

So as soone as Father *Iustinian* was degraded of his Sacerdotall Order, and habit, and committed to the secular powers, he together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their prison and repentance, where two Priests, and one Fryer of the order of the *Iacobines* prepare their soules for Heaven against the next morning. It was a griefe to

Isabellas

Isabella's heart, to heare that he was guilty of this foule and lamentable murder, but a far greater torment and hell to her minde to understand that hee must suffer death for the same, and that shee should neither see nor speak with him any more either in this life, or this world. Againe, looking from him to her selfe, as shee could not hope for his life, so shee thought she had some small cause, or at least scruple to doubt and feare her own, in regard it lay at the curtesie or cruelty of her husband and Father *Isustinian*, for that (as wee have formerly understood) they acquainted her with their intents and desires to murder *De Laurier*; and shee revealed it not. But yet (neverthelesse) in the purity of her heart, and the candide innocency of her soule, she commits the successe both of her life, and death to God, and not being able to sleepe away any part of that night for sorrow, she as a religious woman, and a most vertuous wife) passeth out the whole obscurity thereof, in the brightnesse of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, shee profereth up to Heaven both for her husband and her selfe.

Very early the next morning, before Father *Isustinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution; *Du Pont*, and (at his request) the Judges repaire to the Prison to them; where he and they enquire of him, to what valew of gold and jewels they had taken from his dead Father, who tell him, that in a letter which his Father had written to him to *Dijon*, and the which they had suppressed and burnt, hee therein mentioned the valew of one thousand seven hundred crownes. And being againe demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great summe in gold and jewels, they freely and ingenuously tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of justice in *Pontarlin*, and another third hee should finde hidden in such and such secret places of their houses, and for the other third part, they blushed not to confesse and averre, that they had since paid some old debts and bought some new apparell, and spent the rest thereof upon their whores, and other of their voluptuousnesse and prodigalities. So the Judges and *Du Pont* speed away to *Adrian* and Father *Isustinian's* houses, where they finde the gold and jewels according to their confessions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at *Pontarlin* (both which amounted to some 11 or 1200 crownes) these wise and honest Judges deliver up unto *Du Pont*, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulness, but as a good Sonne rejoyceth farre more at the now approaching deserved deaths, of these two bloody and execrable wretches, father *Isustinian* and *Adrian*, the murderers of his good old Father *De Laurier*, of whom some twenty and five yeeres before, he had the happinesse to receive his life.

Some two houres after, which was about tenne of the clock in the morning these our two condemned malefactors are brought to the place of execution, where a great concourse of people of *Salvies*, and the countrey thereabouts attend to see them finish the last Scene and Carastrophe of their lives. The first who ascends the Ladder is *Adrian*, who speakes little; Only he takes it to his death, that his deere wife *Isabella*, his Servant Maide *Graceta*, and his Ostler *Thomas*, are as absolutely innocent of this murder of *De Laurier*, as he himselfe here againe confesseth he is guilty thereof. He prayes God to forgive him this foule fact, and beseecheth all that are present to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miserable soule, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when casting his handkerchiefe over his face, and privately ending some few prayers to himselfe he is turned over. Instantly after him Father *Isustinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his lookes and countenance) seemes to be very repentant and penitent for this his foule and hainous fact, the which he prayes God to absolve and forgive him, hee here againe cleeres *Isabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* of this murder. Hee much lamenteth that he hath so highly scandalized the sacred order of Priesthood in his crime and person, and therefore beseecheth all Priests and Churchmen either present or absent to forgive it him; when repeating some *Ave Marias*, and often making the signe of the Crosse, he was likewise turned over.

And

And thus was the miserable life and death of this impious Priest, and wicked and bloody Hoast, and in this sharpe manner did God justly revenge himself and punish them with shame and confusion for this cruell and lamentable murther. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Judges set our vertuous and innocent *Isabella*, and her maide, and Ostler free from their undeserved indurance and troubles, whereat all the spectators, do as much praise God for the liberty of the three last, as they detest the foule crime, and rejoyce at the just punishments of the two first: If we make good use of the knowledge of this sorrowfull history, the profit and consolation thereof will be ours, and the glory Gods, which God of his best favour and mercy grant us. Amen.

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippolito murdereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chamber-maid Denisa poysoneth her Husband Roderigo; Denisa afterwards strangleteth her owne new-borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond for the which she is hanged: On the Ladder she confessed that she was accessarie, with her Lady Dominica, in the poysoning of her Husband Roderigo; for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.



How easily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts, and how difficultly doe we expell and banish it thence; and what doth this promise, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched signe and testimonie, that the Devill hath more power with us than God, that we more dearly affect Nature than Grace, and Earth than Heaven? In many sinnes there is some pretence or shadow of pleasure, but in Murther there is none, except we desire that it should bring griefe and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our consciences, and miserie and confusion to our soules; which indeed, despite of our earthly policie and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both shew and bring us. But (to shew our wickednesse in our weakenesse) through the slye subtiltie and trecherie of Satan, we thinke we act and perpetrate it so secretly, that it cannot be found out of men, nor detected or punished of God. Wherein, what sottish fooles and foolish mad-men are we, thus to deceive and betray our selves with false hopes and erroneous suggestions? for although men may be deluded and not see it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded and deceived herein? O no, his decrees and resolutions are secret and sacred, and though invisible to our eyes, yet our designes and actions are transparent

to his: For he (in his all-seeing providence) reserves to himselfe the manner and time, how and where to punish it. As reade we this approaching Historie, and it will confirme as much, in the lives and deaths of some bloudie and inhumane personages, who were borne to honour, and consequently to have lived more happie, and died lesse ignominiously.

IN the rich and populous Citie of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, King and Queene of *Spain*, Anno 1492, so famously and fortunately conquered from the *Mores*) there (within these few yeeres) dwelt an ancient Lady, named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*, who was descended of noble parentage, and by her late Husband, *Don Pedro de Cardinas* (dying a chiefe Commander in the West *Indies*) shee had two children, a sonne and a daughter; hee named *Don Garcia*, and shee *Dona Dominica*; hee of some twentie yeeres of age, and shee of some eighteene; hee tall, of stature, but somewhat hard-favoured, and shee short, but exceeding faire and beautifull. Their Mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceased Husband, did yet bring up these her two children very honourably and vertuously, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparell, though shee clad her selfe the worse for it, for their sakes. Shee observes her sonne *Don Garcia* to be of a mild disposition, and very wittie and judicious; but for her daughter *Dominica*, shee sees with feare, and feares with griefe, that her wit will come short of her beautie, and her chastitie of her wit: in which regard and consideration, shee loves him better than her, and yet beares so vigilant an eye over her actions, that as yet shee keeps her within the lists of modestie, and the bounds of obedience, as holding it farre truer discretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that feare and love by turnes might act their severall parts upon the Theatre of her youthfull heart and resolutions. There is an old rich Gentleman of that Citie nobly descended, tearmed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, commonly knowne and named onely *Don Hippolito*, aged of some threescore and tenne yeeres, and much subject to the Gout, a disease better knowne than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poore men hate it: And this old *Hippolito*, in the frost and winter of his age, falls in love with our faire young Lady *Dominica*, and so by the Lady the Mother seekes her daughter in marriage. As for the Mother, shee loves *Hippolito's* Gold better than her daughter doth his age, and affects his lands as much as she hates his personage. But *Don Garcia*, at the often requests of his sister, being at last vanquished by her importunitie, soone changeth his Mothers opinion and good esteeme of *Hippolito*, and so they all three give him the repulse and deniall. But his affection to this delicate fresh young beautie makes him more perverse and obstinate than his age, so hee will take no answer for an answer, nor a refusall for a refuse from them, but will or nill frequent their companie dayly, and their house almost hourly; they are all three tyred with his sottish incivillie, and doting importunacie, especially *Dominica*, who measuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be farre fitter for his Grave than a Wife, shee therefore scornes him as much as he loves her: but yet say shee what shee will, or doe her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their house or shift their hands of him; although they many times make him looke upon bare walls, content himselfe to converse with the meanest of their servants, and so to returne, without seeing either of Mother, Sonne, or Daughter.

But *Dominica* holding her beautie and yeeres now to be worthie of a Husband, shee is so incivill and incourteous, as shee prayses her Mother to procure and provide her one: For (to use her owne words) shee saith, *shee is wearie to lye alone, and live single, and fully resolved no longer either to trifle away her time, or to cast away her youth and beautie*. Her Lady Mother (in most vertuous tearmes) checks her impudencie, blames her impudicitie, and concludes, that if shee forsake those immodest humours and inclinations, and so serve and feare God religiously, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodnesse towards her) will provide her one; when turning from her Daughter, the

the very teares of sorrow fall abundantly from her old eyes, to see her thus immodest, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and farall to her.

But her lascivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this generall answer of her Mother; for she is yet so vainly imprudent, and so vitiously impudent, as shee importunately prayes her Brother *Don Garcia* effectually and speedily to sollicite her Mother to provide her a Husband; whereat he rather laughes, than gives care. But when againe he ruminates and considers with himselfe this her foolish levitie and wantonneffe, fearing the worst, and to the end shee might not hereafter prove a disgrace to her selfe, a scandall to their house, and a dishonour to their blood, he (taking time at advantage) breakes and treats with his Mother hereon: who concurring in opinion with him, returnes him rather her consent than her denyall; the which he reports to his immodest Sister *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyfull as before shee was discontented.

Not long after it fell out, that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monkes, and being behind her on her knees to her Beades and Oraisons, her devotion was so cold and her zeale so frozen towards God, as seeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparelled) likewise there on his knees to his prayers not farre from her; shee as a poore (I may say as a prophane) Christian, beckons her Mothers man to come to her, and whispers him in the eare, that he discreetly goe and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom shee describes to him by his apparell, and especially by a rich Diamond Ring which he weares on his finger: Her Mothers man demanding of the Gentlemans servants, returnes speedily to his young Lady, and tells her in her eare, that it is *Don Roderigo*, sonne and heire to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whereat her lustfull affection makes her heart leape and dance within her for joy; for so incivilly unchast is shee in her desires and wishes, that at his very first sight shee desires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicitie. Whereupon shee vowes, that her Mother shall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of marriage for her to *Don Roderigo*; who being often solicited and provoked by her importunate requests, they consult hereon, and both of them approve and desire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Sonne will have his Mother first to breake the ice of this motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the Mother will have her Sonne first to performe that office to him, and so to take a faire occasion to invite him home to her house to speak with her; the which *Don Garcia* performes, and deales herein so effectually with *Don Roderigo*, that home he comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many complements and speeches) presents this motion to him. He sees the young Lady *Dominica*, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding faire and wittie, he likes and loves her, and so takes time to advise hereon with his Father, for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. *Roderigo* breakes this motion to *Don Emanuel*, his Father; who not pleased therewith, seekes to divert his sonne from it, in regard he knowes that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poore and of a weake estate, as being much incumbered with the great debts of her deceased Husband. *Roderigo* alledgeth to his Father, his true affection to the true beantie and vertues of *Dominica*, and that her descent and blood is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous disposition, will have wealth to over-sway beantie, and not beantie wealth, and so is resolute to heare no more of this motion; whereat his sonne *Roderigo* bites the lip, and is much discontented. Yet neverthelesse, he hath cast his affection so deeply and firmly on the fresh and delicate beantie of *Dominica*, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and shee the Queene and Phoenix of Beantie, he cannot, he will not refraine, but very often frequents *Dona Cervantella's* house, and her Daughters companie: To whom (notwithstanding his Fathers distast of her) he yet gives farre more hope than despaire, that he will be her Husband, which ravisheth her with delight, her Mother *Dona Cervantella* and her Brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our Historie invites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo*, to feast his eyes and surfet his thoughts and contemplations on the Roses and Lillies of his Mistris beautie, and againe to returne to speake of our old Dotard *Hippolito*; who now (led by his lust and voluptuous desires, as they are by the instigation of the Devill) comes to performe and act a bloudie and deplorable part on the stage of this Historie. Hee sees with griefe, and grieves to see that hee is refused of the Lady *Dominica*, whom hee loves farre dearer and tenderer than his life; and understanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez*, doth still frequent her companie, hath gained her affection, and shall shortly marrie her, hee thereupon turnes his reason into rage, converts his judgement into revenge, and so resolves to murther him by night, as soone as hee findes him to issue forth of the Lady *Cervantella's* house; the Devill making him strong in the vanitie of this beliefe and confidence, that hee being once dead, undoubtedly the faire *Dominica* will fall for his share and Wife. So hee is resolute in this his bloudie and damnable designe, and consults with himselfe, whether hee should doe it by himselfe, or by some second instrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, because hee must then commit his life to his courtlesie, and seeing that his Gout had now forsaken him, hee therefore resolves to doe it by himselfe. But first hee thinkes it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write *Roderigo* a Letter; the which hee doth in these tearmes, and sends it him by one of his owne confident servants.

HIPPOLITO TO RODERIGO.

Wert thou informed but of the hundreth part of my deare affection to the faire young Lady *Dominica*, and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldst (if not out of honour, yet out of judgement) surcease thy suit to her, and not make thy obstinacie ridiculous, by thinking to obtaine her to thy Wife: and although shee feede thee with the sugar of many sweet protestations and promises to the contrarie, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou judgement in thine, to discerne the truth hereof, thou hast farre more reason to relye upon the integritie of my age, than the vanitie and inconstancie of her youth: And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine owne, and honour for thy Fathers sake, I had not so long permitted thee to frequent her companie, nor so often to converse with her, to the prejudice of my content and thy discretion: And if this friendly Ambassadour of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the usuall course of Iustice, take that order with thee therein, as shall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamie and disreputation.

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of *Hippolito*, hee cannot refraine from smiling and laughing, to see his fortifish error and ridiculous ignorance herein; for hee perfectly knowes, that both *Dominica* and the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother are long since resolved to heare no more either of him or of his suit, and therefore hee holds it more worthie of his laughter than of his observation, likewise to see, that this old Dotard, when Nature is readie to wed him to his Grave, that his lust should yet be so forward, to desire to marry so young and beautifull a Lady as *Dominica*: The which considering, once hee thought to returne him no other answer but silence; but at last, respecting his age and qualitie more than his indiscretion or power, after hee had shewne his Letter to *Cervantella*, to *Dominica*, and her Brother *Don Garcia*, who all concur in opinion with him, to make it the publike object, as both it and himselfe were the private cause of their generall laughter; hee calls for Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt than choler) by *Hippolito's* owne servant retuines him this answer.

ROD-

RODERIGO TO HIPPOLITO.

I Have as small reason to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, as to beleve that hers is reciprocally so to thee, and therefore I see no just cause in honour or solid ground in Iudgement to surcease my sute towards her, much lesse to deem my obstinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtaine her to my Wife; And although it be in thy pleasure, yet it is not in thy power to make mee doubtfull of her faire words, or to call in question, or suspicion her sweet promises and protestations to mee, sith that were to prophane the purity of my zeale to her, and of her true and sincere affection to mee, the which yet to doe thee a curtesie, I will rather excuse than condemne in thee, because I am confident it exceeds thy knowledge, though not thy feare, and in this behalfe and assurance, thine eyes cannot so much prevaile with my Iudgement, but that I will more rely upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy Age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I finde it so, I will acknowledge it to be as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threats to mee in thinking thereby to make mee forsake the conversation and company of that faire and vertuous young Lady, I doe rather pittie than esteem them, and every way more contemne than care for them, Assuring thee that I cannot possibly refraine from laughter, to see thee so devoid of common sence, as to thinke to be able, either to scarre mee with the power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my father in making mee to forsake her whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forsake, resolve therefore henceforth to prevent thy insamy and disreputation, for I will bee left to my selfe to establish mine owne content and honour, as I please.

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receit and consideration of this peremptory letter of Don Roderigo, is so inflamed and incensed against him to see that (perforce) he will make him weare a Willow Garland, as (without any more delays or expostulations) understanding him to bee that very same night which hee received his Letter, with his Lady Dominica at her mothers house, the Devill causeth him to gather all his malice, wits and strength together about him that night to murder him as he issueth forth to goe home, which bloody stratagem of his to effect and finish, he chargeth a pistoll with three bullets and hee waites his comming thence: but Don Garcia accidentally issuing forth all alone privately to goe visit a friend of his not farre off, this wretched old villaine Hippolito taking him to bee Roderigo lets flye at him, and all three bullets pierce his body, so hee falls downe dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathlesse body of Don Garcia is found reeking in his blood, whose mother, sister, and Don Roderigo are amazed and astonished at this deplorable disaster, and ready to drowne themselves in their teares for sorrow thereof. So Roderigo leaving some Neighbours to comfort them, hee takes order to finde out the murderers, and goes himselfe speedily throughout the street to that effect; When the good pleasure and providence of God directs his course to finde out this old execrable wretch Hippolito going lirping and limping in the street, having throwne away his Pistoll, and only holding his darke lanthorne in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this damnable fact of his) hee opened to light him. Roderigo measuring things past by the present, and finding Hippolito there in the streets all alone at this undue and unseasonable houre of the night; God prompts his heart with this suspicion, that hee in likely-hood was the murderer of Don Garcia; and so layes hold of him, and causeth him to be committed to the prison, notwithstanding all the entreaties, meanes and friends, which hee could then possible make to the contrary. The next day all Granada rings and resounds of this murder, and of the suspicion and imprisonment of Don Hippolito for the same, when the Lady Cervantes goes to the Criminall Iudges of the City and accuseth him for the same, and with griefe sorrow, and passion, followes it close against him; and although Hippolito at his first examination denies it, yet being by his cleere-sighted Iudge adjudged to the racke

for the same, hee at the very first fight thereof confesseth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, hee is sentenced the next day to be hanged although he professed all his estate and meanes to save his life; But the zeale and integrity of his judges was such to the sacred name of Iustice, as they disdained to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourse of people repaire from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world, most of them pittying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foule and bloody crime. He was dealt with by some Priests and Fryers in prison, whose Charity and Piety, endeavoured to fortifie his heart against the feare of death, and to prepare his soule for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devill was yet so strong with him, that hee could not be drawne to contrition nor would not bee either perswaded or enforced to repentance, or to aske God, or the world forgivenesse of this his bloody fact, but as he lived prophanely, so hee would dye wretchedly and desperatly, for on the Ladder hee made a foolish speech, the which because it favoured more of beastly concupiscence and lust, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore burie it in oblivion, and silence, and so hee was turned over.

Come we now to speake of *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, the Father, who understanding of his Sonne *Roderigo* his continuall frequenting of *Dona Cervantella's* house, and her daughter *Dominica's* company, and now hearing of this murther of her Sonne to her doore, his owne Sonne being then therein present; he is much discontented therewith; and because he will sequester him from her sight and provide him another Wife, hee sends him to *Asnalos*, a manor house of his, some tenne leagues off in the Countrey, with a strong injunction and charge, there to reside till his farther order to returne: *Roderigo* is wonderfull sorrowfull thus to leave the sight of his faire and deere Mistris *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no lesse is shee, so hee transporteth only his body to *Asnalos*, but his heart hee leaves with her in *Granado*. But a moneth is scarce expired after his departure, but the Lady *Cervantella* (by the death of her Son *Don Garcia*, wanting a man to conduct and governe her affaires, especially her law sutes, wherewith (as wee have formerly heard) she is much incumbred, shee thereupon (as also at the instant request of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this letter for his returne.

CERVANTELLA TO RODERIGO.

AS thou tenderest the prosperity of my affaires, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I request thee speedily to leave *Asnalos*, and to returne to reside here in *Granado*, for I wanting my Sonne *Garcia*, who was the joy of my life, and shee her *Roderigo* who art the life of her joy, thou must not finde it strange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law sutes and her love affections and desires assume this resolution: Thy Father is a Noble man of Reason, and his Sonne shall finde this to bee a request both honourable and reasonable, except thou wilt so farre publish thy weaknesse to the world, that thou dost more feare thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou shouldst once permit thy obedience to him so farre to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy selfe as unworthy to bee her Husband, as I desire it with zeale, and shee with passion. Shee is resolved to second this my letter with one of her owne to thee, to which I referre thee; God blesse thy stay, and hasten thy returne.

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica resolving to make good her promise to her mother, and that of her mother to *Roderigo*, she withdrawes her selfe to her chamber to write, and knowing her mothers messenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her letter to her lover *Roderigo*, and to cast the better lustre and varnish over her affection, she takes a Diamond Ring from her finger, and likewise sends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA

DOMINICA TO RODERIGO.

As the death of my Brother Don Garcia made me extreame sorrowfull, so this of thy absence made mee infinitely wiserable, for as that nipt my joyes and hopes in their blossomes, so this kills them in their riper age and maturitie. When I first received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadst affected me too dearly so soone to leave my sight, and to banish thy selfe from my company, but now I see with griefe, and feele with sorrow that thou lovest thy Father farre better than mee, and delightest to preferre his content before mine, for else thou hadst not made me thus wretched by thy absence, who am as (it were) but entering into the happinesse of thy presence. If thou canst finde in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requests, then come not to Granado, but stay still in Asnallos, but if the contrary, then leave Asnallos, and come to mee in Granado, where I will chide thee for thy long stay, and yet give thee a world of thanks and kisses for thy so soone returne, and as my heart and soule doth desire it, so the prosperity of my Mothers affaires doth likewise want, and therefore crave it. Iudge of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my selfe; and then thou wilt speedily resolve to see thy Dominica, who desires nothing so much under Heaven as to have the happinesse of thy sight, and the felicity and Honour of thy Company.

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives these their two Letters; reputes that of the mother to much respect, and this of her Daughter to infinite affection, so as the very knowledge and consideration thereof makes him rejoyce, in the first, and triumph in the second, and therefore knowing himselfe to be a man, and past a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reason to obey his father, so he is not tyed to bee commanded by him beyond it, wherefore he resolves to give content to the mother for the daughters sake, and to the daughter for his owne sake, and so by their owne messenger returns them these answers; That to the Lady Cervantella spake thus.

RODERIGO TO CERVANTELLA.

I So much tender the prosperity of thy affaires and thy daughters content and joy, that my resolutions shall so dispose of my selfe towards my Father; as verie shortly I will see thee with respect and observance, and visit her with affection and zeale; for this desire of hers and request of thine, is so honourable, so reasonable, as my Father should be guilty of unkindenesse, to deny the one, and my selfe of ingratitude not to grant the other; Or if he will yet continue to crosse our affections, I will then make it apparant to the world, that I will not feare him the thousand part so much as I will love her, and that I will ambitiously strive and resolve to make my affection to her, to equalize thy zeale and her passion to me; and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to see her my Wife, and my selfe her Husband. I have given an answer to her Letter, and very shortly I will give her my selfe every way answerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promise.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to Dominica was charged and fraughted with these lines.

RODERIGO TO DOMINICA.

TO deface thy sorrowes for thy Brothers death and thy miseries for my absence, and likewise to preserve thy joyes in their blossomes, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am fully resolved very shortly to grant thy request in leaving Asnallos, to live & die with thee in Granado, and thou dost offer a palpable wrong to the truth, and an immerited disparagement to the purity and candour of my affection, to thinke that I any way preferre my obedience to my Father, before

before my affection to thee, or consequently his content to thine. Thereof prepare thy selfe to kisse, not to chide mee, for else I will resolve to chide and not to kisse thee at my returne. My best endeavours shall waite on the prosperity of thy Mothers affaires, and my best love and service shall eternally attend on her Daughters pleasure and commands, and judge thou if my zeale to thee, doe not exceed thine to my selfe, fith Earth is not so deere to mee, as the Honour of thy sight, nor Heaven as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

Hee hath no sooner dispatched these two Letters to his Mistris and her Mother, but the very next day after hee enters into a resolution with himselfe; that hee shall not doe well so soone to disoblige and disobey his father, by so speedily precipitating his returne from *Asnallos* to *Granado*, as urging this reason to his consideration, and proposing this consideration to his judgement, that *Dominica's* affection and beauty can difficultly make him rich, but that his Fathers discontent and displeasure towards him may easily make him poore: Whereupon resolving to cherish his constancy to her, and yet to retaine his obedience to him, hee holds it no sinne if a little longer hee dispence with his content, and promise to temporize for his discretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and his confidence upon this presuming infallibility, that his Lady and Mistris *Dominica* is as chaste as faire, and will prove as constant to him as she is beautifull in her selfe. But she is a woman, and therefore she may deceive his hopes, and he is a man, and therefore it is possible that her beauty may betray his judgement, the which prediction and prophesie (to his griefe and sorrow, and to her shame and misery) wee shall shortly see made true and verified, the manner thus.

Dominica (as wee have formerly understood) being of a wanton disposition and carriage, and very unchastly and lasciviously enclined, shee finding *Roderigo's* stay in *Asnallos* to exceed his promise and her expectation, shee cannot live chaste, shee will not remaine constant in his absence, but hath a friend or two, I meane two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado*, to whom shee many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which shee acteth not so closely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincy-eyed, and curious observer of her actions) hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclame her from this foule sinne of fornication and whoredome, which threatens no lesse than the ruines of her fortunes, and the shipwracke of her reputation; she first attempteth to perswade her by faire meanes with teares and prayers; but seeing shee could not thereby prevaile with her, then shee gives her many sharpe speches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Fathers portion, and either to make her spend her daies in a Nunnery, or end them in a Prison. That shee is not worthie to tread upon the face of earth, or looke up to Heaven because this her foule crime of fornication, makes her odious to God, and an infinite shame and scandall to all her Parents and friends in generall, and to every one in particular, with many other reasons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities sake, I resolve to omit and bury in silence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevails not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and lascivious lust; the which shee perceiving, and to prevent her owne scandall in that of her daughters, shee (as a carefull Mother and a wise Matron) meweth her up in her chamber, where *Dominica* (for meere griefe and collar (to see her selfe thus debard of her pleasures in the restraint of her liberty) shee growes very sicke, lookes exceeding wanne, pale and thinne, and so keepes her bed, the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occasion and opportunity againe effectually to write to *Roderigo* to hasten his returne to *Granado*, as doubting least her Daughters Belly should chance to swell and grow big in his absence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her minde, and represented her desires to him in these tearmes.

CER-

CERVANTELLA TO RODERIGO.

THou dost thy selfe no right, but we and my Daughter infinite wrong, in staying so long from Granado, in regard it is contrarie to thy promise, to my expectation, and to her deserts and merits: For her affection is so entire and fervent to thee, because shee conceives and hopes that thine (in requitall) is so to her, that shee hath this many moneths languished in expectation of thy returne; whereof now beginning to despaire, that despaire of hers hath stricke her into so dangerous a consumption, that I feare it will shortly prove fatall to her: for already the Lillies have banished the Roses of her cheekes, yea, her cheekes are growne thinne; and those sparkling starres, her eyes, have lost a great part of their wonted lustre and glory: so if thy affection will not, yet pitty should move thee to hasten thy returne, to see and comfort her, especially sith thou wilt scarce know her when thou seest her; in regard I may (almost) justly affirme, that shee is no longer Dominica, but rather the living Anatomie of dead Dominica. How thou canst answer for this her sicknesse to thine honour (which is occasioned by thy unkindnesse) I know not; but sure I am if shee goe to her Grave before thou come to her, thou canst never sufficiently answer it to thy conscience nor thy conscience to God. In her sick bed, thou art the onely Saint to whom shee offereth up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miserable ingratitude in thee, to permit her to dye thy Martyr.

CERVANTELLA.

At the receipt and perusall of this Letter, *Roderigo* is infinitely sorrowfull, especially when he considereth, that it is onely *Dominica's* deere affection to him, and his long stay from her, which hath occasioned her sicknesse: whereupon his love consulting with his honour, his honour with his conscience, and his conscience with God, hee conjureth the Messenger to returne speedily to *Granado*, to the Lady *Cervantella*, and her Daughter *Dominica*, from him, and to assure them, that all businesse of the world set apart, hee will be there with them the next day, and bring them the answers of their Letters himselfe; whereat, at the messengers returne, they both of them exceedingly rejoyce. *Roderigo* now (according to his promise) comes to *Granado*, visiteth *Cervantella*, and his sick Mistris *Dominica*; salutes the one with complements, the other with kisses. *Dominica* intending to give him her body, but not her heart, dissembleth her affection to him, and frownes on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her, were dearer to her than all the world, and farre more precious than her life. But contrariwise, *Roderigo* intends as hee speakes, and speakes as hee intends; yea, hee is so sincere and reall in his affection to her, as shee is counterfeite and treacherous to him. So glorying in her beautie, and triumphing in her youth, hee with much difficultie obtaines his Fathers consent, and marryes her, their Nuptials being solemnized in *Granado* with state and bravery, answerable to their descents and qualities; but hee will finde a wanton *Lais* for a constant *Lucrece*, and a lascivious *Phryne* for a chaste *Penelope*. Never Husband bore himselfe more respectfully, lovingly, and courteously to his Wife, than doth *Roderigo* to his *Dominica*; for he thinkes that her fare cannot be curious, nor her apparell costly enough for her; yea, such was his tender respect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to goe where shee would, and to come when shee pleased; contrarie to the custome of *Spain*, and generally of most *Spaniards*, who hold it farre more folly than affection to give this licentious freedome and libertie, to their Wives, which wee doe in *England* and *France*; the which wee shall see verified in our young Bride *Dominica*: for the more her Husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more shee slights him; and the more hee respects her, the more shee neglects and contemnes him: whereat hee grieves, his Mother in law *Cervantella* stormes, and his owne Father *Don Emanuel de Cortes* repines and murmures. But as it is labour in vaine to thinke to make an *Ethiopian* white, so all of them cannot reclaime *Dominica* to love her Husband, nor scarce to lye with him. He conceives infinite griefe hereat, which breedes him a lingring consumption in earnest, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly possessed

possessed of one in ieast; whereat she the more hates him, in regard the extremitie of his sicknesse and weaknesse will not permit him to performe the rites and duties of a Husband towards her: but the need not care, much lesse grieve thereat, for she takes her obscene and lascivious pleasures abroad, whiles her deare sicke Husband (for griefe of body and mind) is readie to dye at home. He bewayles his hard fortune in marrying her, but yet loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he will not speake ill of her himselfe, nor suffer any other to doe it either in his presence or her absence. Yea, her love is so frozen to him, though he be still constantly and fervently inflamed to her, as she difficultly sees him once in three dayes, nor yet speaks two words with him when she sees him; and yet when he is so happie to obtaine her sight and companie, he so exceedingly rejoyceth thereat, that it seemes to him, his paine for that time gives him peace, his sorrowes truce, his sicknesse ease, his heart comfort, and his thoughts consolation. But *Dominica* hath not deserved the least part of all this true affection and courtesie from him heretofore, much lesse will she requite it to him hereafter, except in a most ingratefull and bloody manner, which is thus.

The Devill resolves to trouble the harmonie and serenitie of their marriage, or rather our *Dominica* hath hellishly derived and drawne this resolution from the Devil, to poyson her Husband; and the sooner she fixeth her minde upon this infernall Ingredient, and setteth her barbarous crueltie upon this devillish Drug, because the violence of his consumption having already made almost an Anatomie of his body, she therefore flattereth her selfe with this opinion, that no suspicion at all can seize upon the beleefe of any, that he is poysoned, much lesse of his Father, or her Mother. Shee cannot procure poyson her selfe; and therefore, albeit shee be very unwilling to acquaint or employ any other herein, yet shee is enforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance, shee thinks shee may more safely entrust and repose this great secret with her Chamber-maid *Demisa*; for having formerly made her accessarie to her sinnes of Fornication and Adulterie, shee thinks shee may with lesse difficultie and more ease now draw her to conceale and participate in this Murther with her: the which the better and sooner to effect, she gives her fiftie Duc-kats, and adding therewith many sweet perswasions, and sugred promises, of her continuall care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miserable Wench yeelds her consent thereto; so they give their hands, and sweare secrecie each to other, the Devill laughing at this their bloudie compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or feare of God) they are resolute in this their rage, and outrageous in this their barbarous crueltie, thinking every minute a moneth, and every day a yeare, before they have finished and perpetrated this lamentable businesse: So this Furie, this shee-devill *Dominica*, being as impatient in her lascivious lust to her selfe, as in her deadly malice to her kinde and honest Husband *Roderigo*, she makes *Demisa* secretly to procure some strong poyson, from some remote unknowne Apothecarie, and not onely causeth but sees her to put it into some White-broth for him, which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Mistresse gives to her Husband, in the morning, before he was out of his Bed, under pretence and colour of some comfortable Broth, and hot Meat; whereof (O griefe to thinke it! O pittie to report it!) before night he died thereof. And *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, his Father, being at that time ridden to the Citie of *Sevill*, in the Province of *Andalusie*, about some important businesse of his, shee (taking the opportunitie and advantage of his absence, thereby the better to over-veile this her foule and bloudie fact) doth speedily cause this his breathlesse body to be encoffined, and so buried somewhat privately, but not in that solemne manner as was requisite either for his qualitie, or her reputation, yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella*, her Mother, who much grieved and feared at this sudden death of her sonne in law *Roderigo*, as doubting lest her daughter, his Wife, had too hastily & untimely sent him to Heaven in a bloudie winding-sheet. This mournfull Tragedie thus acted, our wretched *Dominica*, of a discontented Wife, is now become a joyfull and frolike Widow:

and

and now her exorbitant lust and lascivious desires breake pale, and range, both beyond the bounds of chastitie, and the limits of discretion: for shee will hearken to no advice nor follow any counsell from the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, but forsakes her house and her sight the greatest part of the day, and which is worse, many whole nights, to keepe companie with those vicious Gallants and deboshed young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiaritie, with whom shee delighteth to lose her honour, to cast away her chastitie, and to shipwracke her reputation, if not her soule; when neither thinking of God, or her Conscience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murdering selfe, or murdered Husband, shee so incessantly (without any intermission or repentance) abandons her selfe to her prophane and beastly whoredomes, that in a very short time shee makes her selfe the laughter of the worst, and the pittie of the better and most vertuous sort of people of *Granado*; yea, her actions are so devoid of Graces, and repleat of impietie, that her owne Mothen is ashamed to speake with her, and *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, her Father in law, to see her.

And here, Christian Reader, let me request thy curiositie to observe, and thy pietie to remarke, how (by degrees) the indignation and justice of God falls upon this deboshed young Lady, for the foulness of these her crimes, the very crie and sent whereof hath pierced the windowes of Heaven, and are now ascended to the eares and nostrils of the Lord of Hosts to draw downe condigne vengeance on her for the same, yea, and at those times when shee least dreames or thinks thereof, and when shee is in the very prime of her prophaneesse, and the chiefest ruffe of her lascivious jollitie and voluptuous sensuality; The manner whereof is thus:

Two moneths are scarce expired, since shee sent this her Husband *Roderigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Sences, her Reason and Judgement, yea, her Heart and Soule in the Ocean of her beastly lusts and lustfull desires and pleasures, (but to her owne shame, to the griefe of her Mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father in law *de Cortez*.) shee marrieth *Don Lewes de Andrada*, one of her former Favourites and Paramours, for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not tearme him, a very proper Gentleman of his personage, but every way as deboshed and vicious as her selfe, and therefore a fit Husband for such a Wife. That shee was honest, hee knew the contrarie; but hoping that her wealth should supply his wants, and repaire the ruines of his decayed fortunes, was that which solely induced him to become her Husband. But at last, when he saw her wealth to come short of his expectation, and her lustfull desires to exceed it, then he thinks it high time to be wise, in not imitating the example of his Predecessour *Roderigo* in his carriage and conduction towards this his lascivious Wife *Dominica*; so he holds a strict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Prisoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her Booke and Needle, in such sort, that her ranging unchaste thoughts are now bounded in her new Husbands jealousy, and pent and immured up in her owne griefe and discontent: For thus he reasoneth with himselfe, that although formerly he made her his Curtizan, yet now he will not permit that she make him a Cuckold; then he was her Friend, now her Husband; and then she was answerable for her owne life and actions to God, but now he is both for his owne and for hers. But this her present affliction and miserie is but the shadow and least part of her future: for *Andrada* her Husband being as resolute in reforming her, as she was neither to digest or endure it, he the better to curbe her incontinencie, and to debarre her from any more returning to her former lewd pranks, and deboshed life and conversation, he keepe her very short of Money, takes from her most of her best Apparell, and all her Rings, Chaines, and Jewels, which the Ladies of *Spain* (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their earthly felicitie.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in teares, to see this strange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands, and now (though too late) shee sees *Roderigo's* love in

in *Andrada's* hardnesse towards her : she speakes to her Mother, to reconcile her to her Husband : but having shut up this her second match without her knowledge or consent, she rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to seeke her owne fortune, as holding her unworthy of the blood which Nature, and the education which God and her selfe had given her. She was cruell to her first Husband, and therefore no marvell if the second prove unkind to her ; yet he doubting of her secret malice towards him, he apprehends her revenge, as much as he condemnes her lubricitie. He will not adde faith to her disssembling promises, nor hazard believe to her trecherous teares and kisses, but keeps her still rather as a prisoner than a Wife, and more like a Criminall than a companion : and yet as close and retired as he kept her in his house, his vigilancie & jealousie was enforced to meet with this unknowne misfortune, that he was no sooner abroad, but she had another friend or ruffian at home, with whom she very often & very dishonestly familiarized, insomuch, that she had infallibly murdered her second Husband, as she had formerly done her first, if God (out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and goodnesse) had not prevented her rage, and disappointed and dissipated her bloudie designe and revenge by another accident as mournfull as miraculous, and wherein the justice and providence of God doth equally resplend and shine forth unto us, for our instruction, with a most divine power and heavenly influence.

For we must here know and understand, that the fifty Duckats which *Denisa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica* for consenting to poyson her Master *Roderigo*, gave her new apparell, and they likewise procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart, named *Hugo*, (who made shew to marry her, but intended it not) with whom she wantonized so often, as in a short time she became guiltie of a great Belly, the which she concealed from all the world, except from *Hugo*, the father of her unborne child ; who upon notice thereof, either for feare of present punishment, or of future danger, or that he should be constrained to marry her, and so to maintaine her and her child, when he had not meanes to maintaine himselfe, he fled from *Granado* to *Murcia*, without taking his leave of *Denisa*, or any way acquainting her therewith ; and now, when it is too late, this wretched wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his returne uncertaine, his affection to her doubtfull, her selfe poore, and her Lady and Mistris *Dominica* as then not able to maintaine her or her child, she assumes another bloody resolution, which is, that as she was formerly accessarie to the poysoning of her Master, so she now will be a principall Actor in murdering and making away of her owne child as soone as it shall be borne, and neither conscience nor her feare are able to divert her from this her bloudie and damnable purpose. For being provoked therunto first by her shame, then by her necessitie, but chiefly and especially by her fatall Counsellor and instigator the Devill, she being delivered (almost a moneth before her time) of a faire young sonne, as soone as it had cryed once, (to bewaile his owne miserie and his inhumane mothers crueltie) she as an execrable fury of Hell strangles it giving him his mournfull and untimely deatch in that very same houre and instant which God and her selfe gave it life, and the very same evening wraps it in a cleane white linnen cloth, and with a packthred tyes a great stone thereunto, and (the Devill giving her strength) the very same night carries it halfe a mile off to a Pond without the East gate of the Citie, where seeing no body present to see her, she (not as a mother, no not as a woman, but rather as a fury of Hell) there throwes it in, which before her departure thence presently sunke to the bottome.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderfull mercie and judgement of God, in so speedily revealing this deplorable and cruell murder of this harmelesse and innocent little new-borne babe, whom being so newly brought from the adulterate wombe of his pittilesse mother, she maliciously cast into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Banke of Mud and Oze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the instant of *Denisa's* deliverie, and her murdering and throwing of this her infant Babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this foule and bloudie fact of hers) deprived her of dis-

cretion

cretion and judgement to returne for that night to her Masters house, for she thinking to make sure and sound work for her own reputation and safety, she that very night takes up her lodging in the next poore Inne, which was at the signe of Saint *Iohns* head, where to the Host and Hostesse, she pretends lameness by the receipt of a fall. But God will give her but small time to rest and repose her selfe in the guiltinesse of this her cruell sin of murdering her own innocent new borne babe, for within one houre after, a Groome riding to water his horse in the same Pond, his horse snuffeth and starts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his farther fore foot, and many times thrusts downe his head therein. The Groome gives him the spur and switch to bring him off, but in vaine, for the horse the more paweth with his foot, and snuffeth with his nose, yea so long till at last (it seemes) the packthreed being broken the white cloth appeares and flotes upon the water, which the Groome upon the strange behaviour of his horse (but indeed by the immediate providence and pleasure of God, who then and there was well pleased to make this reasonlesse beast an instrument of his glory in the detection of this cruell murder) causeth to be ferched ashore, where opening the cloth in presence of some others, who flock thither to the Pond side to see what this may be, They finde a sweet young infant boy, whose body was as white as the snow, with a flaxen coloured haire, a cheerfull look, a cherry lip, and some blacknesse about his throat and neck, whereby they guessed it to be newly borne and strangled of some Strumpet his Mother, whom to detect and finde out, they search all the adjacent houses, and at last finde out *Demisa* in her lane, when the Officers of justice, setting a Midwife and some three and foure elderly women to search her, they (despight of her resistance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence against her that she was that day delivered of a childe, so she is imprisoned, and the next day brought to her arraignment, where (threatened with the Rack) she confesseth the strangling of her childe, and the throwing of it into this pond, for the which foule and inhumane fact of hers, she is the next day condemned to be hanged: When desirous to save her soule though (through the instigation of Satan) she hath miserably castaway her body, she entreateth that Father *Iustace* a Priest of her acquaintance may be sent to her in Prison, to prepare her soule for her spirituall journey to heaven, who is accordingly sent her. Who after a long and a religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, that she should do well to disburthen her conscience of any other capitall crime which she in all the whole course of her life might have committed, as affirming that the revealing thereof, exceedingly rended to Gods glory, and the felicity of her own soule, she (with teares and sighs) deeply thinks thereof that night in prison. Now the next morning shee is brought to the place of execution, where a great number of people flock together to see her end, and there on the Ladder after shee had againe confessed the strangling of her Infant and her throwing of it into the Pond, she likewise then and there confessed, That shee was accessary and consented with her Lady *Dominica*, to poyson her Master *Roderigo*, which shee affirmed they both effected in the same manner as wee have formerly understood. The confession of this her other foule murder, as also of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors and astonish her Judges, who to cleere and vindicate the truth hereof, they cause her to descend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her said Lady *Dominica*, who by this time in the midst of her security is likewise apprehended and brought before the criminall Judges, where contrary to her expectation being enforced to understand the effect and tenour of her Chambermaide *Demisa*s confession and accusation against her for the poysoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, shee with much passion and choller rearmes her Witch and Devill, and curseth the houre that ever shee fostered up so pestilent a Viper in her house to eat out her owne heart and life, when with more confidence and boldnesse than contrition and repentance (being first by her judges threatened with the torments of the Rack) she confesseth her selfe likewise to be guilty of murdering her first husband *Roderigo*. So *Demisa*s sentence is altered, for she is condemned

to be hanged for her first murther, and her dead body after to be burnt to ashes for her second, and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poysoning her husband, which newes so resounds and rattles through all the streets and corners of *Granado*, that almost all the people of that Citie flock the next morning to the place of execution, to see this cruell Mistrisse and her bloody Chamber-maide, take their last farewell of this World, for the Lady *Dominica* must likewise dye, notwithstanding her Mother *Cervantella's* teares, and her husband *Andrada's* importunate requests and passionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary.

And first *Denisa* is caused to ascend the Ladder, (who was a tall and comely young woman) to whom God was so mercifull to her soule, that there with many bitter sighes and teares, she was wonderfull sorrowfull for these her two foule murthers, especially for that of her poore Infant babe, whom she had almost as soone dispatched out, as shee brought into the World: She earnestly besought all her auditors and spectators to pray unto God to forgive her, and to be mercifull to her soule; she affirmed that her Lady *Dominica's* enticements and gold first drew her to be accessary to the poysoning of her Master *Roderigo*, the which againe and againe from her heart and soule she prayed God to pardon her; when entreating all young people, especially all young women, to be more wise and religious, and lesse prophane and bloody minded, by her example; and now recommending her soule into the hands of her Saviour and Redeemer, she is turned over. When immediately after this our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewise brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and prophaneesse of her soule had purposely dighted in her best dresse, and richest apparel, which was a purple wrought Velvet Gowne, and a curious great laced Ruffe, with all things else suitable to it; but which is lamentable to see, and fearfull to consider, she was as carelesse of her soule, as curious of her body; for the Priests and Fryers in her Prison could not abate or beat downe her impiety, but as there, so here on the Ladder, she enters into many deepe execrations and curses, as well against her second husband *Andrada*, as against her Chamber-maide *Denisa*, who shee said was now rather gone to the Devill than to God; but no spark of grace, no shew of sorrow, nor signe of repentance could appeare in her looks, or be heard in her speeches, for poysoning of her first Husband *Roderigo*, but with much choller and vehemency, she there uttered many other lewd and lascivious speeches, the which grieved her Christian Auditors to heare, and therefore I will not defile my Pen, or offend the Readers religious and chaste hearts with the knowledge thereof; so this miserable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death answerable to the foulness and enormity of her life, being not so happy in her death as her bloody Chamber-maide *Denisa*, and I feare me as exempt of grace and goodnesse as the Devill could wish her. But God is the Lord of Justice and Father of mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruell and inhumane Lady *Dominica*, was pitied of many, but her foule fact abhorred and detested of all who were present at her death; may we who reade her History, cherish her vertues by the sight and knowledge of her vices, and fortifie our soules with religion and Piety, as she ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*

GODS



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctifiore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with childe, and then afterwards very ingrat-fully and treacherously rejecteth her, and marieth Bertranna. Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace, disguiseth her selfe in a Fryers habit, and with a case of Pistols kills Sanctifiore as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.



IT is a poore profit, a wretched pleasure, for the satisfaction of choler and revenge, to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our neere kindred, sith in seeking to wound him, we more properly kill our selves in soule and body; striking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we presumptuously stab at the Majestie of God himselfe, by whom our soules must, without whom they can never be saved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmly both to know and beleieve as we are Christians, that revenge and murther are the two prodigious twins of *Sathan*, the last being engendred and propagated of the first, and both from Hell: For revenge is not halfe so sweet in the beginning as bitter in the end, nor murther by many degrees so pleasing as it proves pernicious to her Authors, as this ensuing History will verifie, and make apparant unto us.

LEt your thoughts be carried over those high hills of Europe, the Alpes, and Appennins, to the noble and famous City of Naples, the head and capitall of that flourishing kingdome (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination) a City exceeding rich, populous, and faire, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gen-

try of both Sexes, than any other of *Italy* whatsoever. Wherein of very late yeeres (when the Duke of *Offuna* was Viceroy thereof) there dwelt two rich and beautifull young Gentlewomen, the one named *Dona Ursina Placedo*, the only Daughter and Childe of *Seignior Agustin Placedo*, and the other *Dona Bertranna de Torres* likewise the only childe and daughter of *Seignior Thomas de Torres*, the first native of *Ferenzolo*, in *Pulia*, and the second of *Materana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well descended Gentlemen, who with their wives and daughters for the most part built up their residence in *Naples*, but especially all the winter time. Now because these two young Gentlewomen (whom henceforth we will tearme by their Christian and not by their Surnames) are two of the chiefeft Personages which give life to this History, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, superficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations; *Ursina* was past the twentieth yeare of her age, and *Bertranna* entering into her eighteenth. *Ursina* was tall and slender, *Bertranna* short and somewhat crook-backed: *Ursina* was the fairer of the two, but *Bertranna* by far the subtiller and wiser. *Ursina* was of a deepe Amber haire, but *Bertranna* of a coale black: and to conclude this point, *Ursina* was affable and curteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malicious.

The truth and order of this History must here informe us, that although these two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants, who were sutors to them for marriage, yet none of them so dearely and passionately loved *Ursina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Nobleman; but far more proper than wife, and withall far more lascivious than rich, nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and minde affect any other but the said Baron: neither was it possible for her Father *De Torres* to perswade or draw her to desire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her husband than him. Thus we see *Sanctifiore* deeply to love *Ursina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not he her; and we shall not go far till we likewise see what effects these their different affections will produce.

Whiles *Ursina* is assured of *Sanctifiores* love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwise by her selfe and her friends makes it her chiefeft care and ambition to perswade and draw him to forsake *Ursina*, and to love and marry her selfe, but she will finde more opposition and difficulty therein than she expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* do continually frequent *Placedoes* house, and his daughter *Bertrannas* company, yet understanding and considering with himselfe, that *Bertranna* honoured him with her constant love and affection, he therefore held himselfe in a manner bound sometimes to see and visit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and please her, than himselfe, where albeit that her policy to her selfe, and her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Mistris *Ursina*, yet his reputation and discretion makes him comport his actions and speeches so equally towards *Bertranna*, that although he give her little cause to hope, yet he gives her none to despaire of his love and affection to her, in requitall of hers to him, and upon these and no other tearmes stand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Ursina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiores* affection to her, sailes on with a more pleasing and joyfull gale of winde, for she loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, she accounts her selfe his, and he hers: as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive by foure Love-letters of theirs, which secretly and interchangeably past betweene them; the which for the Readers better satisfaction I thought good here to insert and publish, whereof his first to her spake thus.

SANCTIFIÖRE TO URSINA.

THe Sweetnesse of thy beauty, and the excellency of thy vertues have so fully taken up my thoughts, and so firmly surprised and vanquished my heart, that I am so much thine both by conquest and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee; Wherefore if thou art as courteous as faire, and as loving to me as I am faithfull to thy selfe, then returne me thy heart, as I now give and send thee mine, and assure thy selfe that my affection is so infinite and entire

to thee, that I love and desire thee a thousand times more than mine own life, and will esteeme my death both sweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by purchase, as I am now thine by promise. Thy will shall be my law, and as there is a God in Heaven, so Ursina hath not so fervent a Lover, or constant a servant on Earth as her

SANCTIFIÖRE.

Ursinas answer hereunto was couched in these termes.

URSINA TO SANCTIFIÖRE.

IF thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery to me, I should then have as just cause thankfully to beleve that, as now I have to suspect and feare this; For the iniquity of our times, and the misery of many former examples do prompt and tell me, that most men love more with their tongues, than with their hearts, and that they all know far better how to professe than preserve their affections and fidelitie to their Mistresses. As for me, judge with thy selfe how curteous and loving I am to thee, for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambassadors, and unfeigned Eccho of thy heart, I would both say and promise thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my selfe thy wife, when and as soone as thou wilt please to be my Husband, for in life and death I here now promise thee to be more thine than mine own: Resolve me of this doubt, and free me of this feare, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with discretion, and requite it with fidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of Sanctifiores second Letter to her contained this language.

SANCTIFIÖRE TO URSINA.

AS I am not guilty, so I am not answerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but do as justly detest and scorne, as you unjustly feare them in me. That my affection is pure and sacred, and shall be inviolable to thee, be God my Iudge, and my heart and conscience my witnesses: The before to resolve thy doubt, and to free thy feare thereof, I vow by the purenesse of thy beauty, and by the dignity of thy vertues, that both my former Letter and also this, are the true Ambassadors and Ecchoes of my heart, and which is more, of my soule. I will shortly kisse thee for thy love to me, then love thee for thy kisses, and after embrace and thank thee for both, and when I faile of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then faile of his grace and mercy to my selfe. I will make my selfe thy deere Husband, and thee my sweet Wife, when thou pleasest to crowne and honour me with that sweet joy, and to ravish my heart with this desired felicity.

SANCTIFIÖRE.

Ursinas answer heretunto was traced in these termes.

URSINA TO SANCTIFIÖRE.

Relying on the purity of thy affection, and the preservation and performance of thy constancy to me, for the which thou hast invoked God for Iudge, and thy heart and conscience as witnesses thereof, I now freely acknowledge my selfe to be thy Wife by purchase, and thou to be my Husband by Promise, and do therefore wholly take me from my selfe, eternally to give my selfe to thee. I desire the enjoyance of thy company and presence, with as much impatiency as thou longest for mine, and thou shalt finde, that I will make it my chiefest care and ambition to love thee, and my greatest glory to honour and obey thee, and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other, for God will assuredly punish it with justice, requite it with revenge, and revenge it with misery on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

Ecc 3

By

By the perusal and consideration of these foure precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firme promise, and secret contract there was past betweene the Baron of *Sanctiflore* and the Lady *Vrsina*, and how fervently and sweetly they had given themselves each to other in the promise and assurance of marriage, so not contented to have gotten the Daughters good will, hee in very honourable fashion and tearmes likewise seeks her Father *Seignior Placedoes* consent thereto; whom though for some few moneths he found to be averse and opposit to his desires therein, yet upon *Sanctiflores* importunate intreaties and his Daughter *Vrsinas* frequent teares, hee at last consenteth to this their marriage, only he delayed the consummation thereof for some secret reasons, and considerations best knowne to himselfe, the which I cannot publish, because I could never gather or understand them. Whiles thus the Baron of *Sanctiflore* remaines in *Naples*, his long stay, great traine, prodigall expenses there, and his absence from *Capua* where his lands and means lay, made him be in some distresse and want of money, and not knowing how to procure it there, thereby to support his fame and reputation with his pretended Father in Law, and also with his intended Wife his Daughter, it greatly perplexed and troubled him; but at last he saw himselfe reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one Nobleman and Gentleman of his friends to pay another; a course which he well saw could not long endure and subsist, without clamorously calling his reputation in question; The which to prevent, knowing *Seignior Placedo* to be a hidebound, and close fistd old Gentleman, who loved his gold far better than his God, and that if he offered to borrow any of him, he would absolutely refuse and deny to lend it him, and that it was not impossible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetousnesse of the other might prove a great blot and hindrance to this his marriage, he therefore as a deboshed and vicious young Nobleman, despairing of the Fathers love, resolves to make sure work with the Daughters affection, who with a thousand amorous speeches, and lascivious lures, dalliances and temptations, he seeks to draw her to his lustfull desires, and so by usurping on her chastity (which is the honour of Ladyes and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnally knowledge of her before he were married to her. *Vrsina* (who loved her sweet heart *Sanctiflore* far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chastity a thousand times more deere and precious than her own life) infinitely grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obscenity; when (as a chaste and vertuous Gentlewoman) she with sighs and tears layes before his eyes and consideration, and represents to his heart and soule, the lewdnesse of his desire, the impiety of his request, the foulness and odiousnesse of this fact both to God and Man, the losse of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the World, and that in the end it would assuredly prove the break-neck of their marriage, and consequently the ruine of both their contents and fortunes, as also that she is ready to be his Wife, but disdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wise and godly reasons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuseth to blemish or shipwrack her chastity, by participating with him in the share of this lascivious and impious sin of fornication, and indeed it had been a happiness and glory, very worthy both of her selfe, and of her honourable old Father, if she had lived in the purity, and continued in the piety of this chaste and vertuous resolution.

But this lascivious Baron *Sanctiflore* seeing his lust so strongly opposed by her chastity, he is so far from grace & from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuosity thereof, as also of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to enrich himselfe with her losse of that inestimable and irrecoverable jewell her Virginity; so that day and night she cannot be in quiet for him, nor he without her; but still he followes her as her ghost and shadow, and with many false oathes and feigned sighes and tears dorth bewitch or rather minstrelize into her eares and heart, that his desire of this sweet pleasure which he requesteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her, and so with a thousand lascivious words he makes so large and so impious an Apology to her for this his obscene request, that because modesty cannot, discretion will not permit me to relate it; as well

well knowing that the expression and publishing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, and no way pleasing but displeasing to God, when this weak and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her own life, and confidently relying on his sworn affection and fidelity to her, which he so passionately, and so often had reiterated to her, she so rashly and foolishly permitted her self to be weighed down, overcome and vanquished with the importunacy of his requests and oaths, that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, nor not her self; but as she formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now she likewise gives him the free use and possession of her body. Thus *Sanctiflore* bereaves and unparadiseeth his Mistress *Vrsina* of the most precious jewell which ever Lady Nature gave her, I mean her chastity and honour, but both of them shall shortly pay deere for these their bitter-sweet pleasures (or rather sins) of sensuality and fornication, and shall redeem and ransom them with no lesse than shame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus.

After he had thus deflowered and taken his obscene pleasure of his young and beautifull Mistress, and stayed an houre or two complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her, when triumphing more in the conquest of her shame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occasioning the one and committing the other, he within a week or two after againe makes her so flexible and tractable to his desires, as hee three or foure times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this lascivious manner, and she with him, as not contented to staine and blemish, but wholly to defile and pollute themselves in this their beastly sin of concupiscence & fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and misery: For (as a base Nobleman) he forgetting his oaths and promises to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour and himselfe, and his soule, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freez in his affection to her, visiteth her seldome, and then but faintly and coldly, and when (with equall blushes and tears) she motioneth him to marry her, he is either deafe to her requests, or else answereth her so impertinently and ambiguously, as (with much perturbation of minde and affliction of heart) she begins to suspect and doubt with her self, that she hath more reason to feare, than cause to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her feare vaine, or her judgement and apprehension deceived of him herein: for as men love noses in the morne, and throw them away ere night, so this ignoble Nobleman *Sanctiflore* after hee had surfatted and satiated his desire of this his intended and contracted Wife *Vrsina*, hee in lesse than three moneths after, is so ingratefull and treacherous towards her, as in a manner he abandoneth her Fathers house, and forsakes her sight and company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her sighes, teares, and repentance, and which is worse, a growing great belly, as the true seale of her present griefe and sorrow, and the undoubted pledge and presager of her future shame and misery, which torments and terrifies her heart and soule, but how to remedy it she knowes not. And now (with as much speed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sanctiflore* to his other second sweet heart *Bertrama*, who not for her beauty, but for her Fathers great wealth, & his own pressing wants, he now seems to affect & court a thousand times more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof she is infinitely glad and joyfull. For having a long time loved him in her heart and minde, and therefore desiring nothing so much under Heaven, as to see him her husband here on Earth, and having to that end her secret eyes and spies every where abroad upon his life and actions, she is at last advertised, that there is some great distaste and difference fallen out between him and the Lady *Vrsina*, as also that being far from his home, he wanteth monies to defray his Port and expences in *Naples*, she being of a sharp wit and deepe judgement, thinks that the last of his defects was the cause of the first; and that peradventure *Sanctiflore* having attempted to borrow some money of her Father *Seignior Placido*, and received the repulse, he therefore was fallen out, and become displeased and discontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgement missed of the truth herein, yet the better to estrange *Sanctiflore* from *Vrsina*, and consequently

sequently the more powerfully and strongly to unite and tye him to her selfe, she well knowing that her own Father *De Torres* exceedingly loved him, and desired him for his Son in Law, as much as she did for her Husband: she therefore as much in love to him, as in disdain and malice to *Erfsus*, doth under hand deale so politickly, and yet so secerly with her Father to lend *Sanctiflore* some monies, that he meeting him the very next day in his house, hee takes him aside in his study and told him, that in regard of his absence from *Capua*, and his long stay and great expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impossible that he might want some monies, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there layd him downe 500 double Pistols: adding wihall, that if he needed more, he should have what he pleased, and repay it him again when he pleased, & that if he would honour him so much as to marry his Daughter, hee would give him all the lands and wealch he had.

This great courtesie of *De Torres* to the Baron of *Sanctiflore* hee held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him so freely and undemanded, as also for that it came so opportunely & fitly to pay his debts, and satisfie his wants, as after a long and respective complement betweene them, *Sanctiflores* necessity so easily prevails with his modesty, that hee most thankfully takes this gold of *De Torres*, and likewise gives him more hope than despaire to his motion of marrying his Daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one rests well satisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courtesie being thus performed betweene them, *Sanctiflores* joy thereof was so great, I may say so boundlesse, as he presently findes out his new Mistris *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and cheerefull voice, relates her, how much her Father had obliged him and from point to point what had past betweene them, and immediately after no lesse doth her Father, the musick of which newes was so pleasing to her minde, and so sweet to her heart and thoughts, that shee hereupon flatters her selfe with a confident hope that hee will shortly marry her, and in this hope doth he still feed and entertaine her, being seldom or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kissing, drowning his judgement so wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming so fully on her youth and beauty, and on her Fathers great wealth and estate, that hee hath not the grace, no nor which is lesse, the will or good nature, once to think of his poore desolate and forsaken *Erfsus*, of whom in her turn I come now to speak.

We have formerly understood with sorrow, and our sorrowfull and unfortunate *Erfsus* hath to her grieve too too soone seene, how unkindely *Sanctiflore* hath used, and how basely and treacherously abused her in the points of her honor, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithstanding, her love and affection is still so deere and constant to him, and her hopes so confident of him, that all this discourtesie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that considering what familiarity hath past betweene them, it is impossible for him to bee so cruell hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewise acquainted him, that she is with childe by him, and when all other reasons and perswasions faile, she hopes this will prevaile to reclaime his affection to her, and to induce him to take pittie of her, and compassion of his unborne babe within her. But to refell and dissipate all these her flattering and deceitfull hopes, and which is worse, to make her lose all hopes of this her desired happinesse and good fortune from him, his new contracted and incessant familiarity betweene him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not so privately carried and hushed up in silence betweene them, but she hath secret and sorrowfull notice thereof; which so inflames her minde with hot jealousie, and likewise afflicts her heart with cold feare and apprehension; that she hath seduced and drawne his affection from her to himselfe, as also that he will utterly forsake her to marry *Bertranna*; that she fully beleevs that the wind of his discourteous absence from her proceeds from this point of the compass. Wherefore fearing that which she already knowes, but far more that which she knowes not of this their familiarity betweene them, all her hopes of *Sanctiflore* are almost vanished and banished, and her heart is as it were wholly depressed and weighed downe

downe with bitter griefe and sorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her disgrace, much lesse her father, and her looking on her great belly doth but infinitely augment her sorrowes and increase her afflictions, in regard that that which should have beene the cause of her joy and glory, she now knowes will shortly prove the argument of her shame and misery. A thousand times a day, yea I may truly say as many times as houres, she wisheth she had beene more chaste and lesse faire, and not so easily to have hearkned to *Sanctiflores* sugred oathes and temptations, as to have lost her honour and fortunes in seeking to preserve them in her affection to him, she would faine draw comfort from all these her calamities, or from any one of them, and yet shee knowes not from whom except from her *Sanctiflore*, when presently she checks her folly, and reproves her ambition for tearing him hers, when she beleeveth she hath far more cause to feare than reason to doubt, that he already is, or shortly will be *Bertrams* husband. And yet againe, because the excesse of her sorrowes hath more eclipsed her joyes than her judgement, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a master piece of her policy if shee can sequester and reclaime her *Sanctiflore* from *Bertram*, and so retaine him to her selfe in marriage, she to that end, that very morning sends for *Sebastiano* her fathers Coachman (whom she knew to be faithfull to her) and taking off a rich Diamond ring from her finger which *Sanctiflore* well knew, she bade him finde out the Baron of *Sanctiflore* at his lodging, or elsewhere, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, and to tell him that she infinitely desires him to honour her with his presence at her Fathers house sometimes in the forenoone. *Sebastiano* accordingly finds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Mistres Ring and message, by whom he returns this answer; Commend me to the Lady *Vrsina*, and tell her I will be with her immediately after dinner. Whiles thus our sorrowfull *Vrsina* (betwixt hope and feare, griefe and consolation) prepares to receive him, he arrives to her in his own Coach, and her Fathers servants attending for him, conduct him up to her chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to sorrow, she meets him at the door, and conducts him to the window which answereth & looks into the garden, where he giving her only one slight kisse, and she absenting her Fathers servants, she bursts forth into tears and sighs.

She complains of the coldnesse of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his oathes and yowes to her, and of her great belly by him, which she tels him he may better see than she conceale, but especially of his deepe promise to marry her, praying him to set downe the time and place when he will performe and consummate it, and that it would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if he forgot himselfe, his honour, and conscience, to forsake her, and marry the Lady *Bertrama*, whom she affirms to him with reares, that she understands is the Mistres of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his desires and affections. When this base Baron is so cruell hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, and his passion to his compassion) he replies not a word to all the former parts and branches of her speeches and complaints, but only to the two last he gives her this thundring and heart-killing answer: Know *Vrsina* that I have used all lawfull and possible meanes with my Parents to draw their consents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtaine it of them, and without it I will never marry: as for *Bertrama*, she is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as she is thy superiour in vertues, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine, when with a look (which savoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he hastily throwes her her Diamond Ring, and without once kissing her or bidding her farewell, suddenly rusheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her selfe and her muses, and so takes Coach and away, vowing to himselfe as he went forth the doores, that he will not be Father to a Bastard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judge, if this *Sanctiflore* did not shew himselfe a most base Nobleman & a cruell hearted tyrant towards this sweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, with the consideration

ration of her youth and beauty in her selfe, of her tender love and affection to him, of his oathes and promises to be her husband, of the losse of her honour and fortunes, yea with the sight of her leane and thin cheeks wherein the Roses and Lilies of her former beauty were withered with her sorrowes and his infidelities, and the sight and consideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth, and quality, and the infinitenesse of her sighes, prayers, sobs, and teares, could draw no more reason or compassion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the sight and consideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her, her very heart and soule is wounded and pierced thorow with sorrow; and now it is that she looks back on her former folly and error, and on her present affliction and griefe, and on her future shame and misery, and now it is that deeming him lost to her for ever, and her selfe consequently ruined without him; that her sorrowes and miseries are so great, so infinite, that she is ready to drowne her selfe in her teares, and most willingly desirous to forsake this life and this world to flye up to Heaven and so God up on the wings of her sighes and prayers. But alas poore soule, thou art too unfortunate to be yet so happy, because these thy afflictions and sorrowes do as it were now begin; therefore thou must prepare and arme thy selfe to suffer them with patience, and to end them in lesse passion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Vrsina*, and so speedily poast away and acquaint his new one *Bertranna* therewith, who much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps and laments thereat; yet (according to order) I must againe speak of our sorrowfull *Vrsina*, who hath other more mournfull parts, and lamentable passions to act upon the stage of this her history. Who having thus received the repulse and refusall from her treacherous lover *Sanctiflore*, she (within a moneth after) with a sorrowfull heart and courage, resolves (as well as she may) to dispencc for a time with her teares, and to provide for her reputation, she hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctiflore* with her disgrace of her great belly, for neither her kinsfolks, friends, neighbours, father, or his servants, do as yet know it; she is of a weak body and feeble constitution, & therefore to conceale this scandall from her Father, as also from all the world, and to provide for the lying downe of her great belly, she holds it requisite to discover this great and important secret but only to one, and so to crave the aide and assistance of this confident bosome friend. To which end, she thinks none so fit for her purpose, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of an old Aunt of hers, who was her Mothers Sister named *Dona Mellefanta*, who being a wise and rich widdow woman, dwelt at Putzeole some ten small miles distant from Naples, a place so famous for its subterranean grotts, vaults, and water-works, when inventing an excuse to her Father, which was as worthy of her art and policy as she was every way unworthy of these her crosses and afflictions; shee tels him that it is not unknowne to him how shee hath a long time been weak and sickly, that the aire of Naples is neither wholesome for her, nor pleasing to her, and because she hath often dreamt she shall in a little time recover her former health in Putzeole, she humbly beseecheth him that he will speedily send her thither to live some small time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta*, her Father *Segnior de Torres*, whose age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, prosperity and health of this his only childe and daughter, makes her will and desire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the distaste that had past betweene his daughter, and the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, or of his affection to the Lady *Bertranna*, he demanded of her when you are at Putzeole what shall become of the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, to whom (rather from her apronstrings than her heart) she returns this witty and speedy answer, if *Sanctiflore* love me, he will then sometimes leave Naples and visit me, or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleased her Father so well that he causeth her to fit up her apparell and baggage, and within three dayes after, (attended on by a Chamber maide, and a Man of his, sends her away to Putzeole in his Coach to his Sister *Mellefanta*, where being arived she speedily and privately

with this great secret of her great belly, which so much imports her reputation, or disgrace, and also with all the circumstances thereof, and so prays her best love and assistance to her herein, the which she faithfully promiseth her, adding wishal, that because she is of her own blood, she will regard and love her as her own childe, telling her that she highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving *Naples*, to come lay down her great belly with her in *Putzeole*; yet she could not chuse but blame her for the cause thereof in suffering her selfe to be thus abused and betrayed, by so base a Nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, but then againe she excuseth that error of this her Neece upon the freshnesse of her youth, and beauty, and bids her feare nothing, but to resolve to be here cheerefull, couragious, and merry with her.

Here we see our beautifull *Vrsina* safe at *Putzeole*, under the wings and protection of her Aunt *Mellisanta*, and far off from the eyes of the knowne or suspected rejoycing enemies of her disgrace; lodged in a dainty house, a delicate ayre, having variety of curious sweet garments, and dainty rancks and groves of Orange and Lemon trees to walke in, well attended on; and faring most deliciously; and who therefore would beleieve, that she would not now quite abandon her former sorrowes and tears, and wholly reject and cast off that base Baron of *Sanctiflore* who so ingratfully had ruined, and so treacherously had first forsaken and rejected her; but here in *Putzeole* we shall see her performe nothing lesse; for although she yet hold him to be intangled in the lures of *Bertrannas* beauty, and the temptations of her Father *de Torres* wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and measuring him by her selfe, she still loves him so deereely that she neverthelesse beleieves he cannot hate her so deadly as to reject and repudiate her to marry the said *Bertranna*; when the more to fortifie her beleefe and resolution thereof, she very often againe reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and seene, and therein finding; that by his conscience and soule, and by Heaven and by God, he had bound himselfe to marry her, and to live and dye her faithfull husband; she then beleieves that no man, much lesse a Nobleman, and least of all a Christian will be so prophane and impious (without any cause or reason) to violate all these his great oathes and promises so deeply made, and so religiously attested unto God; wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctiflore* were absent from her, yet seeing him still present in her eyes and heart, she therefore (in consideration of the premises) doth yet continually so plead for him against her selfe, and for his affection and fidelity to her against her suspicion and diffidence of him, that she yet flatters her selfe with a conceit that in the end his conscience will so call home his thoughts, and God his conscience, that he will marry her selfe, and none but her selfe. Againe, considering him to be the Father of her unborne babe, she thinks her selfe, a very unkinde and unnaturall mother, if she should not love him for her chilles sake as well as for his own, and that God would neither blesse her nor her burthen, if she should any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reasons, (truly and courteously laid by her, but so falsely and treacherously by him) she thinks it a good way and an excellent, expedient for her, to seek to reclaim him to her by a Letter, the prooffe whereof since his defection from her, she had not as yet practised or experienced; but as she began to fall on this resolution, her hope and despaire of *Sanctiflore* and yet her love and affection to him, make her meet and fall on a doubtfull scruple, whether she should write kindly or cholerickly to him, but at last her affection to him, declining and excusing his infidelity to her, and her love and courtesie giving a favourable construction to his cruelty towards her, she holds it more behovefull for her desire, and his returne, to write to him passionately and effectually, but not harshly or severely, and so to take the sweet and faire way which she desired, but not the sharpe and bitter which he deserved; when flying to her closet, she (full of grieve and teares) writes him this ensuing Letter, the which without the knowledge of her Aunt *Mellisanta* she sends him to *Naples*, by her trusty messenger *Sebastiano* her Fathers Coachman.

Vrsina

URSINA TO SANCTIFIORE.

TO preserve thine own honour, and prevent mine owne disgrace and shame, I have left Naples to sojourne here for a time in Putzeole with the Lady Mellitanta mine Aunt, where thy presence will make me as truly joyfull and happy, as I feele and know my selfe infinitely miserable without it; For although of late (but for what cause, or reason, God knowes, I know not) it hath pleased thee to exercise my affection and patience in thy discontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchase, sith thou art my Husband by promise, whereof the coppies of thy former Letters will informe and remember thee, that thou madest God the Judge, and thy soule and conscience the witnesses, I cannot beleewe that thou art so irreligious, or that thou bearest me so little love, or so much malice, to make thy selfe guilty of such soule infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeale to them all if my tender and untainted affection to thee have not every way deserved the contrary at thy hands. Again, as in hoping to marry thee I gave thee my heart, so in assurance and confidence thereof, thou didst likewise bereave me of my honour, and therefore if the counterpane of that contract do any way fade or dye in thy memory, yet rest confident that the Originall lives still in Heaven, as the pledge and seale thereof doth now in my unhappy wombe here on Earth; mistake me not my deare Sanctifiore, for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end that thou mayest thereby seriously consider, and religiously remember with thy selfe, what I am to thee, thou to my selfe, and what that unfortunate innocent unborn babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy wife before God, yet I will now in all humilitty make my selfe thy handmaide, and with a world of sighes and teares throw my selfe at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poore beauty which once thou didst so much admitt and adore, by the memory of my lost virginity, which thou wrestedst from me with so many amorous sighes and teares, by all thy deepe othes, vowes, and promises which thou so religiously gavest me to remaine still loving to me, by thine honour which should be dearer to thee than thy life, by thy conscience and soule which ought to be farre more precious to thee than all the lives and honours of the world, yea for thy poore infants sake, and lastly for Gods sake, abandon thy unjust displeasure and humbled discontent conceived against me, and my deere Sanctifiore come away to me to Putzeole, and there make me thy Wife in the sight of his Church and people, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels, I say againe, come away to me my sweet Sanctifiore, for thy sight will delight my heart, and thy presence and company ravish my soule with joy. It is impossible for Bertranna, either to leave or honour thee the thousand part so dearly as thy Ursina doth, and till death resolves to do; I will freely forget all thy former escapes and discourtesies towards me, and do attribute them more to her foolish vanity, than any way to thy unkind disposition or inclination. yea I will not knit my browes when thou comest to me, but will cheerefully and joyfully prepare my selfe to feast thee with smiles, and to surfeit thee with kisses: But if contrariwise thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard these my just requests and sorrowes, nor obey and follow God and thy conscience herein, in speedily repairing to me to make me thy joyfull Wife, then what shall I do or say, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithstanding still resolve to love thee deere, though thou hate me deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curse me; yea I will then leave thee to God, and religiously beseech his divine majesty, to be a just judge betweene both of us, of my firme affection and constancy to thee, and of thy cruell ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy constant Ursina knowes that without thee, she shall assuredly live sorrowfully and die miserably.

URSINA.

Her messenger *Sebastiano* arrives privately at Naples and finds out the Baron of Sanctifiore in his chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at first (knowing from whom it came) stood a pretty while musing and consulting with himself, whether

ther he should read or burne it, but at last he breakes up the scales thereof, and with much adoe affords himselfe the time and patience to peruse it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive so sweet and loving a letter from *Ursina*, yet not blushing for shame, but looking pale with envy and malice thereat, he darting forth a disdainfull frown, and tearing the letter in peeces, throwes it into the fire, when turning himself hastily towards *Sebastiano* who stood neer him and saw all that hee had done, he in great choler spake to him thus. Tell that proud and foolish gigglet *Ursina* that I disdain her as much as shee writes she loves me, and that, as now, so ever hereafter I will return no other answer to her and her letters, but contempt and silence, when to expresse his greater fury, *Sebastiano* was no sooner forth his chamber, but he very hastily throws fast the door after him, & in this furious & cholerick manner doth this base *Sanctiflore* receive the love and entertain the letter of our sweet & sorrowfull *Ursina*.

Sebastiano as much grieving as admiring at the incivill choler and rage of *Sanctiflore*, presently leaves Naples, and carries home this poore news and cold comfort to his yong Mistris the Lady *Ursina* at Putzeole, the which he faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing lesse but directly the contraty thereof. She is amazed to understand this his disdainfull, barbarous, & cruell answer, and infinitely perplexed in mind, that he should first teare then burn her letter, and for converting his pen into *Sebastiano*'s tongue for his answer thereof. But above all that word of his gigglet kild her very heart with sorrow, to think that for all her former courtesies shewed him, he should now at last repay her with this foule ingratitude and scandalous aspersi- on, at the sorrowfull thought and consideration whereof, resolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty she could not refrain from bedewing her roseate cheeks with many pearled teares, nor from evaporating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the centre of her soul; God forgive the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, and be mercifull to me *Ursina* a great and wretched sinner, had she continued in this godly mind and resolution she had done well, but alas (notwithstanding the wholesome comfort & counsell of her aunt *Mellefanta*) we shall shortly see her run a contrary course & cariere.

It is a common phrase and proverb that misfortune seldom comes alone, which we shall now see our sorrowfull *Ursina* will verifie by her deep sighes, and confirme by her bitter teares for this discourtesie of *Sanctiflore* towards her, for she hath so deeply nailed it in her mind, and riveted it in her heart, that it begins to impaire her health and strength, and consequently to pervert and alter the constitution of her body, so that where as her poore unborn babe had lived but one full month within her, she now finds so many suddain throws, and unacustomed convulsions, that she is speedily constrained to betake her self to her bed, when calling upon her aunt *Mellefanta*, & withall possible halte sending away for the midwife, she after many sharp torments, and bitter cryes and groanes (to the great perill and imminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little son, which God sends into the world dead born; now although shee want no curious care, comfort and attendance from her aunt, in this her sickness and extremity, yet she weeps bitterly, and pittifull for the abortive birth and untimely death of her poore innocent babe, and infant, and because her aunt sees, that this last affliction and sorrow of her neece doth infinitely encrease and revive her former, and that shee also conceives a wonderfull feare in her heart, & scruple in her conscience that it is only her immoderate griefe and sorrow which hath kild her child, therefore as a discreet matron and wise Lady, (to remove this article out of her neeces beliefe and memory) tels her plainly and freely, that she is extremely deceived in that point & doubt of fear, and that it is not her sorrow, but the base ingratitude and treachery of her false lover *Sanctiflore* to her selfe which kild her child within her; A tart and yet a true speech, which *Ursina* neither will so soone, nor can so easily forget, as her aunt *Mellefanta* hath spoken it, but shall I here rearme this to be affection in *Ursina* towards *Sanctiflore*, or a

needleſſe vanity or ſupreſtuous ceremony in her ſelf : For ſhe deſires to kiſſe her breathleſſe innocent babe for his ſake, which ſhe doth, when giving it a thouſand kiſſes, then waſhing his face with her teares, and lamenting and grieving that ſhe could not breath life into it with her ſighs, ſhe recommends it againe to her aunt, and ſhe the ſame night to its ſecret and decent buriall.

Whiles thus *Urſina* remains very weak and ſick in her bed, yet ſtill her heart and affection looks conſtantly on *Sanctiſiore* as the needle of the compaſſe doth to the north, notwithstanding all his baſe ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time ſhewed towards her, and becauſe it is a thouſand griefes and pitties that ever he ſet his eyes on her, or ſhe on him, and as many ſhames for him, firſt to ſeduce and then to betray her, therefore who would any way commend her for continuing of her love to him, or rather who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit, & judgement, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him : And yet this ſilly yong Lady is ſo bewitched to him as in the very middeſt of her ſickneſſe & ſorrows, and contrary to all ſence and reaſon here breaks forth a ſparkle & flaſh of her policy in her ſelf, and of her affection towards him ; She neither can, nor dare truſt any other but *Sebaſtiano* her coachman, with this great ſecret which ſo much imports her honor or diſgrace, or with this her meſſage with *Sanctiſiore* from whom (though in vaine) ſhee expects ſome hope and content, when exempting all from her chamber ſhe calls him to her beds ſide, and ſwearing him to ſecrecy, for want of ſtrength to write chargeth him preſently to ride poaſt to Naples againe to find out the Baron of *Sanctiſiore* and to tell him from her, that ſhe her ſelf is extream ſick, and not like to live, that ſhee is delivered of his and her Sonne who is dead born, and therefore that ſhe begs him, that for Gods ſake he will ſpeedily come over to her, becauſe for his good, & her content, ſhe infinitely deſireth to diſcharge her mind and conſcience to him before ſhe go to heaven ; So *Sebaſtiano*, (in diſcharge of his duty, and his Ladies command, ſeems rather to fly than poaſt to Naples, where ariving to *Sanctiſiores* houſe, and finding him within, he ſends him up his name by one of his men, as alſo that he moſt earneſtly deſires to ſpeak a word with his Lordſhip : but *Sanctiſiore* knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry *Sebaſtiano* back this answer that he will neither ſpeak with him, nor ſee him. *Sebaſtiano* is perplexed with this his ſhort and ſharp reply, but becauſe his meſſage is of great importance, as alſo for that he exceedingly reſpecteth & honoreth his yong Lady and miſtris, he reſolves not to return to her as a fool; to which end, at the foot of the ſtaires he enquires of another of his ſervants when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tels him he will take coach within half an houre, whereof *Sebaſtiano* being exceeding glad, he thinks it beſt to ſtay for him in the ſtreet, where (with much vigilancy & impatiency) he attends his coming, ſo at laſt he ſees him iſſue forth his gate ; when preſently *Sebaſtiano* placeth himſelf betwixt him and his coach, and with his hat in his hand, very reſolutely and orderly delivereth him his miſtris her meſſage at full, the which *Sanctiſiore* underſtanding, he at firſt ſmiles thereat, but then preſently againe entring into choler, he rounds *Sebaſtiano* this answer in his eare, tell that ſtrumpet thy miſtris *Urſina* from me, that I wiſh ſhe were buried with her baſtard, and that they were both with the devill, and ſo without ſpeaking any one word more, in a mighty fume of anger and diſdain he throwes himſelf a way from *Sebaſtiano* into his coach, and ſpeedily hurries away to his ſweet heart *Berrianna*, from whom he is ſeldome or never abſent, to whom he revealed all that had paſt in this paſſage, endeavoring as much as in him lies to make it to be as well her laughter, as his own contempt & ſcorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no chriſtian whatſoever, but that his very heart and ſoule, will yearne within him, at the reading of theſe cruell, barbarous and helliſh ſpeeches of this baſe hearted Nobleman, againſt our ſorrowfull and unfortunate *Urſina*, and her poore humbles deſeased babe, and no leſſe doth *Sebaſtiano* in hearing and my ſelf in penning and relating them : do I tearm him Nobleman? O let

mee (with respect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sanctiflore*, and to give him his due, let me tearm him as he is a monster of men, or if he will, a noble deboshed villain, or whether he will or no, a meer tyrant, or else a devill in the shape of a man, to use such ingratefull crueltyes, and hellish actions and speeches against these two innocent persons, who contrariwise in the highest degree, deserved from him all manner of affection, respect, charity, pittie and compassion; but let him look to himself as well as he can, yet (God being as just as mercifull) it is not impossible for him in the end to pay deare for these his foule infidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to *Sebastiano* who (by this time) is returned to Putzeole whereof he presently sends up notice to his young Lady and mistress *Ursina* who still keeps her bed through discontent and sicknes, but at the newes of his arrivall, or rather hoping that he had brought her some good news from her *Sanctiflore*; she without any regard to her weaknesse and sicknes riseth from her bed by the fire, and calls her chamber maid for her night gown, which having drawn on; she bids her for a while to absent her self, and to send up her coachman *Sebastiano* to her; and although in his sorrowfull looks and countenance she may already tacitly read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from *Sanctiflore*; yet she calls him to her, and bids him speak on; but alas he speaketh too soon for her, for (with a faltring and trembling voice) hee tels her the harsh entertainment, which *Sanctiflore* gave to him and his message in Naples, and the inhumane and cruell answer which he bad him return to her in Putzeole, without any way adding or diminishing a word thereof; the which as soon as she understood, she for the extremity of her grieve and sorrow hangs down her head, and crossing her armes uttereth this passionate speech: good God is it possible that *Sanctiflore* will thus abuse me, or is this the favor which I must expect of him in requitall of those extraordinary courtesies he hath received from me; when walking up and down her chamber, she thanks *Sebastiano*, and giving him some gold for his paines, bids him to leave her, and to send up her aunt *Mellefanta*, and her chamber maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up hastily to her, her aunt chides her for the little care she had of her own health, but more for her foolish teares, and in discreet sorrows. Now after they had laid her in her bed, and that *Ursina* had purposely sent away her maid, shee prays her aunt to shut her chamber doore, and then to sit down by her beds side for that shee had some secrets of importance to reveale unto her; when with a thousand sighes and teares, bedewing the roses and lilies of her fresh and lovely cheeks, she acquaints her from point to point, what had now again past between *Sanctiflore* and her self, in this second journey of *Sebastiano* to him at Naples. Her aunt *Mellefanta* laughs as much at this folly of her neece *Ursina*, as she her self weeps at her own sorrows and afflictions; and having as much wit as the other had weaknes, she makes bold to call her for, and foole, to care for him who contemned and scorned her, and for setting that to her heart which he did at his heel, yea she advanced further in this her passionate choler to her and said, fie, fie neece, sell your sorrows to buy more courage and wit, and so because that base Baron *Sanctiflore* detests and defies you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like to him, a sharp and bitter speech which *Ursina* (amidst her sorrows) now conveyes to her heart, and it may be we shall hereafter see her to remember it, when her aunt *Mellefanta* hath forgotten it: for poore Soul, shee being as it were depressed and weighed down, with the multitude of *Sanctiflores* affronts and disgraces, and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, shee hath wept so much as she yet weeps because she can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their constellations and horoscopes were such, that as *Sanctiflore* was born to hate her; so was shee notwithstanding, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Alas *Ursina*; It is true indeed, that the least of these treacheries, and crueltyes of *Sanctiflore* to thee, are causes enough of all thy teares and sorrows; but yet the consideration and comparing of those with these, conducts and leads me to this dilemma; that

I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the first, or thou for permitting the second, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy scorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude, and crimes to thee I know are many in quantity, and very base and odious in quality, yea their number is so great and their nature so foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a smaller, nor their repetition contracted in a lesser or narrower volume than this; he hath betraied his love, violated his faith, and falsified his oathes and promises to thee; he hath bereaved thee of thy virginity, torn and burnt thy letters, disdained to see thee, called thee giggle and whore, thy innocent babe bastard, and which is worst of all, he hath wilfully and cholerickly wished both of you to the devill, so judge with thy self *Ursina*, if all these be not fair motives for thee still to love *Sanctiflore*, or rather if they be not just reasons and provocations for thee now at last to hate him; or if thou think they be not enough to work & establish this metamorphosis in thee, have but a little patience, and it is not impossible for thee to find more to affect and finish it; for now whiles her aunt *Mellefanta* is rating & railing her for not casting off her heart & hopes from *Sanctiflore*; and *Ursina* (in counter-exchange) chiding her aunt because she cannot indure that she should eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a moneth after she had prettily recovered her health and strength) which we shall presently see will work and produce strange effects both in her heart and mind as also in her affections and resolutions towards her *Sanctiflore*, for as yet (privatly to her self) she many times so teares and stiles him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun (that glorious lamp of heaven) had in his fiery glistering chariot taken leave of the south, and was poasting towards the west, to view the Atlantick seas, as the Lady *Mellefanta* carried her neece *Ursina* forth in her coach to take the ayre, and to recreate her sorrow full spirits, in a great walk of orange trees, orderly and pleasantly growing upon the bancks of a fine christfall brook about a mile from Putzeole, they a far off (in the boote of the coach) espied two horsemen galloping directly towards them, when *Ursina* flattering her self with hope, and therefore blushing for joy, that it was her *Sanctiflore*, who was purposely come from Naples towards Putzeole to see her, she therefore cries out to her coachman *Sebastiano* to stay the coach & to attend and expect them; when presently she sees her hopes deceived, and her joyes ended as soon as began, for the one was a servant of *Mellefanta* who from Putzeole conducted thither to *Ursina* a servant of her father *Placedo* who came from Naples with a letter from him to her, whereupon the aunt much wondering, and the neece far more what this suddain businesse might be, they both descend the coach, and *Ursina* taking her fathers letter from his man, she steps a little aside from her aunt *Mellefanta*, and breaking up the seal thereof, (directly contrary to her expectation and desires) finds these lines therein.

PLACEDO TO URSINA.

Hoping that by this time the sweet agre of Putzeole hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore is to be now is, that thou speedily return home to me to Naples (in thy coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purposely sent to conduct thee hither. I beleave that thy country absence hath lost thee a good fortune here in the Citty, for yesterday morning the baron of Sanctiflore was in the Augustines Church married to Dona Berranna, daughter to Seignior de Tores, with great state and solemnity, whom I had well hoped should have been thy husband, (remember my best respects to my sister, thy aunt *Mellefanta*, and my best prayers to God for thy vertues and prosperity, as being thy loving father

PLACEDO.

Ursina

Ursina hath no sooner read this letter, but every member of her body trembles for griefe and vexation thereat, yea her sorrows are so great; as she cannot speak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her aunt *Mellefanta* steps to her assistance and so do the two men, but they have all of them much ado to support her up; when at last wringing her hands, and looking up stedfastly to heaven, shee throwing her letter to her aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation against *Sanctiflore*; and hath this base Nobleman at last requited all my love, with this monstrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to suffer it? and O wherefore should he live for offering it to me? her aunt reads her letter and in detestation of *Sanctiflores* basenes, she ads fuell to the flame of her neeces choler against him, but she needs not, for this very last act of his marriage with *Bertranna*, sets her all in fire and revenge against him, yea her heart is absolutely diverted, and taken away from him, as heretofore she never loved him so much as now she hates him; she swears to her self, that she will make him pay deare for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no lesse than his death for so basely abusing and deceiving her, she but now threw away his letter for sorrow, but now she again takes it up for joy, because it calls her home to Naples, whereas soone as she arrives, she againe and againe resolves and vowes with her selfe that she will murder him her selfe, or cause him to be murdered by some others: her aunt *Mellefanta* by all sweet meanes and perswasions seeks to pacifie her discontent and fury, and so to appease and coole the raging tempests of her heart: but she speakes to a deafe woman, who is not capable, either of counsell consolation or reason, for her malice and revenge against *Sanctiflore* have so fully taken up her heart and soul, and so absolutely surprised her thoughts and possessed her resolutions, that she neither resolves nor thinkes of any thing else, but how and in what manner shee may murder him; to which end she takes coach for Purzeole, there packs up her baggage, conceales her bloody intents and resolutions towards *Sanctiflore* from her aunt *Mellefanta*, thanks her most lovingly and courteously for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof she affirms she will beare to her grave, and from thence to heaven, and so within three dayes takes leave of her, and returns to Naples to her father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives some secret discontent lie lurking in the furrowes of her browes; but she dissembleth it both to him and the world, and so beares her selfe fairly, modestly and temperatly towards him in her speeches and actions, who all this while is every way ignorant of her disgracefull great belly, as also of the birth and buriall of her infant child. She is no sooner come to Naples, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctiflore* wil give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her resolutions, for her heart having conspired with the devill, and both of them against God to dispatch him to heaven; so now from the matter she fals to the manner, and from her consultation to the practise thereof. She first thinks it best to get him poysoned, to which end within ten dayes after her arrivall to Naples she sends for her owne Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having sworne him to secrecy profers him two hundred duckatons to poyson her mortall enemy the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, but *Romancy* is too honest a man and too religious a Christian to undertake it, and so utterly refuseth her, and rejecteth her profer; and then and there with many godly reasons and pious speeches, endeavourth to diswade her from this fowle and bloody fact, but he speaks either to the wind or to a deafe woman, for she is resolute not to retine but to advance in this her cruell and inhumane designe, only she here againe strongly conjures this honest Apothecary to secrecy, the which he solemnly promiserth.

Ursina is still implacable in her malice and revenge against *Sanctiflore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuosity, when she (by her secret spies) is given to understand that he triumpheth in her affliction and scandall, and repures it his chiefest content and felicity to have erected the trophies of his

his

his joy upon the ruins of her honor and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as also that she and this her disgrace is now become the publike laughter and private scorn and glory of his proud and ambitious wife *Bertranna*: so she cannot endure the thought, much lesse digest the remembrance and consideration hereof, and therefore she speedily resolves to reduce her malicious contemplation into bloody action towards him, and to try another experiment and conclusion thereof. She in a pleasant morning somewhat sooner than accustomed, walks alone with her waiting maid in her fathers curious and dainty garden, but not to please her eyes with the delicious sight and fragrant smell of the great variety of rare and fair flowers wherewith it was richly adorned and diaped; or to recreate and delight her ears with the melodious ditties and madrigals of those sweet quirsisters of the aire, the nightingals, thrushes, and lennots, who sat chanting of some sweet division in some trees of this garden, and on some branches of these trees, or to preserve her self from the intemperat heat of the scorching Sun beames; and therefore either to passe her time, either in some shaddowed walks and arbours, or to sit her self down by some curious chrystall fountaine, with all which delights and rarities this her fathers garden was deliciously enriched and embelished; O no, nothing lesse, for she was resolute to make her self more miserable, & not so happy, because her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her resolutions, on the murder of *Sanctisfore* at what price or rate soever. Having therefore formerly mist of her Apothecary *Romancy* to poyson him, she else knows not any so fit or proper to dispatch him as her trusty coachman *Sebastiano*, who (as we have formerly understood) was both an eye and an eare witnes of this his base and ignoble cruelty towards her, wherefore she by her waiting maid, sends for him into the garden to her, & with many ruthfull looks, and sorrowfull sighes, having first commended and applauded his fidelity, to her, and then sworn him to secrecy to what she should now relate and deliver unto him, she tels him, that she cannot live except that base Lord *Sanctisfore* dye, and therefore she profereth him an hundred Spanish double pistols of gold, if he will either murder him by night in the streets with his rapier, or pistoll him to death abroad in the fields, at his first seeing and meeting of him, to the which she very earnestly praies and requests him. *Sebastiano* as amazed at this bloody proposition & entreaty of his yong Lady *Ursina*, whom he ever held to be more charitable, & not so cruell hearted to any one of the world, and although he be poor, yet he is so honest, vertuous and religious, as he highly refuseth to distain his heart, or dip his hands in innocent blood for any silver or gold whatsoever. So in humble (and yet in absolute) tearms, he gives her the deniall, and (with teares in his eyes) prayes her to desist from this her cruell purpose, because he affirms to her, that the end of murder proves most commonly but the beginning of shame, repentance, misery, and confusion to their authors; so she bites her lip, and hangs her head for sorrow, at this his repulse and refusal; and yet is so cautious and wary in her actions, as she makes him again sweare secrecy to her in all things, which now doth, or hereafter may concern this businesse, the which he faithfully promifeth her, provided, that her commands and his service be every way exempt of the effusion of innocent blood; and the perpetration of murder, to the which he constantly vows to her, it is imposible for him ever to be seduced or drawn, and so he takes leave of her and leaves her solitarily alone in the garden to her muses; but yet as he was issuing forth she again calls him to her, and strictly chargeth him first carefully and curiously to inform himself, and then he her, of *Sanctisfores* most frequent haunts, and walks without the Citty, the which he likewise promifeth her to perform.

Our malicious and revengfull *Ursina* is not contented to receive the deniall from her Apothecary *Romancy*, and the repulse from her coachman *Sebastiano*, about the finishing of this deplorable busines, but without making any good use of their honest & religiqus dissuasions of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of heaven

heaven or hell, she as a fatal member, & prodigious agent of *Sathan*, is still resolute to proceed therein; for he is still so strong with her heart, because her faith and soul are so weak with God, that she sees not her self so oft in her looking glas with delight, as she both sees, & finds *Sanctiflore* in her heart and mind with detestation; for her malice to him hath quite expelled all reason, & banished all charity and piety in her self, and consequently now made her memorative and capable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and usurpes every point both of her time, and of her self; and works so strange (I may rather truly say so miserable) a metamorphosis in her, as if shee were now wholly composed of one, or both of these two impious and diabolical vices, so that every moment seems a yeere, and every day an age to her, before she hath dispatched him for heaven; she now sees that shee cannot (with safety) employ any other herein but her selfe, and therefore day by day calling upon *Sebastiano* to know of him, where *Sanctiflores* usuall haunts & walks were out the citie, hee at last tels her that he is fully assured, that most mornings and evenings he takes his coach and sometimes his page, but many times alone, and so goes a mile out of the citie beyond the gate which looks towards Saint *Germaines*, and there in a dainty grove of Olives and Orange trees (neer a small river side) he with his book in his hand, and his spaniell dog at his heels passeth an houre or two alone in his private contemplation, his coach being sometimes out of sight from him, and sometimes returns to the Citie, and so comes and fetcheth him back again; which report is no sooner heard and understood of *Ursina* from her coachman, but she receiveth it with much joy, and entertains it with infinite content and delectation; she is therefore so cruell in her thoughts, and so determinate and bloody in her resolutions, as she will protract no time, but she speedily bethinks her self of a hellish stratagem and policy (no lesse strange then cruell) which the devill himself suggested, and found out for her, to wreak her inveterate malice & infernall revenge in murthering of *Sanctiflore*, the manner whereof is thus.

She very secretly provides her self of a friers compleat weed, as a sad russet gown & coule, with a girdle of a knotty rope, and wooden sandals, proper to the order of the *Bonnes homes* (which is the reformed one of that of Saint *Francis*) with a false negligent old beard, and haire for his head suitable to the same, and in one of the pockets of this frock, she put a small begging box, such as those friers use to carry in Citie and country when they crave the charitable almes and devotion of well disposed people; as also a new breviary (or small masse book) of the last edition and form of *Rome*, bound up in blew turky leather richly guilt, but in the other pocket thereof she puts a couple of small short pistols which she had secretly purloined out of her father *Placedo's* armoury, and had charged each of them with a brace of bullets, fast rammed down, with priming powder in the pans, and all these farall trinkets, shee (with equall silence and treachery) packes and tyes up close in the gown, expecting the time and houre to work this her cruell & lamentable feat on innocent *Sanctiflore*, who little thinks or dreams what a bloody banquet his old love, & now his new enemy *Ursina* is preparing for him.

And here I write with griefe that it was the tuesday after Palm Sunday, (a time and week which the blessed passion of our Saviour *Jesus Christ*, makes sacred and famous, and which all true Christians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, and not to pollute or defile it with barbarous and bloody sacrifices) when our masculine monster, rather our femall fury *Ursina*, being assured by *Sebastiano* that the Baron of *Sanctiflore* was that day about three of the clock after dinner gone out alone in his coach to his aforesaid usuall place of walking a mile off the citie in the fields; she infinite glad of this desired occasion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebastiano* make ready his coach, & silently to leave him without the postern gate of her fathers garden, and so presently to come up to her chamber to her, the which he as soon performs, to whom she now (prophanely and treacherously sayes) *Sebastiano*, (by the favor and mercy of God)

I have now exchanged my cruelty into courtesie towards the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, and doe therefore presently resolve to give him a merry meeting in the fields, whereat before our departure and returne, I know thou wilt rejoyce and laugh heartily at the sight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleasing newes to *Sebastiano*, to whom she then gives this little fardell, and so purposely leaving her waiting-maid behind her, she cheerefully and speedily followes him, to the coach, wherein being seated and the little fardell likewise within by her, she bids him drive away with all speed to find out *Sanctiflore*, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight shots of him, *Ursina* bids *Sebastiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive in the coach into some close shadowed place out of the high way, where they might see *Sanctiflore*, but not (as yet) to be either seene or espied of him; which accordingly he doth, where she descends her coach, draives off her owne apparell, and so puts on her false friers apparell, as also the haire and beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before, and here likewise she foldeth up the tresses and tramels of her owne haire under it, and hath purposely shaved away the haire of a little part of the crowne of her head, and all this whiles her coach man *Sebastiano* turnes her chamber-maid here in the fields to make her ready, where he cannot refrain from exceedingly smiling and laughing to see what a strange metamorphosis this now is, that his young Lady *Ursina* is here become an old frier, but still she hides and conceales her two pistols carefully in her pocket from him, as also her bloody designs and intents towards *Sanctiflore*, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as she her selfe and only her selfe is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readinesse, she out of her other pocket takes her almes box and holds it in one of her hands, and her howres (or breviary) in her other, and so taking leave of her coachman, and (with a dissembling cheerfull countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and speedily to bring up her coach to her, as soon as he sees her wave her white handkercher towards him; so, as a jolly old frier, away this she devill softly trips towards *Sanctiflore*, having piety in her looks, but prophane and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as she goes, *Sebastiano* cannot refrain from laughing to see this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and mistris, but directly beleeving that she in meriment went a maying or masking, such was his ignorance that he least thought, or dreame that shee went to commit murder, or what devill was here veiled and shrouded under this friers weed.

So (with more assurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) she goes on towards *Sanctiflore* who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a ducke or ryoe, she holding up her begging box, and counterfeiting an old fryers voyce, prayes him for the blessed Virgin *Marier* sake, and also for holy Saint *Francis* sake to bestow something on him for their society and order; which *Sanctiflore* (being alone, as having sent back his coach to the citty) resolving to do, he seeing that fair new breviary in the friers hands, he fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and peruseth it, which being that which *Ursina* aimed and looked for, she for manners sake (but indeed purposely and maliciously) steps behind him, & very softly drawing out one of her pistols out of her pocket which was already bent; shee levels it at the very reines of his back, and so lets fly at him, whereof he presently was falling to the ground, when (the devill making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the turning of a hand, she whips out the other pistoll out of her pocket, and to make sure work with him likewise dischargeth it in his brest, and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conspicuous and apparant to all the world, as neer as she could gnesse to his very heart, of which mortall wounds made by her foure bullets *Sanctiflore* fell immediately dead to the ground, having neither the power grace or happinesse to speak a word; and she pulling off her false beard, discovered her self to him as hee was dying, and spurning him most disdainfully and maliciously with

with her foot gave him this cruell farwell, such deaths such villaines deserve, who triumph & glory to betray harmlesse & innocent Ladies; which having acted and said, she waving her hand kercher to her coachman, he comes up to her with her coach as swift as the wind, who is all a mazed & in teares to behold this wofull accident and lamentable spectacle; for descending speedily from his coach, he finds the Baron of *Sanctiflore* dead, and his soule already fled and ascended from earth to heaven, to whom his Lady *Ursina* in a gracelesse insulting bravery) sayes, rejoyce with me *Sebastiano*, that I have now so bravely and fortunately revenged my self on this base and treacherous Baron *Sanctiflore*; but honest *Sebastiano*, (being as full of true griefe, as she was of false joy) replyes and tels her, Oh madame! what have you done? for this is no cause, and therefore no time to rejoyce but rather to lament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to dissemble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatall friers frock) did me your bloody intentions, I have far more reason to feare than cause to doubt, that your murdering of the Baron of *Sanctiflore*; will prove the ruin and confusion of your self, except God be graciously pleased to be more mercifull to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune speedily to provide for your own safety; which as soon as he had said, he (in the friers weeds) speedily takes her up in the coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the shadowed thicket from whence she came, where she casts of her friers apparell, beard, hair, box and book, as also the two pistols, the which they two wrap up all in the gown, & throw it into a deep ditch or precipice, and so he helps her to put on all her own apparell and attire and then with more haste than good speed drives home arrain toward Naples, and it was a disputable question, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Ursina* more rejoyced, or her honest coachman *Sebastiano* lamented & grieved at this unfortunate & deplorable fact.

We have seen with what a malicious courage, and a desperate and prophane resolution, this cruell hearted Gentlewoman *Ursina* hath in the habit of a frier murdered this unfortunate Baron *Sanctiflore*, and the reader shall not go much further in this history before (if not in the same moment, yet in the same houre) he see the sacred justice of God will suprise and bring her to condigne punishment for the same, as if the last (as indeed it is) were co-insident and hereditary to the first, or as if it were wholly impossible for her to rejoyce so much here on earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in heaven for this.

Gods judgements are as just as sacred, and as miraculous as just: so that all people should rather admire it with awfull reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane presumption. But our wretched *Ursina* will not make her self so happy to be of the first, but rather so miserable to be of this second ranck; for she wholly despiseth Gods justice; and so absolutely forgets God himself, as she neither thinks of what she hath now done, what she now is, or which is worst of all what hereafter she may bee; but rather (as an inconsiderate and wretched jipsie) laughs in her sleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanctiflore* of his life, who so lately and so treacherously had bereaved her of her honor and chastity. Whiles thus sorrowfull *Sebastiano* is hurrying away his joyfull mintherous yong Mrs the Lady *Ursina* in her coach towards her father *Seignior Placido's* house in Naples, as thinking to make his way the shorter & securer) he drave his coach on a narrow path by the side of a hill, it so pleased God (in his sacred providence) as of his two coach horses, that of the our side fell shear over the path and drew his fellow horse; the coach, the Lady *Ursina*, and her coachman *Sebastiano* down the hill after him; with which suddain terrible fall the coach was shattered and torn in peeces, she brake her right arme (wherewith she had discharged these two pistols) and he his left leg, so that she had the power but not the will, and he the will but not the power to step to her assistance, only he leaps from the coach box to the ground on his right leg, and with his knife cuts off the staves and trappings of his horses, that they in their amazed fury might not draw the coach and themselves after them;

and

and yet such is her impenitency and his affliction, as she here was not half so much terrified, as hee perplexed and astonished at this their misfortunate disaster; the which though she sleighted, as only looking down to her self, yet he deemed and conceived it to be no lesse than a blow from heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatall Omen, portending some dismall calamities and afflictions which were immediately to surprise and betide them.

As thus distressed *Vrsina*, and her lame and sorrowfull coachman *Sebastiano*, fate down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to see their coach lye torn on the lee side and shore of the hill, and their two coach-horses (without hurt or feare) licentiously playing their friskes and figaries below in the vallies, neither he nor she knew what course to take for their present consolation and safety, and so to prevent the imminency of their danger, but at last she taking some ten double pistols of Spanish gold out of her pocket, & giving it him, she again makes him swear secrecy, never to reveal what he had seen her perform to *Sanctiflore*, the which (with more reluctancy than willingnes) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, he by some loud cryes and holla's should call in some contadines (or country labourers) to their assistance, whom they saw a good distance off very busily working in the vines, the which as he was about to doe, lo God (in his sacred providence) so ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctiflores* coach came ratling above them, where they two fate comfortlesse and sorrowfull upon the ground; and in the coach was his page *Hieronymo*, who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his master, who perfectly seeing and knowing the Lady *Vrsina*, and her coachman *Sebastiano*, and seeing her coach lye by her all reverled, and shattered and torn to peeces, grieving at this her disaster, he for the respect he bore her for the Baron his masters sake, (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his coachman with him, and so descends down to her assistance, where being more fully acquainted, of the breaking of her arme, and her coachman *Sebastiano's* leg, he very humanely and courteously professes her his Lords coach, and his best service to conduct and carry them both home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* house in the cittry, little thinking or dreaming, that shee came from so cruelly murdering his kind Lord and master *Sanctiflore*, or that his breathlesse body lay now exposed as a prey to the fowls of the ayre in the field.

Sebastiano is much perplexed & grieved, but his Lady *Vrsina* infinitely more at this unexpected encounter, & ominous meeting of *Sanctiflores* page, coach & coachman which threatned her no lesse than fear, and this fear no lesse than imminent danger & confusion, especially to her self, if not to him, when looking wistly and sorrowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themselves in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare she accept, or well knows how to refuse this proffered courtesie of the page *Hieronymo*. But at last (despight of her self) she is enforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a vertue of necessity, she (though much against her will) is constrained, very thankfully, to accept, and make use of this kindnes of *Hieronymo*, who leading the Lady *Vrsina* by her left arme, and his coachman, hers by his right, they softly bring them up the hil to the Baron their masters coach, & so convey her home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* house in the cittry, who was then gon forth to sup with the Prince of Salerno, (who by the mothers side, was his cosen Germane) where *Vrsina* (setting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the page many hearty thanks, and the coachman three duckatons for this their courtesie, so they take leave of her, and speedily return with their coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their Mr., to whom they resolve at full to relate this accident; when *Vrsina's* feares far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what ticklish tearms and dangerous points both her self & her life now stood, she (in the absence of her father) speedily resolves to provide her a swift coach and so to fly from Naples to her aunt *Mellefant's* house in Putzeole, where shee promised her selfe far more safetie and lesse danger than here at home with her father;

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but contrariwise, we shall see that God is now resolved to deceive both her hopes, and herself herein, to her utter shame and confusion.

The page *Hieronymo* being sorrowfull for his Lady *Urfina*'s misfortune, and yet exceeding glad that he had the happines & good fortune to perform her this faire office, and friendly courtesie to her, he now bids his coachman drive away ore the fields to that pleasant grove to find out their Lord & Mr. *Sanctiſiore*, where being arived he descends his coach & with his vigilant eye looks about every where for him, when alas he hath scarce gone forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground and most lamentably all gored, and engrained in his own blood, at the sight whereof he bursts forth into many bitter teares and out cries, yea he throwes away his hat, and teares his haire for griefe and sorrow hereof, and no lesse doth his coachman. They are here both of them so amazed with griefe and astonished with sorrow at this lamentable spectacle and accident, as they (for a quartet of an houres time) know not what to think or say hereof, as whether this their Lord and master had here kild himself, or were murdered and robbed by thieves, but at last this sorrowfull page *Hieronymo*, will stay alone weeping by the breathlesse body of his Lord and M. & so send away the coachman in his coach speedily to Naples, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertrana*, and her father *Seignior de Torres* with this sad and sorrowfull newes, whereat shee almost drownes her selfe in teares, and he very bitterly laments and sorroweth for it, so (being incapable of any hope comfort or consolation) they do both of them take coach and drive away into the field, where shee almost murdereth her eyes with her teares, to see her deare Lord and husband lie thus murdered in his blood. They here see none in sight of him, neither do they know any body but themselves that hath seen him, so by whom, or how he is kild they cannot as yet either conceive or imagin, when the father leaving his daughter to wash and bedew her dead husbands cheeks with her teares, he himselfe gallops away in his coach to Naples and brings thence along with him the criminall officers of justice, first to know and then to be eye witnesses of this sad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and sight whereof, (in nature & justice) they cannot refrain from equally wondering & grieving at it, when (to act the part and duty of themselves) they cause the coachman to spread his cloak on the ground, then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, & so they make a chirurgeon (whom they had purposely brought with them) to unparrell and search his body for wounds, who finds and shewes them, that hee was shot with two pistoll bullets in his backe, and other two in his brest (when missing likewise of his purse they all of them do confidently beleeve, that undoubtedly he was murdered & robbed by thieves. The which the better to discover, the judges send their sergeants, & servants, & *De Torres* likewise sends the page & his coachman searching & scouring all over the adjacent fields to apprehend and bring before them all those whom they find there, who are so far from meeting of many persons, as they all of them bring in but one poore ragged boy (of some twelve or fourteen yeeres old) who some two hundred paces off, kept a few cows (which yielded milke to the city) and him they find sitting within a hedge in a ditch whom they bring along with them to the judges, where he sees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat poor silly boy he shakes and trembles for feare.

The judges demand his name of him, who tels them he is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*, they further enquire of him what his father is, and where he dwels, who replies that his father is a poore butcher named *Pedro Spondy* and dwels at Naples in Saint *Johns* suburb which the judges afterwards find true) then these grave judges perceiving the poore boy to be bashfull and timorous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to feare nothing for the which he thanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him if he saw any one to come neer & kill the gentleman, to whom in plain and rustick termes he answered them, that from the hedge within which he kept his fathers cows,

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he saw this gentleman walke alone by himself at least an houre with a book in his hand reading, and that then he saw an old frier come to him, who as he thought begged some almes of him, whom he saw did shoote off two pistolls to him, and therewith kild him, for he then, and thereupon presently saw the gentleman fall to the ground, they again demand of him what afterwards became of this frier, who tels the judges, that a coach came up instantly to him and carried him away, but where he knows not. They aske of him why he had not cryed out against the fryer, when hee saw hee had kild this gentleman, to whom hee makes answer that he dared not doe it, for feare least he would then likewise have killed him with his pistols. The judges farther demand of him, whether this were a white, a black or a gray frier, to whom he answers that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or sad russet gown and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit, again to demand of him how many horses this coach had, and of what colour they were, to whom he affirms that they were two black coach horses, when the judges to conclude this their quære and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this coachman wore, who tels them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought some white laces upon it, the which this pregnant poore little boy *Bartholomeo* had no sooner pronounced and spoken, but *Sancti flores* page *Hieronymo* cryes out and relates to the judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Torres*, where and in what manner and accident he some two houres since found the Lady *Ursina*, & her coachman *Sebastiano*, whom he seriously affirmed wore a red cloak with white laces and that her two coach horses, which they saw straying below in the valley were coale black, right as *Bartholomeo* had described them, adding further that her coach was broken with a fall, as also her right arme and his left leg, and that out of respect and pity to her, he had carried both her, and him, home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* house, but he affirmed he saw no frier either in their sight or company, all which relation of his, was likewise there confirmed to the judges by the Baron of *Sancti flores* own coachman, who was also there present, the which evidence of theirs as soone as the Lady *Bertranna* over heard, shee with a world of sighes and teares, (as if she were suddainly inspired and prompted from heaven) passionately cryes out first to her father, and then to the judges, that God and her conscience told her, that doubtlesse *Ursina* was this devilish fryer, and her coachman *Sebastiano* the very same damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murdered her Lord and husband, when throwing her self on her knees to their feet, she very earnestly begs justice of them, against them for the same, who partly concurring in the opinion and beleefe with them, they doe here most seriously and solemnly promise it her.

To which effect, these reverend judges, leaving her father, her self, and her page and coachman decently to convey her husbands dead body home to their house in Naples, they themselves make great haste thither before, and presently send their officers and sergeants to *Seignior Placedo's* house, there to apprehend the Lady *Ursina* his daughter, & their coachman *Sebastiano*, whom they both opportunely find issuing forth his gate in afresh hackney coach speedily flying to *Purzeole* to her aunt *Mellefanta* for protection and Sanctuary, so these fierce and mercilesse sergeants doe presently divert and alter their course, yea they furiously and suddainly rush upon them, apprehend and constitute them close prisoners in the common goale of that city, placing them in two severall chambers, to the end they should not prattle or tell tales each to other, where they shall find more leasure then time, both to remember what they have done, and likewise to know what hereafter they must doe.

Whiles thus all Naples generally resound and talk of this mournfull fact, and deplorable accident, and *Seignior Placedo* particularly grieves at these his daughters unexpected crosses and calamities, as also of those of his coachman *Sebastiano*, the which hee feares, he can far sooner lament than remedy, our sorrowfull widdow *Bertranna* (with the assistance of her father *De Torres*) gives her husband the Baron of *Sancti flores* a so-

lemn

lemne and stately buriall in the Fucillantes Church of Naples, correspondent to his noble degree and quality. And then within two daies after, at her earnest and passionate solicitation to the Judges, *Vrsina* and her coachman *Sebastiano*, are severally convented before them, in their chief Forum, (or tribunall) of Justice, and there strongly accused by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruell murder, committed on the person of *Santhifore* her husband, the which both of them doe stoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the Court, to give in evidence against them, he there maintaines to the Judges, what he had formerly deposed to them in the fieldes, but sayes he thinkes not that this Lady was that fryer, nor can he truly say that this was the coachman who carried him, although when his cloake was shewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it, but *Beyranna* having now secretly intimated and made known to the judges, all the passages that had formerly past betwene *Vrsina* and her husband *Santhifore*, as his getting of her with child, and then (contrary to his promise) refusing to marry her, they doe therefore more than halfe believe, that it was her discontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murdering of him, as also (that in favour of some gold) she had likewise seduced and drawne her coachman *Sebastiano* to be consenting and accessary herein with her: whereupon the next day they will beginne with him, and so they adjudge him to the racke, the torments whereof he endures with a wonderfull fortitude and patience, so that (remembring his oath of secrecy to his Lady *Vrsina*) he cannot thereby be drawne to confesse any thing, but denyes all, whereof she having secret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and insult thereat, now the very next ensuing morning, *Vrsina* her selfe, is likewise adjudged and exposed to the racke, the wrenches and torments whereof, as soone as shee sensibly feels, God proves then so propitious and mercifull to her soule, that her dainty body, and tender limbes cannot possibly endure or suffer it, but then and there she to her judges and tormentors, confesseth her selfe to bee the sole author and actor of pistolling to death, the Baron of *Santhifore*, in the same manner and forme, as we have already understood in all its circumstances, but in her heart and soule she strongly affirms to them, that her coachman *Sebastiano* was not accessary with her herein, upon which apparant and palpable confession of hers, her judges (in honour to sacred Justice, and for expiation of this her foule crime) doe pronounce sentence of death against her, that she shall the next morning bee hanged at the place of common execution; notwithstanding all the power and teares of her father, and kinsfolkes to the contrary.

So she is returned to her prison, where her father (not being permitted to see her that night) sends her two Nuns, and two friers, to prepare and direct her soule for heaven, whom in a little time, through Gods great mercy, and their owne pious perswasions, they found to be wonderfull humble, repentant and sorrowfull. Shee privately sends word to her coachman *Sebastiano*, that she is thankfull to him for his respect and fidelity to her on the rack, and wils him to be assured and confident, that shee being to dye to morrow, her speech at her death, shall no way prejudice, but strongly confirme the safety and preservation of his life. Thus grieving farre more at the foulness of her crime, than at the infamy and severity of her punishment, she spends most part of the night, and the first part of the morning in godly prayers and religious meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her sorrowfull old father Seignior *Placedo*, by his noble Kinsman the Prince of Salerno, made offer to the Viceroy, the Duke of *Osuna*, the free gift of all his lands to save this his daughters life, yet the strong solicitation of the first, and the great proffer of the last proved vaine, and fruitlesse, for they found it wholly impossible to obtaine it.

So about tenne of the clock in the morning, our sorrowfull *Vrsina*, is (betweene two Nunnes) brought to her execution place; clad in a blacke wrought Velvet gowne, a Greene Sattin petticoate, a great laced ruffe, her head dressed up with tusses and Roses of Greene ribbon, with some artificiall Flowers; all covered over with a white ciffres vaile, and a paire of plaine white Gloves on her hands: when ascending the ladder, shee, to the great confluence of people who came thither to see her take her last farwell of this life, and this world, (with a mounfull countenance, and low voice) delivered them this sorrowfull and religious speech.

Good people, I want words to expresse the griefe of my heart, and the anxiety and sorrow of my soule, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *SanBifore*, although not to dissemble but to confesse the pure truth, hee betrayed his promise to mee of marriage, and mee of my honour and chastity without it, whereof I beseech Almighty God, that all men (of what degree or qualitie soever) may hereafter bee warned by his example, and all Ladies and gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I doe likewise here confesse to heaven and earth, to God and his Angells, and to you all who are here present, that I alone was both the author and actor of this foule murther, and that my coachman *Sebastiano*, is no way consenting or accessary with mee herein, and that albeit I once promised and proffred him a hundred double pistolls of Spanish gold to performe it, yet hee honestly and religiously refused both me and it, and strongly and pathetically dissuaded me from it, whose good, and wholesome counsell I now wish to God (from the depth and center of my soule), I had then followed, for then I had lived as happy, as now I die miserable. And because it is now no time, but bootlesse for mee either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God, or man, the worst of his crime, hee being my servant, was the least courtesie hee owed to mee, I being his mistresse, which (after with my owne hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring mee home from the fieldes to my Fathers house, and for assisting mee to cast the Friers frocke, the false beard and haire, the almes box, breviary, and two pistolls, into the next deep pit, or precepice thereunto adjoyning, where (as yet) they still lye: for this my haynous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto mee) I aske pardon first of God, then of my owne deare Father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*, and if the words and prayers of a poore dying Gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beseech you all in generall, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that hee will now forgive my sinnes in his favour, and hereafter save my soule in his mercy, the which as soone as shee had said, and uttered some few short prayers to her selfe, shee (often making the signe of the crosse) takes leave of all the world, when pulling downe her vaile, in comely sort, over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards heaven, shee was turned over, now, as some of her spectators rejoyced at the death of so cruell and bloody a female monster, so the greatest part of them, in favour of her birth, youth and beauty, did with a world of teares, exceedingly lament and pittie her, but all of them doe highly detest and execrate the base ingratitude, infidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *SanBifore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cause, and chiefest motive which drew her to these deplorable and bloody resolutions.

As for her honest coachman *Sebastiano*, although his owne torments on the racke, and now this solemne confession of his Lady *Vrsina* at her death had sufficiently proclaimed and vindicated his innocency in this murther of *SanBifore*; yet such was his widdow *Bertrannas* living affection to her dead husband, and her deadly malice to living *Sebastiano*, for thinking him to bee guilty, and accessary here-

hereunto with his Lady *Vrsina*, that her power and malice so farre prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further disquisition of this truth, as they now again sentence him to the double torments of the racke, the which hee againe likewise endureth with a most unparallelled patience and constancy, without confessing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to see, and admiring to understand, and having no substantiall proofes, or reall and valable evidences against him, they now fully absolve and acquit him of this his suspected crime, when being moved in Charity, Justice, and conscience to yeeld him some reward, and satisfaction, for thus infeebling his body, and impairing of his health by these his sharpe and bitter torments, they therefore adjudge the plaintiffe widdow *Bertranna* to give him three hundred Duckatons, whereof shee cannot possibly exempt or excuse herselfe.

And thus lived and dyed our unkind Baron *Sanctiflore*, and our cruell hearted young Lady *Vrsina*, and in this manner did the sacred justice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and punish the other. Now by reading this their history, may God (of his best favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts to hate this Barons levity, and from our soules to abhor and detest this Ladyes cruelty and impiety.

AMEN.

Ecc 2



GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE SIN OF MURDER.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mora treacherously killeth Palura in a duel with two Pistols. His Lady Bellinda with the aid of her Gentleman usher Ferallo, paysoneth her husband De Mora, and afterward shee marrieth, and then murdereth her said Husband Ferallo in his bed, so she is burne alive for this her last murder, and her ashes throwne into the aire for the first.



IN the generall depravation of this age, it is no wonder, that many sinfull soules are so transported by *Sathan* and their own out-ragious passions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their christian brethren; and it were a great happinesse and felicity to most countreyes and Kingdomes of Europe, if they were not sometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying sinne, which with a presumptuous hand seemes to strike at the Majesty of God himselfe, in killing man his creature, but because wishes availe little, and for that examples are more powerfull and prevalent, and prove the best precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one of so inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and consideration thereof, wee may know how to detest the like, and to avoid the temptations in our selves.

IN the famous Kingdome of Portugall, and within a very little league of *Stremos*, one of the sweetest and fairest cities thereof, there (within these few yeares) dwelt a noble Gentleman of some fifty six yeares old, named *Don Alonso De Mora*, Issued

and descended from one of the best and famous houses of that Kingdome, 'as being Nephew to that great and wise *Don Christopher de Mera*, of whom the Histories of Spaine and Portugall make so often, and so honourable mention, and although hee were by his Ancestors and Parents, left very rich in Lands and possessions, yet his ambition and generosity carried him to serve his King Philip, third of Spain, in his wars of Affrica and Flanders, wherein hee spent the greatest part of his time, and of himselfe, won many renowned laurels, and Marshall Trophees of honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved markes and testimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally constant in unconstaney, and subject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world still delights to please us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterprises and resolutions) so our *De Mera* at last, calls home his thoughts and himselfe from warre to peace, and now resolves to spend the remainder of his age, in as much ease and pleasure as formerly he had done the heat and strength of his youth, in tumults and combustions; he now sees that there is no life nor pleasure comparable to that of the countrey, for here the sweetnesse of the imbalmed aire, the delicacy of the perfumed and enameled fields, the unpareld pastime of hawking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted accessse which we have to arts in our study, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no lesse, then either an earthly paradise, or a heaven upon earth. For the campe (despite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of insolencies, and impieties, the citie (despite of Magistrates) with all sorts of vice, deceit, covetousnesse and pride, and the court (despite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocrisie, perfidioussnesse and vanity. To his owne great manner house neere Stremos, therefore is our *De Mera* retired, with a resolution for ever, there to erect and build up his residence, making it his greatest delight to have his hounds and grayhounds at his heeles, and see his hawke on his fist. Now the Alarums of warre no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither doe the drums and trumpets, and the ratling peales of thunder of muskets and cannons, distra& his dayes pleasures, or cut his nights sweet sleepes and slumbers in pieces. He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men, hee spurnes at love, and (in a disdainfull contempt thereof) tearms *Venus* a Whore, and her sonne *Cupid* a boy, and which is worse a bastard, in a word, he professeth himselfe to be as great, and as mortall an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chastity, and never thinkes himselfe happy, but when either he is out of womens company, or they not in his. He is so farre from any affecting marriage, as he pittieth it in others, and for ever abjures and detests it in himselfe, he compares single life to roses and Lilies, and wedlocke to bryars and thistles, and therefore in the highest and sublimest degree, scornes to have any wife or mistress in his house, to overmaster him.

But it is not for men to presume to point out their owne destinies: sith we are but the slaves of time, as time is the servant of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are subject to Heaven, not to earth, and to Gods appointment, rather than to our purposes, or to presuppose and think the contrary, is a presumption, every way unworthy of a man, but farre more of a Christian, sith nature is subject to grace, and our earthly passions and resolutions must still stoope to a sacred power, and ever submit and prostrate themselves to a divine providence, and supernaturall predominancy: it is therefore folly, not wisdom: and simplicity; not discretion in *De Mera* generally to proclame hate to women, for that he is the sonne of a woman, or to maligne and disdain marriage, in regard he is the fruit and off-spring of marriage, for this to violate and pull downe the temples and altars of Love, is obstinately to oppose nature, and prophanely to subvert the institution of God himselfe in Paradise, but hee shall not continue long in the clouds of this error.

In a cleare and sweet morning (as soone as *Aurora* leapt from the watry bed of *Theris* and

and purposely retired herselfe to give way to approaching *Phabus*, (who in his fiery chariot, with his glittering beames began to salute and guild the tops of the highest woods and mountaines) *De Mora* attended by halfe a dozen of his domestique servants, goes into the fields to hawke and hunt, where having killed one hare, and set up another, all his servants left him alone, and with the hounds pursue the hare, who tripping through the launes and thickers, the hills and valleyes, at last leads them such a dance, that in lesse than an houre, his servants and his dogs were a little league out of his sight, whereat being exceedingly offended and angry, and faire the more, for that he was left all alone, he not knowing how to passe or delude away the tediousnesse of the time, sate himselfe downe upon the side of a faire hill, at the foot of a pleasant grove of beech, and chesnut trees; whose curled tops sheltered him from the scorching rayes of the sunne, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning meanders, the neighbouring chrysell river made in that pleasant valley, as also to see how sweetly the troops of snow-white feathered swans, proudly ruffled their plumes, and disported themselves therein; in their Majesticall and stately bravery, and how many malicious Fowlers, both in boats and on the banks of that sweet River, were curiously watching with their fiery pieces to murder these innocent watry guests who frequented there, and also how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hookes and baits) betrayed many harmlesse fishes, to their undeserved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his solitarie) listening with his eare, if he might either heare the loud cry and voyces of his hounds, or else the shrill rebounding echoes of his servants hunting hornes: hee looking up toward the skie, beheld a heron, softly soaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if she came purposely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his goshawke which he held on his fist, and consequently to dare and chalenge it to an airy combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and disdainning that his hawke and himselfe should bee thus outbraved by so ill shaped and unmannerly a sea fowle; hee speedily riseth up, and (betwixt choler and pleasure) lets flye his hawke at her; but the heron stretcheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered failes so nimbly and proudly, that sometimes soaring aloft in the aire, sometimes descending, and still looking backe with scorne on the gosshawke, as if shee purposely tooke delight and sport, to see what infinite royle and paine, this malicious and ravenous hawke tooke to surprize and devoure her; so the swifter the heron flew from the hawke, the swifter the hawke redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being impossible for *De Mora* to reclaime his hawke, either with his hols or lure, at last both hawke and heron flew quite out of his sight, and which is worse, he was so unfortunate, as never after he could see either of them againe.

De Mora being first highly displeased and offended for the absence of his servants and hounds, hee is now doubly enraged with griefe and choler for the losse of his gosshawke, and therefore curseth the heron for thus seducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himselfe to run from hill to vale to have newes of her, and in the end, seeing both his labour and hawke lost, he betakes himselfe to the aforesaid grove, and (with much discontent and choler) first casting his hat and lure to the ground, he then likewise casts himselfe thereon to repose him, still attending and expecting his hunters.

He had not remained there above halfe an houre, but close by him passed an aged cuntry Gentleman, indifferently well apparrelled, with a very beautifull young gentlewoman following him, clad in a crimson rassa peticoate, and waste-coate trimmed with silver lace, with a large cut-worke plaine band, her flaxen haire adorned with many knots of white and crimson ribbon, covered with a blacke ciffres vaile, having a roling amorous eye, (the true index of desire and lust) her snowwhite painting-breasts open, but only a little hidden and overvailed with curious riffney, whose white purity, her pure white paps (entervined with azure) infinitely out-braved and excel-

led. She had her waiting maid attending on her, and he a serving-man bearing his cloak and rapier after him, who that morning were some three leagues from his owne house to take the fresh aire in that pleasant and delicious grove, without the hedge whereof he had left his coach, this countrey gentleman I say, passing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the others merits, respectfully saluted him by his name, and the young gentlewoman who followed him, likewise gave him a low and graceful courtesie. *De Mora* surpris'd with the suddenesse of their arrivall, and the sweetnesse of these their salutations, riseth up, and having first saluted him, and kissed her, he praies his name, who tels him that hee is a gentleman that dwelt some three leagues off, tearmed *Emanuel de Cursoro*: *De Mora* demands of him if this young gentlewoman be his kinswoman or his daughter, who tels him she is his daughter; when *De Mora* againe enquires of him, if she be married or no, and what name and age she is of, *Cursoro* replies that she is unmarried, of some twenty yeeres of age, and her name *Bellinda*. *De Mora* againe tels him, that he is vety happy in having so sweet and faire a young gentlewoman to his daughter, whereat the father smileth for joy, and the daughter blusheth for bashfulnesse and modesty. *De Mora* againe questioneth *Cursoro*, if any businesse brought him thither that morning, who tels him he had no businesse, but only came thither with his daughter to take the aire, and that hee had left his coach without the hedge, so they walke together some turnes in this pleasant grove, and from thence *De Mora* could not possibly refrain from gadding and gazing his enamoured eyes, on the roses and lillies of *Bellinda*s sweet and delicate beauty; when *De Mora* acquaints *Cursoro* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had lost his men, his hounds, and his hawke, and that this three houres he was there left alone, and had no newes of them, they together make many walkes, turnes and returns. When *De Mora*, led by the lustre of *Bellinda*s lovely attractive, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arme, the which *Cursoro* modestly, and respectfully excuseth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his daughter to receive: here *Cursoro* proffereth *De Mora* to lend him his coach to carry him home to his house, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuseth it, and in counterexchange of this courtesie, proffereth *Cursoro* and his daughter to accompany and conduct them to their coach, the which undeserved kindnesse, *Cursoro* modestly refuseth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courtesie) they along time stand striving and complementing, till at last *De Mora* hearing the cry of his hounds, his importunity vanquisheth *Cursoro*s modesty, and so, will or nill, he conducts him to his coach, and likewise leads his daughter *Bellinda* by the arme and hand, and by the way doth at least usurpe, and steale many amorous kisses from the cherries of her sweet lips, and damaske Roses of her pure and delicate cheeks, whereat she is more admired then pleased. As they are thus going towards *Cursoro*s coach, *De Mora*s hounds and servants arive all sweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requitall of their long stay) doe present their Lord and Master with a brace of hares, and a wilde white fawne which they had kild, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully bestowes the hares on *Cursoro*; and the white fawne on his faire daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, he sweares shall bee his mistresse, and his love; *Cursoro* is too modest, and his daughter too bashfull to accept hereof, so they a long time refuse these his presents, with many dilatory and complementall excuses. But at last *De Mora* findes out a meanes and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his owne will and desire; for hee peremptorily sweares to *Cursoro*, and his daughter *Bellinda*, that they shall receive these poore presents from him, and that in requitall hereof, hee will to morrow come over to his house, and eate his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and tearmes, *Cursoro* thankfully receives the hares, and likewise causeth his daughter *Bellinda* to doe the same by the fawne, the which (with a very low and ob-

observant courtesie) she doth: so he conducts them on to their coach, and by the way wrings her by the lilly white hand, plaies with the loose tresses of her sweet haire, her blushing cheekes, dimpled chinne, downie paps, and Alabaister necke, when taking leave of *Curso*, and a solemne conge of his faire daughter *Bellinda*, which hee againe seales and confirmes with many new kisses, they take coach and away, and *De Mora* with his servants and hounds returnes home to his house.

Thus in a little time wee see an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderfull change and metamorphosis in *de Mora*, but whether more strange or suddaine I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night, comes home a slave, and a captive. Heretofore he spurned at love, and disdained beauty, and now the very first sight of our faire *Bellinda* sets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart: so that his old blood is passionately and amorously inflamed with this new beauty, formerly he (in derision) tearmed *Cupid* a little boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants that Atheisme, and repents himselfe of that blasphemy, vomited forth against her diety; and tearmes her a celestiall and sacred Goddesse; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects altars to the first, and consecrates all his vowes to the second. The small and streight waste of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her sparkling eyes, and sweet cheekes and blushes, doe amaze his mind, aſt wonders in his heart, and casts his thoughts into a confusion of many amorous raptures and extasies, yea the consideration of her sweet youth, and the remembrance of her fresh and delicate beauty, doe (in his conceit) seeme to make his age young, and to give the lye to those infinite number of white haire, which time had snowed on his head, and showed on his beard. He a thousand times repents himselfe of his former error and crime in living so long single, and is now assured and confident, that there is no earthly pleasure, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-ravishing kisses and embraces of his sweet *Bellinda*: he is ready to lay downe all his lands, and life at the feet of her commands and service, and esteemes both of them too poore, for the purchasing of so inestimable a Jewell; whom (in his determinations and resolutions) he hath already adopted the *Queene* of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Sovereigne Empreſſe of his soule, and the sacred Goddesse of his desires and affections. He thinks not of the great disparity and Antithesis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flourishing youth; nor what an unequall difference, and disproportion there is betwixt his fifty six, and her twenty yeeres. Hee will not consider what a poore Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is betweene such a January and such a May, but disdaines to enter into consideration with himselfe, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than her bed, and for death, than marriage; yea hee flatters himselfe so farre in his affection to her, as he hopes hee shall bee the joyfull Father of many pretty children by her, so that hee is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart so fast chained and entangled in the tresses of her haire, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that hee upon his first sight of her incessantly thinkes of her by day, dreames of her by night, and neither thinkes nor dreames of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: so now hee advanceth and raiseth the standards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever hee formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly say, in nothing else, but in feasting his eyes and surfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelicall face and feature, hee thinkes so much of love, as if he were now wholly composed of love, and therefore purposely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His hawkes and hounds are now as farre out of his mind, as hee is out of himselfe, and no other delight or recreation whatsoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, because love hath already rane up all. He revokes to mind, how *Macareus* was transformed into a Bird, for speaking against *Venus*, and that it is not his case alone to bee so deeply plunged and tor-

tormented in love, but that the greatest Captaines, Philosophers, and Kings of the world, (and as poets affirme, the Gods themselves) have beene subjected, and vanquished with this passion, and so constrained them to make it their chiefeſt delight and glory to adorne the temples and altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their sighes, and the sacrifices of their teares.

Thus our *De Mora* being (at the first sight wholly enflamed with love towards his faire and beautifull intended mistresse *Bellinda*, hee to seeme farre younger than hee is, hee is so vaine in his affection, as (contrary to his custome) hee shaves his beard, delights himselfe in an ash-colour sattin suit and cloake, with a white Beaver hat, and a harband of Diamonds, a rich plaine cut-worke band, and a paire of greene silke stockings, with garters and roses laced with silver, surable thereunto, and so to performe his promise to *Curſoro*, takes coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not so much to taste of his good cheare, as to feast his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his daughter *Bellinda's* beauty, where hee findes his entertainment and good cheare, at least to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, ranck, and expectation: but this is not the end, and object of his visit, nor the summe and period of his desires; dinner being ended, hee acquaints *Curſoro* with his affection to his daughter *Bellinda*, and his suit to seeke and obtaine her for his wife. *Curſoro* wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himselfe to seeke so meane a young Gentlewoman as his daughter in marriage. But finding *De Mora* to be in earnest, and not in jeast, and understanding that his age was deeply and passionately enamoured of her youth and beauty, hee therefore thanks him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his daughter, and gives him no despaire, but all hope and assurance, that hee shall shortly obtaine and enjoy her for his wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and consent of the Father, hee now seekes that of the daughter, hee takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man, hee playes the young oratour and lover, and in sweet tearmes, and sugred phrases and speeches seekes to gaine her for his wife, but *Bellinda* more considering *De Mora* his age, than the greatnesse of his nobility or estate, shee bites the lip, and hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and seemes to be as averſe, as he was forward in this his research, and pursuit. Her father layes his commands on her to embrace this match and no other, he conjures her now to confirm, and not to cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vowes that he wil forever renounce her for his daughter, if she disobey him herein, so he conducts her into the arbour of his garden, and there freely and courteously again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to speake with her, and the desired happinesse to kisse her; but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obstinate in their motion towards her, when (composing her countenance, rather to sorrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) shee makes a modest excuse to her father, gives no absolute or peremptory denyall to *De Mora*, but fairely and discretely craves of both of them a moneths time of respite to resolve on this great businesse, which she saith, so much importes her happinesse or her misery, her content or her affliction, which answer and request of hers, both her father and *De Mora* finding so full of discretion and reason, they severally grant; and joyntly consent to give her, but in all this interim, such was *De Mora's* deare and tender affection to *Bellinda*, that he visits her many times in person, and very often with his rich gifts and presents, as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach in a young ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take possession, both of her body and of her selfe.

But before I proceed further in the narration and progresse of this history, I must here unlocke and reveale a secret mystery to the reader of no small consequence and importance; for he must understand, that our *Bellinda* is not so chaste as faire, nor so honest as her education, youth and beauty presuppose and promise her to be, for her mother being

being dead, and her father giving her too much liberty, and too little vertuous counsell and exhortation, she for two whole yeeres hath bin in love with a poore, yet with a very proper and resolute young gentleman, of some twenty five yeeres of age, being a neighbour of her Fathers, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply enamoured of her, had laine so close, so constant and so strong a siege to her chastity, as (not to conceale the truth) first unknowne to her father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadised her of her maiden-head, and under colour and hope of marriage, had very often tane his lustfull use and pleasure of her body; but his meanes being very small, and her belly not growing great, she was not yet fully resolved, but therefore still delayed to marry him; true it is, that her father *Cursore* was formerly acquainted with *Palura's* affection and desire to marry his daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his sonne in law, so now the consideration of *De Mora's* great wealth and nobility, makes him fully to disdain him, and commands his daughter likewise to doe the same. But she not considering the premises, and loving *Palura's* youth, as much as she hated *De Mora's* age, shee was nevertheless so inconstant by nature, and so proud and ambitious by sex, as she could find in her heart and resolution, rather to be a rich Lady, than a poore Gentlewoman, and so to leave *Palura* to espouse, and marry *De Mora*: but first her crime and her conscience makes her send for *Palura*, and seriously to consider and debate hereon with him, which they doe, so *Palura* perceiving by *Bellinda's* looks, and observing by her speeches that *De Mora's* wealth was farre more powerfull with her, then his poverty; and that she notwithstanding still aimed to keepe him for her husband, and himselfe for her friend, hee at last tels her, that he will consent and content himselfe that shee shall marry *Don Alonso de Mora*, conditionally that she will first faithfully promise him, to graunt and performe him three requests, and articles. So she bids him propose them to her, the which hee doth to this effect: First, that he shall still have the use and pleasure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaseth: secondly, that from time to time she shall bestow some competency of *De Mora's* wealth on him, to support his weake estate and poverty: and thirdly, that if *De Mora* dye before him, that within three moneths after his death, she shall then marry him.

Which three unjust demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura's*, his sweet-heart *Bellinda* (betwixt sighes and smiles) immediately grants him, yea, she seales them with many oathes, and confirms them with a world of kisses, and to adde the more piety (I may truly say, the more prophane) to this their contract and attolment, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witnesses hereof, they with their hands and kisses, againe ratifie and confirme it: but poore sinfull soules, how doth Satian abuse you, and your intemperate and lascivious lusts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot bee deluded by these your blasphemies and impieties, for you shall in the end see with grieve, and feeble with repentance, that this vicious league, and obscene contract of yours, will produce you nothing but shame, misery, and confusion of all sides.

By this time is *Bellinda's* moneth expired, which she gave her Father and *De Mora* for her resolution of marriage; and now doe they both of them repaire to her, to understand and receive it, when her pride and ambition, having farre more prepared and disposed her tongue, than her affection, she (as if she were a pure Virgin, yea, a *Diana* for chastity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great respectfull courtesie to *De Mora*, delivers her resolution to them in these termes: that in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeale to *Don Alonso De Mora*, God hath now so disposed her heart and mind, that she is resolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand maid and wife, whensoever he shall please to make himselfe her Lord and husband. This (answer of *Bellinda*) is so pleasing to her Father, and so sweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptance of her love, and requital of her consent, he gives

her

her many kisses, and then claps a great chain of pearl, enterlaced with sparkes of Diamonds, about her necke, and an exceeding rich Diamond ring on her finger, and so most solemnly contractts himselfe to her, and within eight dayes after, in great pompe, state and bravery marries her, whereat his kinsfolkes and friends, and all the Nobility and gentry of these parts do very much admire and wonder, some condemning his folly, in marrying so poore and young a Gentlewoman, others praising and applauding her good fortune, in matching with so great and rich a Nobleman.

Here we see the marriage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we shall not goe farre before we see what sharp and bitter sweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands me to relate and discover, that he is too old for her youth, and she too young for his age, yea here I must crave excuse of modesty to affirme, that she is so immodest, as she finds him not to be so bold & brave a cavallier as she expected, in regard his best performance to her, consists only in desire. Thus being in bed together, whiles hee turnes to his rest, so doth shee to her repentance, but shee knowes how to repaire and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her husband *De Mora* only kisseth her, she in her heart and mind, kisseth and embraceth her young and sweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in shew to visit her husband, but in effect to see her, and as formerly, so now he lasciviously disports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performes and acts that part of love to her, which her old husband cannot. Now within lesse than two moneths of their marriage, *De Mora* seeing that he is not capable to deserve, much lesse to requite the dainties of his wifes youth and beauty, and observing also, that by degrees she begins to disrespect and sleight him, and yet that shee is very pleasing, and pleasant to all Gentlemen who aboard and frequent his house, as first hee doted on her, now hee growes jealous of her, and so far forgets his discretion and himselfe, that he curseth all those who (in right of the lawes of hospitality, civility and honour) come to kisse her, but more especially *Palura*, who he sees is so often at his house, and so frequently conversing with his yong Lady, as at last his suspicion makes him jealous; and his jealousie confident, that, with too much liberty and dishonestie, he usurpes upon his free-hold, and dishonoureth him in dishonouring his bed, and defiling his wife, the which to discover, he begins to restraine her of her liberty, so that she sees, and grieves to see her selfe to be in a manner as much her husbands prisoner, as his wife, yea he sets many eyes over her, as so many sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himselfe, his jealousie gives him more eyes, than ever *Argus* had, to espy out what familiarity past betweene her and her sweet heart *Palura*. *Bellinda* takes this discourtesy and hard measure of her husband in very ill part at his hands, yea she bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly she seeme to grieve and sorrow, yet inwardly she vowes to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearefull that she plaies false play with him, that as soone as ever *Palura* comes to his house, hee carries his eye and eare every where, to see if he can espie and hearken out, his, & his wifes love-tricks together, yea hee is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent on this his research and disquisition, as if hee delighted to know that, whereof it were his happiness to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching desire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and misery. But as milde and sweet perswasion is evermore capable and powerfull to prevaile with women than constraint, so our faire *Bellinda* is so distasted with the Lunacy, and with the phrenzie and madnesse of this her husbands jealousie, that she no sooner sees her *Palura* alive in her sight and presence, but (despight of his suspicion and feare) she is so obscene in her lust, and so lascivious in her affection towards him, that she takes pleasure to seeke pleasure, and extremely delighteth to seeke and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promise and ungodly contract) she often doth. Now this foolish young couple (being the obliged scholars of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) thinke to bee as wise as they are, lascivious in these their amorous pleasures; for knowing that

discretion makes lovers happy, and that secrecy is the true touchstone, yea the very life and soule of love, they therefore esteeme and keepe the secrets thereof as if they were sacred, and think that no mortall eyes but their own can see or know it: But yet notwithstanding all this, *De Mora* jealous feares in the detection, are still as great as their care in the prevention thereof, for the very next night after *Palura*'s departure from his house, he purposely absenteth and excludeth his Wife from his bed, and the next morning, calling her into the Garden after him, and causing the doore to be shut, he then and there, (with lightning in his looks and thunder in his speeches) chargeth her of adultery with *Palura*. But this young strumper his wife *Bellinda*, at the very first hearing of this sad and unexpected newes, dissembles so artificially with her Husband, and so prophanely with God, as seeming to dissolve and melt into teares, she purgeth her selfe hereof, with many strong vowes, and cleareth *Palura* with many deepe asseverations. But this fanaticke Tyrant, and franck Monster jealousy, (which for the most part, we can seldome or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought such strange impressions in the brains, & ingraven such extravagant chimeras in the heart and beliefe of old *De Mora*, that (notwithstanding his wives oaths and teares to the contrary) he yet still vowes to himselfe, and her, that she is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her that henceforth she dare not see him, or receive him into her house or company: *Bellinda* hereat (to give her husband some content in her own discontent) makes a great shew of sorrow, and an extreame apparition and exterior apparance of griefe: she sends for her father *Cursoro*, acquaints him with the unjust wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prays him to interpose his authority and judgement with him for their reconciliation; who seeing himselfe solicited and sought to by his own blood, and by his daughters hypocrisie, beleeves her to be as innocent as her husband *De Mora* thinks her guilty of this foule crime of adultery with *Palura*, and so undertakes to solicit and deale with his son in law *De Mora* to that effect, which he doth, but with no desired successe, so that finding it to be a knotty and difficult businesse, and upon the whole no lesse than a *Herculean* labour, because of *De Mora*'s wilfull obstinacy, and perverse credulity: he therefore prays for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon these unfortunate termes doth old *De Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now stand.

In the meane time *Bellinda*, (who suffers doubly both in her pleasure and her reputation) is not yet so devouid of sense, or exempt of judgement, but she will speedily provide for the one, and secure the other. To which effect (seeming sorrowfully obedient to her Husband) she thinks it not fit that her *Palura* should for a season approach her house or her selfe; wherefore by a confident messenger she sends him this Letter.

BELLINDA TO PALURA.

MY Husband hath discovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee farre better than himselfe, wherein as he is nothing deceived, so I conjure thee by the preservation of thy fidelity and honour, to forbear my house and sight for some two moneths, in which interim I will use my chiefest art, and the utmost of my possible power to calme the stormes and tempests that jealousy hath raised in him: So, be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and againe work our contents and desires; for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with thee, and albeit my Husband *De Mora* have my body, yet *Palura*, and none but *Palura* hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealously recommend thee.

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deepe sighes at the reading thereof, yet hee gives it many sweet kisses for her sweet sake who writ and sent it him,

he knowes not whether he hath more reason to condemne *De Mora* jealousy, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda*'s affection and constancy to himselfe, and because he resolves to prefer her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore hee will dispense with his lustfull, and lascivious pleasures for a time, purposely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever, so in requirall of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own messenger) returns her this kinde and curteous answer.

PALURA TO BELLINDA.

I Am as sorrowfull that thy husband *De Mora* hath discovered our affections, as truly joyfull that thou lovest me far better than himselfe, wherefore to prevent his jealousy and equally to preserve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know sweet and deare *Bellinda* that thy requests are my commands, and thy will shall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refrain thy house all thy long prefixed time, and so forbear to see thee, but never to love thee, because thy sweet and divine beauty, is so deeply ingraven in my thoughts and imprinted in my soule, that the farther I transport my body from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will adde my chiefest wishes to thy best art, and my best prayers to thy chiefest power, that a little time may work our content and desires: but because there is no torment nor death to languishing, nor no languishing to that of love, therefore I shall think every moment a moneth, and every houre a yeere before we againe kisse, and embrace: conceale this Letter of mine from all the world with as much care and secrecie, as I send it thee with fervent zeale, and tender affection.

PALURA.

The perusall of this Letter and the affection of *Palura* demonstrated in this his resolution, makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealousy of her Lord and Husband *De Mora* sorrowfull; and now seeing his rage so reasonlesse, and his malice and obstinacy so implacable towards her, she abandoneth her sighs and tears, resolves to make triall of a contrary experiment, and so under a female face assuming a masculine courage and resolution, she flights him and his jealousy, as much as he doth her and her levity, and bears her selfe more highly and imperiously towards him than ever she did heretofore, but this animosity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which he expects from her Husband *De Mora*, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from some bad counsell given her by *inimicus Palura*, it doth the more inflame his jealousy, and exasperate and set fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* stands upon these tearms with her Husband *De Mora*, his brains (as so many wheels and sphears) are incessantly rolling and wheeling about the Orbe of jealousy, to finde out the marrow and myserie of this lascivious league betweene his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as secret, as the simple and inconsiderate, his policy is to finde out any letter or letters of *Palura* to her, and her Closet and Casket are the only places as he supposeth for her to hide and conceale them in. So on a Monday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the Parish Church to heare Masse, hee purposely styes at home to effect this his secret intent & purpose, and then very privately enters her chamber, and his jealousy makes him so industrious of lock smiths hooks, and instruments to open any lock. So hee first resolves to try and open that of her Closet, which when he was on the very point to do, casting aside his eye, he sees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flies to it to search and rifle the pockets thereof for her keyes. Now *Bellinda*'s haste and devotion to the Church was so great, as both she and her waiting Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keyes of her Closet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the pockets of her said Gowne, where her husband *De Mora* finds them, whereat being exceeding joyfull, he claps up his hooks and instruments, and (with equall jealousy and haste) opens first her closet, then her cabinet, wherein

wherein leaving nothing unsearched, he at last findes the very same Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly seen and understood, the which (as the richest relique of her heart and the most precious jewell of her content and affection, she had secretly enshrined and treasured up in a small crimson satin purse embroydered with gold. He reads it over againe and againe, but for that which said, I shall think every moment a moneth, and every houre a yeere before we againe kisse and embrace; this line, I say, his extreme jealousie makes him to reade over at least as often as it hath syllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirms his jealousie, and now makes him fully assured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a sharpe and speedy revenge hereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand) layes the velvet purse againe in the cabinet, then locks it, as also her closet and chamber doore, having first left the keyes again in the pocket of his Ladies gown, and so comes down into the hall, among his servants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his misery, because he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he dines with her, and yet he cannot dissemble his discontent and malice against her so artfully, but that she observes some distemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his speeches; but such is her pride, as she is no way either curious or carefull thereof, nor as much as once surmisseth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as soone as she betakes her selfe to walk in the allies, and arbours of her delicate garden, her husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody resolutions are walking a contrary way; he is so nettled with jealousie, and stung to the heart with malice and revenge; as he ascends to his armoury, takes down an excellent sword and belt, a case of pocket Pistols, each whereof he chargeth with two bullets, calls for *Emmanuel de Ferallo* his Ladies Gentleman-usher, who was a very proper young man both of his person and hands, bids him to cause two of his best great saddle horses speedily to be made ready; and wils him to accompany him to the Towne of Arraiallos. *Ferallo* performes this order of his Lord, and then tels him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Mistris with his absence, and to receive her commands before his departure, but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to see or speak with her; so they take horse and away. Now within halfe an houre after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and understanding of their departure, who (in regard of the suddennesse and unexpectation thereof) knowes not what to say or think thereof, or whither, or about what businesse they are gon; but she neither once dreames nor conceives so much as a thought, that her husband *De Mora* had found her sweet heart *Palura's* Letter, much lesse that he had any malicious or desperate attempt, so suddenly to put in execution against him for her regard and cause, as to ride to Arraiallos to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealousie, and this jealousie with irreconcilable malice and revenge against *Palura*, he cruelly resolving to make his body and life pay deere for it, rides away towards his house neere Arraiallos, and staying some halfe a quarter of a League from it in a faire green meddow; sends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prayes him speedily to take his horse, and come speak with him there, about a businesse which much imports his good. *Ferallo* (knowing least of this quarrell, whereof his Lord and Master *De Mora* thought most) finds out *Don Palura* at his house, and in respectfull terms delivereth him his message, which *Palura* understanding, his guilty conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of *De Mora's* intention and resolution herein; but his lustfull heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* the wife, than on the old Lord *De Mora* her husband, he speedily (without any servant of his) takes horse and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the meddow, where *De Mora* (on horse-back) impatiently attended his comming. Salutations being here ended betweene them, (which *Palura* observes in *De Mora* to bee more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respectfull) *De Mora* calls his Man *Ferallo* to him, and pri-

vately commands him to ride a meddow or two off, and not to dare offer either to stir or draw, whatsoever he see passe betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his Man *Ferallo* obeyes, but with much wonder and admiration what this businesse might meane or produce betweene them. Here *De Mora* very passionately and cholerickly, chargeth *Palura* for abusing and dishonouring of him, by committing adultery with his wife *Belinda*, the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foule scandall, and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answers to *De Mora*, makes his own innocency, and his wife the Lady *Bellindas* chastity very apparent and probable: but these feigned excuses and false oathes and speeches of *Palura* do no way satisfie, but rather the more incense the jealousie and inflame the malice and revenge of *De Mora* against him, whereupon he shewes him his own Letter, and with much bitterness and vehemency demands him if that his own hand writing do not palpably convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the sight of this his Letter, so that blushing for shame, he cannot here yet refraine from looking pale with griefe and anger thereat, neverthelesse he will not be so ingratefull to the beauty and affection of *Belinda* to think that she hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and construction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him) he beleeves with confidence, that he had sinisterly and surreptitiously betrayed her thereof, whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and cleere his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) protesteth this Letter to be false, suborned, none of his, and that it was written by some Witch or Devill, and sent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his vertuous, chaste, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but these feigned palliating excuses of his, cannot passe currant with the jealousie and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tels *Palura* that nothing but his death can expiate and satisfie this his crime, and therefore (on horse-back as he was) draws his sword, and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and seeing, he equally for the preservation of *Bellindas* honour, and his own life (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewise draws, as highly disdainning to have his youth and courage outbraved by this old Cavallier: but here before they begin to fight, *Palura* with many strong reasons and patheticall perswasions, againe and againe prayes *De Mora* to desist from the combat, and to rest satisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellindas* honour, and his own innocency in this their supposed and pretended crime of adultery: but he speaks to the winde, for *De Mora* returns him blowes for words.

The event and fortune of this their combat on horse-back is, that in two severall meetings and incounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arme, whereof he bleeds so exceedingly as he begins to despaire of the victory, and with his Pistols to provide for his own safety and life; they by a mutuall consent divide themselves a little distance off to breathe. When *Palura* reining his horse a little too strait, & his horse being hot & furious, and by meer strength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchfull and vigilant eye taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Pistols) speedily puls his two Pistols forth his pocket, and most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him thorow the head, and with the second into the reines of his back, of which mortall wounds he presently fell off from his horse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent his sins, nor the grace or happinesse to pray unto God for the salvation of his own soule, and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavallier *Palura*. The briefe story of this fight and death of *Palura* is thus.

De Mora seeing *Palura* dead, and having more reason outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the cause and manner thereof, he waves his handkerchiefe to his Man *Ferallo* to come to him (who was an eye witnesse and spectator and Co-mate) which hee presently doth to whom he speaks thus, first acquaint *Paluras* servants in his house, that I have slaine their Master in a duell, then ride home and tell my Wife the

Lady

Lady *Bellinda*, that I have sent her Russian and adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within six dayes after come away to me to Lisbon, whither I am now poasting, when throwing him some gold for his journey he takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Town dresseth his wounds which prove hopefull and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commission and order) informe *Paluras* servants of his death, and of his said Lord and Masters victory, but (for his honour and reputations sake) conceales that he basely and treacherously kild him with his Pistols: they are extremely sorrowfull for this his misfortunate end: so whiles they fetch home his breathlesse body, and prepare for his decent buriall; *Ferallo* returns home and truly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the issue of this combat; as also of his Lord *De Moras* speeches which he commanded him to tell her, who poore Lady is all in teares for the death of her lover *Palura*, and well she might in regard she loved him a thousand times dearer than her own life, so upon the receipt of this sorrowfull newes, she shuts her selfe up in her chamber, and for many dayes together, her griefe and lamentations for his death are so infinite, as she will admit of no company, counsell, or consolation whatsoever, she considereth how deeply the misfortune of this disaster will scandalously reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vowes to requite *Paluras* death severely, and to revenge it sharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora* who was his murtherer, at least when she shall be so happy, or rather so miserable to see him returne to her from Lisbon. She exceedingly wondreth at his secret malice, and sudden indignation and resolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cause thereof, and from what point of the compasse, or part of hell this furious winde should proceed, when at last having nothing else capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her teares, but the sight of *Paluras* aforesaid Letter sent to her, the which in tender affection to him, she for his sake had so often perused and kissed; she therefore passionately and pensively flies to her closet, and with affection and sorrow to her cabinet to feast her eyes with the sight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the perusal thereof, when (contrary to her expectation) she findes the letter taken away, her other papers displaced, and her jewels reversed in her cabinet, and then she knowes for certaine, that it is her husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this sweet Letter, which (next to *Paluras* sight and presence) was the chiefest joy of her heart, and the sweetest felicity and content of her minde, the which considering, she therefore absolutely beleeves, that the detection and perusal of this Letter, was the sole cause of her Lord and Husbands jealousy, as that was of her sweet *Paluras* death, wherein indeed she is nothing deceived, for some six weeks after, he returns home to her from Lisbon, where (in favour of his Noble birth and descent, of his many great friends, and of a huge summe of money) he (in absence of the Viceroy) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very first salutations that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt, or choler) was thus.

Minion (quoth he) how many prayers and oraysons hast thou said for the soule of thy Russian and adulterer *Palura*? when she being exceedingly galled to the heart with these his scandalous speeches, she yet to justifie her own honour and innocency, dissembles her griefe for *Paluras* death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and insults thereat, and so frames him this short reply, that *Palura* was not her adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore she besought God to forgive him his own heynous sin and execrable crime for so fouly and basely murthering of him. *De Mora* nettled with this his Ladies apologie and justification, which he knew to be as false as her, and *Paluras* crime of adultery was true, he produceth this letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury immediately teares and burns it before her face; now although the sight and knowledge of this letter, as also her Husbands burning thereof doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet she was here with no way daunted, but againe very boldly tells him, that she cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and send her a Letter, and although in the conclusion

conclusion of this his Letter to her had simply and sinisterly mentioned kisses and embraces, yet she peremptorily vowed and swore to him, the first had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the last violated the lawes and rules of honour, so wise and politick was she in her answers, and so false and hypocriticall in her justification towards her husband.

The which he well observing, and understanding, as also with what a pleasing grace she spake it, his own lustfull age, yet still doting on the fresheesse of the youth and beauty of this his young wife, seeing that *Palura* (who was the cause and object of his jealousy) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preservation of his own honour and reputation in that of his Ladies, doth content himselfe so far as to bury the greatest part of his discontent and jealousy against her, in the dust of oblivion, or in that of *Palura's* grave, and to that end he affords her his table still, and his bed sometimes, as if that obligation of courtesie, would reclaime her lascivious thoughts, and againe call home her wanton desires to chastity and honour, neverthelesse the better to effect and compasse it, he much restrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and sight of all Gentlemen whatsoever that come to his house. A peevish custome, which the husbands of Spaine, Portugall, and Italy, tyrannically use towards their Ladies, whereas contrariwise the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England and France, are far more happy, because more chaste and honourable towards their Husbands in using, and not abusing this their liberty and freedom.

Bellinda with a watchfull eye, and a wanton heart observes these passages and comportments of her husband *De Mora* towards her, and in observing laughs at them; but because her lascivious minde incessantly tels her, that there is no hell to that of a discontented bed, therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palura* being dead, she forthwith resolves to make choice of another lover, and at what rate soever not to trifle away her time, and her youth idely, but to passe it away in the amorous delights of carnall voluptuousnesse and sensuality. To which effect missing of other Gentlemen (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of necessity) shee forgetting her selfe and her honour makes choice of *Ferallo* her own Gentleman-usher, a man every way as proper as she is faire, and as well timbred as she is beautifull, and neere of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to *Ferallo* therefore she freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives and as joyfully and amorously entertaines both her and them, so that, to write the best of truth and modesty, I must here affirme, that as he was formerly his Ladies Usher, now he makes himself his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her shooe-strings and takes up her mask and gloves for her, and many times when the old Nobleman is asleepe, then this ignoble couple of unchaste lovers are waking to their obscene pleasures, and secretly sacrificing up their lascivious desires to wanton *Cupid* the sonne, and to lustfull *Venus* the Mother, but they shall finde wormewood intermixed in this honey, and gall in this sugar.

For three moneths together our *Bellinda* the Mistris, and *Ferallo* the Man, drowne themselves in the impiety of these their carnall delights and pleasures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practise and profession thereof; but at the end and expiration of this time, as close as they beare this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and means, for the Reader must understand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore dishonestly familiar, with his Lady *Bellinda's* waiting Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, whom (under pretext and colour of marriage) he had many times used, at his lascivious pleasure, so that *Herodia* seeing that *Ferallo's* affections were now wholly transported from her selfe to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he slighted and disdained her, to embrace and adore the other, she is so enraged with jealousy at the knowledge and consideration thereof, as she cals a counsell in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and againe how to reclaime, and regaine *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her selfe, and she is so inflamed with jealousy towards them, as she can reape no peace by day of her minde, nor rest by night of her heart

before

before she have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, she at last resolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Master *De Mora* with this unchaste and obscene familiarity, betweene his Lady *Bellinda* and her lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is so outrageous as with infinite malice and celerity shee performes it. At which unexpected and unwelcomed newes, our old Lord *De Mora* hath now his heart a new set on fire with jealousie and malice both towards his Lady, and her usher *Ferallo*, so that he as soone beleeves as understands this their adultery without ever making a stand either to consider the truth, or to examine the circumstances thereof, whereupon to make short work, and to provide a speedy remedy for this unfortunate disaster, and disease; he without speaking word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, suddenly cashiereth him from his house and service, and in such disgracefull manner, as he will not so much as permit him to know the reason hereof, or to see, or take leave of his Lady and Mistris, and from thenceforth *De Mora* lookes on her with infinite contempt and jealousie. For it gals him to the heart, first to remember her dishonour, and dishonesty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that she is doubly guilty thereof with her owne domestick Servant and Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*; wherefore hee againe restraines her of her liberty, and his jealousie so far exceeds the bounds of judgement, and the limits of reason, as hee will difficultly permit her to see any man, or any man to see her, but as rivers stopped doe still degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuosity, so *Bellinda* takes this new jealousie of her old husband, and this sudden exile and banishment of *Ferallo* her lover and Gentleman-usher in extreme ill part, and (after shee hath wept and sighd her fill thereat, shee then beleeves the prime and originall cause thereof, to proceed from the malice and jealousie of her waiting Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitely despighted and incensed against her, she (in her deare love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her husbands courtesie, very discourteously turns her away; and for ever banisheth her, her house and service, and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewise in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, will from thenceforth neither see nor speak with her more. But to verifie the English Proverbe, that love will creepe where it cannot go, although *De Mora* banisheth *Ferallo* from his house, and restraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his house, yet sometimes by day and many times by night, they (by the assistance of some secret agents or Ambassadors of love) do in the arbours of the Gardens, and in some other out roomes of the house very amorously meet, and most lasciviously kisse and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawfull affections, and many secret consultations upon their unjust discontents: so at last both of them joyning in one wicked heart and minde, and (as matters are still best distinguished by their contraries) finding each others company sweet, and their sequestration and separation bitter, they so much forget their selves and their soules, and so much flye from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them beleieve and resolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth before *De Mora* be first sent to Heaven; now upon this bloody designe they agree, and upon this hellish plot they fully resolve, only the gordian knot which must combine and linke fast this foule businesse is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* must shortly after marry her Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity shee cheerefully consenteth, when they are so prophane as they seale this their ungodly contract with many oathes, and ratifie and confirme it with a world of kisses, and then of all violent deaths, they resolve on that drug of the Devill, poyson; so without either the feare or grace of God, they of Christians metamorphose and make themselves Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the poyson, *Bellinda* very secretly and subtilly in diet drink and broath administred it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*, which being of a languishing vertue and operation, he within lesse than foure moneths dies thereof; when with much cost and a wonderfull exterior shew of grief and sorrow, she gives him a stately funeral, very answerable to the lustre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time

will

will pull off the mask of this her monstrous hypocrisie, and infernall prophaneſſe.

Our jealous old Lord *De Moya* being thus layed and raked up in the duſt of his untimely grave, his joyfull ſorrowfull widow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to her promiſe, to the grieve of her Father *Empero*, to the wonder of *Stremos*, and the admiration of all Portugall, marries with this her Gentleman-uſher *Ferallo*; but ſuch luſtfull and bloody marriages, moſt commonly meet with miſerable ends.

For ſix moneths together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correſpondency in the performance of his affections to his old Lady and Miſtris, and now his new wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiſſe and imbrace with as much content as deſire; but at the end of this ſmall parcell of time; ſatiety of his uxorious delights and pleasures makes him neglectfull, and which is worſe contemptible therof, (a baſe ingratitude, but too often ſubject to men of his inferiour rank and quality; and which the indiſcretion of Ladies of honour, very often payes deare for, as buying it many times with inſamy, but ſtill with repentance) ſo that for ten nights, and ſometimes for ſixteene together he never kiſſed or imbraced her; which unkinde ingratitude of his, and reſpectleſſe unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as alſo of her rank and means makes the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection and love towards her. But to aſcend to the head-ſpring of this his diſcourteſie towards her, and ſo to fetch and derive it from its own proper original, we muſt know that *Ferallo* was ſo vicious, inconstant, and baſe; ſo now he is deeply in love with a new waſhing Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Chriſtallina*, a ſweet young Maiden, of ſome eightene years of age, tall of ſtature and ſlender of body, and whoſe beauty was every way as cleere and pure as her name; and yet whole maiden-head (with a few rich preſents and many poore flattering oaths and falſe promiſes) he had ſecretly purchaſed and gotten from her; yeh his affection was ſo fervent to her that part of the day could not content his luſtfull deſires, but he forgets himſelfe ſo far, as before his Ladies noſe, and almoſt in her ſight, he muſt lye with her whole nights, and which is worſe, almoſt every night without ſo much as once thinking of his own wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what ſhe cared for, or caring for what ſhe loved.

But *Bellinda* eſteems her ſelfe too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus out braved and diſgraced by a Taylors Sonne, (for ſo was *Ferallo*) and therefore conſequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and ſeated in the degree of her high diſcent thus to receive and ſuffer an affront, by a man of ſo low a beginning and ſo ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom ſhe had raiſed from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection, and bed; and of her ſervant made him her husband, when for the ſpace of ſix moneths together having continually uſed the beſt of her art, and the chiefest of her power, her ſweeteſt perſwaſions, and her moſt ſugred prayers and ſolicitations to make him abandon her Maide *Chriſtallina*, and ſo again to reclaim him and his affection from her to her ſelf, but ſeeing all her care vain, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, ſhee at laſt (conſulting with Satan, and not wiſh God) begins to aſſume bad thoughts and revengefull malice againſt him, for his his foule diſloyalty, and baſe ingratitude and infidelity towards her: but firſt before ſhe attempts it, her turbulent and reſtleſſe jealousie, makes her reſolve to try another concluſion, which is to put off this her waſhing Gentlewoman *Chriſtallina* from her ſervice and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her husband would then thereby likewiſe put off himſelfe and his affection from her, but this project and reſolution of hers reaps no ſucceſſfull iſſue according to her deſires, but receives end, as ſoon as beginning. For he is ſtill ſo deeply enamoured and ſo conſtantly affected to *Chriſtallina*, as he will neither permit nor ſuffer it, but in deſpite of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her ſighs, tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kiſſeth her in her ſight, and (cuſtome now making him ſeemingly bold and impudent) he in this his ſoniſt familiarity with her, ſets her at table with himſelfe and his wife, and in her preſence, and before her face, requires her his dear, his love, and his ſweet heart: a diſgrace

disgrace of so unkind a nature, and discourteous a quality, as she highly disdaines long to suffer or digest it at his hands. So that seeing no hope of amendment, and therefore despairing of any reformation thereof in him, she resumes her former bad and bloody thoughts against him, and so peremptorily and definitively resolves to murder him. Her jealousy makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengefull, and her revenge thus bloody hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but she will ride coast to her confusion by heaping crime upon crime, & murder to murder, she hath formerly poisoned her first husband *De Mora*, and now she resolves to ponyard to death *Ferallo* her second, as if one of these two bloody sinnes and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miserable, as she falsely thinks her selfe happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But these are the bitter fruits of jealousy and the sharpe effects of choler, malice, and revenge which most commonly streame and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her quondam Gentleman-usher, and now her unkind and disloyall husband *Ferallo* (without feare or care) is wallowing in his beastly pleasures and sensuality with his strumpet *Christalina*, this his ungodly wife, and revengefull Lady *Bellinda* (with as much secrecie as treachery) is in requitall thereof preparing of him a bloody banquet; yea so hasty is shee in her rage, and so outragious in this her revenge towards him, as she will no longer be abused or defrauded by him, but thinks every houre an age, before she have dispatched him for heaven. She will no more be controuled and over-mastred by him who was formerly her servant, and who first reputed it his greatest happines to kisse her hand, before she vouchsafed him the honour to kisse her lips, or which is more, the felicity to imbrace her in her bed. She now sees with griefe, that he hath betrayed her in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her maid *Christalina*, and therefore although she hath cast away her favours on him, yet of the two, she vowes rather to cast away him than her selfe. No grace, no religion, not her conscience, not her soule, nor the consideration of heaven or hell can dissuade or keepe her from this her bloody purpose, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruell murder: but the very first night that he leaves her maid *Christalina*, and lies with her selfe, she (being purposely provided of a very sharp and keen razor, which she put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her pillow) at breake of day as he lay in bed soundly sleeping and snoring by her, she as a devill incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him struggling in the bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, to speake of God.

Thus we have seen the bloody malice, and infernall fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in so lamentable and cruelly murdering her first and old husband *De Mora*, and now her young one *Ferallo*, and because the perpetration of these her inhumane crimes and facts are so odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their sight ascended to the sacred presence and tribunall of God, therefore his all-seeing, and all-potent glorious Majesty, being as impartiall in his judgements, as divine in his decrees, hath already sharpened his sword of justice, and made ready his arrowes of revenge, speedily to inflict and give her condigne punishment for the same, yea and far sooner than either she thinks or dreames thereof.

She having thus dispatched this bloody busines, and seeing her husband *Ferallo* lie breathlesse in the bed by her, she riseth up, and the better to colour out, and overvaile this her inhumane and monstrous villany, she takes this her dead husbands knife out of his pocket, and goring it all in his blood, she leaves it on his pillow by him, thereby (with as much hypocrisie as treachery) to insinuate a beleefe and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murdered himselfe, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his own deplorable death, which having performed, she takes on a fine cleane holland smock, and puts off her cambrick one that she wore, which as a fatall marke of her cruelty, and a prodigious banner of her inhumanity, was all stained and engrained over with her husbands blood, and wrapping it up very close together, she therein likewise envelops and enwraps her bloody razor, and also a two pound brasse weight, thereby the

better to make it sinke, for she resolves that very morning to throw it into a pond: so secret is she in contriving, and so politick in the concealing of this her cruell fact. The morne advancing to six of the clock, which was dark, cloudy and obfure, as if (by the secret appointment, and sacred providence of God) that the Sunne (with his glittering beames) abhorred to behold so pittifull and lamentable a spectacle. *Bellinda* hath no sonner appareled her selfe, but triumphing in this her false victory and bloody conquest, and giving the murdered body of her husband a farwell, composed of many curses and execrations, she softly issueth forth, clapping her bloody smock and razer in her pocket, the which (to make sure worke) she had tied fast with one of her blew filke garters, then lockes the chamber doore, and very secretly and surely conveyes and throwes in the key within side, and then descends to the garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her waiting Gentlewoman to her) she bids her fetch her prayer book, and thus away she goes towards their parish Church of *S. Julians* on foot, which by computation was some halfe a small league distant off their house, and forbids any man servant to waite or attend on her thither. She is not a furlong off, but the more closely to finish her designe, she there purposefully sends away her maid *Hellena* to the parish Church before her with this invented and colourable errand to seeke out her own Priest, father *Sebastian*; and to prepare him then to say masse to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now the midway betweene her house and the Church is a great deepe pond, by the which she is to passe; but a little before she drawes neere it, a poore old maimed Souldiour, being cashiered from the Garison of the Castle of Castcayes (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and seeing this Lady all alone, and observing the sweetnes of her beauty, and the richnesse of her apparell, and attire, his poverty inforceth and encourageth him to request and begge an almes of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda*'s heart and thoughts, were so much surpris'd and taken up with cruelty, as she knew not what belonged to charity, and therefore having other busines and windmiles in her head, she is so offended with *Roderigo*'s begging importunity, as flatly refusing to give him any almes, she forgets her selfe so far, as in steed thereof, she gives him many harsh words, and at last sends him away with some unkind and foule speeches; the which poore *Roderigo*, tooke so ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Souldiour) he once thought to have requited it either on her person, or her apparell; but then againe (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be some great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purposely left her followers to take the sweetnes of the aire, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, hee abandoneth that cholerick and insolent resolution of his, when taking his leave of her, he some two butts lengths from her betakes him to sit downe at the foot of a great Pine apple Tree, where he might see her, but not she him; and there looking after her with an eye of discontent and indignation, he bewailes his wants and hard fortune, and also condemneth the obdurate nesse of this unknowen Ladies uncharitable heart towards him, and inquiring afterwards of a milke-maid which passed by what she was, he is informed that she is the Lady *Bellinda* widdow to the dead Lord *Alonso De Mora*, and now wife to *Don Emanuel de Ferello*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that so rich and great a Lady was guilty of so much uncharitableness. By this time she being arived to the pond, looking about her, and beleeving that no mortall eye had seen her she therein throwes her bloody smock and razor (which as formerly I have said she had tyed fast together with one of her blew filke garters) and the ponderosity of the brasse weight made it instantly to sinke to the bottome, whereof she being infinitely joyfull, away she trips to the Parish Church, and there heares Masse, and mumbles out many *Ave Marias*, and *Pater nosters* to her selfe; but the whole world in generall, and the reader in particular may imagin with what a foule conscience, and a prophane and ulcerated soule, she then and there performs this her devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murdered this her second husband *Ferello*, with wonderfull secrecie, and buried these bloody evidences thereof

in the pond, with such admirable care and privacy, that she thinks it wholly impossible for all the earth to reveale it; loe if earth cannot, yet now Heaven will. So here before I proceede further, let me in the name and feare of God, request the Christian reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodnes, and at the providence and pleasure of God in his miraculous detection, and condigne revenge and punishment thereof; for he must know and understand, that it seemes God had purposely brought, placed and seated this poore old weary maimed Souldiour *Roderigo* at the foot of this Pine Tree, to be a happy instrument of his praise, and a true Sentinell, and discoverer both for his sacred justice and divine honour: for here although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by some heavenly power, and celestially influence) *Roderigo* could not possibly carry away his eye from her, but as closely as she threw this bloody cloth into the pond, he espies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably discernes the whiteness and redness thereof; when considering and thinking with himselfe that this gallant proud Lady *Bellinda* might be as unchaste and lascivious as she was faire, & as vicious as she was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts and ingrav'd in his heart and mind, that either herselfe, or some one of her waiting Gentlewomen had had some bastard, and that she had murdered it, and now thrown it into the pond, and was so strongly possessed of this conceit and believe, that neither day, or night, nor nothing under Heaven could possibly beate him from it, but for a while he resolves to conceale this conceit to himselfe, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the issue to God.

And here the order of our History calles us againe from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who as soone as Masse is done, (with her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returnes home to her house, and by that time they arrive there it is nine of the clock, where (putting a pleasant face upon her false heart; and a sweet countenance upon her soyled and sinfull soule) she presently inquires for her husband *Don Ferallo*, her servants make answer that they have not seen him to day, and that they thinke he is still in bed, whereat she musing and wondering, in regard he was not accustomed to sleepe at so high an houre, she therefore sends some of her servants to his chamber to see if he be stirring, but finding his chamber doore locked, and calling aloud to him they can get no answer from him, the which they returne and report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who seeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, she (far more perplexed in countenance than heart) ascends with them againe to her husbands chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the doore to him, and she far louder than them all, but in vaine, for still they heare no newes either of him or from him, whereat she begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehension and feare, and so commands them to force open the doore of his chamber, which they instantly doe, where they see their Lord, & she her husband *Ferallo* to lie breathlesse in his bed, all begored and reeking in his hot and warme blood, with his throat cut, whereat his servants for true griefe, & his Lady *Bellinda* for false sorrow, make a lamentable crie, and a pittifull out-cry in his chamber, which is over-heard in all the house, but especially the Lady *Bellinda* herselfe, who so artificially dissembled her joy, and so passionately makes demonstration of extreme grief and affliction, for this deplorable death of her Lord and husband, both to her servants and to God, that she is all in teares, and cannot, because she will not be comforted thereat: they find the chamber doore locked, the key within side, and his owne bloody knife on his pillow, and therefore they easily resolve and conclude that this their Lord and master *Ferallo* hath willfully made himselfe away, and is undoubtedly the author of his owne death; which opinion and resolution of the servants, their Lady and mistris *Bellinda* (secretly to herselfe) relishes with much applause, and approbation, and to make her afflictions and sorrowes the more apparant to them, and in them consequently to the world, she doth not refraine from excessive weeping and sighing. They leave the dead corps untouched in the bed, to acquaint the criminall *Corrigidores* of Stremos with this pittifull accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody disaster and accident of *Ferallo*,

they viewing the infinity of his Ladies teares, and the sorrowfull complaints and exclamations of his servants, as also considering their severall depositions and examinations, and seeing they found his chamber doore fast locked, the key within side, and his owne bloody knife by him on his pillow, they all concurre with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and doe absolutely beleve and affirme, that he hath desperately made himselfe away, which opinion of theirs is presently received, voyced, and rumored in Stremos, and in all the adjacent parishes and country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda's* youthfull affections, and wanton disposition) speake very differently hereof. And now doth this our sorrowfull young widdow, (the better to support her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her second husband *Ferallo* with all requisite ceremony, and decency.

But as the justice, and judgments of God (conducted by his divine pleasure, and inscrutable providence) doth many times goe on slowly, but still soundly and surely, so wee must here againe produce and bring forth our lame old Souldiour *Roderigo* to act another part on the stage and Theatre of this history. He is still the same man, and still retaines his same former opinion, that undoubtedly it was some dead child, or bastard which he saw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the pond, and his heart incessantly prompted by his suspicion, doth still confidently suggest and assure him, that that bloody cloth of hers contained some secret, and invelliped some shamefull mystery towards her, which he thinks all the water of the pond could not deface or wash away: so that he now understanding of her husband *Ferallo's* disastrous bloody end, doth no way diminish, but rather every way augment this his suspicion and jealousy hereof. We must further understand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refresh his body, to replenish his purse, and to repaire his apparell, staies some three weekes in Stremos, and although he be a Souldiour and have his sword by his side, yet being out of action and pay, he is not ashamed to begge the almes and courtesies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in and neere about that City. Among the rest understanding of the Lady *Bellinda's* great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new sorrowes and mourning for the untimely death of her husband will now make her as compassionate to his poverty in her house, as lately she was discourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repaires thither to her, but for three daies together, he is not so happy to speake with her, or to see her, but being still prest by his poverty, and againe emboldned by the consideration of what he saw her cast into the pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next meadow adjoining to her house, attended by two of her men-servants, and two waiting Gentlewomen all clad in mourning apparell: when (with a boldnesse worthy of a poore distressed Souldiour) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walkes, and distracting her secret thoughts and meditations) he with much observance againe begges some charity of her, whereat shee being offended, because her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on some desired new Gallant young husband, shee very cholerikly disdaines him and his request, and with much passion and indignation (to use her owne words) commandeth her servants to see this bold beggerly Souldiour depart and pack away, both from her and her house. *Roderigo* hearing these her harsh and discourteous speeches, and seeing her servants unkind usage and enforcements towards him, he with much discontent and choler leaves her house, but (in requitall thereof) vowes that his revenge shal not so soon leave her: for this her second affront to him puts him all in choler and fire towards her, so that he vowes to God, and swears to himselfe to use the best of his power, and to worke the chiefeft of his wits to perpetrate her disgrace. When secretly and effectually informing himselfe from others, that *Don Gaspar de Mora*, who was nephew, and generall heire to her first Lord and husband *Don Alonso de Mora*, was at great variance and bitter contention in suit of law with his aunt *Bellinda* about some lands, and much rich moveables and Utensils which she unjustly detained from him, and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertaine any invention or proposition wharsoever,

whatsoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and possession thereof, and thereby procure her utter disgrace and ruine. He repaires to him, and secretly (yet constantly) acquaints him; that some three weekes since, and the very morning, that *Don Ferallo* was found murdered in his bed, he saw the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to throw a white and bloody linnen cloth into the pond, which was some halfe quarter of a league from her house: wherein God and his conscience told him, shee had wrapt and drowned some bastard infant either of hers, or one of her waiting Gentlewomen, adding withall that he could not possibly have any peace of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveale it to the criminall judges (or Corigidores) of Stremos to hunt out, and examine the truth thereof.

Don Gaspar de Mora doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected newes, and because his inveterate malice to his aunt (in law) *Bellinda* perswades him rather to beleieve than doubt it, therefore (as malice is still naturally swift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other busines, rides over to Stremos and acquaints the Corigidores herewith, and taking *Roderigo* likewise along with him, he also failes not very resolutely to affirme, and most constantly to confirme it to them; which these wise and grave judges understanding, they in honour to Gods service and glory, and in true obedience to his sacred justice (without any delay or procrastination) take *Don Gaspar de Mora*, the old Souldiour *Roderigo*, and some three or foure expert Swimmers along with them, and with hast and secrecie speed away to the pond; wherein after those Swimmers had bene a quarter of an houre, and curiously busked and dived in most places thereof to find out this cloath, at last (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better than the rest, sees and finds it, and swimming with his left hand, brings it a shore in his right hand to the Corigidores, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cause it presently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations,) they find no dead child, but (as we have formerly understood) a cambrick smock, as yet all spotted and stained with blood, and tyed fast with a blew silke garter, and in it a very sharp and bloody razor, with a brasse weight tyed in all this purposely to sinke it in the pond. The Corigidores, *Gaspar de Mora*, & all the rest, are amazed and astonished at the sight of these bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* againe constantly swearing to them, that he saw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her owne hand) throw this litle linnen fardell into that pond, the very same morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murdered in his bed; and the malicious curiosity of *Gaspar de Mora* here finding the very two first and last letters of her name in the cambrick smock, the Corigidores then concur in one opinion (as so many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infallibly it was she and no other, who had so cruelly murdered her husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon taking this bloody smock, razor, and garter with them, they with much zeale and speed poast away to the Lady *Bellinda*'s house, to apprehend her for this her foule and lamentable murther, where cruell hearted and lascivious Lady, she is so far from the consideration of grace, or the thought and apprehension of any feare, as shee feares none, and which is worst of all, not the power and justice of God himselfe; for she is so immodest in her heart, so lustfull in her conversation, as (notwithstanding her black mourning attire and apparell) that her first husband was but lately dead, and now her second not as yet cold in his grave, yet (with great variety of musick) shee is here now in her house singing, dancing and revelling with divers young Cavalliers, and Gallants both of the City and country, as if she had no other care, thought or busines, but how to make choyce of a third husband, who might amorously please her lustfull eye and heart, and of no lesse than a paire of Paramours and favorites who should lasciviously content her wanton desires and affections.

But these wanton vanities, and vaine and lascivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda* will now deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for these her two horribel murders committed on the persons of her two husbands, his divine and sacred Majesty is resolved to powre down his punishments, and to thunder forth his judgments

ments upon her, to her utter shame and confusion. The Corigidores resolutely enter her house, and then and there cause the Sergeants to apprehend her prisoner, whereat being suddainly amazed, and infinitely terrified, shee weepes, sighs, and cries extremely. But those Cavalliers, (I meane those her supposed lovers, and pretended favorites) who were there singing and dancing with her, neither can or dare either assist, or rescue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are suddainly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea her musick is turned to mourning, her singing to sighes, and her dancing triumphes to teares. The enormity of her crime cause these officers of justice, to see her conveyed to prison, without any respect of her beauty, or regard of her sex and quality, where she hath more leisure given her to repent, than meanes how to remedy these her misfortunes.

The next morning she is sent for before her judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murdering her husband *Don Ferullo* in his bed, the which with many teares and oathes shee stoutly denies, then they shew her those bloody evidences, her cambrick smock, the razor, her blew garter, and the brasse weight, and also produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he swears, he saw her throw this bloody linnen fardell into the pond, the very morning that her husband *Don Ferullo* was found murdered in his bed; and although at the sight and knowledge hereof, shee is at first wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is so stout, as she againe denies it with many prophane and fearefull asseverations, and delighteth to heare her selfe make a tedious justification, and a frivolous apology to her judges for her innocency. But those grave and prudent Magistrates of justice, who (in zeale to Gods glory) have eyes not in vaine in their heads, will give no beliefe either to the sweetnes of the Lady *Bellinda's* youth, or to the sugar of her speeches and protestations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the rack, where (such is her female fortitude) as shee permits and suffers her selfe to be fastned thereunto, with infinite constancy and patience, as disdaining that the torments thereof, should extort any truth from her tongue to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the shipwrack of her safety and life, but herein she reckons too short of God, and beyond her selfe; for she considereth not that these torments are truly sent her from God, and this her courage falsely lent and given her from *Sathan*; for at the very first wrench of the rack, and touch of the cord, finding it impossible that her tender body and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of those tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many sighes and teares, shee prayes her judges and tormentors to desist, and so publickly confesseth that it was she, and only she who had murdered her husband *Ferullo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very same razor.

Upon which confession of hers; her judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruell murder) they (for expiation thereof) doe forthwith adjudge and sentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walles of *Stremos*, at the foot of the Castle, which is the destined place of death for the like crimes and offenders, so she being by them then againe returned to prison, that night (in Christian charity) they send her some Priests and Nunnes, to direct and prepare her soule to heaven; for this her bloody and unnaturall crime was so odious to men, and so execrable to God, that she could hope for no pardon of her life from her judges, although her sorrowfull old father *Curforo*, with a world of teares threw himselfe to their feet, and offered them all his lands and meanes to his very shirt to obaine it for her.

All *Stremos* and the country thereabouts resound and talke of this cruell murdering of *Ferullo*, as also of his Lady *Bellinda's* condigne condemnation to death for the same, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repaire under the Castle wall to see this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames of fire, to act the last scene and catastrophe of her life; she is conducted thither by a Saint Claires Nun on her right hand, and a Saint Francis Friar on her left, who jointly charge her upon perill of damnation, to disburthen her conscience and soule before she dye, of any other capitall crime whereof she knowes

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her selfe guilty, the which she solemnly and religiously promifeth them; about nine of the clock she is brought to the stake, where she sees her selfe empalled and surronded first with many fagors, and then with a very great concourse and confluence of people, here she is so irreligious in her vanity, that she had cast off her blackes and mourning, and purposely dighted her selfe in a rich yellow satin gown, wrought with flowers of silvet, a large set ruffe about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white tiffney vaile laced and wrought with rich cut-worke, as if she cared more for her body than her soule, as if her pride and bravery would carry her sooner to heaven, than her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigall cost and lusture thereof, were able to diminish either her crime, or her punishment in the eyes and opinions of her spectators. But contrariwise, the very first sight of her sweet youth, and pure and fresh beauty, and then the consideration, of her foule crime, for murdering her owne husband, doe operate and worke differently upon all their affections and passions, some pittying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soone as their clamorous sobs and speeches were past, and blown over, and that both the Frier, and Nun had tane their last leave of her, then (after she had shed many teares on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighes to heaven) she wringing her hands (whereon she had a paire of snow white gloves) and casting up her eyes towards God, at last, with a faltering, and fainting voyce spake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people which hath conducted you hither to see me a miserable Gentlewoman here to dye miserably. And because it is now no longer time for me, to dissemble either with God or the world, therefore to save my soule in heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much griefe, and infinite sorrow) doe truly and freely confesse both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murder, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second husband *Ferallo's* throat, so I was so vild and wretched heretofore, as to poyson my first Lord and husband *De Mora*. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady *Bellinda* (in regard of the greatnes of her Lord *De Mora's* descent and Nobility) all this huge concourse of people (who are sensibly touched with griefe and sorrow) make a wonderfull noise and out-cry thereat, and now in regard of this foule and double crime of hers, they looke on her with far more contempt, and far lesse pittie than before. But she being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and seeing their cries, now againe cried down, and well nigh drowned and hushed up in silence, recollecting her thoughts, and againe composing her countenance, she againe very sorrowfully continueth her speech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that these two foule and cruell murders of mine, make me unworthy either to tread on the face of earth, or to looke up to that of heaven, and yet in the midst of these my miseries I have this consolation left me, that in favour of my true confession and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and mercifull to me, as I have beene impious and sinfull to him; the which that I may obtaine, I beseech you all who are here present, to joyne your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the last charity which I will begge and implore of you. Now because example is powerfull, and no example so strong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living, therefore (to Gods glory, and mine own shame) give me leave to tell you that two things especially brought and induced me to commit these foule murders, as they have now justly brought me hither to suffer death for committing them, first my neglect of prayer, and omission to serve and feare God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, the affecting and following of my lascivious and lustfull pleasures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the first proved the bane of my soule, and the performance and practice of the last, the contagion and poyson of my life, and both these two sins conjoynd and linked together, enforce me now here to dye, with as much misery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happines and prosperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woefull example, les my crime be your integrity, my fall your rising, and my shipwrack your safety. As I beare not hypocisie in
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my tongue, so I will not beare malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gasper de Mora* he saw me cast some bloody linnen in the pond. I also forgive *Gasper de Mora* for informing the *Corigidores* thereof, and they for so justly condemning me to death. I also pray my father and parents to forgive me these my foule crimes, and both to pardon and forget the dishonour and scandall which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods best favour and mercy, and my soule to receive salvation in his blessed kingdome of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finished this her speech, the hearing and consideration thereof engendred much pittie and compassion in the hearts, and caused a world of teares in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her selfe for death. Here she takes off her rings from her fingers, and her pearle bracelets from her armes, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*, who is present and not far from her, most bitterly sobbing and weeping because she can weepe no more for the death of this her deare Lady and Mistresse, who now repeates many private prayers and *Ave Marias* to her selfe, when taking a solemne, and sorrowfull farwell of all the world, she puls down her vaile over her snow-white cheekes, and then often crossing her selfe with the signe of the crosse, and saying her last *Au moult tier*, the executioner (with a flaming torch) sets fier to the straw and fagots, whereof she presently dies, and in lesse than an houre after, her body is there consumed and burnt to ashes, at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour to her youth and beauty) as much affecting the piety of her dath, as they hate and detest the cause thereof, I meane the infamy and cruelty of her life, doe with far more sorrow than joy give a great shout and out-cry. When the Judges of that City now upon knowledge of this Ladies first horrible crime of poysoning her first Lord and husband *Don Alonso De Mora*, they in detestation thereof, being not able to adde, either worser infamy, or more exquisite, and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead ashes, doe cause them curiously to be gathered up, and so in the same place (by the common hang-man) before all the people, to be scattered and throwen in the aire, whereat they rejoyce, and praise God, to see the world so fairly rid of so foule and bloody a female monster.

And thus was, the untimely, (and yet deserved) end of this lascivious and cruell hearted Lady *Bellinda* and in this sharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and earth triumph in is just revenge and punishments against her, for these her two foule and inhumane crimes of murthering her two husbands. May God (of his best and divinest mercy) make this her history and example, to serve as a chrystall mirror for all men, and especially for all women, (of what condition and quality so ever.)

And now Christian Reader, having by Gods most gracious assistance and providence) here finished this entire, and last (volume of my six books of tragicall Histories, if thou find that thou reape any profit, or thy soule any spirituall benefit by the reading and perusal thereof, then (in the name and feare of God) I beseech thee to joyne thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Christian religion and duty we are bound, so for the same, we may joyntly ascribe unto God, all possible power, might, Majesty, thanksgiving, dominion, and Glory both now and for ever. Amen, Amen.

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AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expressed
In thirty severall Tragicall Histories, (dig-
ested into six Bookes) which containe great variety
of memorable Accidents, Historicall, Morall, and Divine.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

R^{oadar}



LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and
are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe
of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1639.

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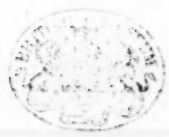
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hearts from Earth to Heaven, and
then not onely see what engend
meanes to detest and roote it ou
and erect our soules from Satan to God,
his Diabollicall passion in us, but also find
amongst us.

To which end it is requisite, we must confide that our enemies, who oppose our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither so few in number, nor so weake in power, that wee should thinke our selves able to vanquish, **ere wee fight with them**, for wee have to encounter with the bewitching World, the alluring Flesh, and the inticing Devill: not with three simple Souldiers or poore Pigmyes, but with three valiant and puissant Chief-taines, subtil to incampe, dangerous to assaile, and powerfull to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch us to its will, assailes us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Preferments, Sumptuous houses, perfumed Beds, Vessels of gold and silver, pompous Apparell; Delicious fare, variety of sweet Musick, Dancing, Maskes and Stage-plays, delicate Horses, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thousand other inticements and allurements.

The Flesh presents us with Youth, Beauty, *The lust of the eye, and the pride of life.* *with* 1 John 2: 16 *inordinate affection and lascivious desires,* with a piercing eye, a vermillion cheek, golden haire, and a slender waite: and although it discover us not all these perfections of nature in one personage: yet, he shewes us most of them in divers, and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, wee shall heare them marry their Syren voices, to their owne Lutes and Vialls, or their dancing feete to those of others: or if this will not suffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Crisping, *Painting*, Amorous kisses, Sweet smiles, Sugered speeches, Wanton embracements, and Lascivious dalliance, will undertake to play a World in love. On the other side, Strength, Nimblenesse, Agility of body, Sloth,

Vasti is oftner at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, then at home at *Fribourg* with his wife, who (as formerly we have understood) still makes him pay deare for his pleasures, and as a suble rooking strumpet, emptieth his purse of his gold, as fast as hee foolishly filleth it, he being not contented to waste his body, to shipwracke his reputation, to cast away his time, but also to cast away his estate, and himselfe on her; the which his vertuous wife cannot but observe with sorrow, and remember with grieve and vexation, but shee sees it impossible for her how to redresse it: For shee is not capable to dissemble her discontent to him so privately, as hee publikely makes knowne his cruelty to her, wherefore her thoughts suggest her, and her iudgement prompts her, to prove another experiment and tryall on him. To which end she tels him, that if hee will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forsake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed husband, that then all delays set apart, shee will speedily (by some one of her nearest kinsfolkes) send poast to *Rome* to his brother Captaine *Andrew Vasti*, that her Sonne *George* returne home to her to *Fribourg*, the which she is more then confident, upon the receipt of her first Letter, he will speedily and ioyfully performe.

Her husband *Vasti* is extremely galled with this speech, and netled with this resolution of his wife *Hester*, because (wretched villaine as he is) hee (but too well) knowes hee hath already sent his Sonne to heaven in a bloody winding sheet, and therefore both feares and knowes, that by this his wifes sending poast to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burst forth and come to light, the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruell hearted as the Devill himselfe) is execrably resolved to heape *Offa* upon *Pelion*, to adde blood to blood, and murther to murther; and so now to poyson the Mother his wife, as he had lately pistoled his and her only Sonne to death. O *Hester*, it had beene a singular happinesse for thee, that thou hadst not thus threatned thy husband *Vasti*, to send to *Rome* for thy Sonne *George*, but that thou hadst either bin dumbe when thou speakest it, or he deafe when hee heard it; for hereby thinking to preserve, thou hast extreemely indangered thy selfe, and hoping to make thy Sonne thy refuge and champion, I feare with grieve, and grieve with feare, that thou hast made thy selfe the ruine of thy selfe.

For *Vasti* is so strong with the Devill, and so weake with God, in this his bloody designe, to murther his wife *Hester*, as neither grace or Nature, Religion or God, the feare of his bodies tortures in this life, or of his soules torments in that to come are able to divert him from it, he having no other reason for this his damnable rage, nor no other cause for this his infernall and hellish cruelty, but this triviall and yet pittifull poore one, that his wife *Hester* is an eye-sore to him, because his *Salyna* is so to her. A wretched excuse, and execrable Apologie, and no lesse execrable and wretched is hee that makes it. So he (turning his backe to God, and his face and heart to the Devill) provides himselfe of strong poyson, and cunningly infusing it into a muske Mellon, which he knew she loved well, and resolved to eate that day at dinner, she greedily eating a great part of it, before night dies thereof. When very subtelly he gives out to his servants and neighbours, that she dyed of a surfet, in then and there eating too much of the muske Mellon; and so all of them confidently beleieve and report.

Thus we have seene with sorrow, and understood with grieve, that this execrable wretch *Vasti* hath played the part of a Devill, in poysoning his vertuous and harmelesse wife *Hester*, and now we shall likewise see him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceale it, as if it lay in his power to blind-fold the eyes of God, as well, or as easily, as to hoodwinck those of men from the sight and knowledg thereof. He seemes wonderfull sorrowfull for his wifes death, dights himselfe and his servants all in blacke, provides a great dinner, and performes her funerall with extraordinary solemnity. But notwithstanding God looks on him with his eye of Justice, for both these his cruell and inhumane barbarous murders of his sonne and wife, and therefore now (in his Providence) resolves to punish him sharply and severely for the same; As marke the sequell, and it will instantly informe us how.

Our debauched and bloudy *Vasti*, immediately upon his wifes death and buriall, doth without intermission haunt the house and company of his lascivious strumpet *Salyna* at *Cl raux*, as if the injoying of her sight, presence, and selfe, were his chiefeft delight, and most soveraigne earthly felicity. He spends a great part of his estate on her, and to satisfie her covetous and his lustfull desires, he is at last enforced to morgage and sell away all his Lands. For as long as he had mony she was his, but when that failed him, then she (as a right strumpet, acted a true part of her selfe) failed in her accustomed kindnesse and familiarity towards him, and casts him off.

The judgements of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as secret as sacred, and as miraculous as just, which wee shall see will now by degrees be apparently made good and verifed in this monster of men, and Devill of Fathers and Husbands, *Vasti*. For his mansion house, and all his utensills and moveables in *Fribourg*, are consumed with a sudden fire, proceeding from a flash of lightning from heaven; as also all his granges of corne, and stacks of hay, and yet those of all his neighbours round about him are untouched and safe. His corne also which growes in the field brings forth little or no increase, his vines wither and die away, all his horses are stolne from him, and most of his cattell, sheepe and goats, die of a new and strange disease; For being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outrageously run themselves to death one against the other; hee is amazed at all these his (unexpected) wonderful losses and crosses, and yet this vile miscreant and inhumane murtherer, hath his conscience still so seared up, & his heart and soule so stupified and obdured by the Devill, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace to looke up to heaven or God, and so to see and acknowledge, from whom and for what all these afflictions and calamities befall him: He growes into great poverty, and againe to raise him and his fortunes, hee now knowes no other art or meanes left him then to marry his strumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great store of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath spent the greatest part of his lands and estate. Hee seekes her in marriage, but (hearing of his great losses, and seeing of his extreme poverty) shee will not derogate from herselfe, but very ingratefully denies and disdaines him, and will not henceforth permit him to enter into her house, much lesse to see or speake with him: hee is wonderfull bitten and galled with this her unkind repulse, and then is driven to such extreame wants and necessity, as he is inforced to sell and pawne away, all those small trifles and things which are left him, thereby to give himselfe a very poore maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had justly abandoned for the enormity of his delists and crimes) he now roames and straggleth up and downe the streets of *Fribourg*, and the country parishes and houses thereabouts, without meat, mony, or friends, and which is infinitely worse then all, without God. But all these his calamities and disasters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miseries and punishments, which are now suddenly and condignely prepared to surprize and befall him; whereof the Christian Reader is religiously prayed to take deepe notice, and full observation; because the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in these his Judgements, doe most divinely appeare, and shine forth to the whole world therein.

Vasti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had beene to beg some mony or meate of *Salyna*, either whereof she was so hard hearted to deny him) the Providence and pleasure of God so ordained it, That in the very same Meadow and place, and neere the same time and houre, which formerly he, and his Sonne *George* had their conference there (being very faint and weary) he lay himselfe downe to sleep there at the foot of a wilde Chesnut-tree; yea, he there slept so soundly, the Sunne being very hot, that hee could not heare the great noyse, and out-cry which many people there a farre off made in the meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; This Bull I say, no doubt but being sent from God, ran directly to our sleeping and snoring *Vasti* tost him twice up in the ayre on his hornes, tore his nose, and so wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his assistance held him dead; but at last they knowing him to be *Vasti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life against death, they take

off his clothes and apparell, and then apparantly discover and see, that this mad Bul with his hornes hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a small piece of his gut hangs out, they carry him to the next cottage, and laying him downe speechlesse, they and himselfe beleve, he cannot live halfe an houre to an end, and as yet hee still remains speechlesse; but at last breathing a little more, and well remembring himselfe, and seeing this his disastrous accident, it pleased the Lord (in the infinitenesse of his goodnesse) to open the eyes of his faith, to mollifie the flintinesse of his heart, to reforme the deformity of his conscience, and to purge and cleanse the pollution of his soule, for now he layes hold of Christ Iesus and his promises, forsakes the Devill and his treacheries, and God now so ordaineth and dispoeth of him, that for want of other witnesses (seeing himselfe on the brinke and in the iawes of death) he now becommeth a witness against himselfe, and confesseth before all the whole company, That he it was neere *Lofanna*, who murdered his owne Sonne *George* with a Pistoll, and who since poysoned his owne wife *Hester* with a muske Mellon, for which two foule and inhumane facts of his, he said, he from his heart and soule begged pardon and remission of God.

Here upon this his confession, some of the company ride away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the Criminall Officers of iustice thereof; who speedily send two Chirurgions to dresse his wounds, and foure Sergeants to bring *Vasti* thither alive, if possibly they can. They search his wounds, and although they finde them mortall, yet they believe he may live three or foure dayes longer. So they bring him to *Frybourg* in a Cart, and there hee likewise confesseth to the Magistrates his two aforesaid bloody and cruell Murthers, drawne thereunto as he saith, by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devill: So the same day, they for satisfaction of these his unnaturall crimes, doe condemne him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to ashes; which is accordingly executed in *Fribourg*, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who came to see him take his last farwell of the world, but they thinking and expecting that hee would have made some religious speech at his death, hee therein deceived their hopes and desires: for he onely prayed to himselfe privately, and then repeating the Lords prayer, and the Creed, and recommending his soule to God, and his body to Christian buriall, without once mentioning or naming his sonne *George*, his wife *Hester*, or his strumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the rope and fell, yet he was found sturke dead on the ground.

And thus was the wretched life, and deserved death of this bloody Minister of Nature *Vasti*. May we therefore reade this his History to Gods glory, and to our owne reformation.

The End of the Fifth Booke.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR JAMES STANLEY KNIGHT OF
the Bath, Lord Strange, Sonne and Heire apparant
to William Earle of Derby, one of the most ancient Knights
of the illustrious Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,



He first time that I had the honour to see and know your Lordship was in France, when you then began your travels, accompanied with your Noble and Generous younger brother Sir Robert Stanley, (likewise Knight of the Bath) who now lives with God: And (if my fancy deceive not my Judgement) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts, and of your Lordships memory, to see how propitious God hath since proved to your content, and remaines to your felicity, in so highly recompensing this your losse of a Noble Brother, with the rich gift of a Vertuous Wife, your Right Illustrious Lady, who is descended from no meaner house than the famous Dukes of Tremoville by her Father, and the Victorious Princes of Orenge by her Mother, and who being transplanted from France, and (in the Sacred Bonds of Marriage) here matched and incorporated to your Lordship

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ship, hath (by the Mercy and Providence of God) in a few yeares brought you many sweet Olive Plants and Branches to perpetuate your ancient Name, and most Honourable Family of the Stanleyes.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, and blessings of Grace, which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofes of his Mercy and Goodnesse towards you, and I doubt not but (in a pious resolution) your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternall gratitude and thankfulnessse to his sacred Maiesty for the same.

And indeed who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, and not by Palsion: That as you esteeme Vertue, to be the chiefeft earthly Honour, so you likewise value Piety and Godlinesse to be the best, and most Sovereigne Vertues. That you are confident, that in Hearts and Soules which are well and fairely endowed, Honour and Honesty should stul bee Twins, or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as fire of straw to the Sunne-shine; and to shut up this point, that your Honour gives the chiefeft functions and faculties of your Soule to God, and the second to the prosperity and service of your Prince and Countrey, that being the true marke of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent Subiect, and Honourable Patriot.

And this (my good Lord) was the Originall cause, and these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so farre upon your Lordships Greatnesse and Goodnesse, in proffering up this my Sixth and last Booke of Gods Revenge against Murther, to your Noble Protection and Patronage; not that your Lordship is the last in my Affection and Zeale, much lesse in my Respects and Observance: But that I could give no satisfaction to my selfe, before I had prefixed your Illustrious Name, to this my unpolished Worke, and before I had given a publike testimony to the whole world in generall, and more especially to our little world England

The Epistle Dedicatory.

gland in particular, what place and power your Honourable Birth and Vertues have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most reserved and intire affection.

The Histories which this Booke relates, are memorable and mournesfull, and to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloudy facts, as memorable for the sharpe, yet just punishments inflicted for the same; wherein Gods sacred iustice and Revenge (with equall Truth and Glory) triumphed ore their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of language, and therefore if they come short of your Lordships accurate Judgement, my Presumption in this my Dedication to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, then to stie to your Lordships innate Goodnesse, and to appeale to your known and approved Generositie and Candor, as making it your Honourable Ambition to cherish Vertue in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandall, and malicious detraction

Proceed my Lord, as you have fairely and fortunately beganne, in the happy exercise and progresse of Piety, Vertue and Honour; and as the hopes are now ours, so may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly still prove your Lordships hereafter, untill it have perfected and compleated you to bee a most Illustrious Patterne of Goodnesse in this world, and a glorious Saint in that to come, the which none shall pray to God for with more true Zeale, nor desire with more unfaigned Affection, then

Your Honours humblest

devoted Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

John Reynolds
deceased

John Reynolds

THE GROVND S AND CONTENTS OF THESE HISTORIES

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia for the love shee beares to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts, Astonicus and Donato) to stifle to death her old husband Palmerius in his bed ; Morosini misfortunately letting fall his gloves in Palmerius his chamber that night which he did it ; They are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knowes them to bee Morosinies, and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt Imperia, for the Murther of his Vnkle, So they together with their accessaries Astonicus and Donato, are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the same.

HIST. XXVII.

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Iuue keeper, poyson De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard ; where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up, and deuoures a great part of his body ; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they flye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

HIST. XXVIII:

Hippolito murdereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chamber-maide Denisa poysoneth her Husband Roderigo; Denisa afterwards stranglet her own new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged ; on the Ladder she confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady Dominica in the poysoning of her Husband Roderigo ; for the which Dom nica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with childe, and then afterwards very ingrately and treacherously rejecteth her, and marries Bertranna : Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace disguiseth her selfe in a Friers habit, and with a case of Pistols kils Sanctifiore as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.

HIST. XXX.

De Mora treacherously kils Palura in a Duell with two Pistols : His Lady Bellinda with the aide of her Gentleman Mther Ferallo, poysoneth her Husband De Mora, and afterwards shee marieth and murdereth her said Husband Ferallo in his bed ; so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes throwne into the aire for the first.

AND
HISTORY

THE
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OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK

FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME

BY
JOHN
B. HOGGINS
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
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PUBLISHED
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GODS REVENGE

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THose Intemperate and lascivious affections which savour more of Earth than Heaven, are still attended on with shame and repentance, and many times followed by miserie and confusion: For God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, consequently should bee of our loves and affections, and the true and sole object, in whom onely they should begin and terminate: For Nature must bee a handmaide, not a Mistresse to Grace, because God (in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortall, but our soules immortall. And the like Antithesis which there is betweene Lust and Charity, the same there is between sinnefull adultery and sanctified marriage. But where our youthfull affections beginne in whoredome, and end in murther, what can bee there expected for an issue,

but ruine and desolation. Crimes no lesse than these doth this insuing History report and relate : A History I confesse, so deplorable for the persons, their facts and punishment, that I had little pleasure to penne it, and lesse joy to publish it ; but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my resolutions, in giving it a place among the rest of my Histories ; That the sight and knowledge of others harmes, may the more carefully and conscionably teach us to avoid and prevent our owne.

THe free Estates and Common-weales of *Italy*, more especially the famous Seigniorie of *Venice* (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendome) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an happy and honourable vertue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the facultie and profession of Merchants, the which they Generally performe in *Turkie*, and all other parts of the levant Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envy of their private and publike enemies : of which number of Venetian Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Morosini* is one, a young man, of some twenty and foure yeares of age, descended of a Noble name and family, and (if reports bee true) from whence ours here in *England* derives their Originall : Hee is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely sanguine complexion, a bright Chestnut-coloured haire, but as yet adorned with a small apparition of a beard : He is active of body, of a sweete carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and gracefull speech; and hee is not so young, but he hath already made two severall voyages to *Constantinople* and *Alexandria* in both which hee resided some five or six yeares, and through his wisdom and industry wonne some wealth, but more reputation and fame, in so much as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promiseth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his blood and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marry, or which is a thousand times worse, to passe his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladyes and courtisans of *Venice*, upon whome (by the way of a premonition and precaution) hee saw so many deboshed young Gallants to cast away their estates and themselves, hee assumes his former ambition to travell, and so undertakes a third voyage to *Constantinople*: He embarks himselfe upon a good ship named the Little Saint *Marke* of *Venice*, and in company of Seignior *Astonichus*, and Seignior *Philippo Donato*, likewise two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his deare and intimate acquaintance (with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they set saile from *Malanoca*, the Port of that City; and so direct and shape away their course for the islands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to stop, and take in some commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the port of the Great Seignior. But as men propose, and God disposeth of all terrestriall actions and accidents; so they are overtaken by a storme, and with contrary windes put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous and strong City which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capitall of that Province of the *Marca Anconitona*, from whence it assumes and takes its denomination, and where in there are well neare three thousand Iewes still resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holinesse. The wind being as yet contrary for our three Venetian Gallants, and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the christian world) was but fiftene small miles off in the Countrey; whereas yet they had never either of them beene, they in meere devotion ride thither, their ship now being fast anchored and moored in the Peere of *Ancona*, which stands on the Christian side, upon the *Adriatique* Sea, Vulgarly tearmed the gulfes of *Venice*.

And

And here it is neither my purpose or desire to write much, either of the (pretended) pietie of this holy chappell of *Loretto*, which the Romanists say was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Sonne, our Saviour Iesus Christ; or of her Picture which they likewise alleadge was drawne by the hand and pencill of the Apostle Saint *Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirme miraculously brought over the Seas from *Palestine* by Angels, and first placed by them on the hills of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long since by the said Angels translated and placed here in this small towne of *Loretto*. But as for my selfe, this legend is too weak to passe current with my faith, much lesse to esteeme it as an article of my Creed. Onely this I will confesse and say. That as it was devotion, not Curiosity which carried our *Morosini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato* thither: so it was my curiosity, not my Devotion which made mee to take the sight thereof in my Travells. Where in the rich and sumptuous Quire of a stately Cathedral Church, I saw this little old Brick Chamber (now tearmed the Holy Chappel) verie richly adorned with great varietie of massie Gold and Silver Lampes, and this Picture of the blessed Virgin in a shrine of Silver, most richly decked with Chaines and Robes, imbrodered with Gold and silver, and set with pretious Stones of inestimable valew, which (to expresse the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and returne againe to our History, which was the onely Relique that I brought thence.

The two first dayes, our three *Venetian* Gallants visit this holy Chappell with much solemnity and devotion, where not to Iesus the Sonne, but to *Mary* the Mother they offer up their prayers, and pay their vowes of thankfulness for their deliverance from the late storme which put them and their ship in safety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident to *Morosini*, which will administer matter and life to this History. He leaves his two friends and companions in bed, and steales away to the holy Chappel, where being on his knees at his devotion, hee neere to him, sees a sweet young gentlewoman likewise on her knees at her devotion and orisons very rich in apparell, but incomparably faire and beautifull. Hee curiously marks her Rosier Lilly Cheekes, her piercing Eye, the Amber Tresses of her Haire, her Alabaster Necke and Paps, and her streight and slender waist, all which made her to bee the Pride and Glory of nature; At whose sight and contemplation, his minde is so sodainely inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not possibly be drawne to love any Gentlewoman, or Mayden, now despight of himselfe (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) hee at first sight is inforced to love her, and only her. For the more hee sees her, the more hee affects her; which engendereth such strange motions, and sodaine passions in his heart, that the sweetness of this sweet object, enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Morosini* would faine haue boorded and saluted her there, but that hee would not make Heaven so much stoope to Earth, nor prophane the holinesse of his affection and of this place with such impietie. But at last seeing her to rise from her prayers, and so to depart the chappell, hee could not, hee would not so leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity to make himselfe knowne to her; When withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto* to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistress) in *Loretto*, hee trippes away after her, into the body of the Church, where seeing her onely attended, by a well clad Boy and her young waiting Gentlewoman, (after salutes on both sides performed,) hee there profereth her his service in these generall Tearmes.

Morosini. I know not sweet young Lady, whether I may tearme my selfe happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the sight of so beautifull a Nymph, and Virgin as your selfe, because in thinking to gain my soule, I feare I have lost my heart in the amorous extasies of that delicious Object and contemplation; therefore I beseech you thinke it not strange, that having received my wound from your beauty, I flie to

your Courtisie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakly guarded, I presume to request the favour of you, that you will please to accept of my Company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady, seeing her selfe so much gazed on by this unknowne Gentleman in the holy chappell, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, shee could not refraine from dying her Lilly Cheekes with a Vermillian blush, when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much Coynesse and modesty at first to prove too courteous to him, shee (brooking her name well) returns him this answer.

Imp. Sir you being so happie to have given up your Soule this morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder, that you so soone prophane it, by endeavoring to make mee believe, that you have lost your heart in the contemplation of so poore, and so unworthy a beautie as mine; For herein as you prophane your zeale to her, so your affection to me, sith that should be more sacred, and this not so much fained or hypocriticall. But such wounds still cary their cures with them, and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtisie be guilty in granting the other: if my weake guard bee not strong enough to conduct mee to my home, my *innocency* and *chastity* are, as also to defend mee from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best vertue consists more in their tongues then their foules, and more in their complements then their actions; Of which number fearing and taking you to be one, and my fathers house being so nigh, I shall not want your company, because as I deserve so I desire it not, and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thanks with you, for this your proffered favour, and unexpected courtisie.

Although *Morofini* could not refraine from smiling at this her sharpe and witty answer, yet hee seeing his complement retorted, and his courtisie returned with a refusall, hee could not yet refraine from biting his lip thereat. But againe considering her to bee exceeding faire and vertuous, and hoping withall that her father might likewise prove rich, hee would not disgrace his breeding nor make himselfe a Novice in Love to bee put off with this her first repulse, but againe sounds her in these tearmes.

Morof. My devotion to the mother, of our Saviour doth not prophane, but I hope blesse and sanctifie my affection to you, and therefore if it bee not the custome of the young Ladyes and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to use strangers with this discourtesie, I cannot believe that you would purposely thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjust refusall. As for your feigned shewes of Hypocrisie: I am as innocent of them as you suspect and tearme mee guilty, and have no more snares or lures in profering you my affection and service, than that which your pure beautie and chaste vertues give mee. Neither am I of the number of those Gentlemen, whome you please to traduce and disparage because their hearts and tongues agree not, or for that their actions prove not their speeches, and complements reall; because I as much disdain as you condemne them; Therefore if you cannot give mee the courtisie, I pray at least lend mee the favour, that I may waite on you to your fathers house; whome I shall ever bee readie to serve with as much humilitie for your sake, as to cherish and obey your selfe with affection for mine owne.

This answer of *Morofini* makes this young Gentlewoman (whose name he and we shall anon know) as sweetly calme, as right now she was unkindly passionate, so that looking stedfastly on him, & composing her countenance rather to smiles than frownes, she rejoynes with him thus.

Imp. It is the custome of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to use Strangers rather with too much respect than too little favour, especially those Gentlemen who favour more of honour than vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged mine owne judgement, in suspecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuse as of your reprehension. And because I understand by you, that you are

a stranger to this place though not to this Country, as also that you seeme to be so importunately desirous and willing to conduct me to my fathers house ; I will therefore give a contrary Law to my owne will, and now make civility dispencc with my discretion by accepting of this your kind proffer, and you shall not accompany mee thither to him, with so much respect and zeale, as I will you with observance and thanks.

Which kinde speech she had no sooner delivered and *Morosini* received, but hee againe closed with her thus :

Moros. Sweet Lady, this courtesie of yours seconding your beauty, shall eternally oblige me to your service; and in requitall thereof, I will ever esteeme it my best happiness to receive your Fathers commands, and my chiefest felicity and glory to execute yours: When reciprocally exchanging salutes, he takes her by the hand and arme, and very gracefully conducts her to her Fathers house, not farre off from this sumptuous Church, and by the way thither (among other speeches and complements hee gathers from her that her Fathers name is *Signior Hierome Bondino*, and hers *Donna Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he for the former fame of his wealth and the present sight of her Beauty doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which he shall enjoy in her sight and company ; whereof for the time present he hath faire more reason to flatter than to assure himselfe.

Now we must here understand that this *Signior Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an ancient house and noble descent ; and of a very great estate both in lands and meanes, and withall he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his wealth than in his generosity, and more in his faire and beautifull Daughter *Imperia*, then in any other of his Children. Here *Morosini* brings *Imperia* home, and she presents him and his courtesie to her Father, who receives him respectfully and kindly thanks him for this his observance and honour to his daughter : who led by the lustre of her eyes, and the delicacy of her beauty, was so extreamely inflamed with affection towards her, as at that very instant he proclaimed himselfe her Servant, and she the Lady Regent of his heart and desires, and then it was that he first acquainted her with his name and quality, with his intended voyage to *Constantinople*, but chiefly with his constant desire and resolution to seeke her in marriage both of herselfe and her father. Wherefore to contract this History into a narrow Volume, I will passe over his often courtings and visits of her, as also those sweet speeches, and amorous discourses and conferences which pass between them during the space of three weeks ; wherein the wind proving contrary to his voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his sute and affection. In which time he proved himselfe so expert a Scholler (or rather a Master) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and consent to be his Wife upon his first returne from *Constantinople*, but yet it was wholly impossible either for him or her to draw her fathers consent hereunto, although many times he sought it of him with prayers, & she with teares. For he making wealth to be the very image and idol of his devotion, and gathering that *Morosini's* birth farre exceeded his state and meanes, as also that in his opinion, that his estate was yet farre greater than his capacity or judgement, hee would never hearken to him, much lesse give way that hee should be his Sonne in Law : but with much obstinacy and resolution, vowed that hee would first rather see his Daughter married to her grave than to him, the which froward and harsh resolution of his, makes our two lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedy it they know not. *Morosini* now acquaints his two consorts *Astonicus* and *Donato* with his affection to *Imperia*, and brings them the next morning to see her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beauty and vertues to the skies ; They in *Morosini's* behalfe deale effectually with *Bondino* to draw his consent to this match, mount his praises and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly office, or reasons unattempted to perswade and induce him hereunto, but they speake either to the winde, or

hell, shee grants his first request herein with silence, but his second with a free and cheerefull consent. When (as two wretched and bloody miscreants) they reciprocally sweare secrecie herein each to other, as also that they will speedily dispatch him, and so in a very short time after marry each other, and no longer live in *Ancona* but in *Venice*. But what a fatall, what a hellish contract was this, which they equally confirme as well with oathes as kisses, and how at one time doe I pittie both their youth and folly, and hate their obscene affections each to other; and their foule crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themselves with lust but with blood, for they are so resolutely inhumane and impious, as they will needs adde murther to adultery, as if one of these two foule sinnes were not enough sufficient to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miserable in that to come; but the devill is so strong with them as they vow to advance, & disdain to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable businesse; So from the matter they proceed to the manner hereof. *Morofini* proposeth poyson, but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring, and administring. When shee propoundeth to have him stifled by night in his bed, to the which after two or three pauses and considerations, hee will and freely consenteth. So hereon they both doe finally agree and resolve. But because *Morofini* knowes his *Imperia* to be a wise and weake woman, and therefore fitter for counsell than execution, and himselfe alone peradventure not strong enough (with safety) to performe it without some other mens assistance, hee therefore tells her that hee will likewise engage his faithfull friends and companions *Astonicus* and *Donato* herein. But *Imperia* is extreamely against it, as grounding her apprehension and feare upon this Maxime. That as one is more capable and proper to keepe counsell then two, so consequently are two than foure. But when (in answer hereof) hee vowes and sweares to her that they are no lesse his faithfull friends and servants than hee hers; then (with much alacrity and joy) shee yeelds thereunto, so they confirming this their agreement with many oathes, and sealing it with a world of kisses, hee leaves this his faire sweet-heart in bed, and at breake of day departs from her, and so hies him home to his owne Lodging to his two companions *Astonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premises considered) doe perfectly know, at what midnight Masse he hath beene, what shrine he hath visited, and what Saint adored and prayed to.

Some three houres after they all call for their breakfasts, the which as soone as they have taken and ended, (for still as yet the winde is contrary for them to set saile for *Venice*) *Morofini* prayes them forthwith to walke with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that Citie which stands over it on a high rockie hill, and there proudly lookes up toward the Mountaines of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and downe to the azurd plaines and valleyes of the Adriatique Sea (whercon *Boreas* rings his Northerne peales, and *Neptune* danceth his Southerne Lavolta's.) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the devill) *Morofini* first acquaints them with this businesse, and with his, and his *Imperiaes* most earnest prayers, and affectionate requests for their assistance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no lesse their affliction and misery, then this his death would infallibly prove their prosperity, triumph and glory, because shee was formerly contracted to himselfe, long before hee married her: which shee was enforced and constrained to doe through the cruelty and tyrannie of her Father. Now as their needs nor many good words and perswasions to base hearts, and polluted and prophane soules, who of themselves are already disposed to wickednesse, and prepared to sinfull actions: So (because of *Morofini's* old friendship and familiarity, of *Imperias* beauty, and her old husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) these two gracelesse wretches *Astonicus* and *Donato* doe cheerefully promise *Morofini*, the very utmost
of

of their possible powers for the accomplishment hereof, whereon they all three doe there solemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oathes, as also for eternall secrecie. Which done they returne to their Lodging; and at dinner (when they had purposely sent away their Servants, as also those of the house) they in very great glasses of *Albania* wine, doe on their knees drinke healths to the prosperitie of this their intended great businesse: The which after dinner *Morofini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and shee (for her part) understands and receives it from him with no lesse delight and exhilaration. When being (as strongly seduced and provoked by their lascivious desires, as they were meereley propagated and engendered by the Devill who was the first and sole Author thereof) impatient of all delayes they conclude to finish this businesse the second night after, which (as I have beene credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the purification of the blessed Virgin *Mary* so famous and famoused in *Loresto*, and and hereon these our two lustfull and lewd Lovers *Morofini* and *Imperia* doe give and take exact and curious directions each from other, both of the houre and the manner, thereby the better to dispatch it, with lesse danger and more assurance and facilitie; And they are so lascivious in their wishes, so vaine and prophane in their hopes, so cruell and inhumane in their desires, and so fierce and bloody in their resolutions, as they think every houre an age before they see it effected.

All this while our innocent and harmelesse old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to please his young wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea and almost every day) he hath both the power and will to bestow some rich gifts and presents on her, and to raine downe showers of Gold into her lap, as *Iove* did to his faire *Danae*, and as one way he held it his felicity to gaze & contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty, so againe he made it his delight and glory to see her flant it out in rich and brave apparell, and also to provide her the most rarest Viands and daintiest dyer that gold or silver could procure. But poore *Palmerius* (all this cost and courtesie of thine to thy wife notwithstanding) I am enforced to write with equall pittie to thee, and shame to her, little dost thou conceive or thinke, what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernicious Viper thou harbourest in harbouring her in thy House, thy Bed, thy Bosome.

The dismall night being now come, which these foure execrable persons have designed and destined for the finishing of this deplorable businesse. It is no sooner twelve of the Clock by *Morofini*s watch, but hee with *Astonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Pistols without any light) issue forth their lodging, and presently trip to *Palmerius* house, where (according to promise) they find the street doore a little open and *Imperia* (as a fury of hell) there ready to receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble than kisse; yet so fervent is the fire of *Morofini* & *Imperias* lascivious & furious affection; as they cannot yet refraine from giving each other one, or two at least. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawne) close within the doore, to guard and make it good against all opposing and intervening accidents, *Morofini* leads *Imperia* by her right arme, & *Astonicus* by the left, and so for the more security (purposely) leaving their shoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on wollen pumpe, they all three ascend the staires when she (with wonderfull silence) first conducts them to her owne chamber (which was some two distant from her (husbands) where the windowes being close shut, and a small wax candle burning on her table, and her prayer booke by it wherein (still expecting the houre of midnight) she silently read whiles the Devill held the candle to her, shee there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having silently given such order, that her husbands Nephew *Richardo*, and all the servants of the house, were gone to bed above three houres before: Thus this treacherous she-devill *Imperia* (for I can no more tearme her a woman, much lesse a wife, and least of all a Christian) is the fatall guide to bloody *Morofini* and *Astonicus*, who brings them first to the doore of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which shee had purposely left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deeply and soundly sleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were

were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice against him, shee keeping the doore, and *Morofini* standing by one side of the bed, and *Astonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotencie and weakenesse) doe easily stifle him to death, not so much as suffering him either once to crie or screech; and then to make sure worke, they speedily and violently thrust a small Orange into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villanie to the world, in making all men beleieve, that it was *Palmerius* himselfe who had put that Orange into his owne mouth, thereby purposely to destroy himselfe; when leaving his breathlesse body in his bed, they secretly issue forth the Chamber, and she drawes fast the doore after her, and so descends with them downe the staires to the street-doore, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks betweene them all, *Morofini* giving his *Imperia* many kisses, and shee desiring them all three immediately to repaire to their Lodgings, and not to stirre thence till they heare from her, which shee promiseth *Morofini* shall be as soone as conveniently and possibly shee can, they depart home: When shee first softly bolting the street-doore, and then her owne Chamber-doore, shee presently (with much securitie, and no repentance) betakes her selfe to her bed, where (vilde wretch that shee is) shee no more wakes for griefe at the life, but now sleepe for joy at the death of her old doating Husband *Palmerius*. But wee shall not goe farre, before wee see God convert these her triumphs into teares, and this her false joy into true miserie and confusion for the same: The manner thus.

Whiles *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* doe in their Lodging, for joy of this their bloudie fact, carowle the remainder of the night, and the next morning keepe their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan; *Imperia* putting an Angels face on her divellish heart, goes (according to her accustomed manner) about sixe of the clock in the morning away with her waiting-maid, and her prayer-booke and beads in hand, to heare Masse at Saint *Francis* (which is the Gray-Fryers) Church neere to the Jewes Street, with an intent to stay there in her Oraisons till past eight. But let the reader judge, with what a prophane zeale and prodigious and impious devotion she doth it; as also farther know, that God who is the great Judge of Heaven and Earth (in his sacred Justice) is now resolved to bring this lamentable murdering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and to proclaim and publish it to the sight and knowledge of the world by a way no lesse strange than remarkable.

Within lesse than halfe an houre that *Imperia* went away to Masse to Saint *Francis* Church, an Inne-keeper of *Loretto*, who dwelt there at the signe of the Crowne, named *Antonio Herbas*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* house, with a Letter for him from his Father *Bondino*; who speaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, hee delivereth and sendeth up the Letter to his Unckle, who then opening the Latch of his Chamber doore, hee no sooner entereth, but with his foot hee stumbles at a paire of rich Gloves, which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Morofini*, because some two or three dayes together hee had seene him weare them, hee with a smile claps them into his pocker, and so giving his Unckle the good-morrow, hee advanceth up to his bed, to deliver him this Letter: When withdrawing the curtaines, hee (contrarie to his expectation) findes him dead, and well-neere cold in his bed, with a whole small Orange in his mouth; whereat hee makes so lamentable and sorrowfull an out-crie, that the noise thereof brings up two servants of the house, to enquire and know what the cause thereof might be: Who being likewise sad spectators of this their Masters sodaine and unfortunat death, they conceive and beleieve, that hee had voluntarily stopped his owne breath, and destroyed himselfe by putting this Orange in his mouth, and that his face being blacke and swollen, was onely his owne struggling for life against death; which opinion of theirs, in common sense and reason was probable enough, if God had not here resolved to disprove it, in verifying and making apparant

rant the contrarie. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a sharpe and quicke apprehension) considering that these were *Morosini's* Gloves which hee found there in his Unckles chamber; and his memorie now telling his heart, what lascivious dalliances and obscene embraces and familiaritie his eyes had lately seene and knowne betweene him and his Aunt *Imperia*, as also that God heretofore prompted and informed his soule, that they both had an equall share and hand in this lamentable murder of his Unckle, and that it was farre better for him justly to ruine her now, then she unjustly to begger him hereafter: Hee therefore (with teares in his eyes) prayes the servants to stay a little while in the chamber with his dead Unckle till his returne; and then (with those Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he speeds away to the Podestate (or criminall Judge) of this Citie, named Signior *Ludovicus Ceranno*, and in a passionate and sorrowfull speech makes him know as much as himselfe knowes of this lamentable murder of his Unckle *Palmerius*, for the which hee strongly chargeth *Morosini* and his said Aunt *Imperia* to be the Author and Actor, and craves Justice on them both for the same. This grave personage is very sorrowfull at this lamentable accident, and likewise at this relation and accusation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the qualitie of the persons who he heares and feares are interested herein; when walking a turne or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his chamber, he sits himselfe downe in his Chaire, and then (bidding *Richardo* approach neerer to him) he seriously demands of him these foure Questions. First, if he were assured that these were *Morosini's* Gloves; to which *Richardo* answered, he perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had seene him weare them three or foure severall times. Secondly, where *Morosini* was lodged in that Citie; whereat he replied, that he and his two associates, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the signe of the Ship upon the Key. Thirdly, where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was; whereat he tells him, she is now in Saint *Francis* Church, in her devotions. And fourthly, what Letter that was which he held fast sealed in his hand; when he also informed him, that this was the very same Letter which he formerly told him of, the which Signior *Bondino* (the Father to his Aunt *Imperia*) sent to his Unckle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inne-keeper of that Towne, named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he said he had brought along with him to affirme so much; the which being called up before the Podestate, he upon his corporall Oath did so: when the Podestate taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the scales thereof, he findes it to speake this language.

BONDINO TO PALMERIUS.

IT was a sensible griefe to me, when I first heard of *Morosini's* arrivall from Turkie to Ancona; but farre the greater, when I since understand of his long and lingering stay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreames by night, doe still prompt and assure me, that as it is likely he will attempt something against the Chastitie of thy Wife my Daughter, so it is not impossible for him likewise to plot somewhat against thine owne life, for by nature and inclination I heare he is very malicious and revengefull. If he depart speedily to Venice, then burne this Letter in Ancona (which I now send thee there by my neighbour *Antonio Herbas*;) but if he farther protract his stay there, then speedily bring thy selfe and thy Wife away to me here in *Loretto*; where my House shall be a Sanctuary for her, and a Castle and Cittadel for thy selfe: slight not this my carefull and tender advice to thee, but rather resolve with confidence, that as God gave it first to my heart, so from my heart I most affectionately now send it to thee.

BONDINO.

The Podestate being ascertained of all these Evidences, from the confession of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Morosini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgement of *Herbas*,

Herbas, although hereupon he verily beleeves that *Palmerius* was stifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia* and her lover *Morofini*, yet (as a wise Judge and a prudent Magistrate) he will informe his knowledge of one important point more, for the better disquisition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable businesse: He will not send any subordinate Officer, but a private friend of his, to the Hoast of the Ship upon the Key, where *Morofini* lodged, whose name he now knowes to be *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he should courteously allure him home to his house and presence, the which that friend of his performs; where the Podestate then told him, that he hath beene informed by divers, that he is an honest man, and therefore in friendly sort he prayes him to answer him the truth of three demands which he shall make unto him. First, if *Morofini* and his friends *Affonicus* and *Donato* lay in his house all the last night, or if not, when they went abroad, and at what houre returned. When *Fundi* (performing his dutie and reverence to the Podestate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his house together the last night with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clocke, and returned home againe a little before two, as neere as he could guesse. Secondly, the Podestate shewes him the Gloves, and asks of him, if he thought these were *Morofini's*; to the which he answered, he did assure himselfe they were, for that he had many times seene him weare them. Thirdly, he enquires of him, if he knew where *Morofini*, *Affonicus*, and *Donato* now were; whereunto he made answer, that after they came home to his house the last night, they merrily carowed and dranke in their Chamber till six of the clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they all lay soundly sleeping. The Podestate having thus happily cleared all these rubs, he makes no doubt they were the murtherers of *Palmerius*, and therefore resolves speedily to lay sure hold of them all. But he is so solid and wise in his administration of Justice, as he will adde subtiltie to his power, and discretion to his authoritie. First therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a Chamber here in his owne house, to prevent that he should not returne home to tell tales to *Morofini* and his associates. Then he presently sends away two of his owne sonnes, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named *Seignior Alexandro* and *Thomaso Cerranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his Coach to Saint Francis Church, and when they there see the faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to issue forth, then in courteous manner not to faile to bring her away in Coach with them to his house, under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honorio* their Mother doth desire to see and speake with her, and that she will please to passe one houre with her in her Garden, with whom and where she (by the way of visits) had formerly sometimes beene. These two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Fathers commands) drive away to that Church, and presently espie *Imperia* on her knees, who now riseth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the street, with their Hats in their hands, doe present their Lady Mothers request and errand to her, as wee have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podestates two sonnes, she at first is so infinitely perplexed, grieved, and amazed hereat, yea, she is hereupon vexed and tormented in so strange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind, she now (through her foule and guiltie conscience) lookes pale for sorrow, and presently red againe for shame; so that in the turning of a hand, and twinkling of an eye, she exchangeth the Lillies of her cheekes into Roses, and those Roses as soone againe into Lillies. But then (feare her danger least, when she had all the reasons of the world both to doubt and feare it most) considering that the Podestate and the Lady his Wife were her kinde and honourable good friends, and had now sent their Coach for her, as also observing the faire carriage and courteous language of these two her young sonnes towards her; she then (being blinded by the Devill) doth so wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her selfe, that rejecting her feare, and composing her countenance to a modest chearefulness, she willingly obeyes the Mothers commands, and accepts of the Sonnes courtesie, and so goes along home with them in their

their Coach, where being arrived, these two young Gentlemen, dousher and conduct her up to the gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podestate their Father, (accompanied with two other grave Officers of justice attend her comming. Their very first sight is sufficiently capable to daunt her courage with feare, and to transpierce her heart and soule with sorrow; When the Podestate calling her to him, hee with a sterne countenance gives her this thundering peale for her goodmorrow and breakfast. That he is sorry to see that so faire a Gentlewoman as her selfe, should harbour and enshrine so foule a heart. That her good old Husband *Signior Palmerius* is this morning found stifled to death in his bed with an Orenge in his mouth, and that he both thinks and assures himselfe, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato *Morofini*, for the which he saith he is constrained (in honour to justice) to make her Prisoner to the Pope his Holinesse, his Sovereigne Lord and Master, whereat this false hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of sighes and teares cries out and tels him, that she left her old husband *Palmerius* in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore shee hopeth and trusteth in God he is not murthered, or if he be, that it must needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great wealth and riches, or else by some Devill in his shape, of his seducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Morofini* is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave Marchant by his profession, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by birth and extraction, and that shee dares pawne her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent of this foule crime as the infants who were borne but the last night, and that she hath farre more reason to weepe for the death of her husband, than any way to feare her own life, because she knowes that God is the defender of innocents, and the protector of the righteous, with many other passionate and sorrowfull speeches conducting and looking that way; but these her speeches and teares cannot prevaile with the Podestate, for both he and his two Collegues do yet firmly beleieve that she is guilty of this inhumane murther; So he imprisoneth her in a chamber of his own house for that day, and intends at night to send her to the common Goale of that City. Now as she is led along betweene two Ushers (or Serjeants through a lower roome, where all the Podestates Servants and some few others of the City were flocked thither to see her passe by, she infinitely more caring for her *Morofini's* life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to espie *Mercario* (whom we have formerly understood she sent with her Letters to him to *Constantinople* and *Aleppo*, and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to speak with any of the company, she amidst her teares bethinks her selfe of a pretty policy; for as she past close by *Mercario* she purposely lets fall her gloves and wet handkerchiefe for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was stooping to effect it, she secretly and swiftly rounds him in his eare thus. I pray go instantly upon the Kay to *Morofini's* lodging, and tell him that I am a prisoner in the Podestates house, for the businesse he knowes of, and therefore that he (and *Astonicus* and *Donato*) do speedily provide for their safety, as also that if I had a thousand lives I would willingly lose and sacrifice them all for to preserve his, and that I will live and dye his most loving friend and faithfull handmaide, the which as soone as she had uttered, she is imprisoned in a dark Chamber: where she hath none but her guilty conscience, the bare walles, and the two Serjeants for her miserable comforters; and yet here (thinking to breath and draw some hope among all her dispaire and sorrowes, she prayes one of the Serjeants to report her humble service to the Lady *Honoris* the Podestates Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her so much as to see and speak a word with her. But she having beene informed by the Judge her Husband that he absolutely held and beleevved her to be the murtherer of her own Husband *Signior Palmerius*, she was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courtesie, and therefore (in detestation of her foule fact) highly disdained to afford her this charity and consolation, and so flatly denies either to see or speake with her.

And now do the Podestare, and his two Colleagues sit and debate in councell with themselves, how and in what manner to surprize *Morofini*, *Affonicus*, and *Donato*, for although they are not sure, yet by their absence the last night from their lodging with *Morofini* they think that they two are accessaries with him herein; First, they are of opinion to seize on their ship, which is at anchor in the Roade, termed the Realto of Venice (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City termed the Realto, or else from the Realto Bridge, which (for one Arch) is doubtlesse the rarest, fairest, and richest Bridge of the world) which ship was of some three hundred Tunnes, and bore some twenty peeces of Ordnance, and then presently after to seize on themselves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they resolve to abandon this their opinion, and so to seize on their persons, but not to arrest or make stay of their ship; and although their zeale to justice, and haste for their apprehension be very great, yet *Mercario* out of his respects to *Imperia*, and affection to *Morofini* tripped on through the by-streets and neereft way to the Key so swiftly, as he had already secretly related him and his two consorts the sorrowfull newes which *Imperia* sent them by him. Whereat with feare in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their lookes and countenances, they all three leape from their beds to their swords, discharge their Inne, pack up their Truncks and baggage, and resolve with all possible speed to flye to their ship, and then if not with, yet against the windes to put into Sea, and for their safety to leave *Ancona*, and sayle for *Venice*. But yet here *Morofini's* heart is perplexed with a thousand torments to understand of his *Imperia's* eminent and apparent danger, and with many Hels instead of one to see that hee must now thus suddenly leave her deere sight and company, which hee every way esteemes no lesse than either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth. But here againe violently called away by the importunate cryes of *Affonicus* and *Donato*, and yet farre more by the consideration of his own proper feare and danger; *Mercario* is no sooner stollen away from them, but they all three with their swords drawne rush downe the stayres with equall intents and resolution to exchange their Inne for their ship, and thereby to metamorphose their danger into security; But they shall see that these weak and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them. For they finde all doores of their Inne lockt within side, and surrounded and beleagured without, with many armed Serjeants, Souldiers, and Citizens for their apprehension: And although *Morofini*, *Affonicus*, and *Donato*, were so inflamed with their youthfull blood and courage, as they were once generously resolved to sell their lives deerely, and with their Pistols and Swords to prefer an honourable to an infamous death, yet being farre overmasted with numbers and therefore enforced to take a Law of the stronger; Whereunto they the sooner hearken and consent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politicly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld, as affirming that to their knowledge their resolution and feare doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a vertue of necessity, and unlocking the doores of their Inne and Chambers, do cheerefully yeeld up their persons, Pistols, and Swords to the Popes Officers of Justice, who as soone convey them all three to the common Prison of that City, which was the same wherein our not so sorrowfull as unfortunate *Imperia* was already entred, and where to her unexpressible griefe, and *Morofini's* unparallell'd affliction and disconsolation, such exact charge was given of the Podestare, and such curious heed observed and taken of the Goaler, that he could not possibly be permitted either to see or speak with her, or she with him, the which indeed they conceived to be far more sharpe than their crime, and infinitely more bitter than the consideration either of their feare or danger.

Now the newes of these lamentable accidents being speedily posted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperia's* cruell Father *Bondino* no sooner is ascertained thereof, But seeing his sonne in law *Palmerius* murdered in his bed, and his Wife and his owne only Daughter *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Morofini* and his two consorts) to be imprisoned as

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the authors, and actors thereof, he for the love, he bore to her life and the tender pitty and sorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, suddenly falls sick, and dies; whereof his imprisoned daughter *Imperia* understanding; she (in regard of his former severity towards her) is so much passionate, and so little compassionate, as she rather rejoiceth than lamenteth at it; Onely she prayes God to forgive his soule of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which she knowes to be the originall cause, and fatall cloud from whence have proceeded all these dismall stormes of affliction, and tempests of untimely death, which she feares must very shortly befall both her selfe, and her second selfe *Morofini*.

Whiles thus *Astonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Morofini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and sorrow for their separation than for their imprisonment, and that the Podestate and other Officers of justice of *Ancona* are resolved first to informe the Pope, and then to expect his holiness pleasure for the arraignment, and punishment of these foure prisoners, it pleased God exceedingly to visite the Towne of *Loretto*, and especially the City of *Ancona* with the Plague, whereof many thousands in a few moneths were swept away, so by speciall commission and order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Prisoners) are conveyed to the City of *Foligno*, two small dayes journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tried upon their lives and deaths; at which time as they pass by the old, little City of *Tolentino* where I then (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a burning Feaver; When, I say, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their persons made my curiosity so ambitious, as to see and observe them in their severall Chambers of the Inne where they that night lay which was at the signe of the Popes Armes, as for *Astonicus* and *Donato* I found them to be rather sad then merry; *Morofini* to be farre more merry than wise, and *Imperia* to bee infinitely more faire than fortunate, and all of them to bee lesse sorrowfull for their affliction and danger, than for the cause thereof.

Within three houres of their arrivall to *Foligno* they are all foure convented before the two criminall Judges, who are purposely sent from *Rome* thither, and are there, and then severally charged with this foule murder of stifling to death the old *Signior Palmerius* in his bed, which all and every one of them apart doe stiffely deny. Notwithstanding that *Fundi* the Host, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of strong presumption against them, and also notwithstanding of *Morofini's* Gloves and *Bondinos* Letter written to his Sonne in law *Palmerius*, and delivered by *Herbas* as we have formerly understood. But these two grave and prudent Judges, yet strongly suspecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words, and sugred speeches and protestations of their pretended innocency, but consult betweene themselves what here to resolve on for the vindication of this truth; so at last they hold it expedient and requisite first to expose *Astonicus* to the torments of the Rack, the which (he being a strong and robustuous man) he endureth, with a firme resolution and constancy every way above himselfe, and almost beyond beliefe, and still confesseth nothing; but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact, whereof the Judges resting not yet satisfied, they within an houre after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines; who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion and weak constitution of body; his right foot no sooner feels the unsufferable fury of the fire, and his tormentors then confidently promising him all desired favour from his Judges if hee will confesse the truth, but after some sorrowfull teares, and pittifull cries hee fully and amply doth, and in the same manner and forme, as in all its circumstances we have formerly understood. The which when the Judges heare of; they cannot refraine, first from admiring and wondring thereat, and then from lamenting that personages of their ranke and quality should be the authors and actors of so foule and lamentable a murder, especially of this faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to her own good

old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time also are *Morofini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus* acquainted with this fatall confession and accusation of *Donato* against them for this murther, whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, because they are thereby perfectly assured that it hath infallibly made them all three liable, and obnoxious to death, as also for that their supposed firme friend *Donato* proved himself so false a man, and so true a coward to be the cause thereof, wherein they so much forget themselves, as they do not once think, and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foule murther proceeded immediately from Heaven, and originally from the providence and justice of the Lord of Hosts.

The very same afternoone, the Judges sent for *Morofini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus* to appeare before them in their publick tribunall of Justice, where they first acquaint and charge them with *Donatos* confession and accusation against them for murdering of *Palmerius*, whereat they are so far from being any way dismayed or danted, as they all do deny, and refell his accusation, and so in high termes do stand upon their innocency, and justification. But when they see *Donato* brought into the court in a chaire, (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines, had so cruelly scorched, and pittifully burnt away the flesh of the sole of his right foot, almost to the bone that he was wholly unable either to go or stand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him, as also they being also hotly terrified and threatned by the Judges with the torments of the Rack and Scarpines, then God was so gracious to their hearts and so mercifull to their soules, that they looking mournfully each at other, she weeping, and they sighing, and all of them despairing of life, and too perfectly assured of death, they all confesse the whole truth of this foule fact of theirs, and so confirme as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murdering *Palmerius* in his bed; when one of these two reverend and grave Judges immediately thereupon do condemne them all foure to be hanged the next morning at the common place of execution of that City; although *Donato* because of his confession hereof (in vaine) flattered himselfe that he should receive a pardon for his life; So they are all sent back to their prison from whence they came, where all the courtesie which the importunate requests of *Morofini*, and the incessant sighes and tears of *Imperia* can obtaine of their Judges is, that they grant them an houre of time to see, converse, and speak one with the other that night in prison, in presence of their Goalers, and some other persons before they dye. When *Morofini* being guided towards her chamber, such is the weaknesse of his Religion towards God; and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he passeth from chamber to chamber, he is so far from once thinking, much lesse fearing of death, as he absolutely beleeves he is going to a victory, and a triumph; here *Morofini* with a world of sighs throwes himselfe into his *Imperia's* neck and brest; and here *Imperia* with a whole deluge of teares imbraceth and encloystereth her *Morofini* in her armes, when after a thousand kisses, they beg pardon one of another, for being the essentiall and actuall cause each of others death, and do enterchangeably both kisse and speak, sometimes privately, and most times publickly before the spectators, that if those reports be true which I first heard thereof in *Tolentino*, next in *Foligno*, and lastly in *Rome*, I say to depaint and represent it at life in all its circumstances, I should then begin a second history, when I am now on the very point and period to end the first, neither in my conceit is it a task either proper for me to undertake or pertinent for my pen to performe, because (to speak freely and ingenuously) I hold the grant and permission of this their amorous visit and interview in prison before they dye, to be every way more worthy of the pity than of the gravity or piety of their Judges. If therefore I do not content the curiosity, I yet hope I shall satisfie the Judgement of my Christian Reader, here briefly to signifie this their limited houre is no sooner past, but to the sharpe affliction of *Morofini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by their Goalers are separated and confined to their severall chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they finde two Friars and two Nuns attending them to prepare their
soules

soules for Heaven, and in a lesse vaine, and a more serious and religious conference to entertaine both their time, and themselves, from an earthly to the speculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love, as also from them to *Astonicus* and *Donato*.

But before I proceed farther, we must understand, that the two Friars have not bene with *Morosini*, and the two Nunnes with *Imperia* above an houre, but by the two Judges there is a chiefe subordinate Officer of theirs sent to prison to tell *Imperia*, that her Uncle *Seignior Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this present Pope *Urban* the eighth. But she is not so glad of this newes, as she is then curious to enquire if her *Morosini* be likewise pardoned, so the Officer tells her no, and that hee absolutely must suffer death, then she weeps farre faster than she rejoyceth, and affirms that she will not live but dye. The Judges send for her, and perswade her to live, but she begs them as importunately to give *Morosini* his life, as they doe her to accept and receive her own. They tell her they have not the power to grant her the first, and she replies, that she then hath not the will to embrace and entertaine the second. They acquaint *Morosini* herewith, who by their order and by their selves do strongly perswade her hereunto, but her first answer and resolution is her last, that she will accept of no life if he must dye, neither will he refuse any death conditionally that she may live to survive him. The two Friars and two Nunnes use their best art and oratory to perswade her hereunto, but they meet with impossibility to make her affection to *Morosini*, and her resolution to her selfe flexible hereunto: Her life is not halfe so precious to her as is his, for if she had many as she hath but one, she is both ready and resolute to lose and sacrifice them all for his sake, and would esteeme in her felicity that her death might redeeme and ransom his life. The Judges (out of their goodnesse and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perswade her hereunto, but she is still deafe to their requests, and still one and the same woman, desirous to live with him, or constant and resolute to dye for him. Therefore when nothing can prevaile with her, because dye he must, so dye she will, to the which she cheerefully prepares her selfe, with an equall affection and resolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all foure brought to the place of common execution to suffer death. Where *Donato* is first lifted up to the Ladder, who being fuller of paine than words said little in effect, but that hee wished he had either dyed in *Constantinople* or *Aleppo*, or else sunke in the Sea before he came to *Ancona*, and not to have here ended his dayes in misery and infamy. The next who was ordered to follow him was *Astonicus*, who told the world boldly and plainly, that hee cared lesse for his death than for the cause thereof, and that he loved *Morosini* so perfectly and deerely, that he rather rejoyced than grieved to dye for him, only he repented himselfe for assisting to murder *Palmerius*, and from his heart and soule beseeched God to forgive it him, and so he was turned over. Then *Morosini* ascends the Ladder clad in a haire colour Satin sute and a paire of Crimson silke Stockings, with Garters and Roses edged with silver lace, being so vaine in his carriage, action, and speeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of sighes) takes a solemne leave of his sweet heart *Imperia*, and withall the powers of his heart and soule prayes her to accept of his life, and so to survive him; Hee makes an exact and godly confession of his sinnes to God and the world, and yet neverthelesse he is so vaine in his affection toward *Imperia*, as he takes both to witnesse, that had he a thousand lives hee would cheerefully lose them all to save and preserve hers. As for *Imperia*, such was her deere and tender affection to him, as she would faine look on him, as long as he lives, and yet she equally desires and resolves rather to dye than to see him dye, and because she hath not the power, therefore she turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to see him dye; when he having said his prayers and so recommended his soule into the hands of his Redeemer, he is also turned over.

Now although our *Imperia* be here againe and againe solicited by the Iudges, Friers, and Nuns, to accept of her life, yet she seeing her other selfe *Morofini* dead, she therefore disdaines to surrive him; she hath so much love in her heart, as she now hath little life, and lesse joy in her looks and countenance. She ascends the Ladder in a plaine black Taffeta Gowne, a plaine thick set Ruffe, a white Lawne Quaise, and a long black Cypresse vaile over her head with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than speak, she casting a wonderfull sad and sorrowfull look on her dead lover *Morofini*, after many volleys of far fetcht sighes she delivers this short speech to that great concourse of people who from City and Countrey flocked thither to see her and them dye.

Good people: I had lived more happy, and not dyed so miserable, if my Father *Bondino* had not so cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerini* whom I could not love, and to leave *Morofini*; whom in heart and soule I ever affected a thousand times deerer than mine own life, and may all Fathers who now see my death, or shall hereafter heare or reade this my History be more pitifull and lesse cruell to their Daughters by his example. I do here now suffer many deaths in one to see that my deere *Morofini* is dead for my sake, for had he not loved me dearly and I him tenderly, he had never died for me, nor I for him, with such cheerfulness and alacrity as now we do. And here to deale truly with God and the World, although I could never affect or fancy my old husband *Palmerini*, yet now from my heart and soule I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death, the which God forgive me, and I likewise request you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceale or dissemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather because I have no more lives to lose for my *Morofini*'s affection and sake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his soule, and so I heartily request and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and prosperous lives, my selfe to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyfull and glorious resurrection in heaven, when signing her selfe often with the signe of the Crosse, she puls her vaile down over her face, and so praying that she might be buried in one and the same grave with *Morofini*, she bad the Executioner performe his office, who immediately turns her over.

And if reports be true. Never three young men, and one faire young Gentlewoman died more lamented and pitied than they. For *Morofini* died with more resolution than repentance, and *Imperia* with more repentance than resolution, thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wisdom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty, so shall we live as happy as they dyed miserably, and finish our dayes and lives in as much content and tranquillity as they ended theirs in shame, infamy, and confusion.



GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVII.

Father Iustinian a Priest. and Adrian an Iene-keeper poysen De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up, and devoures a great part of his body; which Father Iustinian and Adrian understanding, they flye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.



Here our hearts are given to covetousnesse, and cruelty, there is little signe of grace, and therefore lesse hope of our prosperity either in this life, or the next; For those are sins which so eclipse our judgements, and obscure and darken our understandings, that we thereby run blindfolded, and headlong to all misery and confusion, and make our estates so desperate that wee shall not deserve to be pitied of others, because wee would neither pity nor compassionate others, or which is worse, our selves. A deplorable example whereof, this ensueing History will present to our knowledge and consideration, in the persons of two execrable wretches which did wilfully cast away themselves, and their lives upon foule and enormous motives. May we religiously reade it to the information of our Consciences, the reformation of our lives.

A Rich Goldsmith of *Dijon* (the Capirall City of *Burgundy*) named *Monfieur De Lan-rier*, aged of some threecore years or upwards, having been at *Franchford Mart*, and there sold many Jewels, Bracelets, and chaines of Pearle, for the which he had there received some 1700 Crownes; as he returned homewards with all that great summe of money, converted into double Pistols, which he carried behinde him in his Cloak-bag, and

and some remaining jewels; and in a private leather girdle next to his body. It chanced that he fell sick on the way, whereof finding himselfe ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travell, he got into a poore countrey Taverne upon the high way, some five leagues off from the Towne of *Salines*, where he took up his lodging for that night, and there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxonne*, and the other two of *Troyes* in *Champagne*) very unkindely forsook him, and left him alone to himselfe; His sicknesse that night increasing (which gave him much paine and little rest) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himselfe not safe there; the next morning takes horse, and very softly rides towards *Salines*, where he arrived about some two of the clock after dinner and went into the very first Inne which he met, at the extreamest end of the Towne, at the signe of *S. Denis*, whereof the Hoast of the house was named *Adrian*, and his Wife *Isabella*, they were both of them about some forty yeeres old, very short of stature, and weak of constitution of body, he of a cole black countenance, but she faire and of a pale white colour, as for him he was of a dissolute life and carriage, extreamely given to wine and women. He was of poore parentage and borne to no meanes at all, but she was well descended, and brought him at least two thousand Crownes to her portion in marriage, the which he had prodigally wasted, and deboshedly spent and squandred away, in following of his vicious riots and obscene pleasures and prodigalities: As for her, she was of a modest carriage and of a vertuous disposition and inclination, so that by Antithesis I may very well averre and affirme, that his base vices made her sweet vertues the more apparant and conspicuous, and her vertue his vices to all that knew them. She made chastity and piety to be the two sweet ornaments, and lumecall vertues of her life, yea to be the Elixar of her life, and the life of her soule. It was therefore an extreame griefe to her heart, and a matchlesse torment to her minde, to see the sordid actions and humors of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to see how because he would not serve God, she could not serve him, and therefore that he had vitiously spent so much, as now in a manner he had almost nothing more left to spend. The sight and knowledge whereof drownes all the pleasures of her life, insomuch as she could sacrifice to nothing but to sorrow and repentance, and that which grieved her most and worst of all, was to see that he disdaind her advise and counsell, and that he was so farre from reformation, as his vices grew and encreased with his yeares: and had now not only taken up a habit but a second nature in the perversity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lilies of her joyes and the Roses of her content were turned into thornes of griefe, and briers and thistles of her vexation, insomuch as she was farre more able to sigh than to speak forth her Calamities and miseries. He loved not his house, and which was worse he hated her company, yea his estate was so miserable, so deplorable, as he never conversed with God in prayer, and very seldome frequented his Church, the Service or Sacraments, and to shew himselfe the more prophane, hee hated all Priests and Preachers of Gods holy word and ordinances, and loved none so well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyson and contagion of the soule.

And into this house, and to this vitious Hoast *Adrian*, is our sick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his sicknesse, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with teares than inke, that it was impossible for him to have entred into a worse; but such was his fate, such his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Isabella* his Hostesse, farre better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his disease gives him no truce, so consequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to bee sick in an unknowne place; and among strangers, but farre more to be so farre off from his owne house, and from his only childe and sonne *Leonardo*, whom hee loves farre dearer than himselfe. It is another affliction to him; that his money and some jewels are here, and not at his home, and if his judgement faile him not, he suggesteth

gesteth to himselfe, that the sight and knowledge thereof may engender him far more danger than security; but he conceales and dissembles that, far better than he can his sicknesse, for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and bolster. He causeth *Adrian* his Host to bring him a Physician, named *Le Motte*, who seeing his water and feeling his pulse, tels him he is very dangerously sick of a burning Feaver, the which to prevent, he lets him blood two severall dayes following, and then gives him farre more hope than despaire of his health: But all this notwithstanding, *De Laurier* findes himselfe very weak, and his sicknesse rather much to increase, than any way to diminish. As for *Isabella*, according to the lawes of hospitality (which ought to be unviolable to all the world) she tends him with much respect and diligence, and in a word, performs the part and duty, both of a good Hostesse, and of a good woman: But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and resolutions run another contrary course and Carriere; for he imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray that he may speedily dye in his house, or else he hath already swapt a bargaine with the Devill, to murder him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruines of his poore and rottering estate. He findes it a work not only of difficulty, but of impossibility, to know what rich stufte he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, because he still keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wresting from him, that he is a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, and that he came now from *Franchford* Mart, he therefore beleeves that he hath store of Gold and jewels about him. His poverty and his covetousnesse gives the switch to the Devill, and the Devill gives the spur to him, to raise his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and resolutions as so many lines, runne to terminate in this one only Centre, which is that of *De Lauriers* death. He sets his wits and inventions on the Tenter hooks, to discover this imagined Indies, but he findes him to be as cautious and secret in concealing, as he himselfe is curious to bewray it. He purposely keeps all company from him, and will not so much as permit his Physitian or Apothecary to speak a word with him, but he will still be present to hear and understand it. He with oily words and silken speeches, pryes into his deepest secrets, and purposely endeavoureth to insinuate and screw himselfe into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather feare than love him, and so esteemes the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger, to the which end, with many colourable excuses and evasions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But he is so miserable to see his miseries approach, because the violence and impetuosity of his Feaver doth every way advance, no way retire; and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health do fade, not flourish, and rather quaille than prosper. He resolves to be as religious as he is sick, and therefore prays his host *Adrian* to bring him a Priest to give him the Sacrament; *Adrian* performs his request, but brings him a Priest named father *Iustinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine, better than he doth either Heaven or God; so this unspirituall Father gives him the extreame Unction, and prepares him for his journey and transmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continuall vanities and prodigalities have likewise made him poore; so being equall with *Adrian* both in vice and poverty, he is likewise equal, and sympathizeth with him in hope and desire to repaire his indigence, and to enrich himselfe by the supposed treasure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this deboshed Priest is malicious in this his policy, so he is also politick in this his malice: for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aimes with him at the same Butt and Mark; he dares, but yet will not acquaint him with his bloody purpose, to contract a hellish league and confederation with him, for the violent dispatch, and inhumane and untimely dispeeding of him away from earth to heaven. Whiles thus *De Lauriers* sicknesse and weaknesse encreaseth, and his Priest and *Adrians* covetousnesse begins wholly to weigh downe their soules and resolutions to hasten his deplorable death; as the Priest is ready to break his minde to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they should finish and compasse this bloody businesse, *Adrian* contrarywise, yea, and directly contrary to the rules of Nature, and Lawes of Grace, breaks his minde